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INDEX TO VOL. LXXXVII.

Against all Odds—A Tale by Miss W. Currey, Chapt. I., II., III., 1 ; IV., V., VI., VII., 135 ; VIII., IX., X., 299 ; XI., XII., XIII., 417 ; XIV., XV., XVI., 551.

Aborigines of South Australia, 84.

An Age of Meetings, 747.

Australian Wine, 237.

Blue Blood and Red—A Tale by Jonathan Freke Slingsby, 641.

Burns Family, 726.

Chinamania, 181.

Curling and Curlers, 206.

Drama, Notes on, 108.

Drew, Miss, on Chinamania, 181.

Dublin, University of, 444 ; Samuels on, 502.

Dropped in Haste, 675.

Grattan, 225.

Goethe and Schiller, Characteristics of, 684.

"Ida," Queen Gwendoline.

India, Universities in, 488.

Katey Prodgers, 712.

LITERARY NOTICES. — Swedenborgh's *De Commercio Animæ et Corpories*, &c., 114 ; Forster's *Life of Jonathan Swift*, 118 ; Aubrey De Vere's *Infant Bridal* and other Poems, 124 ; *Lectures on Dramatic Literature*, by James Sheridan Knowles, 241 ; *A trip up the Volga*, by Munro Butler-Johnstone, M.P., 242 ; *Indian Wisdom*, by Professor Williams, 250 ; *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*, 363 ; *Peeps*

at Life and Studies in my Cell, by the London Hermit, 268 ; *Cooley's Physical Geography*, 370 ; *Odes of Pindar*, translated by Rev. F. D. Morice, 377 ; *Prize Essays on the Disuse of the Athanasian Creed*, 502 ; the University of Dublin in Relation to the Promotion of Original Research, 502 ; *Debrett's Illustrated Peerage*, &c., 502 ; *Bowen's Studies in English*, 503 ; *Errors and Terrors of Blind Guides*, 503 ; *Handy Book on the Law of Trade Marks*, 505 ; *Gravenhurst*, 506 ; *Life of R. S. Hawker*, Vicar of Morwenstow, 611 ; *Professor Blackie's Songs of Religion and Life*, 622 ; *Lectures*, &c., and other Literary Remains of Rev. F. W. Robertson, 624 ; *The Epic of Hades*, 627 ; *Ernest Playne's Charold*, 631 ; *Shadows of Coming Events*, by Col. Corry, 634 ; *Monacella*, 637 ; *Dunn's Imitations of Christian Responsibility*, 638 ; *Kavanagh's Guilty or Not Guilty*, &c., 639 ; *The Secret of the Circle*, 639 ; *Historic Scenes in Forfarshire*, by Rev. Dr. Marshall, 639 ; *Our Seamen* by S. Plimsoll, M.P., 640 ; *Argo; or, the Quest of the Golden Fleece*, 756 ; *Myths and Songs from the South Pacific*, 768.

Leap Year, 129.

Law of Procedure, 218.

Lays of the Saintly, by the London Hermit, No. I., 336 ; No. II., 488 ; No. III., 605 ; No. IV., 722.

Legends of Pre-Roman Britain, 385.

Letters of the Younger Pliny, 478.

Madame De Sevigné, 737.

Marshall, David, Curling and Curlers, 206.

Marshall, Rev. Dr., Historic Scenes in Forfarshire, 639.

MacIlwaine, Rev. Dr. Ireland's Worthies, 532.

Michael Angelo, 513.

Miller, Joaquin, 90.

Munster Circuit, History of, 279, 452, 577, 690.

Misogamist, 113.

Notes on the Drama, 103.

Noms de Plume, 595.

"Our Portrait Gallery," *Second Series* :—

No. XXIV., The Very Rev. John Tulloch, D.D., 34.

No. XXV., Right Rev. Dr. Magee, Bishop of Peterborough, 168.

No. XXVI., Dr. R. R. Madden, 272.

No. XXVII., Professor John Stuart Blackie, 404.

No. XXVIII., Sir Garnet Wolseley, 538.

No. XXIX., Baron Lytton, Governor-General of India, 654.

Our Crescent, a Tale, 231.

O'Flanagan, J. R., History of the Munster Circuit, 279, 452, 577, 690.

Ophidians.—No. II., Their Attributes, 97 ; No. III., Their Evils, 344.

Pliny, Letters of, 478.

POETRY.—Byron's Statute, by the London Hermit, 33 ; From Spring Days to Winter, by Oscar O. F. W. Wilde, 47 ; The Three Nights, 95 ; The Misogamist, 113 ; A. Ballad, 167 ; Elfe : a Legend, by T. C. Irwin, 195 ; Lathentes Angeloi, by Miss R. Scott, 217 ; Graffiti D'Italia, by Oscar Wilde, 297 ; Lays of the Saintly, by the

London Hermit, No. I., St. Simeon Stylites, 336 ; No. II., St. Macarius, 488 ; No. III., Morte d'Edmund, 605 ; No. IV., St. Crispin and St. Chrispinian, 722 ; Epitaph of a Lord-Lieutenant, 360 ; Lament of the Celt, by Mary Wilson, 402 ; The Soul's Questionings, by Lady Wilde, 441 ; Cremation or Burial, by the Rev. Dr. MacMoreland, 493 ; Ireland's Worthies, by the Rev. Dr. MacIlwaine, 532 ; Queen Gwendoline, by "Ida," 573 ; The Brook : An Allegory of Progress, 592 ; The Return, 653 ; Cleena, 669 ; The Bell, 688.

Post-Office Telegraph Finances, 330.

Shakspeare, An Emendation of, 117.

South Australia, Aborigines of, 84.

Sœur Marie-Joséphine, a Tale, 468.

Soul's Questionings, by Lady Wilde, 44.

Spanish Rulers and Writers. No. II., The Monk King, 48.

Saint George, Impressions et Souvenirs, 70.

St. Patrick, 257.

STORIES :—Against All Odds, 1, 135, 299, 417, 551 ; Our Crescent, 231 ; Sœur Marie-Joséphine, 468 ; Red Blood and Blue, 641 ; Dropped in Haste, 675 ; Katey Prodigera, 712.

Swift, Jonathan, Life of, 118.

University of Dublin, 444 ; Arthur Warren Samuels on, in Relation to the Promotion of Original Research, 502.

Universities in India, 488.

Wilde, Lady, The Soul's Questionings, 441.

Wilde, Oscar O. F. Willa, 297.

Wine, Australian, 237.

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[VOL. LXXXVII.]

AGAINST ALL ODDS.

By F. W. CURREY.

AUTHOR OF "HER GOOD NAME."

CHAPTER I.

A MYSTERIOUS FEMALE.

MR. PRENDERGAST, master of Glenriveen, one of the finest houses standing in the centre of one of the finest properties in the South of Ireland, lay at the point of death, and the splendidly furnished, lofty rooms of the noble mansion were full of relations, expectant or despondent, according to the terms on which they had lived with the moribund proprietor.

These relations, presuming, no doubt, on Mr. Prendergast's habit of assembling them together at Christmas-tide and on all occasions of family importance, hurried to Glenriveen on the first alarm of his illness, and—to their surprise, possibly—he did not seem to resent the intrusion. They were of all ages and sexes, from the toothless and infirm to the baby that lay helpless in its nurse's arms. There was an old liverless Indian colonel, and a

young cousin (considered a scapegrace by all his relatives because he had spent some unlucky years of his life in America), who had come, as he told the colonel in confidence, "to see a little of the queer side of human nature." There were widows with families of children, and widows without such appendages, all clothed in black, either for past griefs or in anticipation of a new one. There was Mr. Prendergast's youngest brother, Mr. Donald Prendergast, a stockbroker of moderate fortune, whose affection for his brother was unfeigned. There were one or two unmarried sisters, who hoped against hope, being already sufficiently provided for. There were some needy cousins—for the prosperity of the family was new, and confined to Mr. Prendergast and his brothers—and there was one person whom nobody knew, a mysterious, grey-haired woman, tall, thin—emaciated even, but whom everybody looked upon with sus-

picion and dislike. She could scarcely have maintained her position in the house but for the especial favour with which its master treated her, even in the time of his utter prostration. Hers was the only hand from which he would take food or medicine, and she was the only person allowed to come and go in the sick-room as she pleased. In answer to numerous and repeated inquiries from the relatives, the servants could only say that nobody in the place knew who she was or where she came from, but that Mr. Prendergast had sent for her on the first alarm of his illness, and that she appeared a few days after the summons, and was given complete authority in the house. As may be imagined, this interloper, who bore the odd name of Miss Martha Megaw, was cordially hated by the whole body of Mr. Prendergast's relatives, connections, and friends (for some in the house could only hope for so small a thing as "a token of friendship" or "a memento of affectionate regard"), and suffered a good deal of annoyance at their hands. Their aversion was at times enough to swamp all their private differences as they set themselves against the common foe, about whom the darkest surmises were not exactly whispered.

It would, perhaps, be hardly fair to the feelings and sincerity of purpose of all these good people assembled round their kinsman's death-bed to call all their differences petty. There was, for instance, a religious point undecided, which had led to one or two unseemly brawls—one, in particular, in the passage outside the sick man's room, when two rival processions—one headed by a Protestant clergyman, the other by a Roman Catholic priest—had a sharp struggle for the possession of the door-handle of the apartment. The Roman Catholic

procession was by way of being secretly organized; but a demand for candles roused the suspicion of the children of the Reformation, and in a few minutes they, too, were forming; and, after a smart race from opposite corners of the house, the two parties met, as has been said, outside the door, and, from their respective states of excitement, it would be hard to say what might not have happened but for Miss Megaw's sudden interference. With strict impartiality and some pretty hard words she put the two clergymen and their rival factions to flight; but she could not altogether check subsequent attempts to introduce one or other of the divines by stealth into the dying man's room. After the actual religious riot—in which the two long wax candles were freely used as weapons of offence against an old lady who was very active in attacking the priest with the sharp corners of her brass-rimmed church service, while the best part of the holy water went down the Protestant clergyman's back as he clung to the door-handle, which the priest's muscular arms prevented him from turning—Miss Megaw kept either a close personal watch over the sick-room, or appointed deputies whom she could trust to warn her of the first symptoms of sectarian aggression. She even examined the patient's food with double care, as if she expected the spoon might stir up a tract from the bottom of his beef tea.

There were great differences of opinion, too, among the relations as to what recreations were seemly or the reverse during the time that Mr. Prendergast delayed his dissolution. In the hall there was a remarkably fine billiard table, which the young man who had been in America suggested to the Indian colonel as a means of quiet amusement. But at the first sound

of a noisy winning hazard of the colonel's, an indignation meeting of the widows and spinsters was held, and the colonel and the young man found themselves confronted by an angry deputation from the meeting. The colonel was for keeping his ground, but as his companion decamped in face of the feminine wrath, the old gentleman had nothing for it but to give in or knock the balls about by himself, out of sheer defiance to the tender sensibilities of others.

But though the widows and spinsters, &c., thought billiards shameful in a house so soon to be a scene of mourning, they found it necessary to keep up their health and strength—seeing the great shock that was coming upon them—and to take proper air and exercise; and for this purpose they proposed to Miss Megaw (struggling vainly at the same time to dissemble their dislike to her authority) that the carriages of the establishment should be placed at their disposal every day. To this Miss Megaw made no objection, for she saw in the proposal an improved chance of keeping the house quiet. The result, however, hardly justified her expectations. There were only two carriages at Glenriveen that would open and shut; the weather was cold and uncertain, and none of the ladies would risk their own or their precious children's health by driving in an open vehicle. Consequently, as only a certain number of people could be accommodated in the carriages, interminable jealousies and quarrels arose as to who should and who should not drive. The disputes generally ended by each carriage setting off with four adults and numbers of children to fill up the chinks, their little heads sticking out of the windows in every direction, something like Brussels sprouts on their parent stem. Then all the children left at home used to set

up a unanimous howl of disappointment.

Nor were these ladies unmindful of the smaller cares arising out of their position. Such of them as were not already arrayed in the black garments of sorrow, through delicate sympathy or an habitual preference for sombre hues, held consultations together, and studied the fashion books with the closest attention, striving hard to get the most melancholy air, the greatest show of amplitude and good wear, for the smallest possible amount of money and material. They discussed the respective good qualities of silk, tabinet, and alpaca by the hour together; but it was a clearly understood thing that no connections more distant than first cousins would plunge into mourning unless specially remembered in the sick man's will.

But if there was one point more than another on which the assembled relatives tried Miss Megaw's temper, it was in the matter of their food. To reconcile so many different tastes, and to satisfy so many requirements, might well have been an impossibility, even if she had been able to devote all her energies to the task; but as she was obliged to keep constant guard over the sick-room, to prevent intruders from forcing an entrance, she could scarcely be expected to watch the cook very closely. Whenever she appeared downstairs, however, she became a mark for the grumblers and those whose wants she could by any means supply.

"I wish, madam, you would be good enough to order the cook to put a little more seasoning into her dishes. They taste positively of nothing," the old colonel would say; "and the port last night was corked. I only mention the thing because at such times I know servants are apt to presume, and it's quite possible that the good wine is

being used in the pantry and servants' hall."

"There was mace in the sauce round the turkey yesterday evening, I'm quite sure," a widow would complain, in peevish tones, "and I never can close an eye the whole night if I touch anything flavoured with mace."

"May I ask for a tumblerful of cream every morning, at eight o'clock, for my Johnny?" a fond mother would ask, in tones that were more those of command than entreaty; "he likes it better than the cod liver oil the doctor ordered for him."

"Oh, and talking of the doctor, when he comes this afternoon, perhaps you'd be good enough to ask him to step into my room—the blue room. I don't think Clara is looking strong; she fancies it's the draught from the dressing-room, and I am anxious to know whether he'd recommend port wine or a tonic."

There are a fair sample of the kind of remarks that greeted poor Miss Megaw whenever she ventured into the part of the house in the possession of the relations.

Of the many subjects of family interest discussed by the large party at Glenriveen, not one occupied them so constantly as the absence from the exciting scene of Mr. Prendergast's heir-at-law, Mr. James Prendergast. The whole of the Prendergast property, purchased by the dying man's father, a wealthy Scotch manufacturer, was strictly entailed, and would therefore necessarily pass into James Prendergast's possession on his brother's death. "Black Jamie," however, as his father used to call him, on account of his jet black hair, sallow complexion, and dark eyes, had always lived on bad terms with his brother, though the cause of the ill-feeling between them was a secret which Mr. Prendergast had not seen fit to confide to any member of his family; nor

was Black Jamie a whit more communicative. But the fact remained the same, that since they had been quite young men the brothers had never crossed each other's path, though Jamie's children had once or twice found their way to Glenriveen. What made this estrangement a bad affair for James Prendergast was that his elder brother possessed something like half a million of money, which was entirely at his own disposal to leave to whom he chose.

Though he had lived all his life as a bachelor, Mr. Prendergast had never been a miser, as many of his relations would have been obliged to confess. At the same time, between the large sums he inherited from his father and the money he saved annually from his income, and the accumulations of interest, his wealth had steadily increased, till at the time when his relations came to see him die, though he could scarcely breathe, he was what the world calls worth nearly five hundred thousand pounds. This money, moreover, was all placed in secure investments.

His displeasure against his brother and heir-at-law left it an open question how he would dispose of this great sum. No wonder every one who cherished a hope of gain should flock to Glenriveen to see the breaking up of half a million sterling. The only wonder was that Black Jamie attempted no death-bed reconciliation. For half a million of money most brothers would think it worth while to cry "peccavi!" But James Prendergast made no sign—neither came to Glenriveen, nor wrote, nor sent a son or daughter to represent his interests. Perhaps he thought it would have been humiliation wasted.

Meanwhile Mr. Prendergast was growing rapidly worse, and on the ninth day of his illness, and the sixth after the arrival of the main

body of the relatives, the end seemed very near. In the evening the doctor called, and after standing for a few minutes beside his patient's bed, feeling his pulse and listening to his hoarse breathing, he crossed the room to where Miss Megaw stood, with her eyes fixed despondently on a row of bottles ranged precisely along the mantelpiece. The doctor was a short, pasty-faced man, with sharp eyes and an ill-bred, presuming manner; his natural pomposity was toned down by an affectation of easy gentility; but, in her anxiety and hope that he could help the sick man, Miss Megaw scarcely noticed his defects.

"How do you find him, doctor?" she asked anxiously.

"Could scarcely be worse," he replied cheerfully. "Ah! bronchitis is a serious thing at his age."

"Have you any hope?"

"Oh, not the slightest. The feverish symptoms are increasing, and the oppression on the chest is worse—that rattling noise when he breathes is louder, you may notice. I don't think he will live till morning. He will be a great loss to the county, and the poor will miss him sadly—such a thorough gentleman, something so different from what we generally meet in society."

But Miss Megaw was not listening to the doctor's panegyric. When she heard his gloomy opinion of his patient's chances, a spasm of pain disfigured her furrowed countenance, and the tears began to trickle down her withered cheeks.

"I think he ought to see a clergyman before it is too late," said the doctor, after a few minutes. His sympathies went with a well-to-do and strongly Protestant widow, who had required his constant care since his arrival at Glenriveen.

"He will not have any one but the Presbyterian clergyman, his old friend, Mr. M'Nab, who is too ill to leave his bed. I was reading to him

myself just now, and he pressed my hand when I stopped;" and Miss Megaw pointed to a Bible lying open on a table near the bed.

"Alas!" she sighed, half aloud, "has it come to this, and must he go without one word?"

The doctor looked at her out of the corner of his shifting, colourless eyes. Who could this woman be, for whom his patient had sent as soon as ever he felt himself seriously ill? Was she a woman whom he had wronged—a wife whom he had never acknowledged? She could scarcely be his daughter, for there did not seem to be five years between their ages. Perhaps she had acquired power over him in some way, and was to inherit all his money; and the doctor smiled at this idea, thinking how little pleasure wealth could bring to such a shrivelled, faded woman, who, to judge by her looks, could not hope to enjoy it long. Then, again, he felt his last surmise must be wrong. "Age is avaricious," he said to himself; "and if she thought she were to inherit all, she would not take his situation so grievously to heart, or try so hard to keep life in him. Some mystery is here, decidedly," thought the doctor, as he gave up puzzling his brains what it might be.

"Can nothing further be done for him?" she asked presently.

"We must continue the stimulants, of course," said the medical man, hooking his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat. "The conscientious medical man never relaxes his efforts to save life, even when he knows, humanly speaking, that hope is vain. And I fear our poor friend Mr. Prendergast's condition is quite hopeless."

"You think he will die to-night?"

"I fear so."

"Then perhaps you will kindly remain in the house. Everything

must be done for him that your skill can devise."

To this proposal that he should spend the night at Glenriveen the doctor readily agreed. It was just dinner-time, and Mr. Prendergast's port was very good.

As soon as it became noised abroad that Mr. Prendergast was really about to die, the household passed at once into a state of intense agitation, so that they soon forgot a matter which in the morning had made no small stir, by furnishing them with excitement, and thereby helping to wile away the weary time of suspense. This episode especially concerned Mr. Bob Varley, the good-for-nothing young cousin who had been in America. Like many other so-called good-for-nothing people, he had behaved well and been unfortunate, for which he bore the name of scapegrace. His mother had been a first cousin of Mr. Prendergast's. She, unfortunately, died when he was only eight years old, and he lost his father soon after. The youth had really tried to make his own way in the world, but evil fortune and a too gentle disposition had so far proved altogether too much for him. After working a claim successfully with a digger whose life he had saved at the risk of his own, the ungrateful wretch robbed him of all his gains and bolted to San Francisco, where Varley did not even follow him, though oppressed with offers of assistance from the whole camp, which sympathized heartily with his misfortune and offered him revolvers by the dozen, each man seeming to be seized with a desire that his own weapon should have the honour of putting an end to Varley's partner. Good-natured Bob, however, would not seek the life of a man he had once snatched from death; nor did

he complain very loudly, he may have felt in his

heart, when he heard that the gold, which would have been a fortune to him, had been scattered to the four winds of heaven by a couple of nights of eucbre in the gambling houses of San Francisco. He toiled on again at digging, and, sick of the rough life, as soon as he had made a very little money he moved into the States, and tried his hand at farming. But here again ill-luck eventually found him out. At first things went pretty smoothly with him, but then there came the American war; and a big battle, with the thick of the fight on his farm—the elevation, which was its central point, being taken and retaken half a dozen times during the day—about put an end to his agricultural pursuits. He then enlisted in the Northern army, and was quickly put out of the way of further harm by a bullet that tore the muscles of his left arm, so that he could never hope to shoulder a musket again. By this time he had had enough of ill-luck in the New World, so he returned to England, and, by the interest of Mr. Donald Prendergast, obtained a situation in the London office of a great firm trading with America. Here his knowledge of America and Americans stood him in good stead, and he saw his way to future promotion; but he was still not very far from the bottom of the ladder when the assembly of all the family tempted him over to Glenriveen. It was to see all the eagles gathered together, and not from any hope of sharing in the feast, that Varley came to Ireland. He had not yet quite shaken off his love of novelty and adventure, nor had he been long enough in the City to view greed and intrigue without interest or surprise. Besides, he had known some of his cousins when he was a boy, and a childish recollection of one gentle, fond little girl had not been entirely blotted out by rough

adventures at the diggings or the smoke and din of battle scenes.

Nor was this pretty childish recollection, that had never quite died out from the wanderer's mind, destroyed when he arrived at Glenriveen and saw his cousin Janet, Donald Prendergast's only daughter (he had many sons), for the first time after ten years' absence. She was almost child-like still, so soft and winning, so gentle and artless, in everything she said and did. She had fair glossy hair, that shone like a little child's, and sweet blue eyes. Her skin was as white as a lily, and the red on her cheeks bright and soft; and round her rosy mouth there lurked many a dimple, that showed most prettily when she talked to her cousin of days long gone by. She liked, too, to hear him tell her his strange stories of the digger's rough, uncertain life, of the beauties of the Californian valleys and mountains, and of the great American war. She liked the strange spirit and force which gave such life to his tales that she fancied she could see the very things that he described. And very soon her heart used to beat far quicker than usual when he came near her, and it was with a sigh that she saw him depart.

Nor was all this wholly unnoticed by the other inmates of Glenriveen. "We might have known," said one gentle tongue, "what would happen when we stopped their billiards. The colonel does nothing but smoke, and the young man has taken to flirting."

But the young people were very blind, or careless rather, for they could scarcely fail to see the nods and glances of their kin, or hear the stage-asides and sprightly allusions to which the sudden love-making gave rise.

On the morning of the day on which Mr. Prendergast's condition threw all his relations into such a complete state of alarm, Bob Varley

and his cousin Janet were sitting together in a small room adjoining the hall, as they believed, unnoticed and unknown. They were established in front of the fire, quite unconscious of the nature of the situation. The grate was a double one—that is to say, two fires burnt back to back, and their smoke mounted upwards through one common chimney; and every word that was spoken at one fireside could be heard at the other. Now, in the next room an aunt of Janet's was sitting close to the fire, trying hard to warm two very long feet clad in black cassinet boots, with elastic sides and little patent leather tips. Her black gown was turned back over her knees, lest the fire should injure its sables; and she was half dozing when the sound of voices in the next room came distinctly to her ears through the deceptive grate.

"I think this is the strangest thing I ever saw in the shape of an exhibition of human nature," she heard Bob Varley say; "in one way it is all so artificial, and in another so natural. The real greediness of the proceedings crops up so plainly through their humbug."

"I can't imagine how they all keep up the pretence so long," replied Janet. "Aunt Mary told me this morning that another week of it would kill her." (It was Aunt Mary who was listening to this confidential talk.) "Now, you know she never cared for Uncle Alexander, and, what is more, he never cared for her; and I'm sure he won't leave her much. I know Uncle Alexander very little, but I pity him if he thinks what they are all here for. I'm sure I am very glad he has that extraordinary woman to take care of him. Who do you think she is, Bob?"

But Bob could not guess, or would not say what he thought.

"Do you

Bob?" she asked, after a while, looking up into his face. "You worked and worked your heart out at the diggings; didn't you feel desperate when you were robbed, and found you had lost everything?"

"No," replied Bob; "but I didn't like it. When you've had a sharp struggle for it, and see your way at last to independence, it does seem hard to have to begin all over again. I wanted to get away from that rough, unholy sort of life. I used to think of you very often in those days, little cousin Janet."

"Oh, nonsense, Bob. How could you think anything about me, when it was so long since we had met? I was quite a little child when I saw you last."

"Aye, but I did though; there are some kind of children one never forgets, and out in that wild place one such memory is often the saving of a man. But as to money being everything, I'll tell you a story, Janet, that is true, if it is nothing else; and you shall judge for yourself. There was a man I knew well at the gold-fields, who was called Lucky Bill; I can't tell what his real name was, for his nickname stuck to him, and he never belied it out there. He was ugly and quiet when I knew him, but I heard men say what a wild, mad fellow he used to be once, before he went home for a short spell. When he came back it was said he was in love with a girl in Kentucky, and got letters from her sometimes. At any rate, he was about the richest man I knew of at the diggings, and neither drank nor gambled. And he left California for good, he said, just before the war broke out.

"Well, one evening, not very long

I became a soldier, I was
a lot of prisoners being

into the camp, and who should

meet me but Lucky Bill,

and he was better than the rest.

He was been trying his

hand at spy's work, and his life was not worth a cent. I went up to speak to him, but the guard turned me back pretty quickly. 'Well, Lucky Bill,' thought I, 'your luck is over now.' That night I was sentry at one of our most advanced outposts, and was just expecting to be relieved, when I saw a man's face peeping over some low bushes to my right.

"'Come out of that, or I'll shoot,' I cried, taking aim.

"'Don't, Bob Varley, don't, for God's sake. It's I—Lucky Bill,' cried the man.

"Well, of course I didn't fire, for Lucky Bill it was, sure enough. The sentry over him that night had been his uncle, and he had got off by an almost miraculous chance. He didn't stay long with me, however, but he told me his marriage had been stopped by the war, and that to please his love he had spent every cent he possessed in the rebel cause—and then came the queerest part of his story. He said the girl herself was serving in the same regiment with him, and that she seemed to have a charmed life, and to bring him luck too, for they stood shoulder to shoulder in the ranks. After telling me this in a few broken, hurried words, he disappeared again into the darkness.

"Well, shortly afterwards came the bloody day of Gettysburg, where this limb of mine was crippled, and our regiment had a hot time of it. Once during the battle we were halted on a bit of ground that had just been the scene of a desperate struggle. Many poor maimed creatures were filling the air with their groans, and crying aloud for help. I stooped down to help a young lad in rebel uniform, who was struggling vainly to raise himself on his elbow. As soon as I lifted him up and propped him against a dead artillery horse, he looked wildly around, as if in search

of something. 'We were together when we fell,' I heard him mutter. Then suddenly seeing a body lying face downwards at his side, so close that he had overlooked it, he threw his arms round the dead man's neck and turned the face round till he could see its features. Then, with his arms still round his neck, he lay down beside him, and pressing his own against the dead man's cheek, died without a groan. The man was Lucky Bill; whose could the young boyish face be but that of the girl for whose sake he had thrown away the wealth it had taken him years to gain, and his very life? Now, Janet, do you think money was held of much account by Lucky Bill?"

"No, indeed," replied Janet.

"Not in the sense of caring to keep his dollars and lose the girl he loved," continued the young man in a lower tone of voice, so that the lady at the other side of the fire had to strain her ears before she could hear what he said; "but when he was working for her sake he was insatiable enough. No labour, no hardship was too great when he was making up his pile for her to enjoy it. Now, you see, it occurs to me that what the thought of that girl did for Lucky Bill in making him a steady, industrious man, the thought of another girl might do for a poor fellow who has hitherto known nothing but ill-luck and disappointment, yet who is beginning to hope for happier times. Do you understand what I mean, Janet?"

Though Aunt Mary listened with all her might and main, she could not for the life of her hear one word of proper maidenly rebuke in answer to this very pointed allusion. On the contrary, either by word or gesture, the girl's answer must have been a favourable one, for there was a sound of two chairs being drawn closer together, and the young man's voice could be distinctly

heard saying, with a sort of sigh of relief,

"All this will make the future very different for me. I think the tide has turned at last; God knows the ebb lasted long, and carried away enough with it. And will you not forget me, Janet, when you go home? You're such a pretty girl! Surely I'm not the first to tell you so?"

Then Janet blushed and pouted, and said he ought to be satisfied with knowing that she cared for him now.

"Of course I'm satisfied," broke in the young man joyously. Whereupon Janet told him there was one, perhaps, who might hereafter be saddened by their happiness; but then she had never liked him, or let him think she liked him (two very different things, Bob Varley knew, with pretty, bright-faced girls), and now he would annoy her more than ever. What could induce men to persevere when they might so plainly see that their efforts only made their chances less?

"Because, with women, 'no' to-day often means 'yes, perhaps,' to-morrow."

"And does 'yes' to-day ever mean 'no' to-morrow?" asked Janet, smiling.

"Sometimes," replied the young man gravely.

After this Miss Mary Prendergast was led to believe that some loving glance, or pressure of the hand must have reassured Mr. Bob Varley, for when he next spoke his tone was light and merry, as he asked his cousin to tell him something about his rival.

"He is the curate of our parish—and his name is Longcloth—and he's such a good poor man; but he is twice as old as I am, and very, very bald and tiresome."

The handsome soldierlike young man at Janet's side felt not one pang

of apprehension at this description of his rival.

"You're sure he's bald?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "he has only a little fringe of hair round his head."

"And you're quite positive he's tiresome?"

"You can come and see him if you don't believe me," she answered.

"Then I think you had better tell him on the first opportunity that you won't have anything to do with him—if you have not done so already. And now tell me how long you will wait for me—for I have no right to bind you for ever and a day, my pretty child. You may change your mind, or I may turn out as unlucky a fellow as ever. Shall we be bound for a year? or two years? I hope I shall have a home of some kind for you then. If I am not mistaken, promotion will come quickly, once it begins to come at all. They are already beginning to find me very useful at the office, and talk of sending me to America on important business next month. But if they send me they will have to give me a step."

"Don't talk about fixing a time—I will wait as long as you will," said Janet; and again it seemed to Aunt Mary that the chairs were drawn even closer together.

By this time Miss Mary Prendergast thought she had heard enough, especially as the conversation became less interesting, turning almost entirely on Varley's prospects in life and his chance of being able within a reasonable time to found a home for his future wife. The whole affair had been settled very

There had been no passionate raving, no loud protestations of love and fidelity, and the oft talk that had sufficed indication of so important

an engagement had been principally expressive by its pauses, and the varied intonation of two young voices, whose owners had been trying rather to control than express the full feelings of their hearts.

Nevertheless, Aunt Mary was shocked, and felt it to be her bounden duty at once to inform the young lady's father of her "unheard-of temerity in entering into engagements without his sanction"—for in this set phrase she neatly described to herself the whole thing as she sought the study where she knew she would find Mr. Donald Prendergast writing letters.

"Donald," she began, "if you busied yourself a little less with writing letters, and looked after your daughter a little more when she is under your sole charge, you might have averted the mischief that every one has seen brewing but yourself."

"What mischief?" asked the stockbroker, looking up abstractedly, after signing his name with many flourishes of the pen.

"The ridiculous flirtation between that young ne'er-do-well Varley and Janet. Not to say that it is indecent for such proceedings to be carried on under the roof of their poor dying uncle, I am surprised at her temerity in entering into engagements without your sanction," said Miss Prendergast, fitting in her set phrase nicely, and uttering it with much emphasis. "She cannot be a well brought up young person, Donald."

Mr. Donald Prendergast grew pale with alarm, not so much on his daughter's account as his own, for he understood well how much his sister meant when she alluded to the responsibility he incurred by having the sole charge of his own daughter; and visions of a terrible reckoning with his wife rose up before his mind's eye. He felt

there was not a minute to be lost, and after hearing a highly-coloured account of his daughter's audacious engagement, he hurried to the room where Miss Prendergast said she was to be found, and there she was, sure enough, sitting beside her cousin with her hand in his and looking up lovingly at him, as if there were not such a thing in the world as a matter-of-fact and irascible parent. A few moments later, after an angry scene, she was flying from the room in tears, declaring that nothing would ever make her forget her dear good cousin Bob.

Bob, on his part, felt rather awkward. He was obliged to confess he had no right to bind a girl by a solemn promise when he had nothing more than an uncertain chance of being able at some future time to offer her a home. She had just been talking very fluently of the moderation of her own requirements, but parents, he knew, often looked at these things from a very different point of view to their children; and to tell Mr. Donald Prendergast that his daughter's love would stimulate him to effort and lead him to success, would be, he felt, to expose himself to that gentleman's ridicule and sarcasm. The best thing he could do, he thought, would be to confess honestly that at present he had no right to bind his cousin by any pledge, but that if, as he sincerely expected, his circumstances very soon improved, he hoped he might be heard again on the same subject.

Mr. Donald Prendergast was not naturally of a severe and unyielding disposition, and he rather liked what he had seen of his cousin. Had it not been for fears of his wife he might have been even more lenient; as it was, however, he agreed readily enough to what Bob

proposed, which was a more reasonable arrangement than many young men might have suggested. Bob Varley was an honest unselfish fellow, and wished to save his pretty little cousin from the pain of a hopeless love; he therefore agreed to leave Glenriveen at once and not again address her until some decided improvement in his fortune should warrant him in so doing. In return, Mr. Donald Prendergast promised that Janet should not be persecuted into giving him up, but be left free to think kindly of him if she chose.

Like a man of honour, Mr. Bob Varley, having given his promise, proceeded forthwith to keep it. Two hours after his interview with Mr. Donald Prendergast he left the house, to the intense joy of all the female relations except poor little Janet, who cried her eyes out and refused to be consoled even by some imprudently conciliatory suggestions of her father's. As for Bob's feelings — "scandalous," "bare-faced," "shameless," "impudent," and "audacious," were the mildest epithets applied by his relations to the sudden renewal of his boyish love and admiration for his bright little cousin Janet.

CHAPTER II.

"TEARS, IDLE TEARS."

VERY soon after Bob Varley, with compressed lips and stifling a sigh, turned his back upon Glenriveen, and before his good-natured relations had half enjoyed his discomfiture, their thoughts were turned into quite another direction by the gloomy account of Mr. Prendergast's health, brought downstairs by Dr. Quineen when he sought the pleasant atmosphere of the dining-room.

Death was at hand at last. Then the grave, then the will. How many of the relations hoped that through the coming gloom they were only to pass to a gayer and more luxurious existence!

Except by the doctor, not much was eaten or drunk that evening. Constant inquiries were made about his condition at the sick man's door, with always the same answer, "No better, no worse." "God forgive some of you," thought Miss Megaw, as time after time she satisfied the inquirers, "I think you would not be sorry if I gave you worse news."

Thus the hours passed rapidly on till midnight. Dr. Quineen was standing silently at his patient's bedside, when a light tap brought Miss Megaw to the door, where she found the servant of the widow.

"Mrs. William Prendergast's compliments, ma'am, and she wishes to know whether you don't think it would be better for them all to come in now and see the poor gentleman. They don't seem willing to go to bed without taking a last look at him, in case the morning might find him gone," said the maid.

Miss Megaw asked Dr. Quineen's opinion. She had hitherto resisted many similar leave-taking proposals; but now that Mr. Prendergast's condition seemed desperate, she felt she had no right to carry her opposition farther. Mrs. William Prendergast heard in a few moments from her maid that those who wished might come and bid farewell to Mr. Prendergast.

To bid him farewell they came, slowly along the passages, noiselessly into the room, the most careless of them a little awed when they found themselves face to face with a helpless dying man. One by one they passed slowly before him, with sighs and tears, some of them; two or three pressed the poor wasted

hand that lay on the painfully heaving breast, but only in the case of Mr. Donald Prendergast was the pressure returned.

Very quiet and silent was the scene of leave-taking, but even its dreary solemnity could not banish conjecture from the minds of many of the spectators as they thought of its possible results. As sure as the rich man's feeble spirit was about to pass away, other spirits—spirits of ease, riches, and plenty—seemed hovering on the wing, and no one could tell upon whom they might not alight with triple power of blessing.

The sad ceremony over, every one left the room except Mr. Donald Prendergast, who sat down beside his brother's bed, and, resting his head on his hand, thought deeply over a life that he had never understood—for want of the right clue, he believed,—and as he glanced over to the fire-place, where Miss Megaw was sitting silent and sphinx-like, he felt sure that she was in some way or other the explanation of the peculiarities and mysteries of conduct that had made his brother's life so singular.

Mr. Prendergast in his youth had been a man of talent and ambition. He had inherited from his father plenty of good Scottish shrewdness, administrative ability, and perseverance; from his Irish mother (for his father had married an Irish lady, and it was when she was left by an uncle mistress of Glenriveen, and a small property, that the wealthy manufacturer gave up business and retired to Ireland, to build a splendid house and buy land till he had consolidated a fine property) he inherited good looks, pleasing manners, and a knack of influencing those with whom he came much into contact. There was one person alone, his brother, Black Jamie, who seemed to possess a

charm to protect him from the power of this influence.

In those days Donald Prendergast, the youngest of the family, felt strong love and admiration for his eldest brother, and wondered at the careless indifference with which Black Jamie treated him; but in spite of all Jamie's rough contradictoriness and many other even less attractive peculiarities, of his two brothers Alexander only seemed to care for the one whose nature was as deficient in light and pleasing qualities as his countenance. But the matter admitted of no argument. While Mr. Prendergast had never given his youngest brother any but the most ordinary proofs of brotherly regard, for a time, at least, Black Jamie had basked in the sunshine of his love and favour.

Alexander Prendergast's career had promised well. Like his father he loved honest, hard work, and thought an idler the least of men; but his Irish blood infused a little warmth and romance into his temperament and gave his activity heart and high motive. In Ireland he found a field that he was well fitted by nature to till—a country with undeveloped resources, where an abundance of perception was needed to discern sound speculations from vain projects. Such discrimination was his strong point; but besides his practical knowledge of business and the laws regulating commercial enterprise, he had a good scientific training, and took a keen interest in all that concerned invention and progress. His first act on coming to man's estate was to make himself well acquainted with the physical peculiarities and capabilities of Ireland—he cared nothing for politics or polemics—and to this study he brought all the energy and acuteness of his character. Then when he fancied he had sufficiently mastered the resources and possibilities of development of the country

he set himself down to choose deliberately among several great industrial projects that had suggested themselves to his mind, the one most likely to benefit Ireland and reward its originator.

A little fagged in body and spirit from long and close study, he set off with his brother Jamie for a walking tour through Devonshire and Cornwall before finally deciding on the exact nature of the great commercial enterprise that was to be the labour and, he hoped, the glory of his life. He was in his twenty-sixth year at this time.

What happened during that short holiday ramble no one knew, but Alexander Prendergast came back abruptly to Ireland alone, and a week before the time he had named for his return, and soon showed himself an angry and altered man. He spoke with the bitterest aversion of his brother, and vowed he would never see him again. Moreover, he showed symptoms of an unmistakably misanthropical tendency, and displayed no disposition to carry out his projects of activity and usefulness.

Then after a few weeks he seemed to make an effort against his dejection, and left Glenriveen to travel for a year or two on the Continent. His absence extended to nearly three years, yet on his return to Ireland there was no change for the better in his humour. He never showed the slightest desire to embark in any of the enterprises that had formerly seemed so fascinating to his imagination, but settled down into a dreary bachelor existence at Glenriveen, only varied by occasional prolonged visits to the Continent. His mood became cold and satiric, and the utter disbelief he avowed in the possibility of goodness, disinterestedness, or honesty in human nature, was as painful as it was evidently sincere. By sheer force of will he seemed to continue his rela-

tions with his family, and the more disagreeable the duty was, the more scrupulously he performed it, assembling the remotest of his kith and kin at Glenriveen at stated times, assisting them in their difficulties, and paying for the education of numerous children, the results of marriages he had discountenanced. The management of his estate and personal care for the well-being of his dependents of every class were duties that, to his credit, he never forgot. And in science and scientific books he found his only interest and occupation—pleasure he seemed to have none.

Such had been the disappointing and inexplicable career of a man whose youth gave unusual promise; and as Donald Prendergast sat silently by his bedside listening to his troubled breathing and recognizing even in his prematurely aged face some of the lines that had given it comeliness in youth, he could not help wondering whether the mysterious woman who was his fellow-watcher had not been associated in some way with the mystery of a wasted lifetime.

Next morning when Mr. Prendergast's kith and kin shook sleep from their eyelids, and more from habit than anything else, asked after his health, they were astonished, if not overjoyed, by the very unexpected news that he was *rat* or better. Countenances that had been preparing to lengthen grew long enough then without any special effort, and few among the most expectant ones could get far in expressions of thankfulness. One or two said, "Dear me, is it possible?" and some cried, "How very unexpected!" and when they all met together in the breakfast-room an air of almost ludicrous uneasiness marked everything they said and did. Nor was this *th* *rdness* and unquiet *les*.

Dr. Quince appeared that Mr. Prendergast's

condition was so much improved that he began to entertain hopes of his recovery even.

"Think it's only a temporary rally, doctor?" asked the Indian colonel, "or do you think the amendment is likely to continue?"

"That's impossible to say," replied the doctor, shrugging his shoulders. The eyes of the whole room were turned upon him, waiting for his answer to so important a question. "There is no doubt a very decided improvement, the febrile symptoms are disappearing, and Mr. Prendergast seems easier in every way, but, of course, in the case of so old a man, a relapse or unfavourable complications are always a painful possibility."

No relapse however occurred, so the eagles were disappointed of their carcase, and those who had sat waiting for the heavy eye-lids to close for ever, and the weak heart to beat out its last throb, were robbed of the death-feast. Heavily and slowly the birds of prey flapped their wings and flew sullenly away.

The Indian colonel went first, for, strange to say, the brave spirit that had seen several battle-fields was the first to give up hope. Then all the friends and faintly-expectant distant relatives passed away one by one. Next went the near of kin, brothers and sisters, and the widows with their little ones, whose going forth was with noise and bustle. The last to leave were the poor and needy to whom a few days food and shelter were no small things, and Donald Prendergast, about the only disinterested man in the house, and his little daughter Janet who bewailed her lover and thought very little of any one else.

Of all the throng that had filled the house without opposition during Mr. Prendergast's illness, one person alone remained behind by his request. One or two bold spirits had ventured to remonstrate with

him respecting Miss Megaw, but their hints received such a merciless rebuke that no one felt inclined to repeat the experiment. And at Glenriveen accordingly Miss Megaw remained till her patient was fully recovered.

As for the others, they could at least say this for themselves; they came to their kinsman in his hour of trouble, and only quitted his side when all danger had passed away.

One evening about a fortnight after the exodus of the relations, Miss Megaw and Mr. Prendergast, sat together in one of the sitting-rooms at Glenriveen—not however before the treacherously-constructed grate in front of which Miss Mary Prendergast had toasted her cassinet-booted feet as she listened to the story of Bob Varley's and Janet's love. Mr. Prendergast was still very pale, but he seemed wonderfully recovered from his recent illness as he reposed comfortably in one of the easiest of armchairs; while Miss Megaw sat bolt upright at the chimney corner in the very straightest-backed, lowest-seated, and least luxurious chair she had been able to find in the house. And as she knitted her manner was tranquil, and her face not altogether stern, though there was a compressed look about her mouth, and often a far-away expression in her eyes that suggested past sorrows and disappointment in life not yet forgotten.

She had not the face of a woman of insensible temperament. While attending Mr. Prendergast during his illness, her solicitude and care had not been anything like the mechanical ministrations of a mere nurse—there had been a tender watchfulness, and complete forgetfulness of self in all she said and did, such as could only come from a heart as yet untouched by the indifference of age; and in her rebukes to those who sought to in-

vade the sick-room with their hypocritical tears and mercenary projects, there was something both of the vigour and impulsiveness of youth. But whatever she said or did there was always a shadow of suffering over her face, and even after Mr. Prendergast's recovery became rapid and satisfactory, she very seldom smiled.

She looked like one of those women of whom the world says that they never "get over" things—for whom one leading error, one crowning wrong is enough, and whose minds that cannot forget, that cannot forgive, are the most suffering of human organizations. Among women life-long sorrows and disappointments are commoner than among men, for their fate is more often irrevocably fixed by one injury or a single false step. Men have a wide field and many chances, and unless misfortune damps their energy or sours their nature, they can generally have the satisfaction of "trying again." With women the case is very different. Even their highest triumphs are as fleeting as sublime, and the end of their day is very dark and chill. But dreary as is their fate when their sun is sinking slowly from its meridian, the women from whom youth, beauty and pleasure depart gradually, are not those most to be pitied. There are others upon whom the night comes suddenly and at unawares—for whom some overwhelming blow of evil fortune quenches joy so suddenly, that it dies for ever in the heart, which henceforth becomes the abode of melancholy and life-long repining. These are the people whom we call broken-hearted. Other and weaker natures bend before misfortune, and the storm passes over them—incapable alike of the highest joy and sorrow, they are invulnerable on the side of their affections.

Most of us in one sense remain children all our lives long. We adapt ourselves to changed circum-

stances, and find amusement one way or another the whole journey through; the toys that delight us change—some of them become very like edge-tools—but still the enjoyment of playing with them remains. Even some of the pretty creatures of humanity, who, having triumphed brilliantly in their day, are as ill off in the winter of life as the poor proverbial butterflies once autumnal storms begin—even they find a sad sort of solace in their dreary season in denouncing pleasure and calling it sinful, presumably because they have found it to be brief. Yet their warnings do not frighten the young. These in their time laugh and enjoy, grow old and repine; and so one generation passes away like another.

Miss Megaw and Mr. Prendergast had been talking over the past that evening, and the discussion had been a long and trying one, for neither of them had many bright memories to bring back. And as it dragged its weary length they spoke in shorter and shorter sentences, and at last silence fell upon them, Miss Megaw knitting with eyes steadily fixed upon her needles flashing in the firelight, and Mr. Prendergast shading his eyes with his hands and watching her all the while.

"Do you remember what I told you the first night you came here? You have never alluded to it since," he said, after the utter stillness of the room had lasted so long that it grew oppressive.

"I was waiting for you to do so," she replied, without looking up.

"You are very unlike most women, Martha."

This was true enough. Poor soul, many disciples of modern schools of thought would have called her cold and passionless. And no wonder they should give her less credit than she deserved, when the man who ought to have understood her best never quite read her.

"What do you think of it all," he asked, presently.

"I think the child is still alive," she replied.

"I don't," he said, gloomily, "and I blame myself most of all for her loss—it is I that am really accountable. I should have taken better care of her than to leave her in the hands of a woman who hated me so that she would stop at no crime, if only she could do me an injury. No—she is dead," he repeated, starting up from among his cushions and speaking with a painful ring of despair in his voice; "I know she is dead. You can't imagine what that woman was, any more than you'll know what I have suffered through life—or how the other day when I thought I was dying I was tortured by the idea that my death and the entail of this great property would give that scoundrel, my brother, all he covets."

"Don't speak like that, Alexander. Your faith was weak, or you would not have thought of such things at that solemn time—you would have felt earthly cares were passing away for ever, and that you were going where you would know, even as you were known. 'For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face: now I know in part, but then I shall know even as also I am known.' Aye," she continued, speaking fast and low, "we know in part, in very little part, my poor friend. We have talked over old sorrows to-night, and yet what you know is but a tiny fragment; little, little of my suffering, little of the guilt of others, and still less, alas! I fear, of sorrow or amendment pleasing to God."

"You might at least not have left me alone for so many years," said the old man, querulously; "if I had even known you were alive, I might not have led so profitless a life."

Miss Megaw shook her head.

"My life could not but be dreary," she said, simply, "but it has been blameless. I prayed God to keep me from temptation—how then could I fall unless He forsook me? I am growing old now," she added, looking up, while her cheeks flushed to almost a girlish pink, "and the evil day is long, long gone by, yet I have not ceased to thank Him who preserved me during that cruel time, when as a passionate, inexperienced girl I had no sure guide. All was dark and doubtful, and blind wandering hither and thither. Ah! we often talk of the perils of youth, but till they are past we do not know what they really are."

"True," muttered Mr. Prendergast, "we can't draw out the charts till we have travelled through the unknown seas. When the blood has cooled, experience abounds. But I say few women would have shown your resolution, tried as you were."

"The struggle was long," she faltered, hanging her head, "and God knows it often seemed uncertain, but his mercy preserved me from self-reproach—even if He has seen fit to cheer my heart with no self-satisfaction."

Old warriors' hearts may kindle as they fight their battles afresh in the armchairs to which infirmity has consigned them, and men may brandish their crutches and point proudly, if with palsied fingers, to the prowess of their youth;—but it is a sickening thing to rake up an old story of blighted love. When two lives have been spoilt by folly or the deceit of others, to live the old romance over again is only piling vexation on bitterness of spirit; and something of this Miss Megaw felt as she looked at Mr. Prendergast's brows frowning over angry eyes, and felt her own cheeks burn at memories that were yet all too vivid.

"Let us talk of these things no

more," she said, gloomily. "Let the dead bury their dead. There is something unseemly to me in speaking of things that raise up such a storm of youthful sorrow and thought. Let these memories of the past, at least as far as our lips are concerned, return for ever to the tomb whence for one midnight hour they have come to revel and riot in two sere hearts. . . . Alas! for the hand of time, my poor friend. I have found it hard to believe that you, and I—this withered woman, older even than my years—played once such sad parts in the drama of life which we have looked back upon together to-night. But we have spoken of these things for the last time, and enough has been said. If the heart does not grow old with the body, it can at least be silent, and wait till beyond the grave He who made soul and body—who sends sorrow to all, and consolation to some, leaving even to the most wretched one great imperishable Hope—wipes our tears away and gives us back youth and happiness that shall never fade like the short-lived blessings of this poor life."

"Are you perfectly positive that your brother James never knew of your marriage?" asked Miss Megaw, next morning, as she sat in Mr. Prendergast's study. Her face was almost haggard from the intensity of their interest in the subject under discussion, and her deep-set dark grey eyes glistened with eager anxiety. "Are you so certain you are right when you declare he could not have known of it?—for the whole thing seems to me to hinge upon your answer to this question."

Mr. Prendergast hesitated for a moment, and then replied,—

"Of course it is hard to say of anything in this world—especially of any wickedness—that it is impossible. But I don't see how he

could have known of my marriage ; I took every precaution to keep it a secret from him : no one knew of it but my man Rutledge, who had been with me fifteen years, and he died of fever a fortnight afterwards. As you know, I have kept out of society all my life long, and had no friends in Paris to pry into my affairs. Then the first year of our married life was spent at St. Fleur—about the most out-of-the-way place I could have found in the whole of France—and it was only after the child was born that I took Antoinette to Paris, and learnt to my cost what an error I had committed in making her my wife—an error—it was worse, it was egregious folly. I have come now to believe she made away with the child,—she talked so wildly at that time, threatening me and it, because I seemed to care for it more than for her. It would have been strange had I done otherwise,—the child was at least inoffensive, and when it cried its screams were free from invectives. I had not seen it for more than nine months before it disappeared, and I heard nothing of its loss even, until it had been gone nearly a month—I was travelling in Styria at the time, and my letters reached me very irregularly. But to return to what we were first talking about : I don't believe Jamie knew anything of my marriage. I don't believe he knows of it now. I hope he does not, for then he would understand the full bitterness of my life—which has been complete in nothing but its sequence of failures," added Mr. Prendergast, bitterly, as he glanced upwards at a picture of himself over the mantelpiece. It had been painted when he was quite a young man, and was a poor affected picture as far as its accessories went, for the painter had caught the spirit of the Byronic id — with the ridiculous

servility which has too often been the bane of portrait painters, had striven to please a wealthy patron by painting his son in a quasi-poetical attitude, with a large quill pen in his hand, an open Byronic collar, a roll of paper before him, and a thunderstorm raging in the background. Absurd as all this undoubtedly was, the artist was less unsuccessful when he came to deal with feature and expression. The smile on the youth's handsome face was no simper, it was clear as daylight, the bright radiance of intelligence and hope—of intelligence that the old man knew had been wasted, and hope with an " ample proposition " that had failed in the " promised largeness."

" How old would the child have been now, supposing she were alive ? " asked Miss Megaw, unwilling to follow Mr. Prendergast into the regions of useless regret, where he spent so much of his time.

She spoke eagerly and with animation, for a project was maturing in her mind that seemed to promise an infusion of interest into the closing years of her life.

" She would—let me see—she would be twenty now," replied Mr. Prendergast.

" I can't make out why you did not search better for her at the time," said Miss Megaw.

" I did all I could," replied Mr. Prendergast. " I believe I might have found her had the French police not been so busy hunting after political offenders, that they had no time to waste on an Englishman looking for what many people would have been only too glad to lose. I spent a great deal of money over the search, and only gave up when I despaired of success. I suggested to the detectives that possibly the child had been made away with by my wife, but they said there was not a particle of evidence to support

such a supposition. But I still suspect her all the same."

"But having once before suffered from Black Jamie's schemes, I can't imagine why you did not suspect him of having caused the second evil—especially as the two crimes could so easily be traced to the same motive. You might have set the detectives quietly at work."

"It would have been absurd to do so, I thought," replied Mr. Prendergast. "I was quite certain he knew nothing about my marriage. Rutledge was the only person who could have told him of it, and Rutledge was perfectly devoted to me."

"I am afraid, Alexander, you did not take your poor child's loss much to heart," said Miss Megaw.

To this accusation Mr. Prendergast made no reply. He felt in truth that the loss of the child had been no great shock to his affections at the time. He had liked it a little better than its mother, that was all, and when it was gone he was not long unconsoled; for his renewed aversion to his wife made him think that if his daughter grew up like her, he would learn to hate her too. As a duty he had searched for her, and when he called her to mind as a bright little child, he grieved for her a little and was angry at her loss, but the feeling did not last very long.

Several motives had led Mr. Prendergast to keep his marriage as secret as possible. One of these had been his wish to avoid the gossiping surmises of his relatives. His manner of life, too, had developed in him an extraordinary shyness and even eccentricity, and his dislike to finding himself the object of observation and conjecture almost amounted to a monomania. Moreover, even while he could give no very distinct reasons for the misgiving, he felt considerable doubt as to the prudence of his

matrimonial experiment. Mademoiselle Antoinette Bertin was the younger daughter of a retired mechanic whom Mr. Prendergast had long known and corresponded with on scientific subjects. It was during one of his frequent visits to this gentleman at his pretty residence at Versailles, that he became acquainted with Mademoiselle Antoinette, who had just emerged from a convent, a model of modest behaviour, but somewhat curious as to the realities of life, and anxious for a near glance at its pleasures. Mr. Prendergast was tired of solitude certainly, and not indisposed to see whether in wedded life he might not find the motive power he had so long lost; the French girl's pretty ways pleased him, and Monsieur Bertin never ceased praising her excellent disposition and contrasting her with his elder daughter, a widow of whose ways and thoughts he highly disapproved. There was no love-making in this match. The matter was arranged with the utmost French conventionality, and in due time Mademoiselle Antoinette took for her husband the man whom, with a careless shrug of her pretty shoulders, she heard her sister call a "*gros bête*." For six months things went smoothly enough, and though with Monsieur Bertin's consent the marriage was still kept a secret, Mr. Prendergast was already discussing his return to Ireland where he proposed, with his father-in-law's assistance, to take up again some of the schemes of his youth. Monsieur Bertin's sudden death, however, changed all these plans and put an end to Mr. Prendergast's not very ecstatic happiness. Although he had been warned against Madame Leriche, the widow, by his father-in-law, he foolishly gave way to his wife when she implored him to let her enjoy the consolation of her sister's presence during the

first bitterness of her grief for her father. Madame Leriche accordingly came to St. Fleur on a mission of gentleness and consolation, and very soon afterwards a change came over the spirit of Mr. Prendergast's dream. His wife's temper grew uncertain, quarrels began, and under the widow's teaching the young wife soon contrived to make life unbearable for a husband whose early acquaintance with the evil side of human nature had not left him either very patient or tractable. Then Madame Leriche was summarily sent away out of the house, but it was too late to undo the mischief she had worked. The young woman had learnt too much from her, and too well to forget the lesson.

After months of quarrelling and discomfort the child was born, a beautiful, healthy little girl, and Mr. Prendergast's by no means excessive interest in her was seized upon by his wife as a fresh cause for complaint. At last, worn out by constant worry, Mr. Prendergast left St. Fleur with his wife, and having arranged for her to remain in Paris during his absence, he set off to travel for a time. During this tour he visited some of the principal mining districts of Europe, and it was while finishing his sojourn among the mines of Styria that he heard the news of his child's disappearance. He returned at once to France, and found that no tidings of her had been obtained—the child had been stolen during the night, and all search after her had so far proved a failure.

This put an end to Mr. Prendergast's sojourn with his wife. She was violently excited by an accusation of his (made in the heat of an angry quarrel) that she had made away with the child herself, and she retorted by so far admitting her guilt as to threaten him with a similar fate if he tormented her any

longer with his presence. Then the widow reappeared on the scene, ostensibly as a peacemaker, and to protect her sister from her husband's violence; but the end of her interference was that, after certain pecuniary arrangements had been concluded, Mr. Prendergast and his French wife parted with mutual satisfaction.

All Mr. Prendergast's efforts to discover his child having failed, he returned to Ireland, leaving further search to be conducted by the French police, who made him many promises of never relaxing their "great efforts" till the child was restored to her "desolated father." But whether these exertions were relaxed as soon as his back was turned, or prolonged untiringly in the face of ill-success, Mr. Prendergast, from that day forwards till Miss Megaw questioned him on the subject after his illness, had heard no tidings whatever of his missing child.

"Do you know what became of your wife?" asked Miss Megaw, after a rather long interval of silence.

Mr. Prendergast made no reply to this question beyond frowning and tapping impatiently with his foot against the floor.

"I wonder is she alive?" remarked Miss Megaw, half aloud.

"Of course she is," answered Mr. Prendergast with a harsh laugh. "She draws upon my bankers regularly every quarter, and wrote to me for more money last year. She said she was dying."

"Did you send her anything?" asked Miss Megaw eagerly, leaning forwards in her chair.

"Not I. I gave her three times more than she needed or deserved, and if she were really dying she would need less than before."

"Listen to me, Alexander," cried Miss Megaw, drawing her chair close up to the table that divided her

from Mr. Prendergast, and laying her thin hand, that trembled with excitement, flat down upon it. "Listen to me for a few moments while I ask you one thing. Will you do me a great favour—remember it is the first I have ever asked you—will you let me see this woman who was once your wife? Will you let me try whether I can find out anything from her as to the fate of this child, whose recovery—could I effect it—would bring a faint gleam of satisfaction into the closing years of my life?" As she made this request, Miss Megaw's voice shook with excitement, and she looked imploringly into Mr. Prendergast's face with an expression that somehow or other reminded him of a bright, upturned gaze he had so often seen on the same features before age and suffering had taken away their beauty.

"I made a resolution that I would have nothing more to do with her in any way," he answered irresolutely.

"Nor need you," replied Miss Megaw hastily. "Leave her altogether to me, and I shall succeed or fail, as heaven wills."

Age dislikes sudden resolves. Mr. Prendergast felt that his assent, if yielded, ought not to be as sudden as the request, which, in spite of his efforts to view it calmly, excited him and awakened long-dead hopes of finding his child. "The ways of women are strange," he thought to himself, "and what French detectives failed to find out Martha may succeed in discovering. She is one in a thousand as far as nerve and resolution go. Why should she not try, if she wishes to? I would give ten thousand pounds to bring my daughter to Glenriveen. What am I thinking about—I would give a hundred thousand to find her. Why should you do this, Martha?" he asked aloud, speaking slowly

and deliberately; "what will you gain if you succeed?"

"Can you ask me that?" she retorted reproachfully. "There is not much in the world in the way of gain that could bring pleasure to me. Perhaps to satisfy your one remaining wish would do it as much as anything."

Mr. Prendergast leaned forwards and grasped her hand where it still lay on the table.

"Do whatever you think right," he said; "you are a staunch, true-hearted woman. If I had had but one-half of your courage and endurance, I should never have made such a blunder of my whole life. The thought of you ought to have saved me from that passage of weakness and folly; but I was idiot enough to blame and resent what I should most have honoured and revered in you. I have been rightly punished," he continued sadly, "and it will be strange indeed if you now retrieve for me the only one of my misfortunes which admits of any remedy."

CHAPTER III.

FIRST MOVES.

BEFORE setting out in search of Mr. Prendergast's missing daughter, Miss Megaw made some arrangements for his comfort. She proposed that she should bring his niece Janet to live with him, but at first the idea seemed to fidget and annoy him.

"You must have some one to take better care of you than servants can," said Miss Megaw.

"I don't want to bring any tame cats about the house," replied Mr. Prendergast, moving his fingers irritably, "and if I send for the girl they will all expect me to leave her a fortune."

"It will be very easy to prevent that."

"I can't bring a young girl here to spend the best years of her life with a stupid old man without making it worth her while in some way or other."

"You can settle that matter as you like," said Miss Megaw, quietly. And very soon her influence prevailed, and he promised to do as she wished.

Satisfied upon this point, Miss Megaw left Glenriveen for Dublin, to consult with Messrs. Hatchett and Hogg, Mr. Prendergast's solicitors and confidential advisers, as to how she should deal with his wife.

Arrived at the lawyers' offices in Sackville Street she inquired whether either of the gentlemen at the head of the firm were at home. The pasty-faced clerk, with a spot of ink on his cheek, gave a supercilious glance at the tall, thin woman, dressed entirely in black, and hesitated for a moment. He fancied she was one of a class not entirely unknown to lawyers' offices—a persistent, elderly female, of small pecuniary means, but richly endowed with a grievance, and just sufficient legal knowledge to argue about it without seeing why it could never be made to prevail in a court of justice. "She looks like one of them," thought the clerk to himself. "I'll be bound she's thinking of going before the House of Lords this minute. I'd better not let her in till I find out."

"Have you an appointment, ma'am?" he asked.

"I have a letter from Mr. Prendergast, of Glenriveen, to Mr. Hatchett, or, if Mr. Hatchett is not at home, to Mr. Hogg; and I shall be obliged by your letting either of these gentlemen know I am here."

The clerk's face changed. With an active smile he swung the office door open and begged Miss Megaw to sit down while he ran up stairs

to see if Mr. Blarney, Q.C., were gone yet. In any case Mr. Hatchett was sure to be disengaged in a few minutes.

Mr. Prendergast's name was a talisman at Hatchett and Hogg's, as indeed it would have been in most houses of business in Dublin. Nearly one-third of the tin boxes at Hatchett and Hogg's were marked with his money-sounding name.

Down the stairs the clerk clattered. "Mr. Hatchett will be obliged if you'll follow me, ma'am;" and up Miss Megaw went, oppressed by the musty air of everything, and the unpleasant legal mould that seemed to have settled even upon the clerk's hair and whiskers.

Mr. Hatchett was writing when she entered, but he laid down his pen in a moment, and the clerk gave her a chair. Then she handed Mr. Hatchett the letter which was her credentials, and the legal gentleman read, stroked his chin, which did not seem to have felt the razor for three or four days, and coughed.

"You are an intimate friend of Mr. Prendergast's, I see from his letter, ma'am," he said, looking a little embarrassed. "In fact, he says you are acquainted with some matters not known, we believe, to any of his relations."

"Yes, I am aware of his unfortunate foreign marriage," replied Miss Megaw, "and he has referred me to you for his wife's address. Has he mentioned the object for which I require it?"

"Well, yes," said the lawyer, "but I'm very much afraid you'll only be disappointed, and have your journey for nothing. However, if one is to go on a goose-chase it had better be to Paris than most places. It's a beautiful city, I'm told, for I've never been there. I never take a holiday out of Ireland, ma'am, never; and I don't often take one in it, even."

"Indeed," said Miss Megaw,

much less impressed by Mr. Hatchett's abstemiousness in the matter of holidays than he seemed to expect. "But may I ask why you think my journey to Paris is likely to prove useless?"

"Certainly, you shall know my reasons," said Mr. Hatchett, rubbing the bristles on his chin so that they made a harsh, grating noise, and at the same time contemplating alternately, with much apparent satisfaction, a peculiarly dirty thumb-nail and a large signet ring of sickly brass-coloured gold. "You see Mr. Hogg and myself have very often talked over this matter of Mr. Prendergast's marriage, and the disappearance of the child, and the conclusion we have come to is, that Mrs. Prendergast had nothing to do with the latter fact. For years we have had our attention directed to the matter, and in order that the *pros* and *cons* of the case might be fairly considered, Mr. Hogg and myself adopted opposite views in the argument for its better and fuller discussion. I pressed the accusation of having made away with the child home against Mrs. Prendergast, and Mr. Hogg defended her. I am, therefore, peculiarly well acquainted with the difficulties that lie in the way of proving the probability of her having had anything to do with the child's disappearance. First of all, the absence of motive. Why should she make away with the child?"

"Because she was jealous of Mr. Prendergast's affection for it."

"Pardon me, madam, but that's impossible. Mr. Prendergast has himself informed me that he showed no particular devotion to the infant at all. He preferred it to his wife, certainly, but he showed his feelings principally by leaving it alone—a course, I fancy, he did not pursue with his wife. Then supposing for one moment that the child's disappearance was the work of its

mother; with what object could she have committed such an act? Only to annoy her husband. Well, has she ever annoyed him by means of the child? Never. Until lately she never applied for more money, and when she did so last year it was humbly, not like a person who could extort it by threats or promises."

"But I see another motive that might have induced her to keep the child," interrupted Miss Megaw; "she must have known she intended to force Mr. Prendergast into a separation, and she may have wished to keep the child."

"A very good suggestion on your part, ma'am," said the lawyer, with a patronizing smile, "and I am glad to have to do with a lady of such acute perceptions. But I was coming to that point myself. Apart from the fact that the French police authorities saw not the slightest reason to suspect her of any such complicity, she has been watched, by our orders, for years, without giving us the smallest loophole for an accusation. Now to suppose she made away with the child to enjoy its company herself, and then never went near it or saw it afterwards, is to suppose an absurdity."

"But truth is often found in seeming absurdities."

"Paradox has its admirers, ma'am," replied the lawyer, smiling, "but in my legal career I have, I confess, found reason to prefer probabilities to possibilities, and to affix the simpler and more obvious motives to actions that I cannot directly account for. Instead of coming to far-fetched conclusions about matters that offer some difficulty, I invariably take the best of the ideas that suggest themselves obviously. I sift it, twist it about, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred I find myself right. And the reason of it is this. Far-fetched conclusions as to motives would only apply

to very deep and complex natures. Such natures are rare, or, mind you, when they work they succeed too well to allow their affairs to be brought into a lawyer's office. Therefore your ingenuity in affixing remote and curiously incomplete motives to such actions as the one we are discussing, is entirely wasted. It is the greatest mistake to be too clever, especially when you're dealing with people who transgress the law. Depend upon it, the real clever minds, the motives of whose actions offer a hard nut to crack, very seldom transgress the law—they *know better*," added the lawyer, with an indescribably sharp look in his twinkling grey eyes. "Your criminals who are caught are scarcely ever the last persons you would suspect, and when you set about catching a criminal, if you'll take the advice of a man who has seen a good deal of these things, you'll go straight at the person who had the strongest motive to commit the crime, and never mind such people as Mrs. Prendergast, who, I'm as sure as that I'm sitting here, had nothing to do with the child's disappearance. Whether in such a case you succeed in catching your bird, entirely depends on the skill with which the little game was carried out."

Miss Megaw was silent. Mr. Hatchett's words had no small significance for her, because they directly counselled her to fasten her suspicions where only Mr. Prendergast's assertions had prevented them from lodging. In her heart of hearts she believed James Prendergast had been at the bottom of the mischief, and when she heard the lawyer declare so emphatically his conviction of Mrs. Prendergast's innocence, she wondered whether the end of the long estrangement between the brothers had brought him to share her opinion.

—That Frenchwoman," continued

Mr. Hatchett, still engaged in approving examination of his uncleanly fingers, "as far as I can make out, was a poor foolish creature incapable of executing the smallest scheme—much less such a cleverly done thing as the theft of the child."

"You think it was a theft?" asked Miss Megaw. "She might have murdered the child. She hated her husband, she might also have hated his child."

"Murdered!" cried Mr. Hatchett, derisively; "that child, if murdered, was never destroyed by its mother. The police, I know, were not as active as they might have been, but they declared positively that not a particle of suspicion ought to rest on her mother, and you know they are not the most unsuspicious officials upon earth. Then, again, there could be no doubt that in spite of her silly declarations made to annoy Mr. Prendergast, she felt the child's loss keenly, and gave every facility and help to the people employed in investigating the matter."

Miss Megaw was puzzled what to do. She would have liked to ask the lawyer a leading question, but without Mr. Prendergast's concurrence she felt it would not be right for her to do so. At the same time an expression on Mr. Hatchett's face encouraged her at least to sound him.

"Do you suspect any one in particular, sir?" she asked, suddenly, unable longer to resist the temptation of trying to discover what the lawyer's curious look meant.

Mr. Hatchett's expression of countenance, however, on hearing her question, turned to one of utter impenetrability, and he looked quietly out of the window.

"Mr. Prendergast has not honoured me with his confidence beyond the matters of which we have been speaking. He has not

even informed me who is the lady whom I have the honour of addressing; I am unwilling to mention any ideas I may as a private person have formed upon the affairs of my client. Mr. Prendergast's note," he added, pointing to the letter Miss Megaw had brought with her, "has requested me to give you my ideas on the subject of the possible complicity of his wife in the theft of the child, and I have done so to the best of my ability. He also desires me on your application to supply you with any money you may require for the purpose of eliciting information from Mrs. Prendergast."

Miss Megaw felt she had been indiscreet, and saw reason to be thankful for the lawyer's reticence which had applied a check to her own over-impulsiveness.

"You are right," she replied, "it is better not to discuss delicate questions without proper authority, and I apologize for my indiscretion."

"There is no occasion to do so," replied the lawyer in his blindest manner; "I am sorry that professional etiquette obliges me to be silent, for it is quite possible that our ideas on this subject might not turn out to be very dissimilar after all."

"I understand," nodded Miss Megaw, "perhaps we shall speak out more openly some time soon."

"It will be a pleasure to me in that case to offer you my humble advice, ma'am," said Mr. Hatchett, politely, with a wave of his jewelled hand. "In the meantime allow me to give you Mrs. Prendergast's address in Paris. It's in the Rue de—something or other. You speak the language of course, ma'am. But I understand Mrs. Prendergast is a perfect English scholar."

"Sufficiently for my present journey, I hope. Do you advise me to take any money with me for

the purpose of getting information from Mrs. Prendergast?"

"I have already expressed my opinion on the uselessness of your journey, but if you go at all you may as well go prepared. You don't leave town till to-morrow? Very good. Then kindly write your address on this envelope, and you shall have an order on a Paris banker to the amount of five hundred pounds this evening."

Mr. Hatchett was as good as his word about the money, and next morning Miss Megaw left Dublin in a thick November fog and proceeded to Paris, where she arrived without any misadventure.

On the morning after her arrival she sat at the window of her apartment in a small hotel, in a street off the Boulevard des Italiens, meditating over the manner in which she should present herself before Mrs. Prendergast—or Madame Bertin, for Mr. Hatchett had informed her in his note, when sending her the bank order, that the Frenchwoman had resumed her maiden name.

At first she thought of writing to ask for an appointment, but then, reflecting that her visit might possibly be an unwelcome one, she abandoned the idea of announcing it beforehand. She decided to go to the house, and ask for an interview on business with Mrs. Prendergast. Once face to face with that lady, she could simply state—aye, but here lay the difficulty. It is so easy to bring one's self face to face with people in awkward situations; but what to say, and how to turn the occasion to profit, is anything but a simple matter. Miss Megaw could scarcely bring out her purse, say she suspected Mrs. Prendergast of having stolen the child, and offer a reward for her restoration. The matter was one to be delicately approached, and what she should say or leave unsaid would have to depend a good deal upon

the impression produced on her mind by Mrs. Prendergast. As far as she could lay her plans beforehand, she thought she might probably remark that Mr. Prendergast had lately recovered from a very serious illness, and was anxious for family reasons to make one more effort to obtain tidings of his daughter; and that she (Miss Megaw) being employed in the search, had thought it right, in the first instance, to consult the child's mother.

Arrived at the door of the suite of small apartments occupied by Madame Bertin, Miss Megaw waited anxiously on the landing-place for an answer to her request for an interview. She was very nervous, and her heart beat with unusual violence, partly from her clamber up a very steep flight of stairs, and partly from some unexpected emotions that assailed her self-command when she found herself so nearly in presence of Mr. Prendergast's wife. While she was still trying unsuccessfully to hide her agitation under a look of unconcern, the door was thrown open for her to enter, and with uncertain steps she moved hastily forward. Then, one moment afterwards, face to face with a woman who of late had not often been out of her thoughts, curiosity overcame every other feeling, and as she looked intently into her face, she could not recollect one word of the speeches she had framed so easily at her hotel window. And the more she struggled against her sudden inability to speak, the less she could break silence, while the Frenchwoman seemed half-puzzled, half-annoyed at her strange behaviour.

For the look which Miss Megaw had fixed upon her was one that betokened something more than mere curiosity—it was an attempt to read a character in a face, to find

some light in a countenance that would help to clear up the past and make the present less doubtful.

The Frenchwoman was the first to speak.

"You are an English lady, I believe, madame?" she began in English, with a tolerably correct accent. "To what fortunate circumstance do I owe the pleasure of your visit?"

Miss Megaw tried to speak, stammered, felt she was going to say the wrong thing—tried again, and only succeeded in becoming more hopelessly nervous and incapable of expressing herself, all of which unaccountable display of emotion was extremely puzzling to the woman who was so unlike the imaginary being she had expected to meet. Mrs. Prendergast, or Madame Bertin as she called herself, was a slight delicate-looking woman, apparently of about forty years of age. She was rather taller than the average height of Frenchwomen, with dark-brown eyes. Her hair was a good deal streaked with grey, and the ashy paleness of her face was only relieved by a hectic spot of red on each cheek.

"I took the liberty," Miss Megaw began, hesitatingly, "of intruding upon you,—in consequence of—because I thought—I hoped you might be able to help me—in a matter of great importance."

"The day is cold, Madame, and the stairs are fatiguing. Allow me to offer you a cup of coffee," said the Frenchwoman, beginning to pity her visitor's nervousness, which she put down to the score of English awkwardness.

"No, thank you," replied Miss Megaw, half rising from her chair to prevent the other from ringing the bell. "I have only just breakfasted. I may as well first mention to you that I am an old friend of Mr. Prendergast's."

"Indeed!" said Madame Bertin, eyeing her suspiciously.

"A very old friend," continued Miss Megaw, "and I am endeavouring to discover some traces of his and your child, that disappeared so mysteriously twenty-four years ago."

"You are very good. But I am afraid you are going only to lose your time. The child will never be found. It is too long ago now since she was lost."

"But surely you wish to discover her?" asked Miss Megaw.

"I have ceased to wish anything. I shall not be alive long. I am *poitrinaire* for many years, and go now very soon to quit a life I have never found too smiling."

As Miss Megaw looked into the weary, pale face before her, she recognized in what it differed from the ideal countenance with which she had of late been so familiar. From Mr. Prendergast's descriptions she had imagined an evil nature, malignant, passionate, and frivolous by turns; but now an instinct warned her that such a judgment was wrong. And then, as she pitied the Frenchwoman's evident wretchedness and weariness of life, and saw her bitter smile, it flashed across her mind that she herself, in her knowledge of the past, possessed a clue by which she could understand the unhappy married life of which Mr. Prendergast always spoke so harshly. And as she thought of this, the scales of prejudice seemed to fall from her eyes, and she told herself that at the time Mr. Prendergast married his French wife, he was little disposed to be indulgent with an unformed and exacting nature. He had confessed to her how little he had really cared for Antoinette Bertin before he married her. It was likely enough he had never tried to win her love and confidence, and had taken too literally ebullitions of temper which might have been nothing more than the outcries of wounded vanity and

a neglected heart. Then there were her sister the widow's evil counsels to widen the breach. She irritated Mr. Prendergast's mind so much against his wife that her levity wore, to him, the aspect of deliberate wickedness. And finally, to complete their estrangement, came the disaster of their child's disappearance.

Once this idea took possession of Miss Megaw's mind, a strong sympathy sprang up in her heart for the woman who, like herself, had found so little happiness in existence.

"If you, Mrs. Prendergast——"

"I call myself Madame Bertin," interrupted the Frenchwoman.

"I beg your pardon. I was going to say that if you have found life nothing but trouble and disappointment, your experience and mine are much the same." And Miss Megaw felt she would have said no more than the truth if she had observed also that their misfortunes were part of one story of sorrow and wrong.

"I do not blame life," said the Frenchwoman quietly. "I do not blame life for my unhappiness. Life itself is pleasant, but there are those who spoil it for us. My life might have been happy if I had never had a sister, and had never found a husband. I thank Monsieur Prendergast for all my miseries. He was a true Englishman; cold as to love; violent of temper. *Mon Dieu! comme il était violent quand on le contrariait. Mais vous connaissez probablement son humeur—ce que vous ne saurez pas, c'est ce qu'il m'en a fait souffrir . . . c'était un supplice insupportable. . . . Mais vous, vous avez aussi souffert, n'est-ce pas? Vous en avez bien l'air,*" said Madame Bertin, compassionately, as she fixed her dark eyes on her visitor. Then suddenly abandoning the languor of her former words and movements, she leaned forwards, and looking as if she were trying to pierce to the very depths of Miss Megaw's

heart, whispered,—“And him? Did he also make you unhappy? Did he empoison your life like mine? *Grand Dieu!* could it be that in marrying me he did you a wrong? . . .”

“No, no,” interrupted Miss Megaw, hastily: “your suspicion is unjust. I never knew him anything but kind and good—he never wronged me by word or deed. And yet, as you say, though he did not cause my troubles, he was a chief part of them.”

“You loved, then. Is it so?” asked Madame Bertin, suspiciously.

“And he—did he love you, too?”

“These things are too long gone by for us to speak of them now.”

“Non,” said the Frenchwoman, “I must know. Was there ever anything between you?”

“We were to have been married once,” said Miss Megaw hesitatingly, “very long ago—when I was young—you may fancy how long ago that must have been. But things happened that were neither his fault nor mine, and the whole course of our lives was changed.”

“And you never marry, then, I suppose,” said Madame Bertin compassionately; “that was pity. “It was better you should marry him than me, perhaps, if you liked him *et qu'il vous aimait . . . c'est à dire . . . il vous aimait, n'est-ce pas?*”

Miss Megaw bent her head slightly but said nothing.

“*Après!*” asked the Frenchwoman sharply, and with a slight tone of irony in her voice. “What was the end of that affair? What did Mr. Prendergast? How did he support his misfortune? *Répondez donc, Madame.*”

“I cannot answer your questions,” replied Miss Megaw quietly. “It was not till many years after the day we were parted that you saw him, yet you met him sooner afterwards than I did. It is for you to say how his troubles affected him.”

It was now Madame Bertin's turn to feel awkward, as she looked at her sphinx-like visitor in blank astonishment. The Englishwoman's tranquil, self-contained manner, her tall, erect form, the deep lines that trouble had stamped upon her face, and, last of all, the keen glance of her deep-set grey eyes, all impressed Madame Bertin fully as much as her strange words.

“They left him the most difficult of men,” she replied, with a little scornful laugh. “One whom a young girl could not understand or love. But I comprehend what you mean—you would say he married me while he thought still only of you. *Franchement*, it may have been so; but it is not pleasant for my *amour-propre* to say it.”

“There is nothing unflattering to you in the confession,” said Miss Megaw. “It was not so much my loss as the manner in which we were parted that affected him; it warped a kind heart, and made him distrustful of human nature. But it was many years after all that when you first saw him, and I have seen too much of the world to think that after nearly twenty years of absence a man still thinks much even of his first and truest love. Just consider,” she continued, with a painful smile, “what twenty years does with a woman's charms—the twenty years that pass after she has reached her prime, I mean. No, no; I do not believe that any thought of me would have prevented Mr. Prendergast from forming a new and even a very deep attachment; but what I do think is, that unless a woman really loved him and had gained his heart, she made a dangerous move in marrying him, embittered as he was by a terrible blow that shook his trust in human nature, and made him most angry with the woman he had loved best.”

“Yes; and that move I made,”

said Madame Bertin quietly, "but I did not know anything of the danger. To me it proved fatal in the end. I did not like him, but I might have done so if my sister had not come, while I was still uncertain, and taught me to hate him: *la haine s'apprend fort facilement*—you believe that, do you not? One has only to feed the little suspicions, to excite the small anger, to repeat the little words *sur un ton différent*, and the lesson is perfectly given, and perfectly learnt. She did her best to make us enemies, and he chased her away for it, and after she was gone we began to be at least polite again. But when the child was lost, that made the great quarrel Mon Dieu! shall I ever forget his eyes! I thought he would kill me when, in despair at his false accusations, I told him I knew where the child was. I was half mad with vexation and anger at his injustice; but he frightened me, and I called upon my sister, and when she came we parted for ever. And he still wants to find the child—which must be now a woman, if, indeed, she lives—and he has, no doubt, sent you to me his malice does not yet cease to think evil of me. But I can tell you nothing. She is gone for ever, I fear. Why is he now so anxious to find her?"

"He was very ill the other day—dying, we thought—but he recovered when all hope seemed gone. Doubtless it was the nearness of death that brought the past so vividly before him, and made him unwilling to pass away leaving its mystery unsolved, and its wrongs undressed. He is very rich also, and has a great fortune which he will not leave to his relatives because he despises them, nor to his brother because he hates him."

"And you," asked the French-woman abruptly, "why do you mix yourself in all this?"

"I have my own reasons, and they are many," replied Miss Megaw quietly. "Friendship for Mr. Prendergast is the chief one, but there are others, only I do not care to speak of them."

"I know nothing of the child's fate," said Madame Bertin, relapsing into her languid manner; "I know he suspected me, and the police watched me for a time, but they tired after a while. It is all mystery to me."

"It is one I shall try to make clear," said Miss Megaw.

"The time is too long since she was lost; and if you find her, even, doubtless Mr. Prendergast will take her altogether. He will not consider me now more than formerly. I wrote to him last year, but he has made me no answer" Here a violent fit of coughing interrupted Madame Bertin.

"He told me you had written. I do not think he knows you are ill"

"I said so in my letter. I ask him to send me some money—it was not much—and, as you have said, he is very rich; but I have received no answer. It is not for myself I want it—you see how poorly I live—it was to pay the last of my sister's debts, and for some charitable objects. It is long since my sister died, and I have paid much—but not yet all—and he might have done as I asked him. I have never troubled him or followed him to Ireland—I have been like dead to him, though I might easily have tormented him. I spared him many troubles that my sister prepared for him. I have kept away from him always, and yet the first thing I ask I am refused. My moderation has not profited me much."

"I am sure, when he hears how ill you are, he will no longer refuse" Miss Megaw began to feel grieved at the signs of weak-

ness and suffering that a somewhat trying interview had brought out so plainly on the Frenchwoman's face. Her cough, too, grew more and more troublesome, and warned Miss Megaw that the exertion and excitement of their conversation had better not be prolonged.

"Thank you, madame," replied Madame Bertin; "but what his justice refused I will not accept from his pity. You are good, and I thank you. Mr. Prendergast is another matter . . . he has never tried to be reconciled to me; he deserted me and left me in the hands of my sister; he had no patience with my young folly. If he had been gentle and kind, I might have forgotten the differences between our ages, and been happy. My temper, too, might have been cured less painfully. But he was glad of the first excuse to undo himself of me. He has treated me as if I were the basest of women — *Mais malgré son mépris j'ai mené une vie calme, quand même malheureuse*."

Miss Megaw was at a loss to know what to reply to this blame of Mr. Prendergast. Something in the Frenchwoman's large dark eyes, and voice soft and tremulous with emotion, made her conviction stronger that Mr. Prendergast had misunderstood his wife's nature, and that to his blindness and impatience her youth and happiness had been sacrificed. A really base woman, she felt herself, would have acted very differently after their abrupt separation, and would certainly not have acquiesced in the arrangement that relieved him so completely of the responsibilities he had voluntarily assumed. And then a little conviction of human injustice and imperfection stung her heart as she reflected that neither Mr. Prendergast nor herself had even contemplated the possibility of a fact that now seemed so plain, as

she obtained some little insight into his wife's wounded spirit.

"It is strange," she said with a gentleness that arose from deep sympathy, "that both our lives that have influenced or been influenced by his, have been alike unhappy, and have left to each of us an unconquerable resentment. I, who cannot overcome my horror of one who has injured me deeply, have no right to blame your bitterness against Mr. Prendergast, even though there is something in my heart which must always protect him from any harsh censure of mine. But I have wearied you," she added, standing up and taking Madame Bertin's hand. "You are not strong enough to think and talk of these troubles of the past."

"Stay a moment," cried Madame Bertin eagerly, still holding her hand. "So you are really going to search for my child. *Bon Dieu!* how I wish I had strength to help you . . . but I am useless . . ." she added as her cough returned, and her whole body shook with its paroxysm. "But perhaps you will promise me one thing. If you find her, let me see her once before you give her to Mr. Prendergast, *le bon Dieu* only knows how I have longed to see her . . . the hope of it would still keep me alive . . ." and her voice failed her as she looked up into Miss Megaw's face with almost piteous entreaty.

"Of course . . . you shall see her — I will let you know at once if I obtain any clue to her discovery. But I must go now. This has already been too much for you."

"Come and see me again," said Madame Bertin, as Miss Megaw turned to leave the room. "Come to-morrow — there are many things I wish to ask you. Adieu — au revoir."

When Miss Megaw found herself back in her hotel thinking over

her interview with Madame Bertin, she was almost glad she had found no reason for suspecting her of having in any way caused the child's disappearance.

Scarcely any action is the result of but one strong motive. Certainly since she had seen Mr. Hackett, Miss Megaw's hopes of advancing the work she had undertaken had not been very great. But when before the lawyer's arguments the motive grew weak, which had she believed first put the journey into her head, she found her desire to set out not one bit diminished. It was not till she saw Madame Bertin face to face, that she understood how deep had been her interest in the woman who was Mr. Prendergast's wife; or how much this feeling, apart from other motives, had had to do with her journey. We try to deceive ourselves often, no doubt, but we are sometimes deceived also.

Not, however, that the recovery of Mr. Prendergast's daughter had become less an object of her desires. On the contrary, now that she had seen the mother and lost her belief in a vulgar ideal, the thought of finding the daughter excited her energies even more than before. But her eyes were turning back towards England as the scene of her future labours.

She saw Madame Bertin twice again before leaving Paris, and gratified her curiosity on many points connected with Mr. Prendergast's life and habits. She also gave her such comfort as she could. It was not very profound in wisdom or wide in range of thought, but the unhappy Frenchwoman felt that it came from a mind intimately acquainted with the sorrows she had endured, and it is human nature to value most the sympathy of those who know our ills best. The woman who has just lost her first-born scarcely hears the words of con-

solation that fall from a maiden's lips.

"You have done me good," said Madame Bertin when they were parting; "your memory will be very pleasant to me. Do not forget to write to me if you find out anything. And for him—tell him I will try to forgive him, *s'il le vent*." And as she watched the tall thin figure pass slowly out of the room she felt a pang of regret. The Englishwoman, who had seemed so typically gaunt and awkward at first, had proved herself too sympathetic not to be missed when she was gone. "She is not stiff from her own coldness," thought Madame Bertin, "she is petrified with sorrow and the frigidness of the world. If only she had married Mr. Prendergast, both to him and to me she would have spared much; and for herself—*c'est une brave femme. Elle méritait le bonheur*."

From Paris Miss Megaw travelled back straight to Glenriveen, stopping one day in Dublin on her way to call on Mr. Hatchett, and return the bank order, and at the same time tell him a little of her opinion of Madame Bertin.

"I am glad you have come round to my way of thinking," said Mr. Hatchett. "I really never suspected her. From the very beginning my ideas pointed in another direction; but Mr. Hogg disagreed with me. Do you intend letting the matter rest now?"

"That will depend on Mr. Prendergast's wishes. I am ready to try, by every means in my power, to recover his daughter, if he is willing I should do so."

Next day, late in the evening, Miss Megaw was once more back at Glenriveen, and found that, though expected in a day or two, Janet Prendergast had not yet come to take up her abode at her uncle's. At first, when she told Mr. Prendergast what had passed between

herself and his wife, and of the impression made upon her by that lady, his humour was none of the gentlest. To her efforts to lessen his resentment against the unfortunate woman he only replied by sarcastic allusions and bitter laconic remarks. But to these little outbursts of temper Miss Megaw paid no attention; she knew her influence was strong enough to effect what she desired. And so it turned out. A few days after her return a letter left Glenriveen in his handwriting, addressed to his wife, containing a promise of three times the sum of money for which she had asked.

The day after Janet's arrival Miss Megaw went into Mr. Prendergast's study, to discuss a very important matter with him.

In her last interview with Madame Bertin, Miss Megaw had pretty well satisfied herself that, so far as the mother could tell, Mr. James Prendergast knew nothing of the child's existence or of his brother's marriage. But the idea that to his brother's machinations he owed the loss of his daughter was becoming a fixed idea in her mind.

"What first impelled me to begin this search, Alexander," she said, as soon as he had laid aside a book he was reading, "was my eager longing to do you a service before my death; but now, to this motive, strong enough to make me face the gravest difficulty and discouragement, another has been added. The more I think over it, the more I feel convinced that your brother is at the bottom of the mischief, and that, if the mystery is to be cleared up, it is upon him I must centre my attention. And I confess that to unmask him, or spoil his designs, I

would go through fire and water. Will you let me match myself against his cunning? I am weak, and a woman; but I have right on my side."

"What makes you think this?" asked Mr. Prendergast, delaying to answer her question.

"I can scarcely say—or rather, you know as well as I do. It is his character, his envious nature, his malignant spite against you that point him out to me as the guilty person. I see no one else to suspect. Do not refuse me."

"You are not strong enough for such a work. Let Mr. Hatchett take it in hand."

"No. It is almost my right to deal with him alone, Alexander. Let me try first; if I fail, then I will give up my place to another."

"What do you propose doing?"

"My plans are not matured. You shall know to-morrow."

"I only ask one thing, Martha."

"What is that?"

"If in six months' time you have found out nothing, or have reached a certain point and are not able to get farther, you will let some one else try?"

"I will do so now if you choose," she replied, but he saw what an effort the words cost her.

"No. Go into the thing single-handed first," he said. "Sometimes in these affairs we are impelled onwards by a force that it is unwise to resist. Try, and may God give you success; but let Mr. Hatchett advise you from time to time. His is a hard head, and he is perfectly trustworthy."

Next morning Miss Megaw unfolded her plan, and a couple of days later she left Glenriveen for London.

(To be continued.)

BYRON'S STATUE.

BY THE LONDON HERMIT.

At last ! the bearer of a deathless name,
Long dead in flesh, shall live again in stone ;
And admiration crystallize his fame
Into an outward presence like his own ;
At last ! the kings of British songs shall stand
Enthroned and sceptred, each in his degree,
With SHAKSPEARE, MILTON, BYRON shall command,
And share our golden realms of Poesie.

Brief was his life, and sad, and on its page,
Alas ! fell many a blot, but less from guilt
Than foul-mouthed slander, whose persistent rage
O'er the white record oft its venom spilt ;
Man wooed his hate, and yet that hate decried,
Rousing the lion but to mock his ire ;—
Was *he* a misanthrope who nobly died
Lifting a fallen nation from the mire ?

And he hath spoken words of God-like power,
And sung with seraph sweetness ;—to his spell
Whole nations bow'd in his triumphal hour,
And still his spirit in his works shall dwell ;
Yes, raise to highest niche the marble mass,
Let Art, whose hand such lifelike aspect gives,
So mould his form, that pilgrims, as they pass,
Gazing thereon, may dream that still he lives.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 24.

THE VERY REVEREND JOHN TULLOCH, D.D.

Principal and Professor of Theology, St. Mary's College, in the University of St. Andrews, and one of Her Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary in Scotland.

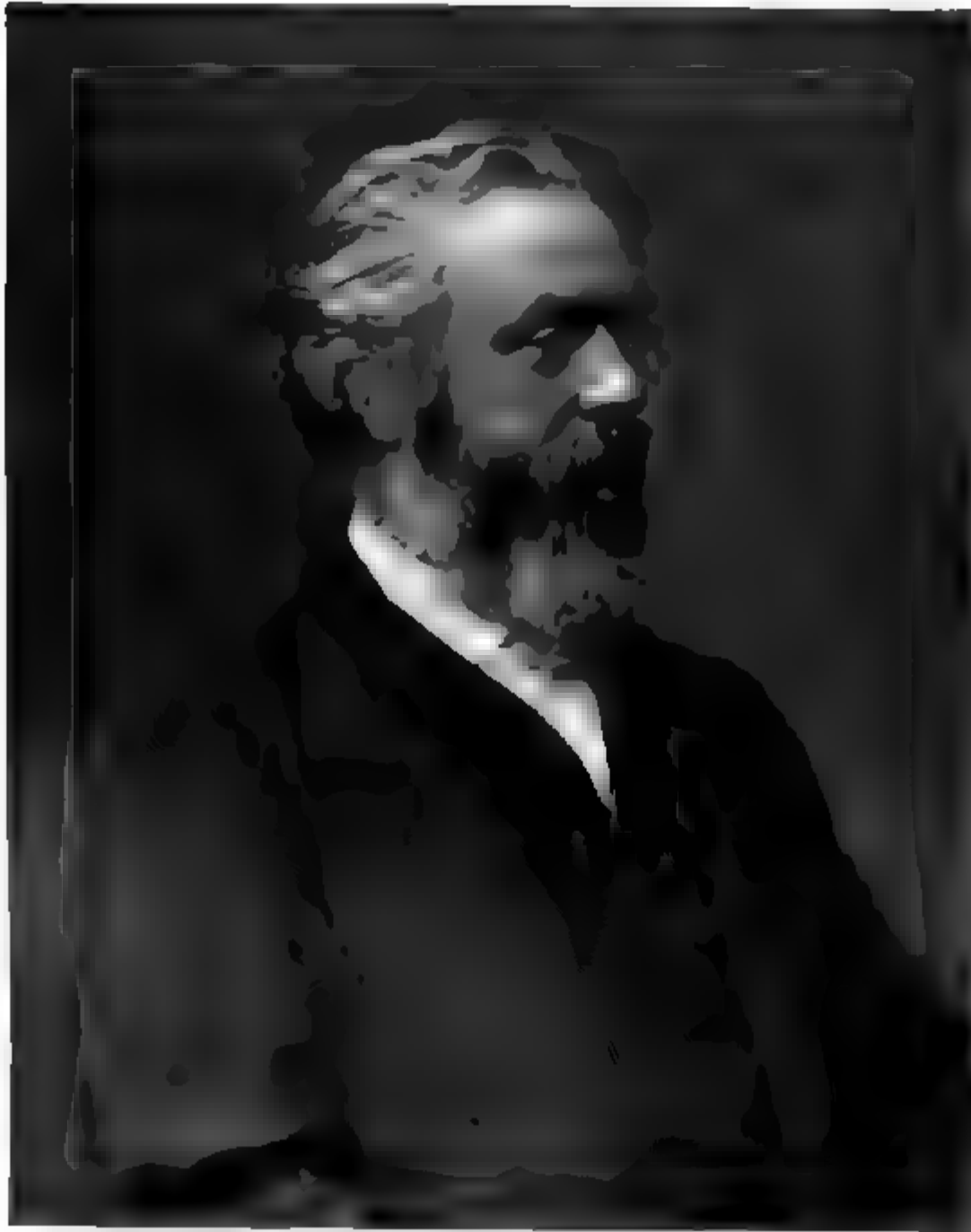
WE have the pleasure of presenting our readers, this month, with a portrait of Principal Tulloch, of St. Andrews, one of Her Majesty's Chaplains in Scotland, who has long held an eminent position among Scottish preachers, while his reputation as a thoughtful and cultured theologian and philosophical critic is world-wide.

Mr. Tulloch was born near the Bridge of Earn, in Perthshire, and educated chiefly at the University over one of whose colleges he now presides. On entering the Scottish Church he was appointed minister of St. Paul's, Dundee, in 1845. In September, 1849, he was transferred to the parish of Kettins, a rural living in the south-western district of Forfarshire.

The village, or rather hamlet, of Kettins lies at the foot of the Sidlaw Hills, in the southern part of the valley of Strathmore. Few Scottish villages surpass it in simple rustic beauty. The dwellings of the cottagers cluster round the old-fashioned church and manse, or peep out among the elms and ash trees which overshadow the roads and surround the village-green. Most of them are covered with woodbine and other climbers, and have gardens around them bright with flowers.

In 1854 it was suddenly announced that Mr. Tulloch had been appointed by the Crown to the Principalship of St. Mary's College, in succession to Dr. Robert Haldane. The appointment created some surprise, and not a little discontent, among those more venerable theologians who fancied that years of unchallenged orthodoxy gave them a title to the honour preferable to that of a young and comparatively unknown competitor. The rumour was that the appointment was, in some degree, owing to the earnest recommendation of Mr. Tulloch by the Prussian Ambassador, Chevalier Bunsen, to Lord Palmerston, who was then Home Secretary. Mr. Tulloch had at the time written an elaborate review of Bunsen's "Hippolytus and his Age," which had just made its appearance in the *North British Review*. Previously to this article he had written in the same Review and in the *British Quarterly Review* several articles which had attracted the notice of Sir David Brewster, then Principal of the United College, in St. Andrews, and which led Sir David also to take an interest in Mr. Tulloch's appointment.

1 wisd of the Crown's choice of Mr. Tulloch was demonstrated



DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE 1876

WOODBURY PERMANENT PHOTOGRAPH

*Presented by
James C. Taylor
John T. Hork*

when it was announced that one of the Burnett Premiums had been awarded to him for a treatise on Theism written during his ministry at Kettins. These prizes, the most honourable distinction that can be obtained by a theologian, are awarded under the will of Mr. Burnett, a merchant in Aberdeen, who bequeathed, in 1785, certain sums to be expended in two premiums for the best treatises on "The evidence that there is a Being all-powerful, wise, and good, by whom everything exists; and particularly to obviate difficulties regarding the wisdom and goodness of the Deity; and this, in the first place, from considerations independent of written revelation, and, in the second place, from the revelation of the Lord Jesus, and from the whole to point out the inferences most necessary for and useful to mankind."

Two awards have taken place since Mr. Burnett's death, the successful essayists on the first occasion having been the late Principal Brown, of Aberdeen, and the Rev. John Bird Sumner, then Fellow of Eton College, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. On the second occasion the first premium of £1,800 was awarded to the Rev. R. A. Thompson, M.A., Lincolnshire, and the second of £600 to Mr. Tulloch.

The University of St. Andrews is the oldest in Scotland, having been founded in 1410. As may be supposed, its foundation was an occasion of national rejoicing. Historians tell us that in 1413, on the Sunday after the papal bull confirming its privileges reached the city, high mass was celebrated in honour of the event, a *Te Deum* sung, and "in the evening bonfires were lighted, the bells of the churches rung, and processions of the clergy walked through the streets. The people indulged in songs, and played on musical instruments, the wine cup flowed, the dance succeeded, and all was mirth and boisterous merriment."

St. Mary's College occupies the site on which the ancient University stood, the other colleges having long been located elsewhere in the city. In 1537 Archbishop James Beaton began the buildings for it under papal sanction. After his death, his nephew, the celebrated Cardinal Beaton, proceeded with the work, and it was completed by his successor, Archbishop Hamilton. After the Reformation, in 1579, the University was "remodelled," under the superintendence of George Buchanan and Archbishop Adamson, and St. Mary's College became the seat of St. Andrews school of theology.

There are few incidents to record in the life of a thinker, and Principal Tulloch is above all things else a thinker. His biography after 1854 is little else than a record of the various works he has published.

We shall not attempt to give a complete account of these works. Putting aside occasional sermons and other minor publications, they fall into two classes. First, the *Treatise on Theism* (1855), a purely theological dissertation; and, secondly, biographico-historical works illustrative of the progress of theology from the Reformation downwards. Among these are "*Leaders of the Reformation*" (1859), "*Puritanism and its Leaders*" (1861), and "*Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in England in the Seventeenth Century*" (1872).

It would be impossible within the limits of a sketch like the present, to give a comprehensive analysis of the arguments by which Dr. Tulloch seeks in his treatise on Theism to establish from reason and nature the existence of an "All-wise and beneficent Creator," and anything short of such analysis would do injustice to the book. His mode of stating the theistic argument in its ultimate form is, *Order universally proves Mind:*

The works of nature discover order ; therefore, The works of nature prove mind. It is easy to see that the exposition and defence of this syllogism lead to a discussion of the doctrine of causation, and of the views of the school of philosophers till lately represented by John Stuart Mill. In opposition to these doctrines, Dr. Tulloch maintains vigorously and luminously the cardinal principle that causation is more than sequence ; that it implies the idea of power, and that power is in the ultimate analysis an attribute of mind alone. It is not denied that this is the case so far as the human mind is concerned ; but Dr. Tulloch maintains that " Mind, admitted to be to man the only efficient cause, is also entitled to be considered the only efficient cause in the *Universe*," and thus bases his theistic conclusion on a necessity of universal reason.

As a specimen of the cogency with which the learned Principal appeals to the higher reason in refutation of antagonistic arguments, we quote the following paragraphs on Positivism. We regard them as a noble expression of a lofty train of reasoning.

" Before passing from this branch of our subject, there is a relation of it which it may be well to consider—with such perverseness has it been misinterpreted and misapplied. It has been held that our conclusion is at variance with the results of science. Science gives us, as the final expression of phenomena everywhere, general laws, to which the phenomena may all be traced back, and upon which they seem to depend. It is simply the aim of science to discover these laws in every department of nature, and so to give to man a greater mastery over its multiplied resources. It is not, perhaps, much to be wondered at that, in the proud and continued triumph with which science has pursued her course, there should have been some of her votaries who believed themselves not only exposing the domain of nature, but revealing the last truths which it concerns man to learn. And while the great conclusion of theism has been thus deliberately discarded by certain minds, it has been felt by many more as if that conclusion were somehow dangerously affected by the discoveries of science.

" It will afterwards be our aim, in a more special way, to show how little the theistic position is affected by the most notable of these discoveries ; how little, in truth, we can rest in the most signal of general laws as self explanatory—as furnishing the last expression of truth for the human mind. The fact is, that any such law, instead of explaining the phenomena which *seem* to issue from it, is merely the general condition in which these phenomena express themselves, and apart from which it has no existence. Instead of the law explaining the phenomena, therefore, it might be more truly said that the phenomena explain the law, just as a sum in arithmetic gives the answer rather than the answer the sum. The true realities are the separate facts. The law is only the summary expression by which we hold these facts before our mind.

" In the meantime it concerns us to show how finely and truly, in a right point of view, the highest conceptions of science harmonize with the theistic conclusion. It is only an absurd and unworthy representation of either, that leaves any ground for hostility between them.

" It has been presumed, for example, that there is an inconsistency between a self-acting power and that inviolable uniformity which is seen to characterize the operations of nature. The order which science discovers everywhere is supposed, in its silent and unrelenting march, to exclude any personal agency. This agency is apprehended as something necessarily arbitrary, and hence as

conflicting with general laws. Volition, in short, and law or order, are conceived of as incompatible realities; and the idea of any directing volition is held as dispelled by the knowledge which science enables us to acquire of natural phenomena, so that we can foretell and even control them.* Now, nothing can well be imagined more absurd and unphilosophical than such a notion of volition applied to the Supreme Being. The only valid presumption in the case would be of a totally different character. Instead of regularity being supposed inconsistent with the agency of such a being, it would be held as only its appropriate expression. It is only the most vicious idea of will, as divorced from reason, that could for a moment give rise to a different apprehension.

"A Supreme will, which is at the same time Supreme wisdom, we can only think of as manifesting itself in order. The actual order of nature, therefore, so far from affording a ground of objection to the fact of superintending volition, is just the very form in which we should rationally conceive that volition to express itself. And the mastery which, by the help of science, we acquire over the resources of nature, instead of destroying the notion of such volition, only serves to bring into clearer view the wonderful means by which it works, and through which it provides for human happiness. The scientific provision of phenomena is simply the interpretation of the plans of the Divine reason by that human reason which is allied to it, and which only finds in the Divine plans the realization of its own highest conceptions of order."

Principal Tulloch afterwards goes over the ground already travelled by Paley in his "Natural Theology," and more elaborately dealt with in such works as the "Bridgewater Treatises." He does so briefly, yet appreciatively, exhibiting a wide range of reading and observation, and an admirable faculty of condensing without losing in comprehensiveness. The remainder of the work is chiefly occupied with problems which have perplexed theologians and philosophers from the very origin of theological inquiry. But on this part of the book we cannot enter. Altogether, the essay is an original and admirable exposition of the subject it deals with, and will, no doubt, maintain a permanent place in the theological literature of the country.

We pass on to speak of Principal Tulloch as a historian and biographer. His works of this class, though biographical in form, are really miniature histories, and, taken together, they deal directly or indirectly with nearly all the important questions of dogmatic theology which have arisen since the Reformation, and with not a few questions, the importance of which the learned Principal would probably be among the first to deny.

The great principle which Dr. Tulloch maintains, and which all these biographies serve to illustrate and enforce, is the right of rational inquiry in questions of theology. The Reformers vindicated this inalienable

* The following quotation will show that we do not misrepresent the doctrine of Positivism : "The fundamental character of all Theological Philosophy is the *conceiving of phenomena as subjected to Supernatural Volition, and consequently as eminently and irregularly variable*. Now, these theological conceptions can only be subverted finally by means of those two general processes, whose popular success is infallible in the long run :—(1) the *exact and rational prevision of phenomena*, and (2) the *possibility of modifying them* so as to promote our own ends and advantages. The former immediately dispels the idea of any 'Directing Volition,' and the latter tends to the same result, under another point of view, by making us regard this power as subordinate to our own."—*Comte's Philosophy of the Sciences*, by Lewes, pp. 102-3. *Note by Dr. Tulloch.*

right against the Papal claim to infallibility. Dr. Tulloch against the no less objectionable claim to infallibility Reformers and their successors through their Creeds and He would bring Christ's religion back from the complexity of Calvin, Arminius, and others, to "the simplicity that is in

His biography of Luther, the first in the "Leaders of the Reformation," will illustrate this. Dr. Tulloch does every justice to the Reformer's character, to his unparalleled energy and human spirit, his simple and affectionate nature, his susceptibility to the beauties of nature, and his deep poetical feeling. This is done with rare critical insight and biographical skill. His words, when called upon at Worms to retract and recall his words unflinchingly asserting his right of private judgment, are a concentrated statement of all that was important in the Reformation, and, in Dr. Tulloch's view, of all possible reformatory religion. "Unless," said Luther, "I be convinced by reason, I neither can nor dare retract anything; for my conscience is captive to God's word, and it is neither safe nor right to go against conscience. Here I take my stand: I can do no otherwise. God. Amen."

Luther thus denied the infallibility of the Pope by claiming the right of private judgment, but he was not at all prepared to give the same freedom to others; and Dr. Tulloch points out how he proceeded to set up a claim to quasi-infallibility for

"It is well known, however, that neither he nor any of his followers recognised the full meaning and bearing of this position. They own necessities and demands, but that was all. They raised the Bible in the face of Rome, but they speedily refused to allow either this banner as well as themselves.

"What Luther claimed for himself against Catholic authority, Carlstadt, and refused to Zwingli, in favour of their more liberal views. He failed to see that their position was exactly his own, with a result which indeed, was all the difference in the world: that he appealed, not merely to Scripture, but to his own arbitrary texts of Scripture, and gradually he or others, in a new authority, still more to his followers, became as absolute as Scripture itself.

"Scripture, as a witness, disappeared behind the Augsburg statement, and so it happened that the Reformers, while the Church of Rome was consistent in displacing the Church of Rome from its position of authority over the conscience, but they were equally consistent in placing a dogmatic authority in its stead. In favour of their own view of the right of the private judgment to interpret and decide the nature, but they had never less made a really free interpretation. Their orthodoxy everywhere appealed to Scripture, but it was an Augustinian commentary of Scripture. They displaced the men, but only to elevate Augustine. And having done this, the notion of any limit attaching to this new tribunal of authority—in the modern sense, was utterly unknown to them. There was no truth in Scripture, but they had settled by the help of

to strike his mother, was condemned to death.* If we think of what even mothers, alas! sometimes are, and how temporary and trivial are often the worst of such domestic collisions—momentary bursts of childish passion without moral instinct of any kind, it makes one's blood run chill to think of an arbitrary death inflicted for such offences.

"A system of such a character could only maintain itself on an absolute divine right—a right nowhere, indeed, formally set forth by Calvin, yet distinctly asserted in all the spirit and practice of his ecclesiastical legislation. The consistorial discipline, for example, when the Favres begin to rebel against it, is declared to be 'the yoke of Christ'† The ordinances and laws of Geneva and the whole system of polity, of which Calvin himself remained the centre, is carried back to Scripture, and presumed to rest upon express Divine command. This was the only valid plea and justification of a system which applied itself in so direct an authoritative manner to the regulation of human life. It could only stand as a special embodiment of the Divine will—as a declared Theocracy."

It is in Dr. Tulloch's latest work, "Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in England in the Seventeenth Century," that we find the fullest and most matured expression of his views. We pass over his volume on English Puritanism, not because we could not find much that is interesting and valuable in it, and much that sheds light on Dr. Tulloch's position as a theologian, but because his last volumes give us his views of Puritanism in a more condensed form and bring out more vividly its position relatively to other forms of theological dogma prevalent in the seventeenth century.

Lord Falkland, John Hales of Eton, Chillingworth, Jeremy Taylor, and Stillingfleet are the representatives of the Rational School of Theology whom Dr. Tulloch has selected for his biographical sketches.

Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, secretary of state to Charles I., who fell in the battle of Newbury in 1643, is well known in the history of his time. In 1633 he was appointed one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber to the king; but he lived chiefly at Tew, near Oxford, where his house was the resort of the most eminent men of letters of the age, and especially of those who took the liberal side in Church questions. Principal Tulloch gives us such an interesting glimpse of the society which gathered round Falkland here, that we regret we cannot transcribe it, and must merely mention a few of the *habitus* of the house. Selden was a frequent guest, of whom Clarendon says: "He was of so stupendous learning in all kinds and in all languages (as may appear in his excellent and transcendent writings), that a man would have thought he had been entirely conversant among books, and had never spent an hour but in reading and writing; yet his humanity, courtesy, and affability were such that he would have been thought to have been bred in the best courts, but that his good-nature, charity, and delight in doing good, and in communicating all he knew, exceeded that breeding."

Ben Jonson, Thomas Carew, and Sir William Davenant, Waller, and

* "Henry," vol. i., p. 361; English. Henry seems only to see in these examples "great earnestness with which parental authority was defended." They strongly show the spirit of Calvin, and his confusion of the temporary legalism of the Old Economy with the spirit and requirements of the New.—Dr. Tulloch.

† "vol. ii., p. 49.

Suckling were among Falkland's intimate friends; and Chillingworth, author of "The Bible, the Religion of the Protestants," Sidney Godolphin, and Sir Francis Wenman, described by Clarendon as "a man of great sharpness of understanding and of a piercing judgment; no man better understood the affections and temper of the kingdom." There was also "the ever-memorable" John Hales, whose works Dr. Tulloch has brought back from semi-oblivion, to the delight of all admirers of genuine ability. Thus the literary circle at Tew was as brilliant as any the country could produce in those days.

Falkland, the central figure of this group, when called into public life, stood foremost, according to Hume, "in all attacks on the high prerogative of the Crown, and displayed that masculine eloquence and undaunted love of liberty which, from his intimate acquaintance with the sublime spirits of antiquity, he had greedily imbibed." (Hist. Ch. 56.) And though he never deserted the royalist cause so far as to join the Parliament in warlike opposition to the king, and died in arms and in office under Charles, he never varied in his doctrines as to the nature of true religious liberty. Passing over his speeches in Parliament, we quote a few extracts made by Dr. Tulloch from his "Discourse of the Infallibility of the Church of Rome." We had occasion recently to say a good deal of the *historic* evidence against this boasted infallibility.* Lord Falkland treats the question on *rational* grounds:—

"If the Romanists say that an argument out of Scripture is sufficient ground of Divine faith, why are they offended with the Protestants for believing every part of their religion upon that ground, upon which they build all theirs at once? And if, following the same rule, with equal desire of finding the truth by it (having neither of those qualities which Isidore of Pelusium saith are the cause of all Heresie, Pride and Prejudication), why should God be more offended with the one than with the other, though they chance to erre?"

"The alleged ground of Infallibility is the necessity of some certain guide in religious matters. But supposing such a guide to exist, of what use is it unless it be plainly manifest? An infallible Church which does not plainly 'appear to be so,' is as if God were to set a ladder to Heaven, and seem to have a great care of my going up; whereas, unless there be care taken that I may know this ladder is here to that purpose, it were as good for me it never had been set."

John Hales, of Eton, was one of Falkland's most intimate friends. He was born in 1584, and educated at Oxford. In 1618 he accompanied Sir Dudley Carlton to the Hague, as Chaplain to the British Embassy, and was sent to the famous Synod of Dort, to report its proceedings. We mention this to show that he had very excellent opportunities of making himself acquainted with the effects of overstrained dogmatism. He went to Dort a firm Calvinist. Dr. Tulloch describes the result:—

"Of the gradual change in his sentiments there can be no doubt, and there were probably many concurring causes for it. Of a calm, reflective, and patient temper, gifted with a shrewd, quiet insight, and a great natural love of fairness, he could not be an auditor for three months of an assembly like that of Dort without feeling that the truth did not all lie on one side. The spectacle presented

* See "A Papal Retr

to him—of extreme orthodoxy with unchristian choler, of contentious zeal, aiming at triumph rather than of earnest thoughtfulness anxious for light—could not but start new trains of inquiry in a mind so open and candid as his. It naturally forced upon him the general question of the value of theological dogmatism, and the grounds on which men seek to control each other's opinions and beliefs. All his writings prove that this was the form in which a theological change matured in his mind.

"His was no passage from one extreme of opinion to another. If he bade John Calvin good-night, he did not say good-morning to Arminius. He did not pass from one side to another. His mind was of far too high an order; his gift of spiritual insight far too delicate and subtle to admit of his doing this. When he left the narrowness of Calvinism, he did so, not because he became possessed by some other narrowness, but because he saw from a higher field of vision how little dogmatic precision has to do with spiritual truth, and how hopeless it is to tie and confine this truth under definite creeds and systems."

On Hale's return to England he resided chiefly at Eton, occasionally visiting London, where he was well known among the wits of the day. Dr. Tulloch's account of him and of his writings is ample; but we must limit our quotations to the following two—the one on Infallibility in general, the other on the Infallibility derived from Councils and Synods:—

"The central question with him," Hales, says Dr. Tulloch, "as with Falkland is Infallibility. He describes the craving of men after it, and shows them where alone it is to be found—with themselves and with God. An infallibility there must be: but men have marvellously wearied themselves in seeking to find where it is. Some have sought it in the general councils, and have conceived that if it be not there to be found it is for certainty fled out of the world. Some have tied it to the Church of Rome and to the bishop of that see. Every man finds it, or thinks he finds it, accordingly as that faction or part of the Church upon which he is fallen doth direct him. Thus, like the men of Sodom before Lot's door, men have wearied themselves, and have gone far and near to find out that which is hard at hand. We see many times a kind of ridiculous and jocular forgetfulness of many men, seeking for that which they have in their hands; so fares it here with men who seek for infallibility in others which either is, or ought to be, in themselves. As Saul sought his father's asses, whilst they were now at home; or as Oedipus, in the tragedy, sent to the oracle to inquire the cause of the plague in Thebes, whereas himself was the man. For infallibility is not a favour appropriated to any one man, it is a duty alike expected at the hands of all; all must have it.

"St. Paul, when he gives this precept (Gal. vi. 7), directs it not to councils, but to all of the Galatian Churches, and in them to all of the Churches in the world. Unto you, therefore, and to every one of what sex, of what rank, or degree, or place soever, from him that studies in his library to him that sweats at the plough, belong that precept of St. Paul, 'Be not deceived.' . . . But if any man should reply upon our blessed Apostle, and tell him, 'Am I like God, that I should look not to be deceived?' this cannot excuse him, for, behold, as if he had purposely meant to have taken this objection away, the Apostle joins together both God and us, and tells us, as God cannot, so we must not, be deceived.

"He exemplifies the subject in a decisive manner, well conscious of the

novelty of his views. A man must know, he argues, not only *what* he has to believe, but *why* he is to believe. I comprise it all in two words, *what* and *wherefore*. They that come and tell you what you are to believe, what you are to do, and tell you not why, they are not physicians, but leeches; and if you so take things at their hands, you are not like men but like beasts. I know that is something an hard doctrine for the many to bear, neither is it usually taught by the common teachers. But it is, nevertheless, true, that every man must bear his own burden, and this burden consists not merely in the substance of what we believe, but the reasons why we believe."

Of the infallibility or quasi-infallibility of the decisions of General Councils and other framers of dogmatic Creeds and Confessions, Dr. Tulloch quotes the following pertinent remarks by Hales:—

"Passing to the further question, Whether the Church may err in Fundamentals? he concludes, first, 'that every Christian may err that will.' Otherwise there could be no heresy—heresy being nothing else but wilful error.' But admitting this, his supposed questioner still asks, 'Can Christians err by whole shoals, by armies meeting for defence of the truth in Synods and Councils, especially General?' He answers emphatically, some may say brusquely—'To say that Councils may not err, though private persons may, at first sight is a merry speech; as if a man should say, that every single soldier indeed may run away, but a whole army cannot, especially having Hannibal for their captain. And since it is confessed that all single persons not only may, but do err, it will prove a very hard matter to gather out of these a multitude, of whom being gathered together, we may be secured they cannot err. I must, for mine own part, confess that Councils and Synods not only may and have erred, but considering the means how they are managed, it were a great marvel if they did not err; for what men are they of whom those great meetings do consist? Are they the best, the most learned, the most virtuous, the most likely to walk uprightly? No; the greatest, the most ambitious, and many times men neither of judgment nor learning. Such are they of whom these bodies do consist. And are these the men in common equity likely to determine for truth? *Sicut in vita, ita in causis quoque spes improbas habent*, as Tertullian speaks.

"Again, when such persons are thus met, their way to proceed to conclusion is not by weight of reason, but by multitude of votes and suffrages, as if it were a maxim in nature that the greater part must needs be the better; whereas our common experience shows that *Nunquam ita bene agitur cum rebus humanis, ut plures sit meliores*. It was never heard in any profession that conclusion of truth went by plurality of voices, the Christian profession only excepted; and I have often mused how it comes to pass that the way which in all other sciences is not able to warrant the poorest conclusion, should be thought sufficient to give authority to conclusions in divinity, the supreme empress of sciences."

We pass over Dr. Tulloch's account of Chillingworth, Jeremy Taylor, and Stillingfleet, who are better known to the general reader than either Falkland or Hales, and go on to the volume on the Cambridge Platonists. Whichcote, John Smith, Cudworth, and Henry More are the prominent figures in Dr. Tulloch's account of these religious philosophers.

The rational thinkers who grouped themselves around Falkland dealt chiefly with questions of religious authority, and of the Constitution of

the Church—"What makes the Church?" or, in other words, What are the essential terms of Christian communion and the conditions of natural Christian organization?"—were the great questions of the time to which the spirit of religious inquiry sought an answer. All other questions were subordinate, even those arising out of the Synod of Dort and the progress of Arminianism. (Rat. Theol., ii. 2.) Their broad and tolerant views were equally separated from Prelacy and from Puritanism. In them Dr. Tulloch sees the founders of our religious liberty, and not in the Puritans, of whom he justly says, "To the Puritans we owe much. They vindicated the dignity of popular rights and the independence due to the religious conscience. Save for the stern stand which they made in the seventeenth century, many of the elements which have grown into our national greatness, and given robustness to our common national life, would not have had free scope. But it argues a singular ignorance of the avowed claims of the Presbyterian party and the notorious principles of the Puritan theology, to attribute to them the origin of the idea of religious liberty. As a party, the Presbyterians expressly repudiated this idea. Their dogmatism was inflexible. The Church, according to them, was absolutely authoritative over religious opinion no less than religious practice. It could tolerate no difference of creed."

Strange to say, the Cambridge Platonists were of Puritan origin. Their latitudinarianism was a reaction from Puritan dogmatism. The earliest records of the movement are contained in the correspondence between Whichcote and Dr. Tuckney, a Puritan and master of Emmanuel College, in which the latter, who had been Whichcote's tutor, called in question some doctrines preached by him in a Commencement Sermon in 1651. We can only give the merest outline of the theological views of these religious philosophers. We cannot lay our hands on any passage in Dr. Tulloch's volumes short enough for quotation where he sums up their doctrines, but the essential distinction between them and the rational theologians, so far as we can gather it, seems to be that while the rational theologians argued *up* to the principle of liberty, the Platonists argued *down* to it. The former, looking abroad on the strife and schism which were rampant all around, sought to reason out a remedy for a state of matters so sad. The latter, living habitually in the serener air breathed by the broad-browed poet-philosopher of Athens, regarded the strife as something to be wept over, rather than reasoned against—to be remedied rather by raising its unhappy victims to a higher level of spiritual life, than by entering the lists of controversy with them.

Dr. Tulloch gives the following account of the "intellectual and spiritual advance" which had been obtained in this school in the days of John Smith, whose writings he thus criticizes:—

"The breadth and freedom of mind which we traced in Whichcote still lies, in some degree, on a polemical and scholastic background. He has worked himself out of technical subtleties, and obtained a firm rational footing; but many of the trappings of the scholastic spirit still clung to him, as his correspondence with Tuckney plainly shows. He made a clean advance upon the theological spirit of his age, having pushed the lines of his religious thought manfully forward, till they touched all the diverse aspects of speculative and moral culture. He thus redeemed religion from the dogmatism and faction which were alike preying upon it, and taught men to see in it something higher

than any mere profession of opinions or attachment to a side. He well conceived and drew its ideal as the spiritual education of all our faculties.

"But this, which may be said to form the summit of Whichcote's thought, attained through meditative struggle and prolonged converse with Platonic speculation, was the starting-point of Smith. He began easily on this level, and never needed to work out for himself the rational conception of religion. Religion was inconceivable to him under any other form than the idealization and crown of our spiritual nature. The Divine represented to him from the first the complement of the human—the perfect orb which rounds and completes all its aspirations and activities. The assimilation of man to God was consequently the one comprehensive function of Christianity; and whatever contributes to this spiritual transformation is more or less of the nature of religion. Wherever there is, as he says, 'beauty, harmony, goodness, love, ingenuity, wisdom, holiness, justice, and the like, *there is God.*'

"But Smith did more than merely develop this comprehensive ideal of religion. He not only moralized and broadened the conception of the Divine, but he entered directly into its whole meaning, and inquired what it was as a phase of human knowledge as well as of human attainment. That religion cannot be separated from reason, nor morals from piety, was of the nature of an axiomatic truth to him. His special thought was, how does reason authenticate religion, and the divine idea in its totality rise into a valid element of human knowledge? He was, in short, from the beginning, and by right of mental birth, a Christian philosopher.

"Divinity presented itself to him in the shape of a science. Even if the answers given by him to the questions which he thus raised had been less satisfactory than they are, it was yet a definite advance in the thought of the seventeenth century to ask such questions; to conceive the idea of a philosophy of the Divine. Theology had been hitherto viewed as a product of the schools, or, at the best, as a series of deductions drawn from a supposed infallible oracle. It was tradition, or dogma, resting on a verbal basis."

These quotations will serve to indicate the general spirit of the so-called Cambridge Platonists. We are glad to find Dr. Tulloch protesting against their doctrine being held to be Platonic otherwise than in name.

"It is needless to indicate how different in many respects is the spirit of our theologians from the genuine Platonic spirit; the one clear, bright, poetic, dramatic, scientific, rather than mystical; the other vague, serious, and exclusively theological. The mysticism of Plato is a mysticism half poetic and half philosophic, touched with the brilliant and changing hues of a mythology half real, half ideal. The mysticism of More and Smith is purely spiritual and theosophic—an obscure region bounded by supersensual realities, and the creature not of fancy and imagination, but of a passionate and fertile faith. The vivacity, inquisitiveness, common sense, and dialectical badinage of the Platonic Socrates, have nothing in common with the profound but sombre and unwieldy thoughtfulness of the Cambridge divines. The Platonism which dominated their thoughts and coloured their theology, and impressed more or less all their speculations, was not the Platonism of Plato."

The practical result reached by both the rational and theosophic thinkers reviewed by Dr. Tulloch, so far as it has any bearing on the ecclesiastical questions of the present day, is thus stated by him:—

"The truly Catholic Church is not the Church resting in this creed or that, proclaiming this type of doctrine or that, but the universal company of the faithful, who have Christ as their Lord, and believe in his name, with all their diversities of opinion and of gift. The idea of the Church, as based upon opinion, is a mediæval and not a primitive idea. The Church subsists in a communion of spirit, not in coincidence of doctrine. It has a common faith, it may have a common worship; but it is not bound to any definite type of theology, any argumentative or theoretic creed. The statement of fact in the Apostles' Creed is ample doctrinal basis, beyond which it is wrong to go."

"Such," says Dr. Tulloch, "was the conclusion to which the idea of toleration worked itself in the minds of our Rational Theologians. It seems the only logical conclusion. If the essence of the Church rests in doctrine rather than in life, in creeds rather than in sympathy, then it follows directly that toleration of religious differences is inconsistent with its true order and function. If salvation depends upon true opinion, then variety of opinion must be inconsistent with it, and of course expelled from the Church, and prevented with all practicable force. It is impossible to get out of this circle. Persecution is the legitimate corollary of the dogmatic idea of the Church. Toleration is only rationally held when differences of dogma are not only acknowledged, but, so to speak, cultivated as the very condition and nurture of spiritual activity. Uniformity of doctrine is not only impracticable, it is not a good thing in itself. It can only exist where thought and science are dead; where the cold shadow of the past lies upon the quick life of the present and imprisons it, to the injury of Christian progress and civilization."

We have endeavoured to give such an account of Principal Tulloch's works as will enable our readers to understand and estimate his position as a theologian. But no mere extracts can convey a just idea of them. The volumes on Rational Theology are in themselves sufficient to establish his claim to a very high rank among the cultured thinkers of the day. His whole habits of mind are those of the true scholar. He is entire master of the subject he deals with, and he treats it in the broad easy style which none but a master can assume.

The spirit of tolerance which breathes through his theology pervades his writings in every part. He stands aloof from all strife. The controversies which darken the history of theology—we might almost say which form the history of theology—of necessity appear upon his pages. He paints, with the hand of an artist, the principal actors in these controversies, and yet from beginning to end of the book there is not a single indication of partisanship, or a single unjust or even ungenerous remark. His rich, manly sentences, often exuberant with thought, are always free from fictitious adornment. He has rare critical insight, and in the power of painting a character in a few broad strokes he is exceeded by no English writer we know.

Besides the works we have already mentioned, Principal Tulloch is the author of a volume of Lectures on Renan's Life of Jesus, published in 1864 by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., under the title of "The Christ of the Gospel, and the Christ of Modern Criticism." The lectures were written at Rome, for the use of Dr. Tulloch's theological classes, during the winter of 1863-4 when he was compelled by ill-health to leave the active superintendence of his students in the hands of a substitute. He has also published a small volume entitled "Beginning Life," a book for young men.

Both of these have been republished and largely circulated in America, and we understand that of the latter upwards of thirteen thousand copies have been sold at home. It is about to be issued in a new form, partly re-written.

Principal Tulloch has also been a contributor to the highest class of periodical literature. Among his papers of this class we may mention, in addition to those already referred to, a series of articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, including papers on Edward Irvine and Professor Ferrier, and also the important articles on Comte's "Positive Philosophy" (April, 1868), and on Dr. Newman's "Grammar of Assent" (October, 1870).

FROM SPRING DAYS TO WINTER.

(FOR MUSIC.)

In the glad spring when leaves were green,
O merrily the throstle sings !
I sought, amid the tangled sheen,
Love whom mine eyes had never seen,
O the glad dove has golden wings !

Between the blossoms red and white.
O merrily the throstle sings !
My love first came into my sight,
O perfect vision of delight,
O the glad dove has golden wings !

The yellow apples glowed like fire.
O merrily the throstle sings !
O Love too great for lip or lyre,
Blown rose of love and of desire,
O the glad dove has golden wings !

But now with snow the tree is grey
Ah, sadly now the throstle sings !
My love is dead : ah ! well-a-day,
See at her silent feet I lay
A dove with broken wings !
Ah, Love ! ah, Love ! that thou wert slain—
Fond Dove, fond Dove return again.

SPANISH RULERS AND WRITERS.

No. II.—THE MONK KING.

Six centuries after the death of Jesus Christ, monasticism worked its way to the papal throne. Gregory, the last of the four fathers of the Church, to whom his own age and posterity have rightly assigned the appellation of Great, was the first monk, as well as the first pope of this name, who wore the Roman tiara.

Mighty changes of all sorts have taken place since then in the Christianity of Western Europe. The tide of ecclesiasticism has rolled backwards and forwards in every direction.

From Gregory up to the end of the sixteenth century, monks stand out foremost at the head of the most radical revolutions, attempted or completed, more or less successfully, in favour of, or against the hierarchical system, privileges, and doctrines of Latin Christianity. From the papal throne, the cloister, the pulpit, or the school, they managed to leave behind them an indelible mark in ecclesiastical affairs. But none among them, not even Hildebrand the theocrat by excellence, according to whose exalted views the Pope stood alone on earth between God and man—not even Hildebrand, the grandest impersonation of *intransigente* monkhood, who chastened and in nasheed, so to speak, the clergy and the Church, who saw inflexibly at Canossa in the cold winter snow a German emperor, the heir of a long line of emperors, garbed as a penitent in thin white linen dress, humbly begging his pardon and absolution,—

not even Hildebrand, the lord of the Lord Pope, as he was commonly called by his contemporaries, ever occupied in their opinion and veneration the lofty place assigned to St. Bernard, during his own mortal career, by the admiring prelates and monks, patricians and plebeians, monarchies and republics, kings, emperors, and popes of his time. With the Abbot of Clairvaux unofficial monasticism reached its zenith.

Six centuries had elapsed from Jesus Christ to Gregory, and six centuries, likewise, separated his pontificate from the unavowed but recognized pontificate of St. Bernard. Christianity required each time 600 years to give birth to those towering Goliaths of monasticism. Four centuries after St. Bernard came into this world, the crowned builder and inmate of the Escorial, the last and in some senses the most powerful representative of that royal line of mighty monks, endowed with uncommon constructive or destructive energies, and commanding will, who left their ineffaceable print in the morals and rituals, in the dogmas and disciplines, in the politics and articles of faith, in the legislations and gospels, in the councils and pontificates, of islands, peninsulas, and continents.

These three prominent specimens of Western monkhood, in its three more characteristic aspects, had this in common, that they employed popular superstition as their powerful lever, to impel mankind in the

direction they required, and toiled indefatigably in bringing to the advancement of their predilected leading principles surpassing energies of character, inflexible resolution, the full conviction of the wisdom, justice, and holiness of their cause; in religious affairs of the direct and undeniable sanction of God. Nothing seems too great, nothing too insignificant, for their earnest personal solicitude; from the most minute point in the ritual they pass to the conversion or conquest of Britain, or to lecture the Italian cities, their bishops or their governors, or to wars, compacts, alliances, or negotiations with the most powerful monarchs of the West and of the East. Oppressed with business, with cares, with responsibilities of all sorts, they perpetually revert to the peace of their monastery, as their favourite and congenial abode. The superstition of the three was as profound as it was sincere.

Out of these points above-mentioned, the antithesis is complete between the pontifical monk of St. Andrew and the royal monk of the Escorial. They are the two opposite poles of monasticism. The former used to address the most submissive and flattering letters to the most villanous, contemptible, and ferocious emperor, exalted to the throne of Constantinople by a successful military rising; the latter inflicted the most damaging defeat on the representative of the most powerful Mohammedan dynasty that ever ruled the Bosphorus and the Mediterranean. Gregory welcomed with joy, during his life, the conversion of the Arian Gothic kingdom of Spain to the Catholic faith and doctrine. A thousand years after him, and after more than seven hundred years of Mohammedan rule in the peninsula, the subjects of the most monastic of Catholic Majesties, past, present, and future, boasted incessantly as of their most glorious

title to the universal respect and veneration of their unprecedented and uncontaminated old Roman Christianity.

Gregory laboured hard to suppress the slave trade throughout Europe. Philip extended and encouraged this most detestable traffic throughout Africa and America. Gregory sent the missionary Augustine, accompanied by a school of choristers, educated in their art at Rome, to reclaim from their religious errors, and convert to the true faith, by Christian and civilizing means, the inhabitants of the great western island. Philip ordered the Invincible Armada down the Tagus to punish the heretical misdemeanours of an irreclaimable Queen, and her still more irreclaimable subjects.

In other respects, the monastic Christianity of Gregory appear to have experienced a most extraordinary transformation during the thousand years which separated the sixth and sixteenth centuries. Is there, for instance, any similarity between the ideas of Gregory concerning the ecclesiastical status and prerogatives of the Roman See, when indignantly objecting to the pretensions put forth by John, the Patriarch of Constantinople, who had publicly and openly assumed the title of Universal Bishop, he writes:—“Let all Christian hearts reject the *blasphemous* name. It was once applied, by the Council of Chalcedon, in honour of St. Peter, to the bishop of Rome; but the more humble pontiffs of Rome would not assume a title injurious to the rest of the priesthood. I am but the servant of those priests who live as becomes their order.” And the ideas on the same subject, propounded at the Council of Trent by one of the most prominent lieges of Philip the Second, James Lainez, the general of the Jesuits, the immediate successor of Loyola at the head of his

already powerful community, which ideas on the unprecedented extension of papal authority were objected to, as outrageous and beyond bounds, by the father of the Tridentine Council.

And, if we pass on to compare the personal morals and behaviour of Gregory and Philip, we find between them the most perfect antithesis. The monk of St. Andrew went through all the stages of conventual life, as then regulated, without ever in after-life neglecting or breaking his monastic vows; the inmate of the Escorial, if he has not been calumniated by most historians, not satisfied with four lawful loyal consorts, was subjected to the human frailty of coveting his neighbour's wife with all sorts of aggravating circumstances.

But nowhere are the great monks of the sixth and sixteenth century more dissimilar than in their manner of respecting the Christian precept which commands—"Thou shalt not kill." No Christianity, monastic or anti-monastic, appears compatible with the constant transgression of this Divine law. To a charge made against him of having been accessory to the death of a bishop, Gregory answered among many other things, "but the fear of God had forbidden him to be concerned in the death of any human being." And all those better acquainted with his holy life, and the immense majority of his contemporaries, never suspected him of such heinous crime. His words and his acts carried to their minds and conscience the conviction that he was incapable of doing anything so thoroughly at variance with the doctrine of the Gospel.

How different was the case with the royal monk of the Escorial, charged more or less groundlessly with the murder of his own brother, his own wife and his own son. The truth is that the words and acts

of Philip, during his long reign, carried to the minds and consciences of his contemporaries the conviction that he was capable of planning and carrying into execution slowly, darkly, and in cold blood, the most execrable and anti-Christian misdeeds.

Between the Christian ideal and leading principles of the monk of Clairvaux, and the monk of the Escorial, there is greater similarity. In the main they are not precisely dissimilar. If the frocked descendant of the Burgundian nobleman could boast of his spiritual, conventual ancestors, the Clugniac monks, from among whom came out some of the most renowned popes, the inheritor of the old Burgundian dukes, could boast of his ancestors, who took part in the holy wars and died in the Holy Land, and who endowed munificently churches and monasteries, he could boast principally of his more immediate progenitors, the German emperors, universally spoken of as the Stewards of the Church, and of his great grand parents, Ferdinand and Isabella, who got for them and their successors the proud title of Catholic monarchs by excellence. Both St. Bernard and Philip the Second appeared to their countrymen and contemporaries, the Roman Curia not excepted, as the true leaders of the Catholic world. To their exertions are chiefly attributed the most celebrated meetings of the prelates of the time, more or less unwillingly congregated by the Pope. And the Lateran and the Tridentine Councils ranged forth in their decrees, canons, and regulations the monastic Christianity, in favour with the Abbot of Clairvaux and the inmate of the Escorial.

Both St. Bernard and Philip the Second proclaimed the lawfulness, nay, the holiness, of fighting sword in hand, without delay, pity, or interruption, against the enemies of

the Gospel. The one in the twelfth, the other in the sixteenth centuries, became the ruling genius of the crusading and marauding expeditions of the epoch against the deniers of the Holy Father, the Holy Son, and the Holy Trinity.

Laughing in the true modern French Voltaireian vein at the wonder-working powers of the former, the disciples of Abelard used to say, "Already has winged fame dispersed the odour of thy sanctity throughout the world, vaunted thy merits, declaimed on thy miracles. We boasted of the felicity of our present age, glorified by the light of so brilliant a star. We thought that the world, doomed to perdition, continued to subsist only through your merits. We knew that on your will depended the mercy of heaven, the temperature of the air, the fertility of the earth, the blessings of its fruits. . . . Thou hadst lived so long, thou hadst given life to the church through so many holy institutions, that the very devils were thought to roar at thy behest; and we, in our littleness, boasted of our blessedness under a patron of such power."

The immense majority, nevertheless, of his countrymen and contemporaries constantly ascribed to St. Bernard miraculous deeds without end. If we are to judge of the virtues, righteousness, or sanctity of man by quantitative appreciation and balancing of the prodigies worked, the very founder of Christianity himself never reached on earth the state of beatitude, and the privilege of commanding and counter-commanding nature, devils, and angels, possessed by the monk of Clairvaux. In this respect, also, Philip has nothing to envy him. None of his countrymen and contemporaries, nor even their more sceptical descendants, could deny that the builder of the Escorial had planned

and carried into execution the most substantial, visible, and lasting of monastic wonders in the past, and most likely in the future, ages. Both St. Bernard and Philip the Second exerted themselves with implacable activity to put down with strong hand the heretics and suspected heretics of all shades and degrees, Abelard, and Arnold of Brescia, and his pupils, and followers of the twelfth and sixteenth centuries. The times, and the prevailing Christian notions of the monks of Clairvaux and the Escorial, are much more alike than those of the pontificate of Gregory the Great.

When you see Abelard condemned by the Council of Soissons without any of his judges being able or willing to answer his arguments, attempting to justify their sentence by following the advice of the tumultuous and fanatical bystanders, who shouted that the whole world could not disentangle his sophisms.

When, some years later, you see the same Abelard, who has appealed to the Pope, accused by St. Bernard in the following immoderate terms: "Which is most intolerable, the blasphemy or the arrogance of his language? Which is most damnable, the temerity or the impiety? Would it not be more just to stop his mouth with blows than confute him by argument? . . . All, he says, think thus, but I think otherwise! Who, then, art thou? . . . What secret revelations canst thou boast which has escaped the saints and eluded the angels. . . . The apostle of the Gentiles declares that his doctrine comes from on high. I speak not of myself. But thou deliverest what is thine own, what thou hast not received. He who speaks of himself is a liar. . . . I obey the Gospel, but not the Gospel according to *Peter*."

And complying with the wishes of the Abbot of Clairvaux, expressed

in that rhetorical and uncompromising language, Peter Abelard, absent and unheard, was for the third time convicted and condemned.

When, some years after this iniquitous sentence had been passed, Arnold of Brescia, a monk of primitive austerity, was hurriedly despatched by the executioner of the Pope, before the dreaded Frederick Barbarossa should interfere with the pontifical jurisdiction, we can but think of the coming Spanish Inquisitor. These acts are the prelude through out Western Christendom to the abominable tribunal, with its implacable intolerance, excessive severities, and iniquitous proceedings.

St. Bernard, and the churchmen of his opinions in the twelfth century, worked with rough and unwilling tools, the Christianity of their time, different, as it was from the Christianity taught and preached by Jesus, inferior as it was in every respect to the already falsified Christianity of the pontificate of Gregory the Great, was not yet up to the mark of the insane, inquisitorial theocracy of the reign of Philip the Second. All they could do was to deposit on the earth the seed, the fruit of which will be gathered by coming generations. The pious pilgrims of the first centuries had already degenerated into the ferocious crusaders, who celebrated their triumphal entrance into Jerusalem by spilling like water the blood of the defenceless women and children of the infidel, but the crusader had not yet been transformed into the Inquisitor.

The Popes of the period, in spite of their subservience to the commands of the Abbot of Clervaux, whose satellites they had become, had not yet gone through the inquisitorial training of the Papes and Pains, contemporaries of the monk of the Island. The Roman bishops of the twelfth

century were, indeed, very unlike Jesus Christ and Gregory the First: they were always ready to fight at the head of their soldiers against the Christian armies of the rival Italian cities and princes, or against their own lieges, temporal and spiritual. One of them fell, in full panoply of war, storming the Capitol in the front of his soldiers, and his co-religionists of both camps found, in all likelihood, that sort of death most natural and becoming for the representative on earth of the Son of God, who rebuked the prince of his apostles for unsheathing the sword in defence of his divine master; another made over Ireland to his countryman, the King of England, and his contemporaries found, in all likelihood, that sort of pontifical gift, most natural and becoming for the representative on earth of the Son of God, who declared that his kingdom was not of this world.

St. Bernard, the Pope-maker, who does not appear to have been wholly dissatisfied with the conduct of his tired *protégés*, estimated their functions to be "to gird on the sword, and to execute vengeance on the people; to bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with links of iron." Still, those popes fell very short of Alexander VI., who made to his countrymen, on both sides of the Tagus, a splendid pontifical present of two, three, or more continents and numberless islands; they fell also very short in their sanguinary sacerdotal mood, of those Roman bishops, who used to accompany their blessings to the soldiers of the League, with the recommendation of wholesale exterminations; who applauded the massacre of St. Bartholomew; who sent presents to the Duke of Alba, when the Tribunal of Blood was in full play at Brussels, and persistently encouraged Catherine of Medicis and Philip the Second to

persevere in their pious schemes to improve the heretics, by tens of thousands, off the surface of the earth.

None of the monk-ridden popes of the twelfth century could equal the high pontifical exploits of the inquisitor-ridden popes, contemporaries of the three most powerful Catholic Majesties, such as Alexander VI. and Pius IV., convinced of imprisoning, hanging, and poisoning cardinals through personal revenge and covetousness; such as the Dominican Inquisitor Pius V., and the Franciscan Inquisitor Sixtus V., the former of whom, beatified in the seventeenth and canonized in the eighteenth centuries, was suspected of having taken part in the plots against the life of an heretical crowned female, and the latter apologized, in full Consistory, for the royal assassination perpetrated by Jacques Clement.

After centuries of friendly and hostile intercourse with Western Europe, the followers of the Arabian prophet had succeeded in introducing throughout Christendom, under the special patronage of the popes, and the most celebrated preachers and divines of the Roman Catholic communion, the religious principles of the Koran, in more marked and distinct incompatibility with the doctrine of the Gospel. As an instance of human aberration, human aptitude to falsify and pervert the most heavenly inspired conceptions, nothing perhaps is comparable to the wars designated as "holy," by unanimous assent, throughout the Christian world. These expeditions were planned, organized, and undertaken with the deliberate purpose of acquiring, by sheer might, by dint of blows, and manslaughter, the coveted right of praying, and kneeling before the empty Holy Sepulchre of the man sent, from Heaven, to preach goodwill, love, and peace among the

children of men of all countries, races, and religions.

And the convent was principally instrumental in thus *Mohammedanizing* the Christianity of the period. The monastic presiding and inspiring mind was visible in the arrangements and constitution of the two most powerful and characteristic institutions of the times, the Templars and the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Never existed two religious Christian communities more impregnated with the leading Koranic spirit. The conversion of the pilgrim into the Crusader was only the preparatory embryonic state through which the Inquisitor was to be introduced to the Roman Catholic world. The thick *larva* of superstition protecting the pilgrim, first developed into the *chrysalis* crusader, arrayed in the most dazzling martial attire of the age, to be afterwards transformed into the winged *butterfly*, the Inquisitor.

From fighting the cause of the living God, sword in hand, against his enemies in the eastern Mohammedan countries, they soon pass on to fight, sword in hand, the cause of the living Pope against his enemies throughout the western Christian lands.

In the year 1095, the recovery, at any price, of the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Saracens was decided on. Soon afterwards, in 1100, the same indulgences, titles, and immunities in this world and in the next, accompanied by the same blessings to his arms and profession, were granted to the Christian warrior who took the field against the Mohammedan masters of Andalusian kingdoms. From this to the papal proclamation of the Crusade against the Albigenses, 108 years only elapsed. All these innovations in the manner of being of western societies, hurried one after another, show most unmistakably that the

ground had been beforehand admirably prepared.

The Upas tree of pontificalism, implanted in luxuriant soil, extended its roots and branches in every direction, blooming forth with inexhaustible profusion, and in promising succession, leaves, flowers, and fruits—pilgrims, crusaders, and inquisitors. Under its shelter and shade came into life the religious offspring of St. Francis and St. Dominic, swarming everywhere throughout western kingdoms and republics. The outcome of the dense undergrowth of superstition accumulated by centuries of ever-increasing, ceaselessly-expanding sacerdotalism, reached full maturity. The fulness of times had arrived for the living God of the Vatican. Then his thunderbolt dashed to pieces thrones and crowned heads. He was the Sun and the Emperor the Moon. His legates claimed the same rank and honours as the kings to whose courts they were sent.

The Crusades may have proved, in the long run, most beneficial or mischievous to western societies, according to the side they are looked upon; but it is undeniable that the religious spirit in which they originated had many more things in common with the doctrine taught by Mahomet, than with that of Jesus. All the unrivalled persuasive eloquence of St. Bernard, and the minstrelly-poetical genius of Torquato Tasso, cannot alter the fact, unwelcome as it may be to those taught and accustomed to regard them, as the great epics of exalted Christian piety. The barbarous and retrograde notions of Jehovah and Koranic right and might, were enthusiastically welcomed by the multitude, answering to the words of Peter the Hermit with the cry of "*Dieu le veut*." This will become the battle-cry of the hammedanized champions of the

Roman Caliphate, when wielding their homicidal weapons, blessed by the Vicar of Jesus Christ, against the co-religionists of Mahomet. When Urban II., in the year 1095, in the square of Clermont—the great monastic head-quarter of the period—made a passionate appeal to the warlike temper of the epoch, requesting the whole assembly to come, in full panoply of war, to the rescue of the Holy Land, the Koranic principle found its way into the Christian world. Mahomet himself had been outdone by the originators of the Crusades, when sanctioning most solemnly, with the highest prelatical assent, the Christian *athletics*. The pontifical pupil of Bruno—the most extreme reformer of the unsociable, and misogynistic Christian communities, said, among other things, "The wealth of your enemies shall be yours; ye shall plunder their treasures. For himself, he must remain aloof, but, like a second Moses, while they were slaughtering the Amalekites, he would be perpetually engaged in fervent and prevailing prayer for their success."

In former centuries the pilgrim to the Holy Land was absolved from all past sins by his pious pilgrimage. His immunities and privileges, in this world and in the next, were increased considerably by his conversion or perversion into a Crusader. When once the pilgrim was clad in mail, exchanging the cordon or staff for the sword or battle-axe, not only did he secure for himself a place in Paradise, if he should fall fighting the battle of Pope and God, but from the beginning of the long voyage to the promised land, from the very moment he made up his mind to start out for the holy places, he was to obtain complete absolution for all past guilts and faults. The head of the Roman Catholic Christianity offered absolution for all

sins, absolution without penance, to all who would take up arms in this sacred cause.

But between the prevailing state of things through Western Europe in the twelfth century, and the prevailing state of things beyond the Pyrenees in the sixteenth, there was the following remarkable difference. From 1100 to 1480 the most conspicuous features of the new theocratic organization were the monk and the crusader, the sons of St. Louis, and the sons of St. Bernard, St. Francis, and St. Dominic; while from 1480 the Monk Inquisitor became the central piece of the all ecclesiastical apparatus. Certainly the institution of the crusader, looked at from every side, was glaringly anti-Christian, in flesh, body, and spirit, by his doings, thoughts, and hopes, individually or collectively examined, but was, at any price, far less revoltingly and abominably so than that of the Inquisitor, and it is this which since then became the most salient and marked characteristic of Iberian societies.

A pilgrim, a priest, a cenobite, a monk, they can well be, and some of them have been the most exemplary patterns of truly Christian piety; but by no stretch of the imagination can you consider, but as a mock-Christian, a man, who in the name, and on behalf of the Gospel, tramples on the precept which says, "Thou shalt not kill,"—thou shalt not kill under any pretext whatever, in the most unmistakable terms.

It is the preponderance, or notoriety of the crusader in former ages, which attracted towards him, his failures and victories, the eyes of his contemporaries, not allowing them to take notice of the rising power of the Holy Tribunal, and it was, likewise, the conspicuous leading position of Spanish Inquisitors, during the last generations, which, to a certain point, obscured and

mellowed down the distinctive hard features of the crusaders of inquisitorial Monachism. The Inquisitor came after the Crusader on this side of the Pyrenees: throughout Spain materially, morally, and politically, in time, station, and pre-eminence, the Inquisitor preceded the crusader.

The foremost Spanish crusader, enlisting truly and unmistakably on his side the national sympathies, was the Primate Zimenez de Cisneros. Before that epoch some Spaniards had indulged in such fancies, but the heart of the nation was not with them. The King of Aragon, who handed over to the powerful and covetous order of the Templars his right to the crown and territory, reckoned without his host. The Aragonese people, far from complying with the royal wishes, declared them null and void and acted accordingly. The inroads of Aragonese and Catalan *almogavars* into the eastern countries, passed unnoticed by the majority of the inhabitants of the Peninsula. The orders of religious chivalry of indigenous growth beyond the Pyrenees, cannot be properly called crusaders, since they fought for the most sacred of rights, the recovery of their territory, conquered by the soldiers of the Crescent. Some of the French and English knights fighting there against the Mohammedans were, no doubt, crusaders, in the original acceptation of the word; but not so the Spaniards, although they were the warriors of the Cross. Even the predominant spirit of the best known Spanish military fraternities, differed from that of the Templars, and the Knights Hospitallers of St. John, revered and renowned as the pillars of the throne of Jerusalem. First Spaniards, then Crusaders, could have been the motto of the military orders of St. James, Alecantara, and Calatrava.

Those populations in more stant contact—hostile con

true—with the Saracens, than any other of Western Europe, appear to have been the less penetrated or influenced by the religious precepts of the Arabian prophet. It was years and centuries afterwards, when their most renowned kings had planted triumphantly the standard of the Cross in the great southern metropolis of the peninsula, that through their more friendly and intimate intercourse with the independent and subjugated Mohammedan kingdoms, they were permeated to the very bottom by the doctrines of the Koran, and called their wars *à la lid*, like the holy wars of the followers of Mahomet, and designated the Almighty by the name of *ala* and *ojala*, or praise to Allah, is up to the present the ready exclamation of the Spaniards to express the vehement desire of some event favourable to the speaker, or injurious to his enemy.

The most noteworthy contribution of Spain, in former ages, to the ecclesiastical polity mapped out by the misogynist Hildebrand, was not her Crusaders or religious orders of knighthood, but St. Dominic and his religious community. From this fountain-head sprang forth at the right moment the most gifted disciple of Albert the Great, Thomas Aquinas, the angel of the schools, and Thomas de Torquemada, the black devil of the Inquisition. To the former belongs the honour of becoming the first theologian, the father *par excellence* of the scholastic Thomist Church of Rome; to the latter the honour of becoming the father *par excellence* of the Inquisitorial Thomist Church of Spain.

Had the wars of the Spaniards against enemies of different religious faith terminated with the end of the reconquest of their national territory, they would not have degenerated into pure *Alhalas* or Crusades, wars

wholly or chiefly undertaken, or, at least justified, as most lawful means of getting into Paradise, or of propagating by fire and sword the Christian doctrine and faith.

Unfortunately, everything combined to convert, or rather pervert, the patriotic warrior of the past ages into a crusader of the most piratical or inquisitorial type, ready to destroy and confiscate, at a moment's notice, the liberty and property, the lives and rights of foreign countries in the old and new continent. Three men lived during the reign of the Catholic kings, called to direct into new channels the exuberant energy accumulated by the Iberian races in their unexampled struggle of over seven centuries against the Mussulman invaders. These three men were Columbus, the most illustrious of discoverers, navigators, and crusaders; the head of the Spanish Church, the Cardinal Ximenez de Cisneros, the most gifted, laborious, successful, and patriotic of friars, primates, and regents; and the head of the Roman Church, Alexander VI., the most abominable, and unscrupulous of past, present, and, let us hope, future popes.

Columbus thought himself destined to propagate the Christian faith in the country of the Great Khan, which he believed he had discovered. He continually expressed his hope of being the instrument of procuring to the Crown the means of re-establishing the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem. He sailed in his roundabout way to the reconquest of the Holy Sepulchre, twelve years after the establishment of the new Inquisition.

Alexander VI. published on the 3rd of May, 1493, a bull, in which, taking into consideration the eminent service of the Spanish monarchs in the cause of the Church, &c. &c., and willing to afford still wider

scope for the prosecution of their pious labours, he confirmed the Castilian monarchs in the possession of all lands discovered, or hereafter to be discovered by them in the Western Ocean, comprehending the same extensive rights of jurisdiction with those formerly conceded to the kings of Portugal. The colonization of America was carried on in the same spirit. For the Crown, this was a sort of necessity, since it deduced all its rights from the Roman See. Such was the official doctrine which it proclaimed to the Indians.

Queen Isabella expired in 1504. Her husband and Ximenez de Cisneros were named the two principal executors to her will. The Primate of Spain soon reached the highest ecclesiastical honours, short of the papacy. Pope Julius II. gave him a cardinal's hat in 1507, and this was followed by his appointment to the office of Inquisitor-general of Castile. His views expanded with every step of his elevation. Before this, the exalted Franciscan had laboured more zealously than wisely in the conversion of the Spanish Mohammedans. His proselitizing fervour glowed fiercer than ever. Like Columbus, he had formed plans for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, and had endeavoured to interest the kings of England, Aragon, and Portugal, in a crusade to the Holy Land. At his instigation, and with his aid, an expedition had been fitted out, which resulted in the capture of Mazarquivir.

The aspiring prelate meditated the conquest of Oran. He had obtained accurate surveys of the Barbary coast; he had advised as to the best mode of conducting operations with Gonsalvo de Cordova, the greatest captain of the epoch. Levies were drawn from all quarters, especially from the cardinal's own diocese. Before the

close of spring, in 1509, all was in readiness, and a fleet of ten galleys and eighty smaller vessels rode in the harbour of Carthagena, having on board a force amounting to 4,000 horse and 10,000 foot. Such were the resources, activity, and energy displayed by a man who now, oppressed with infirmities more than usual, had passed the seventieth year of his age. On the 16th of May the fleet weighed anchor. As soon as the crusading expedition landed on the African shore, the primate mounted his mule and rode along the ranks. A Franciscan friar rode before him bearing aloft the massive silver cross, the archiepiscopal standard of Toledo. As the cavalcade advanced they raised the triumphant hymn of *Vexilla regis*, until at length the cardinal, ascending a rising ground, made a brief and animated harangue to his soldiers. The pontiff of the Spanish Church in 1509, like the pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church at Clermont in 1095, after having roused the resentment of his countrymen and co-religionists against the enemies of their country and religion, stimulated their cupidity by dwelling on the golden spoil which awaited them in the opulent city of Oran; but, unlike Urban II., who concluded his discourse by declaring that "for himself, he must remain aloof, but, like a second Moses, while they were slaughtering the Amalekites, he would be perpetually engaged in fervent and prevailing prayer for their success;" Ximenez de Cisneros declared that he had come to peril his own life in the good cause of the Cross, and to lead them on to battle as his predecessors had often done before him. Thus spoke the eminent prelate, dressed in his pontifical robes, with a belted sword at his side. Around him were other Franciscan friars, wearing their

monastic frocks, with scimitars hanging from their girdles.

We have said before that, after centuries of friendly and hostile intercourse with Western Europe, the followers of the Arabian prophet had succeeded in introducing throughout Christendom the religious principles of the Koran in more marked and distinct incompatibility with the doctrine of the gospel. This most successful African campaign, undertaken at the instigation, at the expense, and under the immediate personal lead of a Spanish primate, Inquisitor-general and cardinal, the most exalted and revered of peninsular subjects, the continuator and perfecter of the religious and political system of the Catholic kings by excellence, personifies most vividly, in its minutest details, the Mohammedanized tendencies and spirit of the Christian *althalics*.

When Ximenez de Cisneros terminated his Koranic allocution to the troops, the officers closed round him, and besought him not to expose his sacred person to the hazard of the fight. They reminded him that his presence would probably do more harm than good, by drawing off the attention of the men to his personal safety. This last consideration moved the cardinal, who, though reluctantly, consented to relinquish the command to Navarro. He withdrew, after uttering his parting benediction over the prostrate ranks, but his military functions did not terminate with his departure. The day was now far spent, and the enemies were seen gathering in great numbers. Navarro doubted whether his men would be able to cope victoriously with them before nightfall. He went to Mazarquivir and took counsel of the untired friar. The latter, whom he found at his devotions, besought him not to falter at this hour, but to go forward in God's name, since

both the blessed Saviour and the false prophet Mahomet conspired to deliver the enemy into his hands. The soldier's scruples vanished before the intrepid bearing of the prelate.

The troops pushed forward in all haste towards Oran, carrying everything before them. The captain of the cardinal's guard was the first, who, shouting "St. Jago and Ximenez," planted on the battlements the colours, emblazoned with the primate's arms on one side and the Cross on the other. The whole army rushed in. Resistance and flight were alike unavailing. No mercy was shown; no respect for age or sex. It was in vain Navarro called off the soldiery. They only recognized the authority of their archiepiscopal commander-in-chief, whose words rang still in their ears, rousing their resentment against the Moslem infidels.

Ximenez entered the gates next day, attended by his armed band of monkish brethren. The spoil of the captured city, amounting, as was said, to half a million of gold ducats, was placed at his disposal for distribution. The keys of the fortress were put into his hand. The triumphant prelate was hailed with thundering acclamations by the army as the true victor of Oran, in whose behalf Heaven had condescended to repeat the stupendous miracle of Joshua, by stopping the sun in his career. From this epoch dates the belief of his countrymen in his wonder-working powers. In this respect the most renowned preacher of the crusade beyond the Pyrenees was inferior neither to Peter the Hermit, the preacher of the first crusade, nor to St. Bernard, the preacher of the crusade led by kings and emperors. Like Peter, he marched himself at the head of the crusaders. Unlike Peter and St. Bernard, the crusade, from beginning to end, planned, realized,

preached, instigated, organized, supported, paid, and directed by him, proved most glorious, remunerative, and successful.

The conquest of Oran opened unbounded scope to the religious ambition of the Franciscan primate. The towering armed apostle of the Spanish Church saw in imagination the banner of the Cross, floating triumphant from the walls of every Moslem city on the Mediterranean. But his Koranic enthusiasm cooled down, and he determined to return to his metropolitan diocese.

The remarkable talents of Ximenez, and his zeal for the interests of Church and State, conduced chiefly to aim a death-blow at the privileges and prestige of the nobility, and to convert the peninsula into a great crusading camp.

The spirit of the crusader entered into the whole nation. When the primate was contemplating the conquest of Oran, the chapter of Toledo entered heartily into his views, furnishing liberal supplies, and offering to accompany the expedition in person. Toledo was then the great representative city of the ecclesiastical interests and aspirations of the nation, as Valladolid was the great representative city of the religious and political ideas of the lay community. And the citizens of Valladolid wrote to Charles, in 1516, immediately after the death of his grandfather, encouraging the young prince, then sixteen years of age, to prepare such measures as would ultimately lead to the conquest of the Holy Land. But the tidings of the fabulous wealth of Mexico and Peru, which reached the Spanish realms during the reign of the grandson of the Catholic Kings, directed westwards the crusading and proselitizing fervour of their inhabitants.

A newly-discovered continent, that had not given to the old the least cause of complaint, was stormed, plundered, trampled, and set on

fire. There the European learned or relearned that all the races on the surface of the globe, classified by him as third-rate human beings, ought to become his property. In accordance with this civilizing maxim, when the indigenous West-Indian population began to thin, they thought it suitable to their greedy purposes to look for slaves anywhere else. The doctrine proclaimed and applied beyond the Atlantic, prevailed finally within the Christian societies of all denominations. People inhabiting the continents and islands of America and Europe, were sentenced by hundreds of thousands, and by millions, to become serfs and slaves, because in that wretched condition they were considered more useful to the interests of the wealthier and stronger.

It would have proved more advantageous for the universal welfare and progress, if America's discovery should not have taken place at that epoch of crooked Christianity. European societies were just then more inadequate, than at any other period of their history, to improve by their contact any civilization whatever; still less those widely differing from their own. Their religious perverseness impelled them to the ruthless destruction of all that was new to their eyes. Their principal aspiration was the non-delayed immediate implantation of the national creed within the subjected countries, and they were not over scrupulous about the means employed. It never occurred to their prejudiced minds that those strange social organizations admitted of reforms conducive to their intellectual and moral amelioration. They only had eyes for the worse side of those peculiar civilizations; and, even previous to their taking any notice of the most execrable features, they had sentenced them, beforehand, to silence and death. All sorts of violences and perjuries,

the most infamous acts were unsparingly administered, until the new comers considered their task terminated. Millions of valuable lives were sacrificed before the wretched crusaders of the new world, animated with burning zeal for the interests of Church and State, sat at rest, their christianizing and civilizing mission satisfactorily fulfilled.

Indigenous American populations did suffer and lose much more than they benefited by the discovery.* The new world, into European hands, turned out to be the hell of African races. It is a moot question whether American inroads, while lowering the moral standard of the most energetic European communities, did, on the whole, substantially advance their material prosperity.

The crusaders of the American *El Dorado* bade enthusiastically farewell to the fatherland, to friends and relatives, to all that they had learned to cherish in the old world. It was of no use any attempt to detain them. Their dearest hopes were no more within their ancestors' home, they were thousands of miles far from it. Their promised holy land was no more to be met on the ways leading to the East, trod by the pilgrim of past generations. It was the western continent where they were anxious to settle, or to camp, and indulge in wild wandering lawlessness.

There was something ominous in this frantic rush towards the setting sun. Mankind's greatest teachers always dwelled on the opposite side. The noblest civilizations sprung up on the other end of the globe. The foremost masters of the European world, literary and

artistic, as well as religious and philosophic, never came from the setting sun. The first preacher of the Gospel, God's own son, was born, lived, and died within an eastern land. Around his sepulchre, and extending far beyond it, were settled millions and millions of infidels of every description, whose societies offered a full scope to those Christians of all denominations, actuated by the pious desire of imparting his religious faith to his fellow-men. Or, if they were longing for a fighting career and military renown, there should they meet also with legions of more pugnacious and better armed adversaries than the untutored Americans, thoroughly unacquainted with European weapons and warfare. Besides, the van of Asiatic races, defying European right and might, had seized on their most prized cities and taken a commanding position on their principal fluvial and maritime thoroughfares. And not only numerous and redoubtable hosts, by sea and land, mustered already under the banner of the aggressive intruder, but hundreds of millions of human beings, swarming all the length and breadth of the most thickly-peopled continent, were always ready to back submissively the policy of the victorious eastern despot.

It was the first duty of European youth and manhood not to desert their families and countrymen when danger was impending. They ought to have remained near to their ancestral roof, or to follow the path leading to the land, where the most formidable and irreconcilable enemies of their race and faith

* "I have estimated that before the discovery of America, the population amounted to over 100 millions. At present (1850) there may be about ten or eleven millions."—*The Origin and Progress of the Human Race*, by W. H. Dallart, vol. p. 72, Memoirs of the Anthropological Society of London.

were gathering all their forces to storm and overthrow the Western Christian world. None of these considerations proved strong enough to decrease the migrations to America. The prospect of European societies, ground to the dust by the eastern barbarian's scimitar, was not a cheering one. The sacred and classical memories of Greece, Egypt, Jerusalem, and Palestine were, for them, out of the question. All that put together was not worth the trouble of thinking about it, while compared with the boundless gold-fields on the other side of the water. They had been told that there were beyond seas palaces, and mountains of silver and of gold, lakes and rivers, dazzling with pearls, and priceless jewels. There, and there only, they wanted to go.

All those riches, agreeably to the notions of the period, belonged to the Christian new comer who first stretched forth his hand and seized them. This idea cheered their spirit amidst their laborious and heart-sickening passages and marches through unknown oceans and lands. Like the companions of Orellana, they will cross the Atlantic within imperfectly-built barks, without compass, almost without supplies. Like the *bandederantes* of the Piratininga upon bulls' and cows' skins, they will pass over the widest streams ever seen by human eyes. Devoid of everything conducive to direct them in their path, they will plunge ahead into the broad savannas and the bewildering Titanic forests of the untrodden American mainland. Like the gang led by Gonzalo Pizarro to the gorgeous equinoctial scenery of the Amazons' valley, after more than two years of incessant exertions, dangers, and delusions, about one-third only of the four thousand, who left Quito for the expedition, escaped with

life, and almost all the survivors were irretrievably broken in constitution. Like the followers of Hernan Cortes, they will rather destroy the means of returning to their fatherland than renounce the enterprise, once they felt sure to be in the track leading to the golden land of their covetous dreams. To all kinds of privations and contrary winds, to maladies, insects, snow, sunshine, Indians, earthquakes, deserts, to every consideration of wrong and right, they will oppose their unmovable determination of finding out their way, at any price, to the gold-fields. And when they come to see with their own eyes, and to touch with their own fingers the far-fetched precious metals, they indulged in such impious crimes as neither have been, nor will ever be, surpassed.

The abject covetousness of the epoch reached its climax. A disgraceful struggle began between the Spaniards recently settled in the empires of Montezuma and Atahualgra, pleading that they were the lawful gold-owners, and envious European ruffians, of the same piratical type, equally lacking even the semblance of any honourable pretext for their transatlantic raids, yet bent on continuing them by sea and land, with the hope of becoming, by fair or foul means, the ultimate successful owners of Mexican and Peruvian ingots. The filthiest scum of the Christian world landed on the new continent. Hernan Cortes and Francisco Pizarro were unquestionably foremost among the prominent captains of American crusades. Both were in every respect admirably qualified for the task they had undertaken. Either of them is entitled to be marked out as the best specimen of an all-accomplished leader for such expeditions. To the conquerors of Mexico and Peru, Spaniards are chiefly indebted for

having managed to get the lion's share in the abominable misdeeds and riches of the new world. The gold and silver of their American possessions never proved to them of any use. Just when Peru and Mexico astonished Europe with their incalculable amount of precious metals, the mother country was poorer than ever. And their deeds ought not to surprise us when we find prebendaries and divines of the most learned city of Spain, like Sepulveda, printing at Rome under the patronage of the Pope, and circulating throughout Spain, against the wishes of his monarch, books directed to show and prove to his countrymen, not only that in conformity with the political right Charles the Fifth of Germany, and First of Spain, could force the Indians to recognize him as their sovereign; but that, agreeably to the ecclesiastical law or right, it was their duty to exterminate any one who refused to profess the Christian religion. And the ultra-Koranic ideas of the canon of Salamanca perfectly agreed with the Jehovitic notions of the armed apostles of the Inquisitorial faith.

There were, nevertheless, noble exceptions. Both among the ecclesiastics and laics, who landed in America, were to be found high-minded and noble-hearted people, who strongly objected to the conquering, proselytizing, and colonizing system in favour with the majority of their countrymen. Foremost among them must be placed the humanitarian Bishop of Chiapa, Don Bartolome de Las Casas, a man of profound learning and piety. He laboured indefatigably during more than fifty years of his life, passed in America, to protect the native populations from the sanguinary rapacity of their oppressors. His strenuous exertions only succeeded in drawing upon himself endless persecutions. The Spanish

authorities in America, as well as the bulk of the colonists with or without the approval of the monarch, managed to thwart his philanthropic schemes, and did not spare him the annoyances and indignities they thought conducive to oppose or diminish his truly Christian zeal for the interests of the Indians. His life and labours have made his name well known throughout America and Europe.

This is not the case with Don Alvar Nunez de Vera Cabeza de Vaca, another man whose name deserves to be written with golden letters in the annals of American exploration, conquest, and colonization. He occupies, among the laic population which landed in America, a similar place to that of Las Casas among the clergy. The history of this man seems a romance, more extraordinary in many respects than the history of any other of his contemporaries, that of the swineherd of Estremadura, master of the empire and gold of the Incas, not excepted. Under the most trying circumstances he always behaved like a Christian and Spanish gentleman of the pre-Inquisitorial era.

Cabeza de Vaca sailed in the unfortunate expedition sent to Florida in 1528. Nearly all the ships were lost, and when that on board of which he was reached the coast, every soul perished at the hands of the savages. Cabeza and his slave only escaped with life. By making the Indians understand that he knew how to apply remedies to their maladies, he preserved his life; and by his cures, tact, and behaviour, inspired them with so high an idea of his talents and virtues that they proclaimed him as their *carique*. Such was the confidence reposed in him, that, when he became acquainted with the doings of his countryman, Hernan Cortes, he induced them to follow him and

recognize the authority of the conqueror of Mexico.

He sailed again to America in 1541, being appointed Governor of the Spanish colonies on the rivers Plata and Paraguay. Cabeza de Vaca was very different by his principles, station, and wealth in the metropolis from the needy adventurers, who abandoned their fatherland, moved, wholly or chiefly, by the idea of getting riches at any price.

Charles the Fifth never appointed to one of the highest places in his transatlantic dominions, a person more energetic, animated by purer intentions, endowed with such practical sense and sound judgment, and better acquainted with the necessities of the country and the character of the indigenous populations; but never, perhaps, did Spanish functionary of his rank in America, receive more minute and nonsensical instructions, and regulations, in strict conformity with which he was to administer the colony. The sea was not friendly to Cabeza de Vaca. The expedition suffered terribly, so that on reaching the island of Santa Catalina he determined to cross to the mainland. There he learned the election of Yrala, as Governor, by the colonists of the Paraguay.

With a disregard of danger and toil characteristic of the man, Cabeza de Vaca, with the larger part of his troops, set out for the Asuncion through pathless forests. This march of 300 men, through an unbroken wilderness of some two thousand miles, in the space of four months and nine days, without leaving behind any of his companions, with the single exception of one who was drowned in crossing a river, is unprecedented in the early history of America. More unprecedented still was that Cabeza de Vaca made friends of all the natives he found in his way, and his force reached Paraguay in better

health and condition than when they left the sea-coast.

Once at the head of the government, the leading colonists soon found his ideas of colonization did not agree with theirs. But his spirit of justice and strict discipline rendered him popular with the common soldiers, and he was able with their support to inflict a severe chastisement on the Payaguas, who had contemplated a *Sicilian Vespers* against the Europeans while professing friendship towards them.

Cabeza de Vaca sent overtures of peace and amity to the Guaicurus, who attacked his ambassadors. He therefore led a strong force against them, which after a furious and protracted fighting in bush and ambush took a large number of prisoners. With these he entered Asuncion, where his prisoners were generously treated. After convincing them of his intentions of living in peace with the Indians, he sent some of them back to their own people. The Guaicuru chiefs could not believe their eyes, when they saw their subjects return, speaking in high terms of the magnanimity of the Spaniards and their captain. Twenty of the principal Guaicurus went to Asuncion, and a peace was concluded that lasted many years.

Cabeza de Vaca always acted with perfect good faith with all the Indians, friendly or hostile to the Spaniards, he only resorted to force when all other means had failed. The limits of this article are not compatible with a complete and detailed account of this great and good Spaniard. In energy, integrity, disinterestedness, honesty of purpose, and knowledge of the Indian character, his superior was not to be found. Well acquainted, likewise, with the climate, and pastoral and agricultural conditions of the transatlantic regions under his enlightened rule, he successfully introduced there the best suited European

plants and domestic animals. From the horned cattle which he carried to the valley of the Plata, have descended the innumerable herds that for so many generations have furnished the most important articles of commerce in those countries. But in spite of his talents, virtues, and triumphs of all sorts, as a colonizer, as an administrator, as a warrior, as a negotiator, and an explorer, or because of them, he was the right man in the wrong place among the Spaniards of the period, who did not exactly go to America, as Cabeza de Vaca did, to carry the seeds of plants and the domestic animals of the Old World, best adapted to those regions, as well as the seeds of a higher religion and civilization. His fair and magnanimous dealings with the Indians alarmed the colonists, who partook of the ideas of Sepulveda, and who, in all earnest, and, perhaps, in perfect good faith, accused him of having the evident purpose of despoiling them of their riches, or what was tantamount to it at that epoch, opposing the enslaving of the natives. Also Cabeza de Vaca, unlike his predecessor, could not hold out hopes of opening the way to Peru, and the dutiful sons of the Inquisitorial Church, who had left home to rob and convert the heathen, found the political and religious notions of their Governor most damnable, and worthy of an exemplary punishment, which should for evermore deter from such attempts future representatives and advisers of their Catholic Majesties in the New and Old World.

Most villainously did the Paraguayan crusaders of the Jehovite Gospel take advantage of their Governor being sick and confined; and to guard against them, they dragged him from his bed, sick as he was, and, leaving him with letters, cast him into prison, and subjected him to cruel indignities. Charged

with having contemplated and committed the most heinous crimes, he was sent to Spain, to answer to the King for his misconduct. The services and sacrifices of Cabeza de Vaca were requited by his Sovereign, as he had requited those of Ximenez de Cisneros and Hernan Cortes, the two most successful and popular crusaders of the peninsula in northern Africa, and the northern continent of America. While waiting for more than eight years for the charges against him to be investigated, the government had indirectly pronounced against him by continuing to recognize Yrula as Governor; and when, at last, he would but be declared perfectly innocent of every charge brought against him, the government would not carry into effect the decree of the Council of the Indies. It was from the beginning of the discovery and conquest of America the misfortune of those regions, that the best decisions of the Council of the Indies, and their admirable legislation, were almost always a dead letter, either by the fault of the government of the metropolis or that of the transmarine functionaries.

Philip the Second was born in 1527. The Inquisitorial poison had already permeated the heart and brains of the nation. Philip imbibed from his birth the deleterious teachings of a mangled Gospel, which breathed in every direction torture and death, everlasting infamy and everlasting damnation, against the avowed or suspected enemies of the hierarchical Church. He was, and deserved to be—he had been expressly born, and brought up, and cut out to be—the great representative monk of Inquisitorial monachism. His mission on earth was to give the finishing stroke to the work initiated by his ancestors, the Catholic kings, supported and continued by Torquemada, Ximenez, and Loyola.

Philip laboured hard, from his youth [to his old age, to convert Spain into a huge convent, and a gigantic order of religious knight-hood, always ready to war, by sea and by land, on behalf of the interest of the tiared *servus servorum* of the Church of Rome, and of those of the crowned *servus servorum* of the monastic Church of Spain.

Loyola died in 1556. Philip the Second was then twenty-nine years of age. Had Philip been born in a humble condition of life, and brought up accordingly out of the pestilential training, attending him among his father's courtiers, professors, and divines, perhaps he would never have indulged in a criminal or foul action. This, unfortunately for his memory, and unfortunately for mankind, was not his lot. He was born on the proudest throne of Christendom, and he only descended from it to occupy his small place in the vault of the Escorial.

Philip the Second had been trained by his father—perhaps the ablest statesman of the period—to become a most accomplished eastern despot. The following anecdote rests on good authority. A noble, descending from an ancient house in Portugal, had been received as a page in the imperial household. While engaged in their sports, the page accidentally struck the prince. The emperor, having taken notice of it, condemned the unhappy youth to lose his life. The entreaties of Philip at length preserved the life of Ruy Gomez de Silva, afterwards Duke of Pastrana and prince of Eboli.

Philip's father bestowed on him all the cares his several occupations and constant travels allowed him, with the idea of developing to its utmost his son's autocratic instincts. Charles the Fifth appointed himself the theoretical and practical professor of kingcraft to the young Prince of Asturias. The German

emperor did not lose his time. His most ardent wishes were fulfilled. He handed down to his son, not only unimpaired, but magnified, the inordinate love of power by which he had been possessed.

Depend on no one but yourself, was the guiding principle of imperial politics, and this principle Charles the Fifth never neglected any occasion of inculcating it to his son and pupil. Philip gave a willing ear to this favourite imperial maxim. He was the true son of his father, and their instincts were the same. Once on the throne Philip attempted to rule personally everything in every direction, and in the minutest details. He did not spare any labour, he did not object to any indignity conducive to his purpose.

The marriage of Philip with Mary of England was from beginning to end the work of his father. He could but afford him, in many ways, the most convincing proof of the sort of heartless kingcraft, in favour with his imperial teacher of political science. In all his infamous tricks afterwards, he did not, in the least, deviate from the paternal advice and example. The foulest misdeeds of his reign were in strict accordance with the maxims of government he learned in his youth from his father's lips and his father's acts. Even if he actually poisoned his most accomplished brother, Don John of Austria, as Philip's enemies pretended, he could have justified the deed on the authority of the emperor. The historian of the time asserts that Charles the Fifth advised his daughter-in-law to take the life of her sister, Princess Elizabeth, as a thing indispensable to her own safety and that of Philip.

Many things combined, moreover, to inspire Philip with a sentiment quite the reverse of friendship and veneration for the national assemblies of his time, representative

more or less imperfect of the wishes, rights, and freedom of the subject. What happened to him at his entrance into public life, with the States of the Netherlands, could not produce a favourable impression on the mind of one who had been reared up as the son and heir of an eastern potentate. Those States assembled by Charles the Fifth took a decidedly hostile attitude towards Philip. The Castilian Cortes, to which more accommodating temper Philip was accustomed, had already lost all their influence and prestige before he was born. The following passage, better than anything else, will illustrate the contempt they merited of the Spanish sovereign.

The treasure-ships from America, as all the money Philip the Second had got from his European subjects, by means of taxes, extortions of all sorts, and wholesale confiscations, were principally applied to the keeping of a gorge as royal household, and to the erection and embellishment of the gloomy pile of the Escorial. Spanish armies frequently mutilated on account of their want of pay, whilst solemn contracts entered with the creditors of the State had been most shamefully violated. Philip thought this the proper moment to establish new impositions by his own authority. At their next meeting the Cortes received one of their useless petitions complaining of those new taxes, imposed without their previous deliberation and assent. Philip's answer to this most lawful and respectful remonstrance was neither long nor long to come. "The necessities," he said, "which have compelled me to resort to these measures, far from having ceased, have increased, and are still increasing, allowing me no alternative but to pursue the course I have adopted." And Philip's answer to the Portuguese Regents, concerning his claim to the crown of Portugal,

was conceived in a more explicit disregard and antipathy for the privileges of such assemblies. "My right," said he, "is clear and undisputable. I will not submit it either to the Regents or to the States, and I do not desire to have any judgment whatever passed in confirmation of it."

The parliament sitting before Philip II. at Westminster was not calculated to mitigate his profound contempt and aversion for such gatherings of national representatives. Never was England shamed with more unworthy representatives. It was the parliament that, in the presence of the Queen and her Spanish husband, knelt at the feet of the pontifical legate and declared themselves ready to re-enter into the pale of the Roman Church. Forthwith Cardinal Pole made known the Pope's intention of welcoming them back again, without exacting from the reconverted people the disgorging of their bountiful monastic plunder during the past reigns.

In the first half of his long reign, at that age, when unexpected unfavourable tides of fortune are sure to modify man's inherited principles of life, all furthered, on the main, Philip's ambitious delusions. Success accompanied, almost invariably, everywhere his diplomatists, soldiers, and sailors. On the other side of the Pyrenees, as on the other side of the Alps, across the Tagus and Mediterranean, as beyond the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, things looked, every new year, more and more propitious and encouraging to the realization of Philip's designs. His warriors and negotiators, his relatives and allies were, more or less unceasingly, paving in every direction Philip's high-road to universal domination.

All combined to render Philip the mightiest as well as the most self-relying of Christian despots. His inordinate love of ubiquitous power defies all exaggeration, and

that his ideas and pretensions were countenanced by the prevalent feelings of his Spanish subjects we firmly believe, after having carefully scrutinized, grouped, and pondered on all that is known nowadays about the Spaniard of his reign. And not only that, but Philip's insane egotism was fanned and fostered in all earnest from his cradle to his grave, not only by his grandees and courtiers, but by those of his relatives of both sexes. We have already mentioned the capital punishment Charles V. had decided upon against the boy scion of a noble Portuguese house, who, when engaged in boyish play, unintentionally managed to hurt somehow the Prince of Asturias. A few years afterwards Mary of England was always ready, at a moment's notice, to sacrifice everything—popularity, subjects, and throne—to further the designs of her Castilian husband. This was also the case with his last and fourth wife, a lady of the German Hapsburg family. It is reported that, on one occasion, the Spanish autocrat having fallen dangerously ill, she prayed most devoutly to heaven to take her own useless life, and to preserve that of her husband, so indispensable to the triumph of the Christian faith. Add to all this, that Philip was motherless from his early boyhood. A man so circumstanced during his whole mortal career, could but be led astray.

Thus, unfortunately for mankind, Philip was not only born a despot at heart, and everything around him contributed to foster his despotical propensities, and his dislike and contempt for all those in native and foreign lands, standing up or kneeling down before his eyes as the representatives of the rights and freedoms of the subject, but he was also afflicted with the most mischievous and irreclaimable form of human madness—religious

fanaticism. He had inherited from his father's grandmother the most execrable bigotry. From the very day he came into life all that he saw and heard tended to increase his religious insanity.

The eldest son of the Emperor Charles the Fifth was the champion of the Inquisitorial Church, the Hannibal of the Monastery. He had been reared up by the ex-crowned German monk of Estremadura, in uncompromising deadly hatred to the German ex-monk and the followers of his doctrines. His father's advices to him, his father's advices to his sister, were in that direction. From the bottom of his monastic retreat, his imperial and paternal authority, enhanced by the sort of life he had adopted, Charles the Fifth seldom interfered with the policy of his son and daughter but to impress firmly on their young minds the necessity of exterminating the heretic. The last dying words addressed to his son and heir by the monk of Yuste were to this effect:—The Emperor conjures his son most earnestly, by the obedience he owes him, to follow up and bring to justice every heretic in his dominions, and this without exception, and without favour or mercy to any one. He conjures Philip to cherish the Holy Inquisition as the best instrument for accomplishing this good work. "So," he concludes, "shall you have my blessing, and the Lord shall prosper all your undertakings." Such were his very last words to his eldest son, the King of Spain.

All these counsels, all these rules and examples of stern despotism and intolerance, came directly from the man foremost, in every respect, in the eyes of Philip and the surrounding courtiers. And these principles of Christian faith and government could but be fortified in the mind of the successor to the

throne of Ferdinand and Isabella by the memory of those most conspicuous acts in the reigns of his successful Spanish ancestors, the conquerors of Granada, Naples, and Oran, and the discoverers of America.

No wonder if he answered to those persons who urged on him the necessity and convenience of a tolerant policy in the Low Countries—"that he had much rather be no king at all, than have heretics for his subjects."

No wonder if he wrote to the King of France a congratulatory letter, and offered public thanksgiving to heaven when he heard of the gladdening news of the St. Bartholomew's horrid massacre!

No wonder if, attended by his son, Philip sat within sight of the unhappy victims of the *autos-da-fe*, while they were slowly consumed in the devouring flames.

No wonder if, in the presence of his subjects, who for their leaning towards the Protestant creed were expiring under the most horrible and infamous punishments, Philip's execrable bigotry, overpowering his usual self-restraint, burst forth and caused him to ejaculate, "I would, myself, carry wood to burn my own son were he such a wretch as you!"

The Spanish Hapsburgs appear to have been created expressly to crown and personify the monastic order of things across the Pyrenees. And the most accomplished representative of the dynasty was the bulwark of the Escorial, the shining pillar of Inquisitorial monarchism. In him was found the spirit of the most awful, intolerant, and detestable priestcraft and kingcraft to a degree, perhaps, never equalled by any other ruler in a Christian land. And the feelings and ideas of most of the contemporary monarchs, temporal or spiritual, were in happy

congeniality with some of his most abominable proclivities, fostered not only by his education but by what he saw in the foreign courts, by the public and individual intrigues, dealings, and ambitions with which he was most intimately acquainted.

The sixteenth century is the most ghastly period in the history of the Christian dynasties and monarchies. The last Tudors sat on the throne of England, and the last Valois reigned in France. The most sanguinary of St. Peter's successors wore the pontifical tiara. The son of the monk of Yuste had been crowned King of Spain and all Spanish dependencies in Europe, America, Africa, and Asia. The Dukes of Savoy, and those of Parma, Medici, and Doria, Mary of England, or Mary of Scotland, the Valois, or the mighty Dukes of Lorraine, the Pope and the Emperor, were, at any time, ready to support Philip the Second in his most iniquitous plans.

On whatever side the European societies turned their eyes—towards the setting or rising sun—towards the Sultans or the Catholic Majesties of the time—they could only perceive in prospect abject Mohammedan slavery and degrading monkish autocracy.

The Turk menaced them on the east, in the same manner as the Arab had before menaced them on the west. The hour approached which was to decide whether the champions of deformed Christianity, or the champions of perverted Islam should become the ruling portion of mankind. And the Turk had more chances of success than the Saracen.

When Solymán filled Frangistan with the terror of his name, the unworthy successors to the throne of Charlemagne and St. Louis were no more in the mood of barring the passage to the closely advancing tide of Mussulman invasion.

Far from this, they entered into alliance with the children of the Prophet. On the other side, the hallowed religious leaders of the European world, deeply interested, spiritually as well as temporally, in thwarting the ambitious schemes of the successful warriors of the Crescent, had forfeited the universal veneration and influence by them enjoyed at the time of the Arabian irruption. Pontifical attention was principally directed to promote most ruthless civil and international wars between their former adherents and those still faithful to the old tottering Church. And contemporary European populations appeared more in favour of emigration to the recently-discovered lands across the Atlantic, than to rush in

full panoply of war to the Danubian and Mediterranean battle-fields. Western Christians were just then sick of crusades and cavalcades to the East, while American *civilizades* opened up to those most venturesome spirits among them vaster fields and pastures new, with more cheering horizons and congenial prospects.

There were, it is true, men and principles at work during the sixteenth century that will be chiefly instrumental in advancing the world's knowledge and improvement in every direction, but these men and principles were out of the mental and physical reach of the monk of the Escorial, and were at open hostility with his most cherished schemes and pretensions.

TWO CHAPTERS FROM GEORGE SAND'S "IMPRESSIONS ET SOUVENIRS."

TRANSLATED BY LOUISA CONKERN.

CHAPTER V.

1811. Jan. Paris.

I HAVE passed half the day with Eugene Delacroix. I should like to recall all he said to me, but it would be impossible to transcribe it. He talks better than I write. When I met him I was in a state of bewilderment. I had been talking to that madman De , who had been venting the strangest theories about drawing and colour, studies, according to him, *exclusive of the other*.

I relate to Delacroix the quarrel from which I had just come utterly dumb founded:—"In earnest, tell me, my friend, is this man in his right mind?"

Delacroix. "Well, yes! he is mistaken; but he does not think he is mistaken: he reasons upon his error, and clings to it, believing he has grasped a truth. No help for it. It was not he that invented this heresy, it is professed in higher quarters. The whole school of M. Ingres decree that colour is a superfluity, and that it is dangerous to become enamoured of a detail injurious to the purity of the line. They have systematized this to that degree that they care only for Raphael's first manner, and eternally admire the early masters."

I. "I know this: they feel profound contempt for the Venetian school, Titian at the head."

Delacroix. "And the Dutch school? The dauber Rembrandt, the good-

for-nothing Teniers! And the Spanish, Velasquez included!—while the magnificent Rubens gives them nausea! This makes you indignant" Ah, bah! I used to be indignant too, as long as I thought I had to do with an honest delusion: but this doctrine is simply the humbug of impotency, and ever since I have known this I have ceased getting angry. I laugh at it."

I. "You are free to treat it philosophically; but in the meantime the public, who are not artists, and who know nothing about definitions, take up these stupid words and ready-made phrases. 'Rubens is a fine colourist, but he does not draw. Rembrandt produces beautiful effects, but he smudges, he is ignorant of the line.' Raphael alone knows how to draw. Michael Angelo is a madman, who knows only how to evoke monsters. Pure art is the flat tint, the silhouette. The Ingrist school shows that—and the bourgeois adds: 'It seems that this is true.'"

Delacroix. "Well! What does it signify to us if the bourgeois talks nonsense?"

I. "It does signify greatly to me. The bourgeois is the ass that we would have been, had not pains been taken to form our tastes and cultivate our feelings. Why does criticism, whose mission is to enlighten . . ."

Delacroix. "Oh! criticism in general is done by bourgeois, or by boys of letters who write as bourgeois."

in order to secure readers for themselves. Look at the writers who have taste, originality, independence! They are not understood; they preach in the wilderness."

I. "I am not such a pessimist as that. I am persuaded that many men of letters have no *parti pris*, and that if art were shown"

Delacroix. "Chimera! Painting is a thing that every one cannot judge of. It requires a special gift or a special education. Young literary men who want to write an article to earn their bread enter into chat with a painter, and write under his dictation. So much the worse if the painter talks nonsense! But don't make me talk more. I have got my sore throat."

I. "I'll leave you, all the sooner because I feel stifled here. But I warn you that I am carrying my anger away with me, aggravated by your indifference to-day."

Delacroix. "Stop a moment! You think I am calmer than I am; but I saw Ingres' *Stratonice* again, and, upon my word, I am as simple as the others; I thought it charming."

I. "So much the better for you. For my part I thought it puerile and mannered."

Delacroix. "I don't say it is not. It is childish with pretension—but what charming little details, what finish in the carving out!"

I. "Carving out is the word. It is done after the fashion of Chinese fans, little ivory figures stuck together. I must be off. Good-bye; *au revoir*."

Delacroix. "Yes, *au revoir*; but Why can't you speak to me without making me speak? I want to know why you don't like M. Ingres?"

I. "I never said so. I like M. Ingres *although*, and not because he is a systematizer. He is a half man of genius, has immense talent, and,

above all, elevation of mind; what he wants, that is to say, the half of painting, the half of sight, the half of life, constitutes a serious infirmity which one would pardon in him if he did not erect his own want of power into a system."

Delacroix. "Ah, stop! When we look at a work of art we are not to ask ourselves what the artist thinks or says, but judge the work and forget the man. I know very well that Ingres treats me in private as a lubber and booby, and sends away any pupil who he sees has a tendency to be a colourist. But I don't want to know anything of him when I am judging his picture."

I. "This is quite right of you. But when this picture proves more and more a deplorable *parti pris*, an arrogant blindness, a mental paralysis erected into a system, I cannot avoid deploring the master's error, and being indignant at the adulations of the school that confirm him in his folly."

Delacroix. "Then you think the *Stratonice* betrays a decadence . . ."

I. "Say no more, and let me go. It is dinner hour."

Delacroix. "Already? Where are you dining?"

I. "At home. Are you coming?"

Delacroix. "To dine with you, *en famille*! It is very tempting! You won't let me talk?"

I. "I'll make you be silent. Go dress. I shall wait for you."

He goes into his room; but leaves the door open in order to speak to me at the top of his voice, and make me explain what it is that shocks me in the *Stratonice*. Only he won't let me tell it. The action of taking off his slippers and dressing-gown restores all his natural animation, and it is no longer I but he who talks and criticizes.

"Bless my heart! *le père* Ingres has done his best to be a colourist, and the way he conceives the thing is absolutely comical. You were

mistaken a while ago. It is not such a *parti pris* with him as you say. He does his best, be sure of that, only he confounds colouration with colour. He is one of the old gods, bourgeois *en diable*, and on this chapter he is as ignorant as his own porter. Have you noticed that in his *Stratonice* there is a very ingenious, very studied, very *chatoyant* luxury of colouration that does not produce one atom the effect of colour? There is a Mosaic pavement of such exactitude that it might make a professor of perspective despair. From the first plane to the last there are, perhaps, a thousand little lozenges, all in most rigorous exactitude as regards the vanishing of the lines. But it does not prevent the pavement from standing right up like a wall. It shines like a mirror. You might shave before it, but no one dare walk on it, unless a fly. With ever so little true colour, his pavement would vanish without requiring these endless lines. However, he has endeavoured to put light on it. And again, his lights are all cut by rule and compass. You feel that there they are fixed for eternity, and that M. Ingres' sun will never change its place in relation to the earth. No matter! he has put sun where rigorously it should be, and I am sure he is satisfied. He thinks light is made to embellish, and forgets that, above all, it is made to animate. He has studied with the most delicate precision the minutest effects of light on marbles, on gildings, on stuffs, forgetting but one thing, the reflected lights. Yes, reflex colours! he never heard of these. He does not see that all is reflected in nature, and that all colour is an interchange of reflections. He has scattered over all the objects he posed before him small compartments of light, which you would suppose had been taken by a daguerrotype, and there

is neither sun, light, nor air in all that. The bed of Antiochus is thrust into the wall. The sick man is encrusted in it. He is trying in vain, by a pretty movement, to hide his blushes. It is not *Stratonice* that makes him writhe, it is the sufferings caused by finding himself stuck to the alcove of his bed. The personages of the second plane experience the same torture, and make unheard-of efforts to tear themselves away from these sticking walls. Nothing stands out, consequently nothing lives in this charming picture—a mere whimsical piece of peddling. Oh! I know well what he said to himself. He said: 'I will produce an irreproachable work. Not only shall it teach and demonstrate, but it shall please. I'll cram colour into it. Oh! what colour!—do you want colour—there it is! I'll put down my adversaries. They will have nothing to say. They shall be put down in every way. Come, my pupils, and see—I mean to show you what colour is!' And down he sits when the picture is painted, and covers it with tones as you put sugar-plums on a well-cooked cake. He puts red on a cloak, lilac on a cushion, green here, blue there, bright red, light green, sky blue. He has taste for adjustments, and the knowledge of costume. He has mixed in the hair and stuffs bands and borders, a thousand amusing little coqueteries of ornamentation, a lilac of exquisite freshness, but which tend to nothing in the production of colour. The livid sombre tones of an old wall by Rembrandt are rich in quite another sense to this prodigality of tones laid on objects which he never succeeds in binding together by their necessary reflections, and which remain crude, isolated, cold, and loud. Notice that loud colours are always cold!

"*Apropos of cold, muffle yourself well up, it is not warm.*"

re, I am ready. I'll not say a word."

reach my house, and in spite of resolution, he never ceased of the colour of the Ingrists, them image makers, illuminators of manuscripts, pasticheurs. When anger was appeased, it had entered into him. Chopin joined us on the floor, and they both went up discussing *Stratonice*. Chopin is not like it because the figures are mannered, and devoid of reality, but the high finish of the work pleases him; as to the music, he says, out of politeness, he understands nothing about it, but he is not aware that he is telling the truth.

Chopin and Delacroix love each other, I may say, tenderly. They are so much alike in character, and possess the same great qualities of heart and mind. But as regards art, Delacroix understands Chopin and Chopin does not understand Delacroix. He esteems, and respects the man; he admires the painter. Delacroix, with his varied faculties, appreciates Chopin, he knows and understands his taste is sure and exquisite. He never wearies listening to him. He enjoys his music, and loves it by heart. Chopin accepts consolation, and is touched by it; when he looks at a picture by Delacroix, he is in pain, and can't find a word to say to him. He is a musician—nothing but a musician. His thoughts can only express themselves in music. He has a facility of esprit and finesse, but he can understand nothing of painting or statuary. Michael Angelo frightens him. Rubens intimidates him. All that appears to him scandalizes him. He throws himself up in all that is new, and is lost in what is customary. He is an anomaly! His genius is the most original and individual of artists. But he will not let

himself be told this. It is true that in literature Delacroix' taste is for all that is most classic and formalist.

I don't discuss with them. I merely listen; but there goes Maurice, who enters on the subject boldly. He wants Delacroix to explain the mystery of reflected colours, and Chopin listens, eyes wide open with surprise. The master compares the tones in painting with the sounds of music. "Harmony in music," he says, "does not consist merely of the formation of chords, but depends on their relation as well, their logical sequence, their concatenation, on what I may call their auditory reflexes. Well, painting ought to proceed in the same way. There! give me that blue cushion and that red cloth. Place them side by side. You see there where the two tones touch they borrow from each other; the red is tinged with blue, the blue with red, and in the middle violet is produced. You may cram the most violent tones into a picture, but give them the reflexes that bind them together, and your picture will never jar. Is nature sober in her tones? Does not she abound in fierce oppositions which, nevertheless, never mar her harmony? It is that they are all bound together by their reflected lights, and shadows, and tints. They fancy this can be suppressed in painting. It may be, but there would be one little inconvenience—it is that painting would be suppressed at the same time.

Maurice remarks that the science of reflected lights and colours is the most difficult one there is.

"No," replies the master, "it is as simple as how do you do. I can demonstrate it to you like two and two make four. The reflection of such a colour upon such another invariably produces such other colour which I have explained and proved to you twenty times."

"Very well," says the pupil, "but the reflections of the reflections?"

"The devil! How fast you go. You are asking too much for one day."

Maurice is right. The reflections of the reflections land us in the infinite, and Delacroix knows it, but he can't demonstrate it, since he is for ever searching for it, and has confessed to me that he has often owed it more to inspiration than to science. He can teach the grammar of his art, but genius is not taught. There are unfathomable mysteries in colour: there are tones produced by relation which have no name, and which are not to be found on any palette. There is no absolute limit to these reflex tints which mutually penetrate each other, and their mysterious union is for ever creating combinations, which go on accumulating without ever becoming thick or heavy. There is no black in nature. There is nothing dead in painting. Every body in contact with another body gives and receives each other's tint. The brightest dominates the other, but never to the degree of paralyzing its effect. This is the secret of the transparency of shadows. It is also the secret of the relief of objects when the Ingrists are absolutely ignorant of

I venture to convey, as best I can, my appreciation.

Chopin forgets on his chair. "Let me breathe," he says, "before you pass on to the relief. The reflections are enough for the present. It is ingenious, it is new to me; but it is slightly alchemy."

"No," says Delacroix, "it is the purest chemistry. Tones are decomposed and recomposed every minute, and reflections are not separated from the relief no more than the line is separated from the dwelling. They think they have entered, or at least discovered, the

line. Well, they have not got it at all! The contour mocks them, and turns its back upon them. Wait! Chopin, I know what you are going to say: that it is the contour that prevents objects being fused and confused with each other, but nature is sparing of sharp outlines. Light, which is her life, her mode of existence, breaks the silhouette every minute, and instead of drawing flat, everything is in relief. When you have drawn my figure with a line upon a slate, however good the line be, you have not made a picture of my person. Yet, if you are a colourist, you will succeed with this simple line in showing that I have thickness, relief, body. How will you do this? By not drawing the outline equally, by making it very light, almost broken at certain places, then deepening it at others by means of a second line, and if necessary a third, or even by means of a thick broad line, carefully guarding against its being like a wire: for wherever I see relief—and I don't know that the human body has a single spot that is absolutely flat even to the extent of a wafer—there is no opaqueness in the outline that indicates it. Neither the light that strikes this contour nor the shadow that steals over it has any perceptible fixed point. If you draw a naked body or hand it is quite another thing. Flesh is an insatiable devourer of light, and an inexhaustible inter-changer of reflections. It reflects everything, and reflects itself on itself, *à l'infini*. Look at a naked child by Rubens: it is a rainbow melted on the flesh, lighting it, penetrating it, giving it brilliancy, relief, circulation, palpitation, life running over from the canvas. Painting, you see, is not merely this—and he drew a horizontal curve from his left to his right shoulder,—"It is also this!" and he drew the curve in the convex

sense from his forehead to his chest.

"The Ingrists want to change nature; they have made man a slate, well cut out at the edges, and in order that there may be no doubt about their meaning, some of them make only *ombres chinoises*, with flat tints stuck on gold ground. I confess it is a way of simplifying art; but there is a surer way of doing this, which would be not to do it at all. Here, Maurice, you like making a crowd of little figures, putting fifty thousand on a sheet of paper. I will teach you a good way. Draw me a wall, and write on it, 'At this moment five hundred thousand men are passing behind this wall!' You will spare yourself the trouble of learning how to paint them, and as times go you will, perhaps, have more success than I who have had the folly to wish to learn."

Chopin is no longer listening. He is at the piano, and does not perceive we are listening to him. He is improvising at random. He stops. "Well, well!" cries out Delacroix, "it is not finished!"

"It is not begun. Nothing comes to me . . . Nothing but reflections, shadows, reliefs float before me. I am seeking colour, and I don't find even drawing."

"You won't find one without the other," replies Delacroix; "you are going to find both."

"But if I find nothing but moonlight?"

"You will have found the reflection of a reflection," answers Maurice. The idea please the fancy of the divine artist. He resumes, without appearing to begin again, so vague and, as it were, uncertain is his design. Our eyes are gradually filled with gentle tints that correspond to the suave modulations seized by the auditory sense. Then the blue note sounds, and away we are in the azure of the transparent night. Light clouds assume all fantastic forms. Heaven is filled with them.

They gather round the moon, which casts broad opal discs over them, and awakes the sleeping colour. We dream of a summer's night, and wait to hear the nightingale.

A sublime song rises. The master knows well what he is doing. He laughs at those who pretend to make creatures and things speak by means of imitative harmony. He knows no such puerility. He knows that music is a human impression, and a human manifestation. It is a human soul that thinks, a human voice that expresses. It is man, in presence of the emotions he experiences, translating them by the feeling he has of them, without trying to reproduce their causes by means of sonorousness. These causes music could never state precisely; it should never pretend to do so. In this consists its grandeur. It cannot speak in prose.

When the nightingale sings to the starry night the master does not make you guess or fancy the song of the bird by some absurd notation. He makes the human voice sing with a particular feeling, which would be that felt when listening to the nightingale; and if you don't think of the nightingale while listening to the man, which is of very little consequence, you will none the less have an exquisite impression that will bring your soul into that disposition in which it would be were you to fall into a delicious ecstasy on some beautiful summer night, cradled by all the harmonies of happy, peaceful nature.

So it is with all musical thoughts, the design of which stands out upon effects of harmony. To define the meaning it requires that the words be sung. When instruments alone translate it, the musical drama moves on its own wings, and does not aim at being translated by the audience. It is expressed by a state of soul into which it

leads you either by power or sweetness. When Beethoven lets loose the tempest, he does not attempt to paint the vivid light of lightning, or to make you hear the crash of thunder. He gives the thrill, the dazed sense, the awe of nature that man feels, and feeling it himself, can make others feel it. Mozart's symphonies are chefs d'œuvre of sentiment which every soul affected by them may interpret after its own fashion without danger of being led into any formal opposition to the nature of the subject. The beauty of musical language consists in its power over the heart and imagination without its being condemned to the prose of reasoning. It dwells in an ideal sphere in which even the listener unskilled in music may find delight in its vagueness, while the musician follows the grand logic which among masters presides at this magnificent emission of thought.

Chopin speaks but little and rarely of his art; but when he does speak of it, it is with adorable clearness and sureness of judgment and purpose, that would put an end to many heresies if he would profess openly.

But, even in intimacy, he is reserved; he never pours out his soul but to his piano. However, he has promised us to write a method, in which he will treat not only of the technical part, but of the doctrine. Will he keep his word?

Delacroix also promises, in his moments of expansion, to write a treatise on drawing and colour. But he won't do it, though he writes magnificently. These inspired artists are condemned to press for ever onward, and not to stop one day to look backwards.

There is a ring. Chopin starts, and stops playing. I tell the servant to say I can see no one.

"Yes, yes," says Chopin, "you can see him."

"Who, then, is it?"

"Mickiewicz."

"Oh yes, *par exemple!* but how do you know it is he?"

"I don't know; but I'm sure of it. I was thinking of him."

And it was he. He shakes hands affectionately with us all, and sits down hurriedly in a corner, begging Chopin to go on. Chopin continues: he is inspired; he is sublime. But the servant rushes in wildly; the house is on fire! We run out to see. It is true; the fire has caught in my bedroom. But we are in time. We put it out quickly. Yet it took us a good hour; after which we said: "But Mickiewicz, where can he be?" We call him. He does not answer. We go into the *salon*: he is not there. Ah! yes, there he is, in the little corner where we left him. The lamp had gone out; he did not know it. We had made much noise, and had been running about within a few steps of him. He had heard nothing; he had not asked himself why we had left him alone. He did not know he was alone. He had been listening to Chopin, and had continued to hear him.

In any other this would have looked like affectation; but the gentle, humble, great poet is as simple as a child, and seeing me laugh, he asks me what is the matter.

"It is nothing; but the next time a fire breaks out in a house in which I shall be with you, I shall begin by putting you in some place of safety: for you would be burned without knowing it, like a mere shaving."

"Really," said he, "I did not know!" And he went away without having said a word.

Chopin accompanies Delacroix, who, falling back into the real world, talks to him about his English tailor, and seems to have no other preoccupation in the world than that of getting very warm coats that won't be heavy.

CHAPTER VIII.

28 October. Nohant.

A wood in my little chimney, its copper facings shining like a mirror. The flame reaches the top and sides fills the room with a clear light. The curtain is not drawn. It is an hour of the night. The moon, almost full, shines in the pure sky, the stars are half effaced by its icy. She sheds a blue light into the blue room, whilst the fire of the kindled pine-burns up the hearth. Every-thing is dancing in the little children's portraits, the tapestry, the arabesque carpet. How cheering, animating is the first autumn! But how austere the first night of frost! The delicious nosegay, gathered at random this morning when the roses were in full; roses of almost immense size and health, the last and most beautiful roses of the year are certainly the last. The fuchsia, the mignonette have given their last perfume; the perianth-golds, snapdragons, the last representatives in the garden.

An alarming vapour rises over the window panes; the little corner with its diadems. Alas! it is no longer a hoar frost; it is the implacable, that which in autumn is like fire, blackening the withering stems, burning up the ground with its branches and mournful is the first bite of winter; as that kills the confiding late vegetation. While for the struggle against cold, am warming myself, that physical well-being communicates to my species, the pleasant family of flowers

are dying, and the earth putting on mourning.

Who would believe it? To see the moon so beautiful, the sky so blue, the great pines motionless, the shadows of their outlines so distinct upon the bright sand, one might think one's self invited to a festival of silence, to the deep, speechless joys of absorption in some ark of safety. Not at all! it is cruel treachery. Death is moving noiselessly about among the shrubs that are sown with diamonds. He is mowing down, passing invincible, and coming back, having forgotten some rose anemones here, there some fresh Marguerites, all hastening to be beautiful, were it but for a day. But this day of triumph they won't have. The cruel scythe forgets nothing. It is done. All are dead!

This day twelve months ago, it was not of flowers I was thinking, not the roses I was pitying. Men, by thousands, were freezing and dying on the earth. The war is over. We don't sleep in peace exactly, but the exceptional misery is suspended, the tremendous suffering past. We allow ourselves to warm ourselves, to look at the moon, to think of the children who are asleep, and who won't end the night in fields surprised by the invasion. The present moment is one's own. The house one lives in is still standing. What have we a right to complain of, when so many other roofs are levelled to the ground, so many other lives shattered, and can never bloom again.

Since the first frost and first fire allow me a night's idleness, I shall employ it to renew acquaintance with a person long forgotten by me these latter days, one who is no other than myself. This person, who lives removed from all bustle and noise, has occupations which often absorb her, and her hours of recreation belong to a dear family,

among whom she does not need to feel herself live in order to exist fully. It is a chance that has led her to collect herself, and question herself, after having so often avoided all occasions to do so, saying to herself, What is the good of it?

Aye! What is the good of it? But who knows? Perhaps one ought, from time to time, to look into one's self, lest we forget what ought to remain there intact. We should not trust too blindly to the apparent health of the soul.

Let me see if this room and this fire can help me to seize again in the past the person I am seeking for in the present. This room is the same she occupied in her youth, when her passion was for reading, and when she was left entirely to herself. She used to come up at ten o'clock, and often read till three; and after reading, she used to warm herself awhile in the winter nights, -- a thing not always easy, for the chimney smoked at the slightest change of weather -- and while thus warming herself, she used to sum up her reading and make criticisms upon it, with all the groping of inexperience. The contradictions existing among great minds tormented her, and she would strive to bring into harmony these lights of various colours that flickered around her, as did Becker and Stieglitz do flicker in the room the flame of the hearth and the reflection of the moon.

Brought up in a convent, and in a state of exaltation of poetic devotion, she set herself to read the philosophers, thinking she could easily refute them at her conscience; but she found herself growing to love the philosophers, and to see God greater than He had hitherto appeared to her. The little Catholic wreaths of the Restoration froze there without light, and a mysterious plant grew on an ideal altar in an extra-human world, which she

filled with countless flowers and endless shoots. It was a virgin forest, with its multitudinous wild vines, that ended in being an infinite of interweavings in an infinite of vitality. This was her heaven, and the soul of the person who thus dreamt, glided into this infinite, borne by this vegetation composed of all the souls of the universe, led, fertilized, renewed, immortalized by the Spirit of God that was the sap of it.

It was very vague, but very grand, and each time the vision came it presented itself more fully, as though the sap had increased in the whole and in the details. But for a long time something was lacking to this dazzling of thought; this was the personal thought. Catholicism teaches us to love God as a person. Philosophy dilutes love by making reason intervene. The contemplative soul yearns to love, and omnipotence, object of its admiration, does not suffice to satisfy its heart. We seek the infinite of love in this exuberant creation, in which the force of new births is inexhaustible, while the world surrounding us shows only the struggle of existences encroaching one upon another. In my virgin forest the living fattened on the dead, and the Author of life and death remained indifferent to these alternatives of sleep and activity; consequently, no existence is precious, and the wise man moves impassible through the universal *marc qui put*. Consequently, also, universal life loses all joy, all feeling of strength. Where there is no love, there is nothing.

Then the thinking soul, whose track I am endeavouring to trace, and which, even at that time, tried to re-seize itself in its religious past, sought to recover itself by prayer. It laid aside the fixed form of Catholicism. It became Protestant without knowing it; and then it went farther, and improvised its

mode of communication with the Divinity. It made itself a religion to suit its own stature, the measure of its own understanding. Probably it was not a grand conception. It was sincere and independent; this was its only merit.

That which did not perish on this stormy sea, that which later on, and at all stages of life, survived and floated without ever flagging, was the want to believe in the divine love that shone and lived in the great universe in spite of appearances that proclaim the 'absence of all superior goodness, all pity, all justice consequently. For, given human nature, the contemptuous abandonment of its weakness would be iniquitous, anti-paternal. I would rather believe God did not exist than believe him indifferent.

Whenever this tormented person allowed herself to be persuaded by the books she read that this might be so, she became atheist, sometimes for twenty-four hours.

Had she found the solution of her problem she would not have been of her time or her age. All she found were but fugitive chords, that passed over her ideal, and left, as it were, a trail of suave harmony. In these rare moments in which, in the calm of her conscience, and the allaying of her doubts, she believed she felt the flight of the maternal divinity pass over her head, she tasted the only happiness that can be gathered in solitude—the feeling, I should almost say the sensation, of the Divine presence.

For a long time the current of outward life swept away the pre-occupation or lessened its dominating oppression, and the spectacles and reflections that this outward life unfolded are fused into an *ensemble* in which the philosophic personality seems to be effaced, and to have disappeared during long periods. My task now is to find again, and re-

fasten the bond that unites the old age of the individual with her youth. Nothing is easier. The bond may have drifted about, twisting itself round passing ideas, but it was never broken; it is there. I hold it, and the dialogue with the Unknown is again begun, without my being able to say where it left off, nor what was the last word exchanged. It is like a book without beginning or end, without order of chapters, each page of which reminds me that it has been already read.

It is freezing; the atmosphere is death to vegetation, and sap or blood contrary to the circulation in our veins. The earth is sad; man suffers. The certainty that in other climates this night is day, and this frost a gentle solar heat, does not prevent the plant from dying and the man without shelter from suffering cold. General compensations which we do not immediately profit by do not count in feeling; and reason satisfied does not console those whom reason alone cannot satisfy. It is the same as regards faith; the ill that leads to a better does not justify the universe in letting itself be governed by brutal force: and if God could have prevented evil and suffering, He has not willed to do so. Job's God is but an eloquent rhetorician, and Job a coward to submit to him.

We must, therefore, believe nothing of God, or change the notions of him that have hitherto been given us. We must give up interpreting him by our modes of appreciation, and confess that our goodness is not his goodness, our justice is not his justice, and that He has committed to ourselves the charge of watching over ourselves, without ever helping, outside the natural laws, the difficulties and dangers of our existence. This is in its place; it makes its own place and destiny. No compassion, no visible help. It is for us to extort

her secrets from nature; it is for science and industry to find what they require in the inexhaustible reservoir in which the conditions of universal life are elaborated.

The first man who conceived the idea of mastering fire, and making it subservient to man's wants, by constructing a chimney which would swallow up the smoke, was more humane to man than Jupiter Tonans, who breaks the cedars with his thunderbolts, and lives naked in the region of the sun without asking himself if the inhabitants of the earth know how to make garments for themselves. Yet man thanks Jupiter, who created fire; he does not think of thanking him for having endowed him with the intelligence that made use of it. He blesses Flora, that gave him hemp and flax; the earth that nourishes animals bearing furs and wool. For all things that he utilizes he thanks the benevolent creators, who have simply done nothing but allowed them to appear upon the earth at the proper hour—that is to say, at the moment prescribed by the great law, in which they find there the conditions of their evolution. These gods of antiquity, Jehovah himself, who resumes them all, and who gives a greater idea of the power of nature concentrated in his hands, are the forces and virtues of matter. Only a material religion would seek to propitiate these, and endeavour to prevent them getting angry and letting loose the scourges they have in reserve for the punishment of the wicked.

This poor or barbarous notion enters the human brain, there it becomes enrooted, passing from father to son. There it still is, ever the same, with heaven and hell covering their logical manifestations of the apparent intentions of the Divinity regarding us.

Thus it is for ever a God made

in our image, foolish or wicked, vain or puerile, irritable or tender, according to our fashion fantastic, if his caprice acts upon our world, sophistical and casuistical if He waits for us after death to indemnify us for the wrong done us during life.

A dialogue with such a God is impossible for me, I confess. He is blotted out from my memory; in no corner of my room can I find him. Neither is He in the garden, nor in the fields, nor on the waters, nor in the blue starry skies, nor in churches where men prostrate themselves. It is a word obliterated, a dead-letter, a thought that is past. None of this creed, none of this God, exists within me.

And still all is divine! This glorious sky, this fire that lights me, this human industry that allows me to live humanly—that is to say, to ponder quietly without being frozen like a plant; this thought that is elaborated within me; this heart that loves; this calm of the will that invites me to love for evermore; all this, mind and matter, is animated by something which is more than the one and more than the other—the unknown principle of what is tangible, the hidden virtue which has caused that all has been and will be for ever.

It all is divine, even matter—if all is superhuman, even man—God is in all; I see Him, and touch Him. I feel him since I love him, since I have always known and felt him, since He is in me in the degree proportioned to the little that I am. This does not make me God; but I proceed from him, and will return to him. Even this is but a mode of speaking, for He has not left me, nor retaken me, and my present life separates me from him only in the limitations in which I am held by the state of infancy of the human race. Ages and still

ages will pass over our mind, and lights will come to us as already lights have come to us. It is already a light acquired, this rejection of the idolatrous religious notion. It is not the loss of the religious sense, as persistent idolaters affirm; it is the return of faith to the true Divinity; it is a step towards it; it is an abjuration of dogmas that outrage it.

In former times men fancied the Divinity had a special dwelling in some celestial region, sculptors seated him upon a throne, painters surrounded him with clouds or rays. His face was the type of ideal beauty conceived by the masters,—happy simplicity which forced the conception of humanity to rise above itself! Modern thought no longer needs temples and statues, it renounces immuring in a form the immeasurable and imponderable. Images are no more than symbols. It sees God in all things, wherein He manifests himself to our feeble eyes, and imagination, claiming the aid of sentiment and reason, sees him above all in all that is beautiful in the great productions of nature and mind. But what we thus see and touch is but the radiation of our soul. We have no sense appropriated to the vision of God, nor can we render him an external worship answering to our ideal. Ecstasy is simply a morbid condition in, which apparitions are proportioned to the measure of the brain producing them.

Why should He who fills all have a special dwelling? Why should the mind that animates all have a definite centre of emanation? He does not need descend from the spheres of the empyreum to be near me. He is with me every hour, my error would be to wish him to be there entirely and occupied with me alone. I must content myself with the intellectual sense that is

given me to feel and possess of him so much as may be appreciable by this incomplete sense. I must also content myself with the words that my insufficient vocabulary supplies me in order to designate him, for He has no more a true name in the language of man than He has determinate form for human eyes. As a child I wished to represent him to myself as a man I should not attempt this mirage: my natural progress has been to understand that the infinite is a notion placed not within, but beyond reason.

Formerly we wished it to reveal itself by wonders, or to make it enter the region of phantoms. Now the irrevealable hovers about us without crushing us, and the ardent effusion that lifts us up towards it in our lucid hours is divine simply because it finds no object that stops it and satisfies it. It is the most subtle and exquisite part of our being that thrills at the idea of God. The too frequent use of this faculty would set us mad: daily practices, according to consecrated formularies, stupefy and render us incapable of seizing the smallest particle of the divine ideal. And at this hour when reasoning on it with myself, and recalling the narrow vulgar forms under which it was revealed to my childhood, I do not feel it. I may, without crime, say I don't believe in it, for no one is bound to believe in what does not authoritatively seize upon his conscience. I have had, I still have, those vibrations from the infinite, but this is not and should not be the normal condition of the human being. It should above all obey the vibrations of tangible nature, and not isolate itself from humanity under pain of breaking its ties to it, of becoming a stranger to it, and consequently useless.

A time will come when we will not unnecessarily speak of God, when even we shall speak of him

as little as possible. We shall no longer teach Him dogmatically, no longer dispute about His nature, impose on no one the obligation to pray to Him. We shall have worship in the sanctuary of each man's conscience, and this will be when we shall be really religious. Then we shall all be so, and the pretension of affirming a formulated religion will be considered a blasphemy. The love we shall bear Him will have its modesty, prayer will be mysterious, the fear of being unworthy to reveal him will seal the lips of theologians and preachers. This great idea that cannot be approached with a troubled conscience, will no longer be dragged upon the highways amid ridiculous *corteges* and ceremonies borrowed from Paganism. The memory of these profanations will have only an archaeological interest, like the symbolical obscenities that decorate the cathedrals of the middle ages. The region where the purified soul meets the idea of God will no longer be a tabernacle, the key of which may be in a priest's pocket, and which the hand of a burglar may force open. There will no longer be need of toleration for creeds that are behind-hand; these will fall with the threats and thunders of the fallen or deserted Church. When the ancient gods will be spoken of, men will see only allegories in them. Their history will be that of the people who invented them: the era of faith will begin when all our chimeras are dispelled.

And now, the lonely thinker inoffensive in presence of worn-out forms of worship, tolerant towards all in respect of human liberty, but free in the sphere of his meditation and in the scope of his thought only to act by the spirit that speaks within him, feels himself emancipated, at peace, softened by the patient conquest of his personal faith. This is his inner treasure,

his humble confidence, his inviolable serenity. This is his secret joy, the reward he secures himself when he has not suffered himself to err or be deteriorated by foolish or bad passion. This is his refuge in hours of great distress, when he can say to himself, "I have not deserved this, and the atom of divine sense given me cannot be taken from me. I am still worthy of guarding it in what is deepest in me, of offering to it, as a flaming sacrifice, all there is within me of light and love, since the whole chastisement of our faults is to lose the notion of the Divinity; and it is man that inflicts this upon himself, as he does all the evils that he suffers, because he knows not how to conjure them away, from want of science, want of self-devotion, want of sincerity."

The fire is still burning. The moon sinking behind the tall trees, the owl making his doleful cry, like a farewell sob. The day is still far off, and I go back to the time when these vigils often led, for the half-developed person I then was, to cruel or happy solutions, according to the degree of knowledge she had acquired, or according to the line, more or less right, she had followed.

What I then sought was the connection between faith and reason. It is this I am still seeking. But then I was seeking the impossible, because my faith was based upon a religion the formulae of which were unreal; and now I feel the possibility—shall I say the evidence?—of my synthesis, because I am freed from all imposed formulae. I know that no human being has a right to call himself God, pope, prophet, king of souls, by any title whatsoever. The notion of God can come to us only from God; and it is not enough that we wish to feel his presence for his presence to make itself felt. It requires a soul to be well prepared or absolutely pure. We need to be

lifted up above ourselves, above the spectacle of things that pass, above the ideas accepted without examination by the masses, above the immediate interests connected with politics, of which State religions are but a transitory form. We need, in short, to feel profoundly and fervently the necessity of believing in an ideal sun, and which radiates everywhere, upon all things, abstract and real. We must feel within us the superflux of enthusiasm and adoration which tangible beings do not want, which they do not accept, or which they abuse, and which would be a superfluity in the soul devoid of God. The existence of the Spirit that placed this ray of the infinite in us is proved by our aspiration after the infinite; all faculties have their goal, all aspirations their appropriate end.

And now that my vigil is coming to a close, and that my neglected *ego* is found again and speaks to me, I feel God, I love, I believe. This *ego*, from which the habits and duties of every day oblige me to detach myself, recovers its real value. Straying in solitude, it would have given birth to mere chimeras; *tête-à-tête* with the superior principle that animates it, it is not alone, and its monologue is an inner hymn to which the faint echo of a distant and mysterious answer proves that it has not been lost in the void.

Thou, whom the selfish prayer of the idolater profanes and cannot understand; Thou, who hearest the cry of the heart to which men are deaf; Thou, who answerest not as

they do those who invoke Thee, the impious *No* of pure reason; Thou, the inexhaustible fountain that can alone satisfy the unquenchable thirst for the good and beautiful, from whence are derived all the best thoughts, the best actions of life, pain endured, duty accomplished, all that purifies existence, all that warms love,—I will not pray to Thee. I have nothing to ask Thee in life which the law of life has not supplied me; and if I have not discerned it, it is my fault or that of humanity, of which I am a responsible and dependent member. The lifting up of my soul to Thee shall not be the mumbling of a beggar asking the means to live without working. What is traced out to me, it is for me to see it; what is commanded me, it is for me to obey it. No miracle will intervene to dispense with my own effort. No supplication, no paternosters to the Spirit that has given us a spark of its own flame in order that all things shall be utilized. The dialogue with Thee is not to be uttered in words that we can pronounce or write. Speech was found for the interchange of thought between man and man. With Thee there is no speech; all passes in the region of the soul, where is no reasoning, no deductions, no formulated thoughts; the region where all is flame, transport, wisdom and strength. It is on these sacred heights that the marriage is accomplished, impossible on earth, of delicious peace and ineffable exaltation.

ABORIGINES OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

THE name "South Australia," as generally applied, is somewhat of a misnomer, inasmuch as its territory extends across the continent of Australia and embraces two very distinct districts, that of the Northern Territory, as it is called, and South Australia proper. These districts are very dissimilar in climate; the former being a tropical, and the latter a sub-tropical, country, and equally so in the character of the native inhabitants. Throughout the colony the natives are fast disappearing under the inevitable natural law which in all cases appears to affect the existence of savage races in a territory colonized by civilized men.

But little is known of the aborigines of the Northern Territory; our remarks will, therefore, be confined to those of South Australia proper.

These Blacks, as they are called in colonial language, are divided mainly into three large tribes—the Dieyerie, the Encounter Bay or Murray River, and the Adelaide. These three are again subdivided into several smaller tribes or families, differing from the parent stock in language, and for the most part hostile to and perpetually at war with each other.

The three main stocks are distinct both in speech and to a considerable extent in customs; they are, however, all equally ignorant and

based, although, in some respects, the Dieyeries excel the others in

savageness, and the disgusting nature of their habits and manners.

The rapid diminution of these tribes is not alone to be accounted for by the influence and progress of civilization. Disease and the terrible practice of infanticide, common amongst them as among all nations low in the social scale, combined with their perpetual and bloody wars, have also had a great effect in lessening their numbers.

As has been said, the Dieyerie tribe may be looked upon as the least amenable to civilization, and by far the most degraded. One who knows them well, and who has lived among them for several years, Mr. Gason, thus speaks of them:—
"A more treacherous race I do not believe exists. They imbibe treachery in infancy, and practise it until death, and have no sense of wrong in it. Gratitude is to them an unknown quality. For a mere trifle they will take the life of their dearest friend, and consequently are in constant dread of each other, while their enmity to the white man is only kept in abeyance by fear. They will smile and laugh in your face, and the next moment, if opportunity offers, kill you without remorse."

Their country is about 680 miles north of Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, and extends from Mount Irooling on the south to Cooper River on the north. The tribe, with its allied families, numbers about one thousand individuals.

Notwithstanding their many bad qualities, they possess in an eminent degree, as do all the Australian natives, the virtues of hospitality, filial affection, and reverence towards the aged, presenting in this latter respect a marked and pleasing contrast to many savage nations. Notwithstanding their fondness for such of their offspring as they permit to survive, infanticide, as before mentioned, is of frequent occurrence. More than thirty per cent. of the children born are destroyed by the mother shortly after birth. All weak, deformed, or illegitimate children, and all children which are, or from their colour at birth supposed to be, the issue of an illicit connection between a white and a native, are invariably destroyed.

A mother, moreover, will not, as a rule, venture to bring up more than two children, as she considers that the rearing of a greater number would interfere with her domestic duties of preparing and searching for food. Children are usually suckled until the age of five or six, such natural nourishment being considered advantageous to their future strength.

A boy of the Dieyerie tribe undergoes during his youth five important and curious ceremonies. The first of these, called the *Moodlawillpa*, is performed shortly after he is finally weaned, that is about the seventh year. As the name implies, it consists in boring a hole through the cartilage which divides the nostrils. The youth is further beautified a year or two afterwards by the operation of the *Chirrinchirrie*, or tooth extraction, which is performed in the following manner:—

Two pieces of wood, about a foot long, and sharpened at one end, are driven between the teeth to be extracted, which are the two front incisors of the upper jaw. Two or three folds of wallaby skin are then placed on the teeth, after which a

piece of stout wood is laid on the skin and struck with a heavy stone; this serves to loosen them, and they are then drawn out with the fingers. As soon as the teeth are extracted a lump of moistened clay is placed in the cavity to check the bleeding. These two operations are performed alike on males and females.

The next ceremony to which the boy is subjected takes place about the fourteenth year. It is known as the *Kurrawellie Wonkanna*, or circumcision, the details of this, as well as the ceremony of *Koolpie*, performed at a somewhat later period, are too revolting to be entered upon here. Shortly after the *Koolpie* the youth is subjected to the ordeal of the *Willyaroo*, which is performed as follows:—During the night the young man is removed from the camp, to which he returns at sunrise. On his arrival he is surrounded by all the men of the tribe, except his immediate relatives, and directed to close his eyes. An old man is then bound tightly to his arm near the shoulder, and one of the bystanders lances the arm of the old man at the main artery, and the blood is permitted to flow over the youth.

As soon as one old man is exhausted another takes his place, until several have been operated on in a similar manner, and the youth is covered from head to foot with clotted gore.

This part of the ceremony over, the young man is desired to lie down with his face to the ground, when several incisions of considerable depth are made with a sharp flint upon his neck, breast, and shoulders; these leave scars which remain for life. The only reason that the natives assign for this barbarous practice is, that by it courage is infused into the young man, and that it inures him to the sight of blood. The incisions appear to be made under the impression that

they render the arm more supple in throwing the spear and boomerang.

Another curious custom of this tribe, and one which, notwithstanding its rather revolting character, possesses a certain poetic symbolism, is the making of rain.

The tribe, having determined to bring rain, assemble together and dig a large shallow hole in the ground. Over this a conical, or rather beehive shaped hut, large enough to accommodate all the old men of the tribe, is erected. The hut being completed, the old men enter and sit down, the others remaining seated, as close as they can pack, at the entrance. Two of the old men are then bled in the arm, and as the blood flows they throw in the air large handfuls of down, the blood being supposed to represent the rain and the down the clouds. This part of the ceremony concluded, the men surround the hut, and, placing their hands behind their backs, rush head forwards at its walls and roof. This they continue to do until nothing remains of the structure except the main supports, which are finally pulled down with the hands. The destruction of the hut symbolizes the piercing of the clouds by the Good Spirit in order to bring down the rain.

The Dreyerie is the only one of the tribes that practises cannibalism, and with them it is for the most part confined to eating the bodies of their deceased relations. When a native of this tribe dies the body is enveloped in a mat and carried to the grave, which has been previously prepared for it. On reaching the grave the nearest male relative takes two light poles of wood, about two feet long and, holding one in each hand, puts them together, manvial, supporting the corpse as to the cause of his death, and the name of the man to whose evil influence he attributes it; for with

these natives death is in every case the result of some spell or charm exercised on the deceased by an enemy. Those standing by answer the questions in the name of the dead, indicating the person whom they suspect of having bewitched him. After this the corpse is placed in the grave and a native steps into it, and cuts off the flesh from the face, arms, thighs, and other fleshy parts of the body, and passes it round among the relatives, who swallow it. A father may not eat the flesh of his child, or the child that of its father, but mothers eat their children, and children their mothers, and in the other degrees of relationship the same horrible custom is followed. The reason assigned by the natives for it is, that the relatives are enabled by it to forget the deceased soon, and will not continue to mourn for them too long.

After eating the dead, those who have partaken of the fearful repast make a black ring with charcoal round their mouths, and the other members of the tribe daub themselves with white clay as a mark of mourning. Immediately after the burial the camp is shifted, and the deceased is never again referred to by name, so much so, indeed, that if he has borne the name of some article in common use, such as water, which is not infrequently the case, the tribe for a considerable time call it by some other name. This circumstance probably accounts for so many different words being used in their language to express the same thing.

Before leaving the Dreyeries, the curious tradition prevalent among them as to their own origin must not pass unnoticed. In the beginning they say, the Good Spirit, *Murruwari*, made a number of small black lizards, and being pleased with them, promised to give them power over all the other ani-

mals. Accordingly he divided their feet into toes and fingers, and placing his forefinger on the centre of the face, formed a nose, and then gave them eyes and mouth and ears. Mooramoor then bade them stand upright, but they could not; he thereupon cut off their tails and enabled them to walk erect. He then made male and female, in order that they might increase and multiply; and such was the origin of men. A rather curious adumbration of Darwinism this.

The Adelaide and Encounter Bay tribes, although differing totally in language, are so similar in their habits that a description of the customs of the one will apply to the other. The Adelaide tribe inhabits, as its name indicates, the immediate neighbourhood of that city. It now numbers not more than fifty individuals. They are apparently the most intelligent of all the natives of this part of the Australian continent, and such of them as remain have more or less adopted the habits of civilized life. They move about from place to place, erecting their huts on any waste piece of ground they can find, much after the fashion of the gipsies in England, and gain their living by making opossum rugs, or doing odd jobs for any of the farmers who will employ them.

The Encounter Bay tribe dwell along the shores of that islet, the borders of Lake Coorong, and the embouchures of the Murray. This once numerous tribe is now fast diminishing, their number at the present time being probably not more than two hundred. They are by no means of so ferocious a character, or so revolting in their habits, as the Dieyerries from whom, as well as from the Adelaide blacks, they differ in speech. This difference in language, a difference which is not merely dialectic, between the inhabitants of an area so comparatively narrow, and who from their physical

appearance must have sprung at no very remote date from one common stock, and who from their habits must come so constantly into mutual intercourse, is one of the most remarkable facts connected with the natives of South Australia, and one well worthy of the attention of philologists.

Not only do the natives of New South Wales, Victoria, and South and West Australia differ from each other, as might have been expected, in language, but the three tribes under consideration, although immediately contiguous, differ so widely in speech as to be quite unable to understand or enter into social relations with one another. Moreover, the small clans, into which they are divided, although in the majority of cases they can understand and converse in the dialect of the parent tribe, differ in language, more or less, both from it and from each other. Much of what has been said of the Dieyerries with respect to their hospitality, their affection for their offspring, and at the same time the infanticide practised among them, may be applied to the tribes of Adelaide and Encounter Bay.

These have always, however, shown themselves much more amicably disposed towards the whites than their more northern neighbours, and their fidelity, when tried, has stood the test of friendship even for those whom they cannot but regard as their natural enemies.

These natives, like the Dieyerries, practise the ceremony of the *Willyaroo*, but without the sanguinary preliminary ordeal found among the latter. They also practise circumcision, but a boy is made into a man, to use their own phrase, in the following manner:—The tribe being assembled, the candidates for virile honours are placed on the ground between two fires previously made for the purpose. All the hair of the body, except that of the head

and face, is then carefully singed off or pulled out, and the whole of the parts operated on are rubbed over with grease and red ochre. The youths thus anointed must not sleep during the night, nor must they partake of food until sunset of the following day. During the whole of the ensuing year the initiated youths assist one another in singeing and plucking their hair and keeping up the anointing with grease and ochre; the year following they pluck out each other's beards and apply the ochre composition to their faces. When the beard is again grown it is plucked out a second time, and the youths are then eligible for marriage.

This ceremony is known as *Kain-janar*, and boys who have undergone it are styled *Rambe* by the Encounter Bay natives, *Kuynda*, by the Adelaide people—both meaning holy. The plucking out of the beard and anointing with grease and ochre is usually continued until the fortieth year. The natives consider it ornamental; but, above all, it makes them fat, the *ne plus ultra* of South Australian buckishness.

The natives of one family or clan may not intermarry, but must seek a wife from some different tribe. Polygamy is the rule, marriage is a mere matter of barter, and conjugal fidelity is a thing unknown and unthought of. So much are they degraded in this respect that it is no uncommon thing for a native to give his wife for a certain period, either to a white man or another native, as a part of the bargain in some trade transaction, and receive her back again at the end of the stipulated time without shame or compunction.

Neither the natives of Adelaide or Encounter Bay practise cannibalism, and they all assert that it is never known amongst them. With them the dead are treated with care and respect.

The bodies of still-born children or those who have been burned immediately after birth, are killed. If a child dies from a natural cause its corpse is carefully packed up in a mat, and carried about by the mother or grandmother for a year, after which it is exposed upon a tree until reduced to a skeleton, when it is buried.

The bodies of adults, except the very aged, are treated as follows:—As soon as the breath leaves the body the knees are drawn towards the head, and the hands are placed between the thighs. Two large fires are then kindled, and the corpse is placed between them exposed to their heat and that of the sun. After a few days the skin becomes loose and is removed, the openings of the body are then sewn up and the surface is rubbed with grease and ochre. It is then placed in a hut, over a fire, which is kept constantly burning. Here it remains until quite dry, when it is removed by the relatives, packed up in mats, and carried about with them wherever they go. When completely decayed the bones, with the exception of the skull, are buried; the latter is used by the nearest relative as a drinking vessel. Aged persons are not treated with so much ceremony, and the very old are buried immediately after death.

These natives, unlike the Dieyerries, have no tradition as to their own origin. Animals, they imagine, originally to have been the transmitted forms of men remarkable for their powers. The origin of the stars is accounted for in a similar manner; but, like most of the native legends, the stories told of these and the sun and moon are much too obscure for quotation.

Languages, they say, originated from an ill-tempered old woman named *Warruri*. This cross-grained individual having died, all the natives assembled to rejoice over and

eat the corpse. The Raminjera came first, eat the flesh and immediately began to speak; the eastern and northern tribes then came and eat the remaining portions of the body, and also began to speak, but a different language from each other and from that of the Raminjera; previous to this, say they, all men were dumb.

In common with other Australian natives, the Encounter Bay blacks imagine that death and sickness are the result of charms practised upon them by an enemy. They endeavour to bewitch one another by using two instruments of enchantment, called, respectively, the *Plongge* and the *Mokani*.

The first of these is a stick about two feet in length, with a large knob at the end. They believe if a person be struck secretly on the breast with a *Plongge* that he will shortly become ill and die, or receive a mortal wound in battle. The charming is generally performed while the intended victim is asleep, and hence, when a tribe is encamped in the immediate vicinity of another, a sentinel keeps watch during the night to prevent any of the sleepers being *plongged* by the other tribe.

The *Mokani* is a hatchet-shaped stone fixed in a wooden handle, and used in the same way and for the same purpose as the *Plongge*. The sharp end of the stone is used to enchant males, the square side for females.

Ngadunguge is another means of causing sickness. A man wishing to charm an enemy with the *Ngadunguge* goes to the place where he has been eating and picks up the bones of the birds or fish he may have left.

He then selects a piece of bone, which he fixes with resin upon the end of a needle-shaped piece of

kangaroo bone, about three inches long—this is the *Ngadunguge*. Having obtained this, he places it near the fire, wishing death or disease to his enemy, and so long as it remains in his possession he believes that he has the power of enchanting his foe.

Three forms of disease are prevalent among the natives. One called in Dieyerie *Wittcha* is an irritating cutaneous eruption similar to nettle-rash. They are also very subject to large blind boils, which form periodically at the axillae and other parts of the body. Small-pox is also not uncommon. This they probably contracted from the white settlers, although some maintain, from the fact that very aged persons are met with who have had the disease, that its origin must be sought for elsewhere.

The efforts of civilization and missionary enterprise amongst these luckless Aborigines have, as usual, been almost abortive. What little success has been met with among the Adelaide and Encounter Bay tribes, is due almost entirely to the Roman Catholics; but the results have been altogether most discouraging, and the number of converts very, very few.

Some years since excellent schools were opened in Adelaide for the children of the aborigines; these are now unfortunately closed. Nor were the results of the instruction given satisfactory; such of the children who did not return to their old life having proved by no means creditable members of society.

This cannot be said to arise from any want of intelligence on the part of the natives, but is rather to be accounted for by the mysterious curse which appears to hang over a doomed and dying race.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

AMERICAN poetry has been in general pervaded by an unfortunate spirit of imitation. The assimilative "British element" denounced by Walt Whitman has proved inimical to original and masculine composition, and, notwithstanding occasional patriotic outbursts and fresh descriptive passages, the poetry which has arisen in the United States might, until recently, have been produced as well on this side of the Atlantic, so slightly was it leavened with peculiarly American characteristics.

However much we may admire the inspiration and artistic skill of Longfellow and Whittier, it cannot be maintained that they are adequate poetic representatives of the great Western Republic. Emerson's verse is too occult and cosmopolitan to be regarded as a distinctly national product; and Edgar Poe's rich, sombre, and melodious verses are uncoloured by American scenery or by the life of an energetic and intensely modern democracy. But two living writers, who are gradually winning the notice of English readers, may be considered as fitting exponents of characteristic American thought, unimitative painters of American life and scenery—Walt Whitman and Joaquin Miller. In some respects these two poets present a striking contrast in their themes and convictions. Whitman exalts in the glorification of democracy and revolts in anticipations of a magnificent future for mankind; while Joaquin Miller reverts pensively to the history of the Indian races, to their fruitless contests with the invaders, and seems to

have slender, if any, sympathies with republicanism and revolution. We shall here confine ourselves to the last-named author's poetry, which has not yet had full justice done to its many and admirable merits.

It is often disputed whether civilization be favourable or not to the production of poetry. Whatever the true answer to the question may be, we should imagine that a man who, like Joaquin Miller, has witnessed the savage and the civilized phases of life, who has sufficient culture to give eloquent expression to his thoughts, and who has gathered from his sojourn on the western frontier a rich experience of adventure and an intimate acquaintance with wild, imposing scenery, should be unusually well adapted for poetic composition; and, when we examine his works, we find he has successfully availed himself of these advantageous circumstances.

His subjects have the claim of novelty, his tales have the zest of personal reminiscences. The main features of his poetry are profound glowing passion and vivid picturesque description. He does not excel in subtle analysis of character, in skilful construction of plot and arrangement of incident, in graceful narrative allusions and surprises, in delicate descriptive epithets, in prolonged sweetness and fluency of verse. He deals in broad, striking effects. His characters are swayed by burning, impetuous desires; his scenes are dashed off in brilliant or lurid colours; he appeals to his reader by the sheer grandeur and sensuous glow of his verse, not by

its magical suggestiveness, its winged and subtilized thought, its exquisite verbal elaboration. He paints objects with the terse realism of Byron, of whom he is clearly an admiring disciple. His heroes are infected with the familiar Byronic despondency, but he does not, as Alfred de Musset did occasionally, present us with diluted reproductions of Byron's impressive though morbid indignation and ennui. Mr. Swinburne declares that of passion proper Byron has nothing; that, excepting his noble satiric ardour, his emotions are merely skin-deep. This is perhaps an over-statement, but assuredly Joaquin Miller is in depth and truth of consuming, absorbing passion, infinitely superior to the English poet whom he reverently follows.

His verse is full of fervent colour and unborrowed music; although occasionally turgid and effervescent, it is never hectic or insipid, never affectedly profound or vapidly sentimental; although his violent protests sometimes tremble on the verge of the spasmodic, such excesses are the result of riotous strength requiring to be curbed, not of weakness straining after sublimity by hoarse clamour and imitative indignation; the splendid scenery and bracing adventures through which he has moved, seem, in a great measure, to have saved him from the petulant languor and fitful discontent which pervade much of the modern poetry of Europe.

The two best poems in his "Songs of the Sierras" are "Arizonian," and "With Walker in Nicaragua." The story in "Arizonian" is very simple. An adventurer seeks a fortune in the West, in—

"The land where the sun goes down,
And gold is gathered by tide and by stream,
And maidens are brown as the cocoa brown,
And life is a love, and a love is a dream;

Where the winds come in from the
far Cathay
With odour of spices, and balm, and bay,
And summer abideth for aye and aye,
Not comes in a tour with the stately June
To the land of the sun and of summer's noon."

He has been accompanied through many perilous wanderings by an Indian girl, whom, in a moment of fretfulness, he taunts by lauding the superior loveliness of a pale-faced maiden beyond the sea. The hot-blooded Indian rushes from the gold-seeker's tent to the river side, where she is drowned during the night in a terrible flood. The gold-digger leaves America to find his old love, and at last sees her, as he thinks, standing by the old town pump, and wonders at the absence of change on her beauty—

"She is marvellous young and is
wonderful fair,
I sail again, and my heart grew bold,
Time that defaces us, places and replaces us,
And trenches the fices as in furrows for tears,
Has traced here nothing in all these years.
'Tis the hair of gold that I vexed of old,
The marvellous flowing flower of hair,
And the delicate curve of the dimpled chin,
And the pouting lips, and the pearls within
Are the same, the same, but so young,
so fair!
I stepped still nearer, with my face held down,
All abashed and in blushes my brown cheek over,
'She does not know me, her long-lost lover,
For my beard's so long and my skin's so brown,
That I well might pass myself for another'
So I lifted my voice and I spoke aloud:
'Annette, my darling! Annette Macleod!'

She started, she stopped, she turned,
amazed,
She stood all wonder, with her eyes
wild-wide,
She turned in terror down the dusk
wayside,
And cried as she fled 'The man is
crazed,
And calls the maiden name of my
mother.

"From a scene that saddens, from a
ghost that wearies,
From a white isle set in a wall of
seas,
From the kine and clover and all of
these,
I shall set my face for the fierce
sierras—
I shall make me mates on the stormy
border—
I shall beard the grizzly, shall battle
again,
And from mad disorder shall mould
me order,
And a wild repose for a weary brain."

Such is the slight sad story of
"Arizonian," which is told, without
polished smiles or carefully chosen
phrases, with rough, passionate
vigour, with genuine poetic fire, in
verse quivering with emotion, tur-
bulent, resonant, musical.

"With Walker in Nicaragua," is,
perhaps, the finest of all Joaquin
Miller's poems. His heart seems
to have been full when he wrote it;
there is no vamped-up sentiment,
no whimpering regret, no timorous
exculpation in the lines on his fallen
leader:—

"He was a brick: let this be said
Above my brave dishonoured dead,
For he was true as any star,
And brave as Yuba's grizzlies are,
Tall, courtly grand as any king,
Yet simple as a child at play,
In camp and court the same alway,
And never moved at anything.

• • • • •

A piercing eye, a princely air,
A presence like a chevalier,
Half angel and half Lucifer,
Fair fingers jewelled manifold
With great gems set in hoops of gold;

Sombrero black, with plume of snow
That swept his long silk locks below;
A red serape, with bars of gold,
Hoodless falling, fold on fold;
A sash of silk, where flashing swung
A sword as swift as serpent's tongue.
A face of blended pride and pain,
Of mingled pleading and disdain,
With shades of glory and of grief:
The famous filibuster chief
Stood by his tent mid tall brown trees
That top the dark Cordilleras,
With brawn arm arched above his
brow,
Stood still—he stands a picture, now
Long gazing down the sunset sea."

He tells how Walker's men
dashed away from San Benetto to
clutch at a kingdom; he dwells
lovingly on their massive strength,
their gallant recklessness, their in-
domitable hardihood, their unflinch-
ing fidelity to each other; he de-
scribes the scenes of their daring
journey with graphic, brilliant
strokes:—

"The trees shook hands high over-
head,
And bowed and intertwined across
The narrow way, while leaves and
moss,
And luscious fruit gold-hued and
red,
Through all the canopy of green,
Let not one sunshaft shoot between.
Birds hung and swung, green-robed
and red,
Or drooped in curved lines dreamily,
Rainbows reversed from tree to tree,
Or sang low-hanging overhead.
Sang low as if they sang and slept,
Sang faint, like some far waterfall,
And took no note of us at all,
Though nuts that in the way were
spread
Did crush and crackle as we
stepped
Wild lilies tall as maidens are,
As sweet of breath, as pearly fair,
As fair as faith, as pure as truth,
Fell thick before our every tread,
As in our sacrifice to ruth;
And all the air with perfume filled,
More sweet than ever man dis-
tilled.

The ripened fruit, a fragrance shed,
And hung in hand-reach overhead,
In nest of blossoms on the shoot,
The bending shoot that bore the fruit.

Oh, when we broke the sombre wood

And pierced at last the sunny plain,
How wild and still with wonder stood

The proud mustangs with bannered mane,

And necks that never knew a rein,

And nostrils lifted high, and blown,

Fierce breathing as a hurricane."

After long marches and various perils, the adventurers gain a city and rest beside the sea:—

"Beneath the blossomed orange trees
Made drowsy with the drum of bees."

Then follows a brief, burning idyl of love in the sun-lands, of love which is neither a mere carnal longing nor a tender sympathy lending a delicate fragrance to life, but a quenchless ecstasy utterly absorbing and mastering the natures into which it enters. In depicting fiery Southern passion, Joaquin Miller has greatly the advantage of Byron. The loves of Neuha and Torquil are pale and commonplace compared to this ardent interlude of the Californian poet. But the dream is soon broken. Walker's men are defeated and driven to seek escape by sea; the Indian girl, the heroine of the amorous episode, is drowned while endeavouring to follow her lover, the narrator of the poem, and dull leaden despair succeeds to the fierce red glow of passion. At last Walker is captured and slain by his infuriated enemies, and the poem ends thus:—

"He lies low in the levelled sand,
Unsheltered from the tropic sun,
And now of all he knew not one
Will speak him fair in that far land.

Perhaps 'twas this that made me seek,

Disguised, his grave one winter-tide;

A weakness for the weaker side,

A siding with the helpless weak.

No sod, no sign, no cross nor stone,

But at his side a cactus green

Upheld its lances long and keen.

It stood in hot red sands alone.

Flat-palmed and fierce with lifted spears;

One bloom of crimson crowned its head.

A drop of blood, so bright, so red,

Yet redolent as roses' tears.

In my left hand I held a shell,

All rosy-lipped and pearly red;

I laid it by his lowly bed,

For he did love so passing well

The grand songs of the solemn sea.

Oh, shell! sing well, wild, with a will,

When storms blow loud and birds be still,

The wildest sea-song known to thee."

The poem is redolent of the South, full of the lustre and bloom of a tropic summer. But beyond and above the radiant beauty of its word-painting and the rich melody with which it follows, it displays a chivalrous, outspoken love for the disgraced dead, eminently manly and sincere. No other American writer, save Whitman, has shown such strength of passion, such depth of pathos, such energy, ardour, and originality, in short, such indisputable poetic greatness. Longfellow's gift of song is far more arduously cultured, far more dexterously varied; Edgar Poe's was a subtler and more fanciful genius, his verse shows a far finer sense of form, a far more polished and equable perfection of rhyme and rhythm; and Emerson's lines are incomparably superior in massive weight of thought, in almost oracular pregnancy of meaning; but in magnificent breadth and gorgeous brilliance of description, in uncloying richness of diction, in force and simplicity of narrative, in passionate

earnestness and masculine vigour, Joaquin Miller is unexcelled by any transatlantic writer. He has not the catholicity, the many-sidedness, the rapturous buoyant aspirations, the stormy democratic fervour, the mystical far reaching intuitions of Whitman. But he has the advantages of greater simplicity and lucidity, and of working in more popular rhythmical forms than the rambling and sometimes chaotic unrhymed lines of the greatest American poet. His defects are superficial and easily discernible. He has not as yet made language sufficiently plastic to his will, his expressions are at times clumsy and grotesque, but his noble carelessness is quite refreshing in contrast with the polished emptiness and dulcet dullness of much contemporary verse. He shows a fondness for the purely physical, a propensity to glorify mere animal beauty which at times tends to excess, but it cannot be denied that beside his mighty-themed dauntless men and his splendid "daughters of the sun," many conventional heroes and heroines seem emotionless, bloodless weaklings. His themes are admirable for novelty and grandeur. He writes of a land where the associations of a storied past are found along with the glorious scenery of the tropics; where silver-topped mountains gleam above seas across which steered the barks of the early conquerors; where immemorial cities crumble amid forest solitudes; where the Indian race is pathetically disappearing before the incursions of modern civilization; a land blown through with the romance of Spanish discovery, with memories of mighty empires that have passed away. But he does not require tropical scenery to evoke his enthusiasm and exercise his muse.

The Scottish landscape in "Burns and Byron" (Songs of the Sierras),

where he describes himself wandering in the cool silvery twilight beside "the dimpled Doon," is sketched as lovingly and felicitously as any of his pictures of his beloved "sun-lands." His reputation as a poet does not rest upon airy melody or artistic aptitude of expression, but upon his mastery of passion and affluence of description. As yet his descriptions are perhaps insufficiently suffused and interpenetrated with the transfiguring influence of human emotion, but by no other author, not even in the poetic prose of Humboldt, have the marvels of tropical scenery been more impressively and vividly painted.

We have ranked Joaquin Miller next to Whitman among American poets. Mr. Rossetti, from whom it is unsafe to differ on such a matter, places him third—beneath Whitman and Edgar Poe. It is true lyrical is a higher branch of art than narrative poetry, and that Edgar Poe has produced more absolutely flawless work than any American, or indeed than any save a few even of English authors. His poetry seems the wondrous and spontaneous outcome of a myriad fervent fancies and gloomy and golden dreams, while a certain intellectual effort is perceptible even in Joaquin Miller's purest outbursts of inspiration. Joaquin Miller has not the subtle fluency, the fairy beauties and ethereal melody of Edgar Poe, but he displays a Titanic fiery energy, a continuance of poetic purpose alien to the other's intermittent but bewitching splendours. The charge which Poe brought against Béranger, that his songs were too brief, and, as he phrased it, "too inponderable" to endure, can be with equal justice advanced against most of Poe's own verse. Several of his lyrics are undeniably far superior to anything that Joaquin Miller ever has, or, in all

probability, ever will accomplish; nevertheless, as few would rank Coleridge above Byron, although several of the former's fragments of song ring clearer and soar higher than any of the latter's poetry, so it seems unjust that one or two brief specimens of rapturous music and supreme imagination should outweigh the prolonged and varied and teeming beauties of Joaquin Miller's numerous tales.

But whatever rank we may be disposed to assign Joaquin Miller among American poets, his strength and depth of imagination, his

grandeur of subject, his sovereignty of passion, his exquisite richness and delicacy and freshness of description, his scorn for vulgar effect, his noble hatred for everything base, his force and sincerity of pathos, his native indubitable inspirations, must be discernible by all sympathetic readers of poetry. His writings have not yet received the welcome from the public which they deserve, but if our remarks should direct the attention of any of our readers to the "Songs of the Sierras," they will find that our praise has not been misapplied.

THE THREE NIGHTS.

"WHERE have you been?" said her sisters,

"Where have you been so long?"

"Only down by the river

To hear the blackbird's song;

Only down by the river,

And round by the castle-wall,

To see the daylight fading

And the evening shadows fall."

"But why is your cheek," said her sisters,

"So very red to see?"

"The speed with which I hastened

The only cause can be.

I walked too far by the river,

And the night came down at last

Before I thought of the distance:

So I hurried homeward fast."

"Where have you been?" said her sisters,

"Where have you been so late?"

"Only down by the river,

And in by the castle-gate;

Only down by the river,
To watch the moonlight change
The things we deem familiar
Into visions weird and strange."

"But why do you look," said her sisters,
"So very pale and ill?"
"I am cold," was her only answer,
"For the night is sharp and chill.
I have strayed too long by the river,
Though it did not seem so long.
For the sky was bright and the river—
Each bright with its starry throng."

"Where can she be," said her sisters,
"So very long and late?"
The merle has ceased his singing,
And sleeps beside his mate:
And the sky is dark and the river—
Each dark and drear to see;
The wind blows hard and the rain comes down:
Where can our sister be?"

In vain they watched and waited,
In wonder and in pain;
In vain they sought by the river,
By the castle-walls in vain:—
For the maiden was gone with her lover
Away from the blackbird's song.
And away from the walk by the river,
She had known and loved so long.

OPHIDIANS.

No. II.—THEIR ATTRIBUTES.

SERPENT-CHARMING, from remote ages, has gone hand-in-hand with serpent worship, particularly in the East, where only are to be found the *najas* or hooded snakes, the favourites of the snake-charmers. Serpent worship and human sacrifices have also gone hand-in-hand, as they still do in India, though indirectly. To how great an extent the annual death-rate from cobra poison may be chargeable to cobra worship, can only be decided by a far more minute examination into statistics than that by which we are broadly told "20,000 persons die annually from snake-bite in India." Serpent worship also bears a certain relationship to snake charmers and charming; the former often assuming to be a sort of priest to the snake deities over whom they profess to exercise their powers. The Egyptian Darweeshes of to-day are indeed the modern Psylli, combining snake-charming with their sacred office.

From the very infancy of the human race the serpent has been invested with mystery, and had supernatural powers ascribed to it. Even at the present day many intelligent persons cannot divest a snake of its fabulous attributes, and regard it rather as a living allegory than a zoological reality. How a serpent must have impressed the untutored mind of early ages we can conjecture, when the wisest of men could not comprehend its movements. "The way of a serpent on a rock" was "too wonderful" for him. So, also, Chateaubriand, a

man of culture, contemplating the serpent, awe-struck yet prejudiced, "Everything is mysterious, secret, astonishing, in this incomprehensible reptile. His movements differ from those of all other animals. It is impossible to say where his locomotive principle lies, for he has neither fins, nor feet, nor wings, and yet he flits like a shadow, he vanishes as if by magic, he reappears and is gone again, like a light azure vapour on the gleams of a sabre in the dark. Now he curls himself into a circle and projects a tongue of fire; now, standing erect upon the extremity of his tail, he moves as if by enchantment. He rolls himself into a ball, rises and falls like a spiral line, gives to his rings the undulations of a wave, twines round the branches of trees, glides under the grass of the meadow or skims along the surface of the water. His colours are not more determined than his movements. They change with each new point of view, and like his motions they possess the false splendour and deceitful variety of the seducer."

There is enough of truth in this poetic description to enable us to account for the position assigned to this reptile among the superstitious of ancient days, ere science came to the aid of man. The stealthy approach, the flashing of brilliant colour, as the reptile noiselessly, rapidly glides into sight and vanishes again; the numbers and varieties seen in tropical c

might sometimes be the same creature. Its varied and electric movements are sufficiently striking even to those acquainted with its structure.

and evidently was not therefore his language. It represents the ideas of many in this respect. "In the 100 menacing heads"—alluding to the *amphisbæna*, with a small head and inconspicuous even a cylindrical body, scarcely distinguishable from the head)—"in another it rattles like a rattle. He hisses like a rattle, or bellows like a rattle." (Our author must have been a bull-frog just then.)

are astonishing in other ways. He knows, like the murderer, to throw aside his sword with blood, lest it should betray his detection. The whole months in the tombs, inhabiting a produces poison, burn, or chequer the victim with the colours he himself is marked."—izing and incomprehensible must have been the of the cobra, with his and inflated neck.

"says Dr. Fayer, are calculated to inspire a large cobra, when he, his eyes glaring, and only, he prepares to in this manner he slides the posterior two-thirds remaining on the alert, forward his head at which approaches—ing, then, when, as it sh of a moment, and in invisible touch, death was one of the accidents.

if unacquainted
can behold

without wonder and perplexity a serpent gorging its prey; the victim, of a bulk so preposterously greater than the consumer, gradually and incomprehensibly disappearing through jaws apparently dislocated to receive it! Then, too, the annual disappearance of snakes during the gloomier season of the year, and their reappearance with the fertilizing floods, and summer suns, and thereby their connection with health and wealth and reasonable blessings, associated them with nature and solar worship. Thus, to the Egyptians, they became the *Agathodæmon*, or good genius, and their form a symbol of light, life, and empire. Prudence, foresight, and mysterious powers were attributed to them; and in almost all tropical, as well as classical and pagan nations, the serpent became the emblem of adoration. In all of which nations also do we read of persons assuming to possess peculiar powers over the species, and thereby enjoying the respect and confidence of the people. "He naturally enters into the moral or religious ideas of men, as if in consequence of the influence which he exercised over their destiny," says Cuvier. "An object either of terror or of adoration, they view him with implacable hatred or else bow down before his genius."

Bullock, in his account of the ancient temples of Mexico, describes the *Cortéputl*, or "Wall of Serpents," from the many stone figures in the form of snakes with which it was embellished. Also a serpent idol of not less than seventy feet long, represented in the act of swallowing a human victim. There is again a feathered rattlesnake, or "God of the Air." But the largest and most celebrated of the Mexican deities unites all that is horrible in the way of vicious beasts and venomous snakes. It

conveys the idea of a deformed human figure, with serpents for arms and wreathed snakes for draperies. Before this hideous monster "tens of thousands of human victims have been sacrificed in the religious and sanguinary fervour of its infatuated worshippers." The native Indians even now look upon it with reverence, though admitting they had "three very good Spanish gods."

Ferguson, in his beautifully illustrated work on India, shows us serpent gods scarcely less terrible. Seven-headed cobras, and figures half human, half ophidian. "Rudra, the Destroyer," in the Cave of Elephanta, smiles on the deadly cobra whose folds are wreathed around his arm; and many similar monuments throughout the oriental nations tell us of the place which the serpent held in their theology.

Though, perhaps, nowhere do we find the remnants of serpent worship visited with such fatal effects as in India, it still crops out in unexpected places. Stanley found a tribe at Ujiji doing homage to a python. Forbes* describes as one of the "lions" of Whydah the snake *fetishe* house, a temple built round a large cotton tree, where a number of snakes of the boa species are allowed to roam about at pleasure; but if found in a dwelling, or at a distance from their temple, a *fetishe* man or woman is sought, whose duty it is to induce the reptile to return, and to re-conduct it to its sacred abode, whilst all who meet it bow down before it and kiss the dust. Morning and evening many of the natives were to be seen prostrated before the door of this snake temple.

The same author, in his work "*Rés Mâlé*," gives an account of the *Poorwug Dev*, or spirit per-

sonified by a snake, which is not allowed to be killed or injured; and if it should bite a person it is considered a sign of its displeasure for some fault committed. Should such a snake come to an untimely end, the remains are burnt on a pyre, with a coconut, sandal-wood, and clarified butter. "Serpents are still looked upon as guardian angels," this author tells us. A cobra "guarded" his garden, another "guarded" a cave of treasures, and a very good guard he, no doubt, was; as few, knowing of his abode there, would venture to molest him!

There is a tradition among the Brahmins of Bengal, that a boy auspiciously shaded by the hood of a cobra will rise to the throne; and several remarkable facts are chronicled by them as proving this. "And is a creature bringing such distinction to a person, or to a family, to be ruthlessly destroyed?" they argue. In benighted minds, surely not! No Hindoo will willingly kill a *nâg* (cobra), Colonel Meadows Taylor and all residents in India, have been telling us; but happily, also, that education is overcoming superstition, and that the young men educated in England are fast conquering this native prejudice, still strong in isolated villages. Should a snake be killed accidentally within the precincts of such a village, a piece of copper money is put into its mouth, and the body is burned with offerings, to avert the anticipated evil. Many a hamlet has still its serpent deity; and in almost every dwelling figures of snakes are found. Periodical ceremonies are still observed in honour of these ophidian gods; and at such times their retreats are garlanded with flowers, while the

* "Dahomey and the Dahomeans," by Alex. K. Forbes.

worshippers dance around them, and propitiate the reptiles with offerings of milk, &c.

The fatal results of all this we learn in Dr. Fayer's "Thanatophidia," as well as in other works where medical statistics are given. "When they find a cobra in their houses—as is not unfrequently the case, for this reptile will remain in a hole or crevice of the wall for years—they will conciliate it, feed and protect it, as though to injure it were to invoke misfortune on the house and family." Should the death of some relative, bitten by accident, occur, "even then the serpent is not killed, but caught, and deferentially deported to the field or jungle, where it is set free!"

No one can read Dr. Fayer's work without seeing how large a percentage of deaths is attributable to the ignorance and superstition of the natives, and to the remnants of this ancient faith; not only in the actual worship, but in the fatal confidence placed in the charmers, whom they consider favoured by their deities, and especially endowed with curative powers. Four men, who on payment of a gratuity were to be taught spells, *muntras*, and so forth, from a couple of "snake men," were bullied into touching a cobra, letting it crawl over their hands, and irritating it to strike them, with a promise of being cured if bitten. All bitten one was, very shortly, falling senseless immediately, and dying within an hour or so. Not warned by this, and by the utter failure of the charms to restore their comrade, the other three decided natives suffered themselves to be bitten also. The strongest charge of the poison gland having been expended in the first stroke, the second man bitten did not succumb so rapidly, and they continued to tangle with the cobra. A third was bitten,

and the poison was still slower in taking effect, though both men died the next day. The fourth man was also bitten; but, meanwhile, the police learning what was going on, put an end to the "spells" by carrying the "charmers" off to prison, and the victims to the hospital, where, however, only the man last bitten recovered, and he barely, after many days; though for the first few hours he felt no ill effects from the bite. "We told them to restore Titroo to life again, but they could not," pleaded the infatuated victim, on being questioned by the authorities.

Out of some ninety cases of snake-bite selected by Dr. Fayer from the returns sent in by medical officers in the Bengal Presidency, nearly half prove that either no remedies were tried by these fatalists, or, that at best, recourse was had to "charming" and native nostrums. Thus run the reports: "Boy, twelve years of age, bitten by 'keantiah' (a cobra), charms and incantations, died in half an hour." "Woman bitten at night, with infant sucking, got up and had *muntras* (chanting charms) to expel the poison: mother died in four hours after the bite, baby in two hours after sucking." Another woman died in three hours, "in spite of incantations!" A man keeping a lizard (*Bangarus*) for "Poojah" was bitten, and died in seven hours, notwithstanding "native medicine." Another man, bitten while asleep, had "leaves to smell," but, nevertheless, died in three hours! No skill—be it at hand—or no precautions whatever can ensure life so long as fatalism, caste, superstition, and such superstitions as these prevail over common sense and natural affections.

In November, 1873, there was an account of a "boa" (probably *python*), twenty-one feet long, near the Poodoottan Hills, which the

natives regarded sacred, and would not kill, though a snake of this size was dangerous to infantile humanity. It did at last seize upon, crush, and swallow a young child, when a Dr. Johnstone and Mr. Pennington, in defiance of Hindoo horror, hunted it out and shot it, though not without danger to themselves from both the constricting and the venomous snakes which abounded in the marshy ground thereabouts.

As we find the victims to snake-bite chiefly among the lower classes of Hindoos, so also it is these who practice snake worship with the greatest reverence; shepherds, milkmen, stone-masons, itinerant traders, and other wandering tribes. The caste names *Nág*, *Nágo*, *Nágojee*, *Nágoora*, &c., are found among all classes of Hindoos, says Colonel Meadows Taylor, all having reference to the *Nág* or *Nája* deities. During the rainy season the charmers of some parts of India go in solemn procession to snare the snakes, which they then bring home for worship, otherwise for their tricks and "sacred trade." But the Government snake catchers are not allowed to hunt out and kill them there. Dr. Fayrer records a case in one of these villages, where a tall, strong, young man of twenty was bitten in the hand while sleeping out of doors. No medicine was given, but incantations were muttered over him, and sacred "breathings." In an hour the man was a corpse; and yet—this being one case only out of scores—the village continues to do *Poojah* (adoration) to the cause of all the evil! They consider snakes the offspring of a certain tree which, also, is an object of worship as the "goddess of serpents."

Where snakes are guarded as deities it follows that there must be some one to guard them; and that such persons should learn how to manage their reptile gods, and

should become skilled, not only in handling, and taming the "deity," but in deceiving the ignorant and superstitious at the same time, is by no means surprising. The origin of snake charmers seems reasonably attributable to this. Originally, doubtless, the office was wholly a sacred one, but it has gradually degenerated, and is now represented chiefly by the tricksters and jugglers, who, if having no deities to tend, can, at least, turn their skill to account and make it a means of subsistence. There are degrees of charmers, some mere miserable tricksters: but that the orthodox "snake men" in India, Egypt, and elsewhere, do possess secrets transmitted through families from classic ages we can scarcely doubt. The *Samp Wallah* of India prides himself on belonging to the noble race of the prophet: the *Saadees* and *Derweeshes* of Egypt, the legitimate snake charmers there, also pride themselves in their ancestry, and in the secrets preserved as an heir-loom in their families. In Egypt, as in India, annual snake ceremonials are held. Among the American Indians some of the traditions regarding snakes bear a remarkable resemblance to prophetic symbols of the Christian faith. They avoid killing a snake which lies directly in their path, lest it should cause the death of the destroyer's relatives. "If thou bruise its head it shall bruise thy heel," is a "destiny" on which they place great faith.

Catlin in his travels met with several illustrations of this fatalism. Once, in the valley of the Amazon, he was ill with vertigo, and incapable of walking was assisted to a bank, where he lay down on a mass of long grass and weeds to rest. Soon his sickness was aggravated by a horrible stench that seemed to arise from beneath him, and thinking it was caused by some noxious

weeds which he had crushed, he called his attendant, an Indian, to come and help him to another spot. The moment the Indian drew near he cried "Buccare-hul-be! Buccare!" (a rattle-snake, a rattle-snake!) The native at once recognized the odour, and having assisted Mr. Catlin to a piece of bare ground, moved aside the long grass with a stick, and displayed a huge rattlesnake, upon which Catlin had been lying, and had nearly suffocated by his weight; but happily it had been too closely held down to permit it to do the deadly battle for which it was ready. One of the party pointed his rifle at it, when the Indian threw himself forward and implored for its life, *lest the heels of his descendants might be endangered by the head of its progeny.* By the insufferable effluvia arising around, the Indian knew they were in the midst of a nest of these deadly serpents; and, in order to ascertain, he irritated the resuscitated *crotalus* to use his rattle, which was immediately responded to by several others. Profiting by this hint, the party cautiously withdrew; sparing the enemy in deference to the superstition of the Indian; and, perhaps, because he had just saved the life of one of the party bitten, by promptly sucking the wound.

Referring to the place occupied by the rattlesnake in the religion of the American Indians, Mackeney tells us, "facts are not more 'stubborn things' to white intellects than are certain signs upon the superstition of the Indian." A party of them, with whom he was journeying, had obstinately taken a peculiar horizontal line of light in the sky as a sign they were to go no farther; when, unexpectedly, a rattlesnake was found, and this they took to be a countersign revoking the order of the Great Spirit. The one who found it secured it by a certain

ceremony as his own, and thus addressed it: "You are welcome, friend, from the Spirit Land. We were in trouble. Our friends there knew it. The Great Spirit knew it. You are come to bring us rest. We know what your message is. Take this offering of tobacco." Taking a pinch of fragments from his pouch, and rubbing them to powder between his finger and thumb, he sprinkled it on the snake's head. "It will make you feel strong after your journey." Then, holding the tail, he ran his finger and thumb up the back of the snake till they reached the neck, when, by a quick compression, the snake was well secured, and with a jerk every joint of its vertebrae was dislocated. Instantly the head was opened, the fangs extracted, the skin taken off, and the body distributed in small pieces to the Indians for their medicine bags, "thus furnishing a new antidote against evil agencies." Within a few minutes of its capture the snake's skin was fastened by a root of the red cedar to a lock of the captor's hair, the tail reaching down his back nearly to the ground, and "a proud trophy" it was.

Some Brahmins, also, keep the snake's slough in their sacred books.

The method pursued by these Indians in handling the rattlesnake is precisely that described by Drs. Shortt, Fayer, and others in managing the cobra of India: "The wiry set of naked savages from the hills press a stick neatly on its neck and a toe on the end of its tail, and the snake is quite at their mercy." And it must be confessed that the Indian jugglers do sometimes perform daring and extraordinary feats with living, vicious cobras, whose fangs have not been extracted; and through their aid scientific men are able to prosecute many experiments. They snatch up the snake by the tail, and by expertly supporting it bestowed upon a stick, manage to get hold of it by

the neck, pressing the thumb and finger so close to the head that it cannot turn to bite them. By pressure it is then made to open its mouth and display its fangs, or to bite something, so as to expend its venom, according to the purpose for which the snake is required. Most usually the charmers extract the poison fangs, the better to impress the ignorant with their wonderful performances. Should even vicious cobras be confined in a box or basket, the lid is cautiously removed, and the snake-man will lift one out with a hooked stick, so as to get its tail over the edge, when he catches hold, and suspends it, head downwards, at arm's length, keeping the head from darting at his legs by means of his stick.

From long practice, these men acquire an amazing command over the reptiles, and this from a thorough acquaintance with the creature with which they toy. Confidence and dexterity on the part of the "charmer," *versus* a combination of fear and subtlety on the part of the snake, fear being, perhaps, the strongest characteristic. To watch their opportunity to escape seems the impulse of even the tamest. Not to terrify them is the great point, this the jugglers well know; keeping themselves within safe distance, and irritating the snake just so far as to provoke it to follow the movements of their hands, their knees, their gourd, or whatever they wave in front of them. The snakes are regularly trained, being taken out of their basket daily, gently handled, soothed by softly stroking with a brush, conciliated with food and milk, calmed and made comfortable.

Our friend *Hammadryad* at the "Zoo," though when first brought in did little else for days than keep watch against intruders, elevating his head, and expanding his hood, and making a dash against the glass whenever any one ventured to peep over at

him, now recognizes his keeper, and coaxes for his dinner by raising himself, in a docile manner, to the top of his cage, with his head close to the aperture through which his cannibal-like meal is cautiously insinuated. This *Ophiophagus* is one of the *Najadæ*, or "hooded" snakes, which, in common with the cobra, possess the power of expanding the neck, on which the loose skin stretches like a "hood." To expand the neck or dilate the body, by elevating their movable ribs, is another means of expressing anger common to several species, though none to the extent of the *Najas*, nor so conspicuously, the attitude not being the same, and the peculiar construction of the neck permitting this, being confined to the one species. It may not be out of place here to explain this remarkable peculiarity, called variously "spreading its hood," "puffing its neck," and so on, but mysterious enough to the uninitiated observer. About the first twenty pairs of ribs at the neck of the *Najas* are longer than the rest, and, when at rest, lie folded back one upon another. These anterior ribs are not attached to the broad under scales, like those of the body, and can, therefore, be drawn forward and expanded, like the ribs of an umbrella (except that they do not all spring from one point). Thus sustaining the loose integument, what is popularly known as the "hood" is formed. With the skin so expanded the markings on it are very conspicuous. In one variety the pattern, like a pair of spectacles, gives the name to the "spectacled cobra," the Gokurrah of Bengal, the one which enjoys the highest repute, the peculiar pattern of the "spectacles" being considered the footprints of *Kristma*.

Crawling along on the ground these *Najas* look innocent enough, as none of them have the broad, viperish head which betrays the

bad character of the vipers proper; but annoy them, and immediately up rears the head and about the anterior third of the body, wide spreads the neck, and menacing is the terrible hissing! Some snakes swell themselves vertically, others broadly, when angry; nor is this expression of irritation confined to venomous ones. In the "puff-adder" of Africa it is very conspicuous; and we may place the faculty among those seemingly miraculous attributes which would help to associate the reptiles with mystery in the serpent-worship of the ancients; and also provide an additional feature to the "charmers," who had made themselves acquainted with these peculiarities.

It would be accrediting a snake with far more intelligence than it possesses, to suppose it has any other "purpose" in thus expanding its body or its neck, than as an expression of fear or of anger; as the exertion of the tongue is an act of exploration.

It is true that one of our naturalists gives the *Ophidan* credit for a very waggish sort of intelligence, when he says the use of the tongue is "to intimidate aggressors." The Biblical character of the serpent is its truest. The "wisdom" is its caution and circumspection, of which two qualities fear is the foundation. Luckily, a poisonous serpent has no further knowledge of its deadly power than as a means of self-defence. The perfectly calm and collected manner of the "charmers" is convincing in this respect. Having some bright object to attract the serpent, and on which to fix its eyes, it naturally follows the movements of this object, raising or lowering itself, or swaying its head from side to side, in seeming obedience to its master; while really watching its opportunity to strike,

which it would do were anything near enough; and when wearied with vain efforts, to drop down and crawl away. A gentle tap with a stick, or a pluck at his tail, induces the snake to resume his "performances," otherwise provokes the threatening attitude again, accompanied by renewed circumspection and the half-subdued impulse to strike. As for keeping time to "music"—falsely so called—in the waving of its head, very little "time" can the native music boast; and our most reliable writers on this subject assure us that the cobra "dances" as well without music as with. There is undeniably something singularly striking in the soft, gentle, undulating movements of the snake; this waving from side to side as if to music, or raising itself by the muscular power of its tail, so as sometimes almost to stand erect. Nor is the astonishment of the spectator by any means diminished by the reflection that death lies literally within an inch of this apparently docile performer!

It is not intended to deny that snakes are keenly sensitive to *sound*, but be the "music" good or bad it makes little difference.

There are, it is well known, a class of "snake-men" in the East whose sole business it is to hunt snakes by means of sound; generally using some sort of shrill pipe, which seems most readily to attract them. When the reptiles get into dwellings, or among the cargo of a ship, it is the common practice to send for these men to hunt them out, and whose "music" is generally attended with success. It is one of the interesting questions as yet not satisfactorily solved, to decide which species is the "*deaf adder*, that stoppeth her ears," and "refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer." At least the antiquity of the custom of using sound to attract serpents is

plain from this. Pliny—if Pliny may be quoted to suit our purpose only, and rejected on other occasions—noticed that the hearing of a serpent was very acute, and that it was more frequently put in motion by the *sound* of footsteps than by the appearance of the intruder. May we not attribute this sensitiveness rather to the vibration upon the nerves or the muscles of the reptile, than to either pain or pleasure to the ear alone? Because the snake-catchers do not invariably use music after all. Lane tells us that they sometimes merely strike on the wall, or make a clucking noise with their tongue, but the purpose is answered equally well, for presently down drops the snake from the roof where he was hidden, or out he comes from the hole in the wall.* The common custom of knocking a jingling stick against the ground in the East by a pedestrian after dark to warn snakes out of his path, is a proof, not only of sensitiveness to a vibration along the ground, but of the reptiles' timidity. It is no less strange than true that few persons who live in countries where venomous snakes are common hold them in much fear. Any schoolboy in America knows that a stick will "do" for a rattlesnake; and residents in Africa and Australia, as well as the East, all agree that they soon cease to fear them and learn how to manage them. Accidents generally occur after dusk, when the creatures get trodden upon, or when the hand comes in contact with them un-awares.

But to return to the influence of sound, and the question of its being conveyed to the perception of a serpent through solids. Would not—if a mere student may venture

to speculate—a creature with no external ear, but with a peculiarly constructed aural apparatus as if for the purpose, and with its head close upon the ground, be more influenced by, as it were, the *feeling* than the *hearing* of vibrations of sound? Savages throw themselves upon the ground and press the ear close to it when they wish to decide upon far distant sounds. This question, also, must be left to scientific investigation; one singular fact only shall be added.

A gentleman spending a good deal of his time in a solitary home in India, was wont to amuse himself by the hour with his concertina. One day, intent on the instrument and bending over his music-book, he was conscious of a movement and a shadow on the wall near him, and which, barely bestowing a thought on it, he took to be the waving of a bough outside, and casting its shadow in that direction. Gently swaying, and, as it were, keeping time to the tune, the musician presently looked up, when, instead of the shadow of a waving bough, he saw the head of a snake protruding from a hole in the wall, and keeping up this sympathetic motion. Moreover, five scorpions were there in a row, all with their tails up, and apparently equally "fascinated."

Closely related to the question of a snake being charmed with or by "music," is—"Does it, itself, possess a power of fascinating?" And here we have a diversity of opinion. Schlegel discards the idea. Roget speaks of the "fascinated straggler." Dr. Andrew Smith says, † "Whatever may be said in ridicule of fascination, it is nevertheless true that birds and even quadrupeds are, under certain cir-

* "Modern Egyptians," by E. W. Lane. 1871.

† "Zoology of S. Africa," by Dr. Andrew Smith. 1842.

certed and uncomfortable, perhaps, sits staring in a corner; perhaps, settles his disordered coat, or seeks means of escape. When, regaining sufficient courage, the rattlesnake cautiously approaches again, piggy still stares, but evidently more in wonder than terror. I have seen a snake thus timidly venturing and recoiling three or four times before giving the fatal stroke. Then it remains motionless, watching till the victim ceases to move, and presently proceeds to investigate. One faint gasp or dying struggle causes the snake to dart back in excessive timidity, and it will again wait for a time before venturing near.

Those who have had opportunities of observing the rattlesnake in its native haunts say that it keeps up a perpetual rattling while "charming," otherwise enticing, the birds within its lazy reach. Holbrooke says that the common *Coluber constrictrix*, or "racer," is too quick in its motions to necessitate having recourse to "charming," and that once a bird, apparently "fascinated" by a rattlesnake, and fluttering to and fro, and at length even perching upon the creature in evident distress, was discovered to be using vain efforts to rescue its half-swallowed fledgling. Audubon tells us

that when a snake intrudes into a tree where are several broods of young thrushes, the parents all join in battle, and even summon their neighbours, who, with united and vigorous attacks with their beaks, will succeed in driving off, if not in effectually disabling, the enemy.

"Fascination," then, seems to be but another name for fear, curiosity, or whatever feeling overcomes a timid creature suddenly surprised by the sight of a strange, immovable object, looking like life, inasmuch as a pair of bright, fixed eyes meet its own, and a mysterious, worm-like tongue works its way into sight from out of a mouth which never opens. With these exceptions, the watchful, subtle snake is motionless, abiding its time; looking sometimes like a branch of the tree, from which it may be suspended, or like the root on which it rests; sometimes green, like the stem of a plant near which it is lying; or dull as the earth on which it coils. The idea of "fascination" has been handed down with the rest of the superstitions surrounding a creature which, undoubtedly, is marvellous; though its marvels, regarded in the light of science and common sense, admit of rather practical solutions.

NOTE.—Since the former paper was in type the writer has met with the very important testimony of Dr. Edwardes Crisp, on the capacity of the œsophagus of a viper to receive its young. Dr. Crisp has dissected a large number of snakes, and has found the œsophagus large in all, and distended with air. He is able to speak with certainty on vipers swallowing their young in times of danger, and says they do not enter the stomach or come in contact with the gastric juice at all.—*Zoological Society Proceedings*, 1855.

The "Horse-shoe snake" alluded to in the former paper, is *Zamenis hypocrepsis*; and the one mentioned by Darwin is a *Trigonocephalus*, or a *Cophias*. An American writer calls the tail of a rattlesnake a "set of bells," but this must refer more to the shape than to the sound.

NOTES ON THE DRAMA.

Our necessarily rapid retrospect of the British drama for the last year must be confined to the most prominent and characteristic entertainments at the principal London theatres. 1875, in its histrionic aspect, has been a year of considerable activity, replete with novelties, many of which deserve favourable consideration as indicating an upward movement in public taste and dramatic art.

The most memorable theatrical events in the earlier part of the year were Mr. Irving's Hamlet and the Othello of Signor Salvini, both of which performances we have already noticed. These, for the time, caused a Shakspearian revival at several prominent houses, and turned the attention of managers to the "legitimate drama" generally. Such tendencies, however, are seldom of long continuance, and except at one theatre, and for occasional or isolated representations elsewhere, Shakspeare has by this time again deserted the London stage. At the Lyceum, *Macbeth* is still at the height of a successful career. It would seem that one favourite actor, devoting himself for hundreds of nights to one leading part in the Shakspearian repertory, is in general sufficient nowadays to satisfy the ardour of the "immortal bard's" admirers. The days when a Kean or a Kemble would perform successfully Richard, Macbeth, and Othello in one week to crowded houses, and when a healthy competition in these exalted impersonations was kept up by the chief actors of the day, are gone for ever.

Probably there is no London theatre at the present moment, except the Lyceum, that could support itself for any length of time entirely upon Shakspearian fare, however varied and well presented.

We cannot conscientiously declare that in *Macbeth* Mr. Irving has made any great advance in his art, or that, indeed, he has kept up to the standard of excellence reached in his Hamlet. The later impersonation does not seem to set so well upon the tragedian as did its predecessor. That *Macbeth*, in his hands, is consistent and in parts highly effective, must be admitted; but critics may reasonably doubt whether the performer has grasped the true conception of the character. Instead of a bold and unscrupulous soldier, not naturally devoid of resolution, though dismayed and rendered vacillating by conscientious and superstitious influences, *Macbeth* becomes a man of such feeble will as requires all the energy of his wife and the force of fatalism, temptation, and opportunity to drive into action, and his bravery in the later scenes has less the appearance of true courage than of reckless desperation. In certain points there are many excellencies displayed in the embodiment, but there are also defects and mannerisms equally unmistakable.

Of Miss Bateman, too, as Lady Macbeth, we cannot speak in such terms of praise as her previous excellence and high reputation would seem to warrant. Though forcible, she is somewhat hard and monotonous. Mr. Swinbourne's

Macduff is an impersonation of considerable merit; and the subordinate parts are efficiently filled, while the scenic resources and general style of production leave nothing to be desired.

Amos Clarke, one of the best historical pieces we have had of late years, was, in August last, revived at the Queen's, where it followed a long run of *Clancarty*, a drama of similar kind. In both of these Mr. George Rignold distinguished himself in the principal rôle.

Another noteworthy historical drama is that of *Buckingham*, now playing at the Olympic. In this piece Mr. Wills has followed the path he opened in his *Charles I.* The principal characters are—The Duke of Buckingham (Mr. Neville), and Cromwell (Mr. Creswick), and the plot turns upon the love of the Duke for the daughter of General Fairfax, and the imminent perils into which it leads him. The real events of this picturesque period of English history are closely followed, and the drama, which is in blank verse, has many noble and poetical passages.

Among the more modern and "sensational" dramas, a chief position must be given to Mr. Boucicault's *Shaughraun*. It has, in an eminent degree, all those qualities which combined to make the *Colleen Bawn* and *Arrah-na-Pogue* so popular, and bears a strong family resemblance to those productions. We are once more in a region of proscribed Fenians, charming Irish girls, villanous informers, wicked Squireens, devoted men-servants, smugglers' caves, and picturesque ruins. Mr. Boucicault appears as a rollicking ne'er-do-well, with a talent in playing the fiddle, and a national partiality for whisky and the shillelagh exercise; also an inexhaustible fund of humour, drollery, bravery and devotion. Mrs. Boucicault is again a

Colleen—this time called Moya, the beloved of Conn, and the niece of Father Doolan, a rôle, it is needless to say, played by her with much grace and effect. The other characters are well sustained. No lack of the interest arising from strong situations and hair-breadth escapes can be complained of; and as a picture of Irish life—from the conventional stage view—the *Shaughraun* may be pronounced deserving of its popularity.

A long and successful run has been extended to the *Two Orphans*, a French melo-dramatic piece, appropriately divided into *tableaux*, in which the ultimate triumph of virtue over vice is exemplified after the old forcible fashion. Mr. Neville herein takes the part of the cripple Pierre, not an important one of itself, but made so by his manner of rendering it. The revival of the *Ticket-of-Leave Man* gave this able performer an opportunity of gratifying his admirers by the robust realism of his style in Bob Brierly.

During the year a series of dramatic performances of a high class have been given at the Crystal Palace (an example followed at the Alexandra), by casts selected from the best London companies, and the success of these is shown by their continuance. Through the medium of the little theatre at Sydenham, the public can make acquaintance with many legitimate and standard dramas which are rarely, if ever, produced elsewhere.

The Prince of Wales's has of late shown a tendency to desert the Robertsonian for older and more legitimate comedy; but the *Merchant of Venice* proved too great a leap in this direction, so the company fell back upon the more congenial *School for Scandal*, *Money*, and *Masks and Faces*. The latter, with Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft as Triplett

ington, and the other characters efficiently supported, is tolerably certain of one of those long runs which are the rule at this theatre.

Mr. H. J. Byron may be congratulated upon his extensive popularity. No less than three pieces by this author are simultaneously enjoying a prolonged career. *Our Boys*, *Weak Women*, and *Married to Hate* are all lively comedies of modern life, not, perhaps, remarkable for profundity or life-like force of characterization, but intensely amusing throughout, and that without any tendency to transgress good manners or sound morality. A writer so long practised in burlesque may be expected to indulge largely in verbal witticisms, and accordingly the good things put into the mouths of Mr. Byron's characters are innumerable. In *Married to Hate* the author, as Gibson Greene, becomes his own spokesman, and distinguishes himself in the capacity of performer.

Nicholas Nickleby long held possession of the Adelphi bills, and is now followed by *Little Lorry*. Although popular and well performed, these adaptations of Dickens's works are seldom satisfactory to the critical judgment. The wonderful vigour of the great novelist's delineations seems to evaporate when they are transferred to the stage, whereby odious comparisons at once rise to the mind. It may be held as a rule that works of imagination thus changed in their mode of presentment lose as much in the process as they do by translation into a foreign language.

Opera bouffe, which some months ago exhibited signs of exhaustion, is again in as flourishing a condition as ever. In addition to the revival of the ever-welcome *Comte de Trachese*, and the apparently indestructible popularity of *Madame Angot*, two pieces of

this kind, by Lecoq, Offenbach, and others, are continually being produced. *Girofle - Girofle*, *Les Pres St. Germais*, and *La Perichole* are the most prominent instances, and in addition we have had *Les Georgettes*, *Fleur-de-Thee*; and several more. These pieces are all of French origin, each consisting of light and lively music, associated with a comic or farcical libretto, and enhanced by gorgeous scenery, rich dresses, attractive figures, and spirited dancing.

Such entertainments have introduced to us a new order of *prima donna*, distinct alike from the serio-operative "star," and the "leading lady" of drama itself. Comparing those who have been most conspicuous during the past year, we may say that Mesdames Rose Bell and Cornelia d'Anka have each the advantage of a commanding outward presence and high vocal abilities, with the drawbacks of an imperfect acquaintance with the English tongue, a voice not always under control, and a manner sometimes suggestive of vulgarity. These defects do not exist in Mesdames Pauline Rita and Selina Dolaro, who, both for their singing and acting, deserve high praise. The former, as the arrogant young Prince in the *Pres St. Germais*, at the Criterion, soon won popularity by the charm and grace of her manner and vocalization. The remarkable natural and unaffected acting of Madame Dolaro, as *La Perichole*, was as undeniable as the sweetness and refinement of her singing.

The scene of *La Perichole* is laid at Lima, Peru, where the tropical scenery and Spanish-American costumes afford many opportunities for picturesque effects. The morality of the plot (as in the case of many other operas bouffes) is certainly open to some objections. It treats of the escapades of a gay,

though elderly Viceroy, who is in the habit of picking up unconsidered trifles in the way of feminine beauty, and installing them in his palace. The "etiquette" of the Court demands that these ladies should be at least nominally married, and the husbands from whom they are separated are either covered with wealth and dignities, or consigned to the "deepest dungeon," according as they assent or object to the Viceroyal arrangements. It will be readily seen that the employment of such a motive on the stage is apt to produce suggestive and equivocal situations; and though the dialogue of *La Perichole* contains nothing objectionable, and the plot is almost concealed by the musical effects and the humour of the speeches and the acting, still the fact remains.

We cannot but regret that opera bouffe has not before this time been more Anglicised both in morals and choice of subject. There is ample room for comic opera of a purer kind, and Mr. Arthur Sullivan's *Trial by Jury* and *Zoo* prove the possibility of allying lively music to genuine humour, without any suspicion of impropriety in the background. In these exquisite little pieces, morality remains firm, though outward decorum is often ludicrously outraged. To see persons in the sober garments of every-day life, and the more dignified robes of judges and barristers, comporting themselves like subjects of the lords of misrule, affords an infinity of legitimate fun. *Trial by Jury* is a rollicking burlesque of what in real life too often assumes a ridiculous aspect; *The Zoo*, if it means anything, is a satire upon the lordolatry of the middle classes.

The fact of our being after all, at least appreciatively, "a musical nation" is proved, not only by our

patronage of opera bouffe, by the Italian opera season at two theatres, and innumerable vocal and instrumental entertainments of all kinds throughout the country, but, this year also by the renewal of English opera. The Carl Rosa Company, with Santley, Rose Hersee, and other eminent artistes, were for two months in the autumn located at the Princess's, and have appeared also at the Alexandra Palace. Besides this, a series of English operas, and another of French operas, have been given at the Gaiety, where they proved a most attractive feature. All this shows that a favourable opportunity now exists for the establishment of a purely national opera in London, and we may not even be too sanguine in anticipating a revival of the palmy days of Pyne and Harrison, Balfe and Wallace.

Burlesque is generally considered dead, but its existence has of late been made evident by the prolonged career of *Blue Beard* at the Globe, and the revival of Burnand's inimitable *Black-Eyed Susan* at the Opera Comique. The decline of the style of burlesque which had for many years enjoyed an enormous popularity, is, however, an indisputable fact, and one not difficult of explanation. Burlesque had been overdone; it had been carried on by certain prolific adepts until almost every well-known subject in history, fable, romance, and mythology had been subjected to the levelling process of caricature. The custom of all the characters talking in rhymed couplets, besprinkled with puns in every line, performing songs and dances imported from the music halls, and making continual allusion to the current topics of the day, tended to produce not only vulgarity, but a degree of monotony that at last grew utterly wearisome. The paro-

died personages departed farther and farther from the originals, while the dialogue, under the strain of continual word-twisting, deteriorated in quality until the whole affair became a mere farrago of vulgar nonsense. To read some of the once-famous extravaganzas of a few years back induces absolute amazement that any person of sound mind, much more of acknowledged talent and reputation, could have been found to write or to act in them.

The purpose of burlesque is simply to make a subject ludicrous by exaggerating its weak points and prominent features; but, while the absurdity and the exaggeration are kept up, some likeness to the original should always be preserved. But when Jupiter becomes a modern betting man, and Castor and Pollux two fast youths, with cigars and eyeglasses, when, moreover, the original fable is overlaid with extraneous spectacle and accessory until it retains scarcely anything but its name, the whole meaning and purpose of burlesque is destroyed.

Douglas Jerrold's well-known nautical melodrama is in itself highly susceptible of travesty, and as this was carried out according to the true principles of the process, a successful and even standard burlesque was the result. To give the dissolute Captain Ross an enormous vessel, and an outrageous crew, to soften the barter of Warrata and his companions into dainty youths with toy arms, and to make him a sumptuous, and at the same time a barbed, and a little more of the Lord High Admiral of the Yacht Club, and the various other minute details by which a generally

Edition of Black-Eyed Susan; and though some of the elements that aided that popularity are now rather out of date, the burlesque, with certain alterations, and with Miss M. Oliver and Messrs. Dewar and Danvers restored to their original parts, cannot fail to ensure a second long lease of life at Mr. Burnand's theatre.

Of those productions which depend mainly upon individual interpretations of character, Mr. Joseph Jefferson's *Rip Van Winkle* is the most noteworthy, and visitors at the Princess's can bear witness to the unimpaired excellence of his impersonation of the celebrated sleeper of twenty years. Another American actor, Mr. John S. Clarke, has recently returned for a limited period, and resumed that round of characters which has now become familiar to all playgoers. That this comedian is a mannerist all must acknowledge, but his mannerism is so truly humorous and artistic that it is difficult to become wearied with it. Major de Boots and Pangloss, and even the bibulous Toodles and Young Gosling, are at any time welcome to London audiences.

"Lord Dundreary" has again visited the scene of his former triumphs. The evergreen Charles Mathews gave a series of performances in a piece called *My Awful Dad*, one of those rejuvenated beings of whom he is still the first representative on the boards. Before departing for India, Mr. Mathews addressed his patrons in a lively parting speech which, according to his well-known manner, was far more suggestive of one-and-twenty than of three-score-and-ten. We can only trust that his cheerful anticipations will be fully realized.

On the whole, we cannot but look back with satisfaction upon the

dramatic year now closed; and look forward to 1876 with all the
though much yet remains to be hopefulness inspired by the present
done before another golden era of festive season.
the British stage arrives, we can

THE MISOGAMIST.

"I HATE the women—'tis no cant,
A vain, conceited, frivolous crew,
They're only fit to dress and flaunt
In feathers, ribbons, red and blue ;
In frill and flounce, with lace and veil,
They love the pretty, not the true ;
They're facile, fickle, feeble, frail.
Why need I further swell the list,
Their foolishness is nothing new,"
Remarked this strange misogynist.

"They chatter, clatter, never cease
To gossip scandal at their tea ;
They whisper mischief—break the peace,
And kiss and hate and disagree ;
And sob or sigh with smile or tear
The hollowness of which we see"—
Then summing up, with wicked sneer,
"Their life's a trifle ; they insist
On chronicling the smallest beer,"
So said this wild misogynist.

I did not like his spiteful talk,
I did not see him for a year.
One winter night, in homeward walk,
I heard a voice—"Cling closer, dear :"
Although 'twas long since last we met,
I knew the tones,—'twas very queer ;
A married man without regret,
Two ruddy lips as ere were kissed,
Replied low, "I thank you, pet,"
To this same mad misogynist.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Christian Psychology : the Soul and the Body in their Correlation and Contrast. Being a New Translation of Swedenborg's Tractate De Commercio Animæ et Corporis, &c. Londini, 1769. With Preface and Illustrative Notes. By T. M. Gorman, M.A. London : Longmans and Co. — We are at a loss to understand why we should have "Christian psychology" any more than Christian physiology, Christian chemistry, or Christian arithmetic. Religion and science are two essentially distinct things, both of which are injured by any attempts to mix them up together. Religion is a matter of faith, feeling, and practice; science of knowledge derived from experience and reasoning. By all means let both be cultivated to the utmost, which can only be done effectually by keeping them apart. We cannot think the present work calculated to promote either the one or the other.

Swedenborg's newly translated Tractate occupies but a small part of the volume. It is, in fact, merely a short text, from which Mr. Gorman preaches a long-winded, rambling sermon. *De omnibus rebus at quibusdam aliis*, in the shape of preface and numberless notes. That he is a scholar of extensive research, and possesses considerable knowledge of philosophy both ancient and modern, is abundantly evident from the number and variety of the authors he quotes, as well as from his own observations. He shows a decided taste and no mean capacity for philosophical inquiry. He

also writes with undeniable eloquence and power. But he is, nevertheless, sadly deficient in the true philosophical spirit and gentlemanly tone. He is one-sided, dogmatical, and intolerant to the last degree; extravagant in his laudation of Swedenborg, and those who show any leaning towards his views, and unmeasured in his denunciation of all who do not happen to see things in the same light as he himself does, whom, however, he does not attempt to refute.

Thus we are told of Swedenborg's "marvellous clearness and simplicity"—about the last quality most readers of his writings would think of ascribing to him—his "analyses of transcendent sublimity, and disquisitions of exquisite subtlety and beauty," his "small but wonderful treatise — wonderful for depth, comprehensiveness, and condensed thought," his "sublime and solid system of intellectual truth," and are even asked to believe that "Swedenborg's analysis of the faculty of memory as far transcends the commonly received notions on the subject as the Newtonian system of astronomy does that of Ptolemy."

On the other hand, we hear of "the wild and sometimes insane phantasies lately put forth as 'scientific' speculations, on such questions as the origin of man and his place in nature," of Dr. Carpenter's "rash and unqualified assertions"—Hume's "shallow and pernicious dogmatism"—Priestley's "reveries," "hallucinations," and "reckless calumnies"—Bain's

“metaphysical soothsaying,” and his “meagre and shallow summary of opinions respecting what he is pleased to call mind and body”—Kant’s “chimerical lucubrations,” who is described as “the unwearied metaphysical spider,” and Sir Wm. Hamilton’s “tissue of blunders.” Dr. Maudealey is a “flippant and (regarded from a strictly Christian point of view) sometimes profane writer.” We are informed that he “ranks among the most daringly unscrupulous and pertinacious of those, who, blinded by self-conceit, and regardless of facts, have most grossly and maliciously slandered the great name of Swedenborg. To those who possess any real acquaintance with the subject, his ‘criticisms’ present a tissue of foul misrepresentations.” Cardinal Manning is charged with “manifest violation of truth and charity,” and “violence and malignity” of language. The flowers of rhetoric we have culled from Mr. Gorman’s pages may serve to show that, in these respects, the Cardinal does not stand quite alone. Such language would be somewhat less inexcusable, if it were supported by any shadow of proof. Offensive epithets are made to supply the place of arguments. All that Mr. Gorman feels called upon to do in support of his views, is to load his pages with endless extracts from Swedenborg’s writings, sometimes heralding them with a great flourish of trumpets as to their “breadth and depth of mental grasp,” “astonishing accuracy,” and so forth.

It certainly is astonishing that any one possessing such an acquaintance as Mr. Gorman shows with the history of philosophy from the earliest times, and the characteristics of modern thought, should imagine it possible to force a heterogeneous compound of religion and science down people’s throats by dint of nothing more than big words and

furious phrases, dogmatic assertions and insulting remarks. If Mr. Gorman really desires, as he says, to make Swedenborg’s writings better known to the English public, he should adopt a different method of seeking his object. People, in these days of free thought and searching inquiry, are not to be schooled, scolded, or cajoled into a belief in any system, however high its pretensions and however clamorous its advocates. They must be appealed to as men of sense, furnished with substantial evidence, and convinced by conclusive reasoning. A system which is introduced to their notice with no better recommendation than alternate blasts of puffery and abuse has scant chance of a favourable hearing.

Mr. Gorman tells us, Swedenborg’s “aim from the first was to establish, on the impregnable basis of an undoubted experience, a solid and permanent system of Rational Philosophy, which should serve for the enlightenment and advancement of posterity in all time to come.” What his aim may have been is of little consequence. The only question for consideration now is, whether he really did establish such a system.

According to Mr. Gorman, Swedenborg’s “writings present in a clear light, for the first time in the history of human speculation, all the facts and principles essential to the construction of a Psychology which shall be at once truly rational and pre-eminently Christian. This result, which justly deserves to be characterized as stupendous, has been accomplished, not by divination, nor by mystical contemplation, nor by an imaginary inspiration, but by the laborious process of carefully collecting the choicest experiences of sixty centuries, by unwearied industry and intense mental labour in co-ordinating and subordinating these ex-

and by deducing from them first principles according to the rules of a rigidly inductive method—in other words, by the legitimate exercise of the rational faculty.”

We are not prepared to say how far this glowing description corresponds to Swedenborg's other writings, but certainly the Tractate here translated is of a very different and even directly contrary character. That we are not speaking at random, will appear from the following extracts:—

“That there is a spiritual world in which are spirits and angels, distinct from the natural world which is the abode of men, is a truth which up to the present time has lain deeply concealed from mankind even in Christendom. The cause of this is, that no angel has ever come down and taught it orally, nor has any man ascended to that world and seen that it is so. Last, therefore, owing to ignorance of the existence of such a world, and to a wavering and unsettled faith respecting heaven and hell resulting from this ignorance, mankind should grow infatuated to such a degree as to become atheists of that type which refers all things to nature as their source, it has pleased the Lord to open the sight of my spirit, and to cause it to ascend up into heaven, and also to go down into hell, and to display to its view the distinctive character of each.”

“There is in the spiritual world a sun which is different from that in the natural world. To the truth of this I am able to bear solemn witness, inasmuch as *I have seen that sun*. Its appearance is fiery like that of our own sun, of almost equal apparent size, at such a distance from the angels as ours is from men. Still, however, it neither rises nor sets, but stands fixed and unmovable at a certain height, between the zenith and the horizon. Therefore it comes to pass that the angels reside in perpetual light and never-ceasing spring.”

“I once heard from heaven they are of one saying that if there were in man one spark of life—as has been, and not the life of God in him—there would be no such thing as heaven nor anything

that exists there: there would, consequently, be no church on earth, and therefore no such thing as life eternal.”

“After the above was written I prayed to the Lord to be permitted to speak to the disciples of Aristotle, and, at the same time, with those of Descartes and Leibnitz, to the intent that I might elicit the opinions which they entertained in their mind on the subject of the commerce between the soul and the body. When my prayer was ended, there were present nine men. Three were Aristotelians, three Cartesians, and three Leibnitzians. They took their places around me. On the left, stood the devotees of Aristotle; to the right the followers of Descartes; and behind, the partisans of Leibnitz. At a considerable distance, and separated from each other by intervals, appeared three men, as if crowned with laurel wreaths; and from an inflowing perception I became cognizant that these were the very Champions and Headmasters of their respective schools. Behind Leibnitz appeared one who, it was said, was Wolf, holding in his hand the skirt of Leibnitz's garment.

“These nine men, when they had each in turn looked upon one another, at first accosted each other in courteous and friendly terms. They then entered into conversation. Just at that moment, however, a spirit rose to view from hell, bearing in his right hand a small torch. This he shook before their faces. Thereupon they became enemies, three against three, and stood regarding each other with stern and haughty looks, owing to a strong desire for wrangling and contention which seized them.”

“I will here add, in support of these statements, a truth not hitherto revealed. All the angels of heaven turn the forehead to the Lord as a Sun; and all the spirits of hell turn the back of the head to Him. The latter receive an influx into the affections of their will—which in themselves are evil desires—and cause the understanding to become favourable to these affections, but the former receive an influx into the affections of their understanding, which causes the will to incline to the good. Hence it is that the angels of heaven are in a state of wisdom, and the evil spirits of hell in a state of insanity.

This is what Mr. Gorman calls

"the New Philosophy." It is certainly strange philosophy, if it deserves the name of philosophy at all. How it can be reconciled with Mr. Gorman's high-flown statements we are at a loss to understand. Are we to consider these spiritualistic revelations as "the impregnable basis of undoubted experience?" Those who hesitate to accept them as literal matter of fact, are informed by Mr. Gorman that evidence in support of them is abundantly supplied throughout Swedenborg's works, which they are told to examine patiently and carefully, or for ever henceforth hold their peace on the subject!

As to the "credibility of Swedenborg's testimony, it seems sufficient" to Mr. Gorman to remark, "that, beyond all question, as a witness, he possesses, in the highest degree, every single qualification by which a trustworthy witness ought to be characterized, according to the most certain and approved maxims and rules. The assertion here made is capable of superfluous proof." We scarcely know whether Mr. Gorman means that the assertion is so self-evident as to render proof superfluous, or that there is a superfluity of proof which he might give if he were so disposed.

However, instead of furnishing what we consider indispensable evidence, he treats us to passages from Plato, Aristotle, and others, which, he says, "illustrate in a striking manner the fact of the wide acceptance by minds of the most varied and richest culture, of what our author declares to be the most universal of all truths, namely, that "the Lord Jesus Christ is the Sun of Heaven, and that all light in the other world proceeds from Him." How Plato and Aristotle, who lived three or four centuries before Christ, could possibly have had any

idea of this truth, Mr. Gorman does not condescend to explain.

In case any of our readers should wish to have some notion of the way in which Swedenborg philosophizes, we quote the following as a specimen:—

"It is well known that all things without exception may be traced to THE GOOD and THE TRUE, and that there does not exist a single being in which there is not something that has relation to these two principles. Hence it is that in man there are two receptacles of life—one the receptacle of goodness, which is called the Will; the other, the receptacle of truth, called the Understanding. Now, since goodness has its origin in love, and truth in wisdom, it follows that the will is the receptacle of love, and the understanding that of wisdom.

"The reason that goodness has its origin in love is that what man loves he wills, and when he carries out this will into work and deed, he calls it *good*. In like manner, the reason that truth originates in wisdom is this; all wisdom is made up of truths. Yea more, the good which a wise man thinks is *truth*. This truth also becomes *good* when he wills it and reduces it to practice."

This partakes far more of fanciful verbiage than of sound philosophy. It affords a striking illustration of his spiritualistic art, so popular with morbid sensibilities in our day, of stringing words together without sense, but with great pretensions to an incomprehensible transcendentalism. This being the leading characteristic of Swedenborg's writings, we therefore neither regret that they are so little known, nor wonder that they are so much misunderstood, as Mr. Gorman is forced to confess, notwithstanding all he so dogmatically alleges concerning their "astouishing clearness."

The Life of Jonathan Swift. By John Forster. Vol. I. 1687-1711. London: John Murray.—Ireland has long been under obligation to Mr. Forster for the best biography of one of her gifted sons. His "Life of Goldsmith," whose works posterity will not willingly let die, both superseded all others previously extant, and still maintains its undisputed supremacy. Since the period of its publication the author has been earning fresh laurels and acquiring further experience in biographical and historical literature. It is not long since he completed an enduring literary monument in memory of his friend Charles Dickens, whose life and character he depicted with a fulness of knowledge which nothing but the closest intimacy could supply, a warmth of admiration betokening strong attachment, and, at the same time, a fidelity to truth and justice, a delicacy of tact, a soundness of discretion, and a power of narration not often combined in biographical works. He now presents the public with the first volume of an elaborate and complete biography of a greater genius than either Goldsmith or Dickens, who, by the marvellous multiplicity and prodigious power of his writings, reflected honour on the land of his birth, while, by the fearless and successful manner in which he asserted its rights and defended its interests, he earned a title to its gratitude, which was willingly allowed during the latter part of his life, and ought not to be obliterated by his death. Macaulay describes Swift as "a genius equally suited to politics and to letters, a genius destined to shake great kingdoms, to stir the laughter and the rage of millions, and to leave to posterity memorials which can perish only with the English language."

Like all Mr. Forster's productions, this is anything but a hasty compilation. For many years, he tells

us, the subject of it has occupied his thoughts. From various sources he has been fortunate enough to obtain a great quantity of new and valuable matter, including as many as a hundred and fifty of Swift's letters, besides other compositions in prose and verse, notes on books, and passages in an interleaved copy of "Gulliver's Travels," which the author wrote for insertion in subsequent editions, but which have never yet appeared. These and other illustrative materials will, we may be sure, be turned to the best account in the course of the work, by so skilled a workman as Mr. Forster, who has spared no pains in collating documents, noting variations, sifting evidence, and summing up the results of his investigation. The only question is, whether his anxiety to avoid the careless inaccuracy of previous biographers may not have carried him too far in the opposite direction, and led him to occupy more space than was necessary or desirable in dismissing and refuting the statements of previous writers. He offers some sort of apology for the minuteness of detail in the present volume, and refers to "its successors" for a complete justification, whence it is evident that the entire work is to consist of, at least, three volumes. We doubt whether it will not lose more in interest than it gains in value, for general readers, by being extended beyond two volumes. A biography should, at least, be readable without any sense of weariness, which can hardly be the case if it is very long. Scott's memoir of Swift, however inaccurate in minor points through haste and imperfect knowledge, is charming reading. Nor can it be fairly considered meagre in information, though confined within the limits of a single volume.

Mr. Forster says: "The rule of measuring what is knowable of a famous man by the inverse ratio of what has been said about him, is

applicable to Swift in a marked degree. Few men who have been talked about so much are known so little." He, not unnaturally, considers himself, with the fresh sources of information open to him, in a position to form a more accurate notion of Swift than has been hitherto current. He evidently thinks he can clear his character of most, if not all, the aspersions by which it has been defaced. His determination to take the most favourable view of his position and conduct in every case, is almost too apparent. If Lord Orrery, Jeffrey, and Macaulay show a disposition to unduly depreciate the great satirist, Mr. Forster is scarcely less strongly biassed in the contrary direction. Like a zealous advocate, he quietly passes over, or explains away, circumstances which tell against his client, makes the most of every scrap of evidence in his favour, and gives him the full benefit of any doubt that may exist. Still, his portrait of Swift, being based upon more perfect knowledge, is likely to be a more correct likeness in the main outlines than any yet presented to the public, even if it be in some degree coloured by feeling.

The present volume deals with the period from Swift's birth to his abandonment of the Whigs and powerful co-operation with the Tories, on their accession to power under Harley and St. John. It is the part of his life hitherto least known and most misrepresented. Mr. Forster says the writers accepted as authorities for this period are "practically worthless," an assertion which he fully substantiates by argument and illustration. He is at some pains to show that they have given a very incorrect account of Swift's college course. In the anecdotes of his family and himself, which Swift wrote as part of an autobiography never completed, and which Mr. Forster pronounces to be

"the highest authority for the matters to which they relate," he said, "he was so discouraged and sunk in his spirits, that he too much neglected his academic studies, for some parts of which he had no great relish by nature, and turned himself to reading history and poetry; so that, when the time came for taking his degree of bachelor of arts, although he had lived with great regularity and due observance of the statutes, he was stopped of his degree for dulness and insufficiency, and at last hardly admitted in a manner little to his credit, which is called in that college *speciali gratiâ*."

Mr. Forster thinks that, though this statement is substantially true, the truth was not so bad as it is purposely made to appear. At the time Swift wrote it, he had become famous, and for the sake of a joke at the expense of Trinity College, he gave out that it "had thought him too dull for a degree." We cannot accept this explanation. Swift's statement is consistent throughout; the depression of spirits and neglect of prescribed studies being followed by the natural result of failure at the time for taking his degree. We are at a loss to discover any trace of "ironical tone," nor do we see that it is any reflection upon the college authorities, but rather the reverse, that, under the circumstances, they refused him his degree, except by favour. The story that, when Swift went to Oxford for an *ad eundem* degree, he presented his Dublin one, and the Oxford dons mistook the *speciali gratiâ* for a mark of honour, is proved to be, like many other Swiftiana, without foundation, by the original document here quoted, in which the phrase does not appear.

It is rather strange that, in spite of what Swift himself says about his degree, Mr. Forster gives a *fac-simile* of part of the college examination-roll in his possession, containing Swift's

name, with twenty others, from which it appears that he acquitted himself more creditably on the whole than the majority of his compeers. As to the more scandalous stories of his having been reprimanded, and even expelled from the college, for gross misbehaviour, Mr. Forster makes it pretty evident that they either arose from confounding him with others, or are greatly exaggerated.

The account here given of Swift's first and second residence with Sir William Temple is much more precise and complete than any previously published. Mr. Forster denies—not without reason—that Swift was in such a position of menial subservience at Moor Park as Macaulay represents. The fact that, during his residence there, he was entrusted with a special commission to the King on a matter of State importance, is alone sufficient to show that he stood high in Sir William's confidence and esteem. "The proposed Triennial Bill having alarmed William, he had sent the Earl of Portland for advice to Moor Park, and Temple, after doing his best with Portland to remove the King's fears, had a misgiving that his argument might not be safe in the Earl's hands, and being unable himself to attend the King, resolved to send Swift to him." Swift was to explain Temple's views at length to the King, and enforce them by illustrations from English history, which he did in such a manner as to win the King's good opinion, though without accomplishing the object of his mission.

Mr. Forster's account of the terms on which Swift lived with Sir William Temple is as follows:—

"There was just so much equality of intercourse as that any interruption to it sensibly was felt and felt. No political reputation stood higher than Temple's; he was the retired adviser of more than one sovereign, and it was the same advice and others so attractive

to Swift that there was plenty of veneration at first, no doubt. But though Temple's nature was cold, those first relations could not but be changed by the help which Swift was found able to render, not alone in arranging his writings, but by coming to his relief in a controversy where the master of Moor Park very sorely needed protection. Between the undistinguished and the distinguished man, the measure of distance would lessen as the measure of service increased. Then would follow what can easily be imagined: occasional assumptions of over-familiarity, rebuked by caprices of reserve. To make a man feel that he is treated like a schoolboy is as mortifying a check as you can give him, and from such a temper as Temple's arose, perhaps, not unfrequently this kind of suffering; but that any secret savageness of pride was eating into Swift's heart at the time, has as little foundation in fact as the rest of Macaulay's picture. Swift's pride was the reflection or consciousness of power. It did not come to him without a clear perception of strength; and by the feeling that it could so sustain itself, and make other odds ultimately even, every pang it inflicted at Moor Park must surely have been lightened and consoled. Universal as is now the practice of associating Temple's house with Swift's greatest misery, this is decidedly not the impression to be derived from himself. There is nothing that is not on the whole kindly and grateful in his memories of it. It is a fact not insignificant to me, though commentators and biographers have overlooked it, that he made the first garden of his own which he ever possessed, at his living of Laracor, a sort of small imitation of the Moor Park garden. Even in the heat of his dispute with Lady Giffard nothing mean or sordid in his relation to her brother was hinted at on either side."

Among the inmates at Moor Park was Esther Johnson, the ill-starred Stella, whose mournful and mysterious fate casts so dark a shadow over the life and character of Swift. In this, as in other parts of Swift's conduct, Mr. Forster appears determined to defend him at whatever

cost. He seems to think it enough if he can show that Swift had no other than a sort of fatherly feeling for the young lady. He even goes so far as to maintain that she knew this, and acquiesced in it. His mode of proving the point is by no means conclusive.

A clergyman named Tisdall, desiring to marry her, consulted Swift on the subject, and in his letter of reply occurs the following passage:

"I might with good pretence enough talk starchily and affect ignorance of what you would be at; but my conjecture is that you think I obstructed your inclinations to please my own, and that my intentions were the same with yours; in answer to all which I will upon my conscience and honour tell you the naked truth.

"First, I think I have said to you before, that if my fortunes and humour served me to think of that state I should certainly, among all persons on earth, make your choice; because I never saw that person whose conversation I entirely valued but hers: this was the utmost I ever gave way to.

"And, secondly, I must assure you sincerely that this regard of mine never once entered into my head to be an impediment to you, but I judged it would perhaps be a clog to your rising in the world, and I did not conceive you were then rich enough to make yourself and her happy and easy; but that objection is now quite removed by what you have at present and by the assurances of Eaton's livings.

"I told you indeed that your authority was not sufficient to make overtures to the mother, without the daughter giving me leave under her own or her friend's hand; which I think was a right and prudent step. However, I told the mother immediately, and spoke with all the advantages you deserve; but the objection of your fortune being removed, I declare I have no other; nor shall any consideration of my own misfortune of losing so good a friend and companion as her, prevail on me against her interest and settlement in the world, since it is held so necessary and convenient a thing for ladies to marry, and that time takes off from the

lustre of virgins in all other eyes but mine.

"I appeal to my letters to herself whether I was not your friend in the whole concern; though the part I designed to act in it was purely passive, which is the utmost I will ever do in things of this nature, to avoid all reproach of any ill consequences that may ensue in the variety of worldly accidents: nay, I went so far to her mother, herself, and, I think, to you, as to think it could not be decently broken; since I supposed the town had got it in their tongues, and therefore I thought it could not miscarry without some disadvantage to the lady's credit. I have always described her to you in a manner different from those who would be discouraging; and must add that, though it has come in my way to converse with persons of the first rank, and of that sex, more than is usual to men of my level, and of our function, yet I have nowhere met with a humour, a wit, or conversation so agreeable, a better portion of good sense, or a truer judgment of men and things,—I mean here in England, for as to the ladies in Ireland I am a perfect stranger."

On this letter Mr. Forster observes:—

"Written when Esther Johnson was in her twenty-second year and Swift in his thirty-sixth, the letter describes with exactness the relations that, in the opinion of the present writer, who can find no evidence of a marriage that is at all reasonably sufficient, subsisted between them at the day of her death; when she was entering her forty-sixth year and he had passed his sixtieth. Even assuming it to be less certain than I think it, that she had never given the least favourable ear to Tisdall's suit, there can be no doubt that the result of its abrupt termination was to connect her future inalienably with that of Swift. The limit as to their intercourse expressed by him, if not before known to her, she had now been made aware of; and it is not open to us to question that she accepted it with its plainly implied conditions, of Affection, not Desire.

"The words 'in all other eyes

mine' have a touching significance. In all other eyes but his, time would take from her lustre, her charms would fade; but to him, through womanhood as in girlhood, she would continue the same. For what she was surrendering, then, she knew the equivalent; and this, almost wholly overlooked in other biographies, will be found in the present to fill a large place. Her story has indeed been always told with too much indignation and pity. Not with what depresses or degrades, but rather with what consoles and exalts, we may associate such a life. This young friendless girl, of mean birth and small fortune, chose to play no common part in the world, and it was not a sorrowful destiny, either for her life or her memory, to be the star to such a man as Swift, the Stella to even such an *Antrophel*.

We do not see how the letter to Tisdall proves that Esther Johnson knew she had nothing more to expect from Swift than friendly esteem or paternal fondness, and was contented with this, unless we are to suppose she had an opportunity of seeing the letter or knowing its contents. Perhaps the appeal to his letters to her, may be accepted as proof that she knew he was not prepared to marry her at that time, but this is a very different thing from knowing he never would be. It is hard to believe she could be so unwomanly as to consent to no other return for her affection than the honour and glory of friendly intercourse and correspondence with so distinguished a man, nor can her subsequent history and melancholy end be reconciled with any such unnatural supposition. Mr. Forster elsewhere says, Swift's letters to her "may well have come to represent to her the charm and the solicency of life." Her own contentment that this should be so, there appears to be no reason to doubt. Surely there is every reason to doubt, or, rather, deny it, both on account of its intrinsic im-

probability and its inconsistency with actual facts.

Mr. Forster describes Swift's journal to Stella as, "that unrivalled picture of the time, in which he set down day by day the incidents of three momentous years, which received every hope, fear, or fancy in its address as it rose to him, which was written for one person's private pleasure, and has had indestructible attractiveness for every one since; which has no parallel in literature, for the historic importance of the men and the events that move along its pages, or the homely vividness of the language that describes them; and of which the loves and hates, the joys and griefs, the expectations and disappointments, the great and little in closest neighbourhood, the alternating tenderness and bitterness, and, above all, the sense and nonsense in marvellous mixture and profusion, remain a perfect microcosm of human life."

Without stopping to inquire whether there is not some exaggeration here, we must express our regret that Mr. Forster did not pick out the materials of historical value, and work them up into a continuous narrative, simply referring to the letters in the journal as his authorities. The letters should either be quoted as they stand, or not at all. Whatever charm there may be for some readers in the childish silliness which Swift calls "our own little language," is dispelled by Mr. Forster's indirect form of quotation.

In treating of Swift's political career, Mr. Forster does not take the trouble to attempt any laboured apology for his desertion from the Whig to the Tory camp. He contents himself with observing that Swift was never a strong party man, and that with his Church views he must have felt some embarrassment among the Whigs—that is to

say, he was a politician of easy virtue, as his conduct plainly showed. It was only natural that he should feel incensed at the studied negligence with which he was treated by the Whigs, and which was rendered all the more disgusting by their smooth speeches and fine promises. His case somewhat resembled Sydney Smith's, the witty Canon of St. Paul's. Both were wits of the highest order, powerful with their pen in party warfare, and admitted to confidential intimacy with political chiefs, but both were denied the preferment to which they felt entitled as a reward for their services. The fact is, each—or at any rate Swift—had mistaken his vocation. The man whose genius and wit could revel in "The Tale of a Tub" was not well fitted to be a clergyman, much less a bishop. He never avowed himself the author of it, and felt it necessary to publish an apology, in which he endeavoured to refute the accusation of irreligion that had been raised against the writer.

It is not pretended that Swift's change of party arose from any change in his convictions. He had failed to obtain promotion from one party, and being, as he says, "forty times more caressed" by the other, he threw himself heart and soul into their cause, though not without a secret misgiving that he would be again disappointed, as afterwards came to pass. Mr. Forster makes a lame apology for his abusive attacks upon Godolphin and others whom he had formerly supported, simply showing that these violent personalities did not appear in his first contributions to St. John's *Examiner*, but at the same time admitting his subsequent indulgence in them. In this respect, as in others, Swift's character compares unfavourably with Sydney Smith's, who never changed his principles, still less prepared lampoons against

his political chief whilst keeping up friendly intercourse with some of the leading men of the party. On the other hand, Swift's devoted affection for his mother, and his disinterested efforts in behalf of Steele and others, deserve honourable mention. He was not, indeed, a paragon of virtue, but he was not the monster that Jeffrey painted him, an "apostate in politics, infidel, or indifferent on religion, a defamer of humanity, the slanderer of statesmen who had served him, and destroyer of the women who loved him."

Mr. Forster says, "Belief in this, or *any part of it*, may be pardonable where the life is known insufficiently and the writings not at all, but to a competent acquaintance with either or both, it is monstrous as well as incredible." This is strong language, indeed, and requires stronger proof than Mr. Forster has yet furnished or can furnish. That Swift was an apostate in politics is surely too notorious a fact to be disputed for a moment. Mr. Forster himself admits that he attacked his former political allies with vindictive malice, and that, too, while he was on visiting terms with some of the prominent men of the party. After mentioning that Swift dined with Addison at his Chelsea retreat, he says: "Some hints had already been dropped by Swift for carrying out schemes of revenge, suggested by his visit to Godolphin, and he was not left in doubt as to the eagerness of the new ministers to enlist him in a service to which he was already more than half inclined. Coming home after that dinner with Addison, he put fresh touches to a lampoon against the ex-Whig chief, which he had also worked at after dining with Holland, another staunch Whig, remarking then that it went on 'very slow.' A Tory squib began to take additional relish from a Whig dinner." Elsewhere he ob-

erves of Swift: "Whether he deserted his party, or his party deserted him, it is certain that, with one marked exception, he did not begin his work for Harley by reviling the individual members of it. That was to come later, in the heat of hard blows on both sides."

Once more: it must surely be admitted that the deaths of Esther Johnson and Hester Vanhomrigh were hastened, if not caused, by Swift's conduct towards them. Nor can it be reasonably denied that the author of "Gulliver's Travels" was, to some extent, "a defamer of humanity." Scott, with all his charitable indulgence for the errors of genius, feels constrained to condemn one of the main divisions of the work, which he thus describes: "The Voyage to the Land of the Houyhnhnms" is a composition an editor of Swift must ever consider with pain. The source of such a diatribe against human nature could

only be that fierce indignation which he has described in his epitaph as so long gnawing his heart."

Thus instead of belief in any part of Jeffrey's statement being monstrous and incredible, we find that the only article in his indictment which is not more or less borne out by Swift's life and works, is that which relates to his religious belief, a point necessarily involved in obscurity, on which different people will entertain different opinions.

But whatever may be thought of Mr. Forster's views on this and other matters, there can be no dispute as to the novelty and value of his facts. Judging from this first instalment of his work, we may safely assume that it will surpass his "Life of Goldsmith" in the amount and importance of information, and the minute accuracy of its detail, and long serve as the only trustworthy and satisfactory biography of the great Dean of St. Patrick's.

The Infant Bridal and other Poems. By Aubrey de Vere. Henry S. King and Co., 1876.

In our last number we introduced to the notice of our readers a volume of poems by a working man, a "railway surfaceman," who, though young, has already placed himself in the foremost rank of living Scottish poets. We have now to call their attention to a poet belonging to the higher class of society, a nephew of a peer, and a member of an ancient aristocratic family.

Mr. Gladstone, in his recent interesting speech at Greenwich, said: "I have often been struck with the immense advantage that is possessed in regard to matters of art and its high perception of beauty by the higher classes, those classes which are to a great extent hereditary. The original capacity lies in the nature, but that capacity is modified from generation to generation, and the cultivation of it in people of a certain class, in certain generations, affects the amount of capability with which the children of those persons are born into the world in the next age. Those whose parents have been conversant for a long series of years with ideas of beauty and the exercise of a cultivated taste, have a great advantage, a considerable start in the race."

This advantage is possessed in a high degree by Mr. De Vere, if there be any truth in Mr. Gladstone's theory as to the heredity of genius, his father having been a poet whose drama, "Mary Tudor," is not unworthy to be compared with Tennyson's "Queen Mary."

It is well that our aristocracy should covet and pursue some higher

distinction than mere birth or wealth. Only in this way can they hope to maintain their true position in the State as a bulwark to the throne and an ornament to their country. Hence we rejoice to see them competing with their fellows in other ranks of society, not only in the dusty arena of politics and the scramble for office, the racecourse, and the hunting-field, but also in the career of literature, the sublime heights of science, the pure region of poetry, and the refined ideality of art.

A glance at Mr. De Vere's pages suffices to show that he is a poet of cultivated taste, elegant fancy, delicate sensibility, and pleasing melody. His genius is pensive and gentle rather than passionate and sublime, more refined than robust, more graceful than grand. We long for more force and fire.

Mr. De Vere rarely attempts any lofty flights of imagination, or dives into any profound depth of thought. His strains, though musical and sweet, are neither very stirring nor deeply touching. On the other hand, it is but just to observe that, if his poetry is deficient in striking excellencies, it is free from glaring faults; if it does not thrill one to ecstasy, it gives no pain, and shocks neither one's principles nor one's taste.

The "Infant Bridal," which gives the chief title to the volume and forms its commencement, is by no means the longest piece. It is a romantic little tale, pleasingly told in three parts, and beginning thus:—

"Of old between two nations was great war,
Its cause no mortal knew; nor when begun;
Therefore, they combated so much the more,
The sire his sword bequeathing to the son;
Till gentleness and joy had wholly fled,
And well-nigh every hand with blood was red."

After hostilities have been continued for a long time with ever-increasing fury and wide-spread suffering, a decisive engagement takes place.

"The hosts, in silence marching all the night,
At sunrise met upon the battle plain.
The monarchs there engaged in single fight:
There by a rival's hand was either slain.
Long time men stood in gloom, stern, and sad hearted;
Then bound by solemn vows, homeward in peace departed."

"A counsel went there forth. Each king had left
Behind a blooming infant; one a boy,
A girl the other; both alike bereft;
Both innocent; both meet for love and joy:
Both heirs of sorrow. Holy Church these twain
Shall join in one, men cried; and peace be ours again."

The idea is welcomed by all, and the infant bride is conveyed in her cradle with solemn pomp to her new home, the ringing of bells, shouts of joy, and marks of honour greeting her at every village through which she passes. At length the city is reached, and the ceremony takes place in due form.

"Small was the ring, and small in truth the finger!
What then? the faith was large that dropped it down:
A faith that scorned on this base earth to linger,
And won from heaven a perdurable crown.
A germ of love, at plighting of that troth
Into each bosom sank; and grew there with its growth."

- " The ladies held aloft the bridal pair :
 They on each other smiled, and gazed around
 With lofty mien benign and debonair.
 Their infant brows with golden circlet bound ;
 The prelates blessed them, and the nobles swore
 True faith and fealty by the swords they bore.
- " Home to the palace, still in order keeping.
 That train returned ; and in the stateliest room
 Laid down their lovely burden, all but sleeping,
 Together in one cradle's curtained gloom :
 And lulled them with low melody and song.
 And jest past lightly 'mid the courtly throng."

Their childhood passes in happy innocence under the guidance of wholesome instruction, and the remainder of their story is told as follows:—

- " Swift rolled the years. The boy now twelve years old,
 Vowed to the cross and honourable war,
 For Palestine deserts our northland cold.
 Her husband—playmate—is he hers no more?
 Up to his hand, now timid first she crept,—
 " Farewell," he said : she sighed ; he kissed her and she wept.
- " A milk-white steed : a crest whose snowy pride
 Like wings, or maiden tresses drooped apart ;
 A cross between ; and every day new dyed,
 Fair emblem on his shield, a bleeding heart,
 Marked him far off from all. Not mine to tell
 What fields his valour won, what foes before him fell.
- " No barbarous rage that host impelled ; but zeal
 For Christian faith and sacred rites profaned ;
 And triumph smiled upon the avenging steel
 That smote the haughty and set free the chained.
 Foremost he fought—In victory's final hour
 Star-bright he shone from Salem's topmost tower !
- " Swift as that fame, which like an angel ran
 Before him on a glory-smitten road,
 Homeward the princely boy returned, a man.
 A lovelier angel graced their old abode—
 But where his youthful playmate ? where ? half dazed,
 Each on the other's beauty wondering gazed.
- " Strange joy they found all day in wandering over
 The spots in which their childish sports had been ;
 Husband and wife whilome, now loved and lover,
 A broken light brightened yet more the scene.
 Night came : a gay yet startled bride he led,
 Old rites scarce trusting to the bridal bed.
- " No more remains of all this ancient story.
 They loved with love eternal : spent their days
 In peace, in good to man, in genuine glory
 No spears unjust they sought, nor unjust praise.
 Their children loved them and their people blessed—
 God grant us all such lives—in Heaven for aye such rest !"

It is impossible not to be charmed with the simplicity and sweetness of this little romance, which may be considered the gem of the volume. Another happy effort, more spirited though less pleasing, is a poem entitled "Europa," which reminds one of Horace's *Impios parræ recinentis omen*.

"When from his white chest first he pushed the shining deep that stayed him.
Fair-tressed Europa thought the Bull too gentle to upbraid him;
Her laughing face thrown back toward those who spread their hands to chide
him,
She sang—'We all his trappings wrought; yet I alone dared ride him!'

"But when her father's towers went down under successive surges,
And the sweet clamour of her mates grew hoarse amid sea dirges,
The simple child her dark eye raised and taper hand to Heaven,
And prayed of all the gods (but most of Jove) to be forgiven!

"Her small foot first the billow brushed—at last her knee it bedded:
Warm felt the waves as lovers' sighs, long-parted or late-wedded:
But she her dark eye dim with tears far straining strove to smother
That cry—'My father and my mates! help, Cadmus, help, my brother!'

"Behind, the Sea-gods linked their pomp, showing to Jove devotion,
And smiles went o'er the purple breadth of loud resounding ocean:
O'erawed though knowing not the god, she strove that cry to smother—
'Alas! my father and my mates! help, Cadmus, help, my brother!'

"Hard by old Triton cheered with song the deep sea wildernesses;
Far off the nymphs in myriads rose and mixed their whispering tresses;
But Asia's lonely daughter still looked up and strove to smother
That cry—'My father and my mates! help, Cadmus, help, my brother!'

"A pirate's bark to Chios steered:—that pomp they marked with terror,
And spectres of forgotten sins rose dark o'er memory's mirror;
Their eyes the sailors hid, the priest made haste a kid to slaughter,
And, red as Jove's imperial heart, its life-blood tinged the water.

"Men say that Venus winked on high, a deeper nectar quaffing—
That Phœbus, westward driving, sang, prophetic sang though laughing;
'Fair maid! more numerous than the tears adown that pale face flowing
One day shall gleam the crowns of kings to thee their sceptres owing!'

"Weep, weep no more! yon Cretan shore at last o'er ocean peereth,
And every little love that round (by thee unmarked) careereth
In triumph swooping snaps his bow, and claps his hands loud singing,
'Our precious spoils receive, O Isle, like Delos upward springing!'

Mr. De Vere devotes the longest poem in the book to another classical legend, that of "Proserpine." We must find room for the following lovely picture:—

"Proserpina was playing
In the soft Sicilian clime,
'Mid a thousand damsels maying,
All budding to their prime:
From their regions azure-blazing
The Immortal Concourse gazing
Sought in vain on hill and plain
Another ~~ea~~ so meet with th ~~o~~ reign.

"The steep blue arch above her,
 In Jove's own smiles arrayed,
 Shone mild, and seemed to love her :
 His steeds Apollo stayed :
 Soon as the god espied her
 Nought else he saw beside her,
 Though in that happy clime
 A thousand maids were verging to the fulness of their prime.

"Old venerable Ocean
 Against the meads uprolled
 With ever-young emotion
 His tides of blue and gold !
 He had called with pomp and pean
 From his well-beloved Ægean
 All billows to one shore,
 To fawn around her footsteps and in murmurs to adore."

The following stanza from the Autumnal Ode, which closes the volume, has some vivid descriptive touches :—

"No more from full-leaved woods that music swells
 Which in the summer filled the satiate ear :
 A fostering sweetness still from bosky dells
 Murmurs ; but I can hear
 A harsher sound when down, at intervals,
 The dry leaf rattling falls.
 Dark as those spots which herald strange disease
 The death-blots mark for death the leaf yet firm :
 Beside the leaf down-trodden trails the worm :
 In bowery depths the haggard, whitening grass
 Repines at youth departed. Half-stripped trees
 Reveal, as one who says, 'Thou too must pass,'
 Plainlier each day their quaint anatomies.
 Yon poplar grove is troubled ! Bright and bold
 Babbled his cold leaves in the July breeze
 As though above our heads a rummel rolled :
 His mirth is o'er ; subdued by stern October
 He counts his lessening wealth, and, sadly sober,
 Tinkles his minute tablets of wan gold."

The word "minute" in the last line cannot suit the verse without being wrongly accented on the first syllable. This is a serious fault which we have observed in several other instances. Another akin to it is the accentuation of little insignificant words, such as "the," "of," and "with." We object also to the separation of words closely connected in sense, by putting one at the end of a line and the other at the beginning of the next. A glaring instance of this occurs where a stanza ends with, "Not less, at Truth's command could leave," and the sentence is finished in the next stanza thus :—"Song's sheltered haunt the peak to climb." Byron's occasional adoption of this practice does not render it less objectionable. Mr. De Vere is rather too free in coining words. "Prothalamion," "transpicuous," "transcience," "defeature," &c., are not desirable additions to our poetic language.

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LEAP YEAR.

EVERY one must have felt some little interest in the month of February, who has repeated or listened to the following sweet lullaby sung in chorus by infant school children educated in the "learning-made-easy style :

"Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting February alone,
Which hath but twenty-eight days
clear,
And twenty-nine in each Leap Year."

It is of interest to know how one month of the year should be of less length than the rest: how February, neither the first nor the last month, but, as it were, merely a secondary one, should have that peculiarity, and how it should be longer than usual in particular years.

By whatever means this odd shortening of February came about, we may think it well, atmospherically (albeit illogically) considered, that it in particular has been so dealt with. For February

has generally been held to be a rainy month. During it, the sun passes through the celestial signs Aquarius and Pisces, and, in doing so, may wish to give us terrestrial beings a notion of the surroundings of "the man that bears the watering-pot, and fish with glittering tails." Its watery character seems to have been in the mind of the Saxons, when they gave February the name *Sproutkale*—so called, because the cabbages were wont to show themselves above ground, during the course of the month. The light in which the temperature of February is regarded may be inferred from rhythmical sayings such as the following :

"February fills the dyke
Either with black or white;
If it be white, 'tis the better to like."

Snow or rain, accordingly, is its peculiarity, and of course snow is preferred. Rain is thought to be so decidedly the property of this month, that Sandy says :

"A' the months o' the year
Curse a fair Februeer."

The Englishman's opinion is that—

"The Welshman would rather see his wife on her bier,
Than see a fair Februer."

So that, other reasons apart, if we have any desire that our roads remain roads and do not change into rivers; or that Scotchmen be prevented from transgressing the moral laws, by the use of anathemas; or that the Welshman remain "canny and happy" in hymeneal bliss to the end of his life; we should feel pleased with what has taken place in the arrangement of the lengths of the months, as the chances of such blessings not being enjoyed have been reduced, because the time in which they could fall, namely, the month of February, has been shortened.

This month, however, gets an extra day periodically to make it more like the rest. The present year happens to be one of those in which February has twenty-nine days, and all having this peculiarity are termed Leap Years. Why they should be thus named it is rather difficult to discover. To account for the existence of the name, many theories have been framed. Some look on it as referring to the fact, that he whom we are enjoined to take by the forelock, instead of passing over his accustomed ground during that period, takes an extraordinary *leap* to the extent of a day more. Others refer it to the blank which during that year occurs in the Roman Calendar, every day in which is appropriated as the anniversary of some particular saint, with the single exception of the 29th of February. This day is not so appropriated for very obvious reasons. Thus the year in which occurred the day that was passed, or *leapt* over, without an anniversary, might so have been called Leap Year.

Another hypothesis is that the term is, in reality, a misnomer. If the fourth year had consisted of 364 days, if the difference had been one of defect instead of excess, a day would really have been leapt over. As it is, the three ordinary years would more properly be denominated Leap Years. Or we may suppose the fourth year has been termed Leap Year, on the principle *lucus a non lucendo*. Probably the most worthy supposition as to the origin of the term is that, at first, the extra day in the fourth year and the one before it were one in the eye of the law. Accordingly, the regular day was considered that one, and the additional day, though civilly held as a day, was legally not so. It was missed or leapt over altogether. So that the legal year, as opposed to the civil, was in reality a leap year.

But from whatever associations the name is suggested, we can all bear testimony to the association which the name suggests. The mention of the words brings the same idea to every one's mind. Leap Year is the year in which a privilege of a peculiarly delicate and private nature is conferred on certain persons—"things" Thomas Moore once called them: but, albeit that we remember Pandora and her box, we should soften the expression and say "a favoured portion of the annual creation." How they came to have the privilege referred to, at this particular time, we shall not be able to find out. Possibly the necessity of allowing the privilege had been felt, and, in anticipation of these days of "woman's rights," it had been thought better to allow it every fourth year than every year.

Though not so great or so universal as the one we have mentioned, there are other privileges in connection with Leap Year. It affords some people the privilege of having a birthday anniversary once in a

while, as there are many who enter this "vale of tears" on the 29th of February. Fully one in every 1,500 births must take place on that day. Men thus born we may suppose to be jovial fellows. They live in the present. They have no anxious thought about how the future is to be enjoyed, or how the past has been spent, as the day comes round on which such serious matters are considered, for assuredly, in many respects, the man who has only one birthday every four years has decided advantages—even if we admit some disadvantages—over those who have one every year.

And now, having noticed the distinctive qualities of Leap Year, and some of the associations connected with it, we may observe that as the peculiarity of Leap Year is the peculiar length of the February of the year, so the history of the origin of Leap Year is closely connected with a history of February, and this takes us back almost to the origin of the year itself.

As a year is the time of the earth's revolution round the sun, it should contain 365 days and a fraction of a day. The ancients, having great respect for the moon, wanted the year to be subdivided into parts corresponding with her revolution round the earth. The difficulty of thus adjusting the months (or moon's revolutions) so as to be together equal to the earth's revolutions round the sun, gave rise to February itself, and to many of the changes which the month has undergone, before it stood with its present number of days.

Romulus's division of the year is the first European one known, and the one upon which our own division is based. He had ten months, whose total length was 304 days. How he patched up the year with odd days, so as to make it anything like correct, we cannot say. In-

deed, unless we bear in mind that he was suckled by a wolf, it is difficult to understand how Romulus could have gone so far off the mark as sixty-one days, an error which would soon have landed him in complete confusion.

To remedy the mistake, Numa Pompilius, second king of Rome, added to the year two months, January and February. January, named after Janus, the god who presided over the beginning of everything, was made the first month of the year. *Februaire* is, in Latin, to expiate. In this month the expiatory sacrifices were performed; and as the sins of the year were, very naturally, atoned for after they had been committed, February was made the last of the months. It was brought to its present position of second month, by the Decemvirs, 200 years later, and for reasons best known to themselves.

Though February as well as January had been added, the year was not long enough yet. His months Numa made to correspond with the moon's revolutions, making the number of days in the year 354, or, in regard to the earth's revolution, eleven days too short. The cancelling of this error led to the first change in February. Though the Roman's desire was, as far as possible, to preserve the months of the length of the moon's revolutions, it was found necessary to alter one of them. Why February in particular was chosen as that one is mysterious. Probably, since Februs was the deity of the dead, the necessary laceration might have been assigned to February, because over it the Genius of Death presided. February was accordingly changed. The mode of alteration was rather a clumsy one. Its clumsiness may be imagined when we state that the alteration in the month was made every alternate year by the

addition of a whole month, called an intercalary month, whose length was alternated every alternate year, and which month was placed, not at the end of February, but between the 24th and the 25th days of February. This addition was found to be too great; as the year, instead of being ten days too short, was now one day too long. This latter mistake was also rectified, and by a mode of correction even more clumsy, if that were possible, than the one just referred to.

After this, every error having been corrected, the year was of almost as correct a length as it is now, that is, as correct on the average, for it was of different lengths at different times, but always came round to the correct length every twenty-four years. And if every man had done his duty, no doubt this arrangement of the year would have been preserved till now, and there might have been no such Leap Year as we have at all. But the alternate, clumsy, and irregular system would not work. From its ruins arose the present one.

The management of the Calendar was in the hands of the Pontiffs of Rome. They could alter the lengths of the intercalary months as they pleased, and the possession of this power was found to be exceedingly convenient. They lengthened the extra month when they wished themselves or their friends to remain a while longer in any magisterial office, and shortened the month if they wanted to hasten the annual elections. They acted the more shamefully in that they betrayed a trust given them by the ignorant common people, who had no knowledge of the complicated Calendar, and who could not tell whether those in charge managed it rightly or not. To such an extent did these Pontiffs carry their conduct that the Calendar became

utterly confused: by Julius Cæsar's time, the winter months were in the autumn, the autumn months in the summer, and so on. Things had come to a crisis: something must be done, and this was how matters were put to right. Between November and December of the current year, Julius Cæsar introduced two months (in addition to the old intercalary month in the middle of February), and made that year contain in all 445 days. The historical name of this extraordinary year is "The Year of Confusion," or more properly, "The last year of Confusion"—it was the year B.C. 46.

This extraordinary year of Cæsar's completely cancelled all former errors. The difficulty now arose how to make all subsequent years of the proper length. Cæsar's attempt to do this brought about the introduction of Leap Year.

Previous to this, as we have noticed, the months were made to correspond as nearly as possible with the length of the moon's revolutions. Cæsar, however, being no lunatic, abolished all reference to the lunar revolution, which reference had produced nearly all the confusion, and did away with the intercalary months. The mode of arrangement which he adopted was a very simple one. He made the months of the year to be of thirty-one and thirty days alternately, except February, which in ordinary years had twenty-nine days, and only every fourth year thirty days.

The only stupid thing was that the extra day was not placed at the end of February, but between the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth of the month, where the intercalary period used to be. The fact of its being thus inserted gave rise to the term *Bissextile*, a common name for Leap Year. The twenty-fifth of February was, according to the Roman way of (backward) reckon-

ing, the sixth before the Kalends of March—*sextus ad Kalendas Martias*. The additional day was put in by repeating this *sextum*, and was thus called *bissexum*, hence Bissextile.

Thus Cæsar introduced Leap Year. But as in his Leap Year February had thirty days, it did not correspond exactly with our present year. The difference consists not in the length of the year itself, but in the individual lengths of the months. This necessitated a further change, by which February came to have twenty-nine days in Leap Year, and twenty-eight in other years.

Cæsar's system made the year of the proper length to the fraction of an hour. And therefore, both for his cancelling of former errors, and for his gift of this excellent New Year with its exceedingly simple division, Cæsar was considered worthy of some lasting memorial.

At the same time it must be borne in mind, that though it was Cæsar who had the power to do all this work, it was Sosigenes, a philosopher of Alexandria, who had most of the work to do: and by whose efforts, indeed, Cæsar was brought to see the necessity of using his power.

That the name of Julius Cæsar, then, might for ever be associated with the Calendar, a month was called after him. That in which his birthday occurred was chosen. It had before been called Quintilis.

But men are very jealous of any favour shown to their neighbours. So Augustus Cæsar, the successor of Julius, on his army achieving some few victories, succeeded in getting the month in which these were won called after him. This was the one after Julius, and it was named Augustus. It so happened, however, that this latter month had thirty days, whereas July had thirty-one days. Augustus Cæsar could not brook that Julius's month should be

longer than his own, so he made August of thirty-one days also. This stupid vanity of Augustus brought with it much confusion to the Calendar. The lengths of the last four months of the year had to be changed to preserve the alternate-length system of the months. And further—the change which bears on the subject—by adding a day to his own month, Augustus had, of course, added a day to the year. To correct this he made February a day shorter. February, therefore, became of twenty-eight days in ordinary years, and twenty-nine in Leap Year, and the other months as they are now.

So that Julius's simple mode of having the months of thirty-one and thirty days alternately was completely destroyed. And, bear in mind that Augustus made no alteration in the length of the year, though he made such an irregularity in the lengths of the months. All his changes were made to suit merely his personal ends. To remember Julius's way of the months required no effort, but now, what with February being of so out of the way a length, and what with other alterations, it became necessary, in order to remind us of the length of the months, to construct the ridiculous rhyme quoted at the commencement of this article.

We have so far sketched the origin of Leap Year, but its history is not yet quite complete, for since the time of the Cæsars it has been found necessary to reduce the number of Leap Years. If a dictionary be consulted for the meaning of Leap Year, the answer will probably be "every fourth year." However well that meaning would have done in Cæsar's age, it is not now the correct one. And this is the reason. The arrangement which had been then arrived at made the year of the proper length except only the fraction of an hour. The year was, on the average, $365\frac{1}{4}$ days long, whereas

The earth's revolution is 11 minutes 10 seconds less than that. This slight error might have been corrected at once by a reduction of the number of Leap Years. But the error was allowed to grow, so that by A.D. 1582, the year in which it was corrected, it had amounted to ten days. In that year Pope Gregory XIII decreed that the 5th of October be the 15th, thus cancelling the error of the past. The correction was not adopted by all countries at once, but gave rise to what is known as the New Style in those countries which did adopt it. To this day Russia holds by the Old Style. And in many places in Great Britain the terms are regulated by the Old Style.*

Having corrected the error of the past, Pope Gregory endeavoured to prevent its occurrence in the future. The error was equivalent to an excess of about three days in four centuries, so he decreed that of the last years of the centuries, only those which are divisible by 400 are Leap Years. So that though 1600, a multiple of 400, was a Leap Year, 1700, 1800, and 1900 are not Leap Years. Only every fourth centurial year, as only every fourth ordinary year, is a Leap

Year. This system of changes, and contractions, and additions, which Pope Gregory employed to heal the old flaw and make the new year right may be known (to schoolboys) by the name of "Gregory's mixture."

The year is just now exactly as it was after Gregory had corrected it. Even after his correction, however, there remains a slight error. The mistake is so very small that it will amount to a day only in 3,000 years. The error is one of excess, and so it is proposed to make the year A.D. 4000, otherwise a Leap Year, a common year. After that, the length of the year will so exactly on the average correspond with the length of the earth's revolution round the sun, that they cannot differ more than a day in a thousand centuries. Thus for a considerable time at least the number of privileged years will remain as at present.

Looking over the history of Leap Year, we see that there has been a great amount of work in bringing it to its present position, and it is to be hoped that those who possess any sort of privilege during its course may take the full advantage of that which has been attained at so great a cost.

* The adoption of Pope Gregory's amended Calendar by our statesmen in the following century, gave rise to a clamour against the Government. The popular feeling—expressed in the old saying, "Give us back our eleven days!"—is immortalized by Hogarth in one of his election cartoons.

AGAINST ALL ODDS.

BY F. W. CURREY.

AUTHOR OF "HER GOOD NAME."

CHAPTER IV.

MR. JAMES PRENDERGAST AT HOME.

UPPER RATNEY is one of the most extensive and popular of London suburbs. It is a vast collection of villa streets of more or less pretension, and has neither the bustle of a town, nor the charm and beauty of the country. It has high-roads that can show between three and five inches of stiff stainful mud in wet weather, and almost a corresponding depth of dust in summer. Along these highways butcher carts rattle furiously to the imminent peril of low pony carriages driven by ladies; suburban broughams roll with even dignified motion; and huge hearses and mourning coaches crawl slowly towards the great Ratney cemetery, beside the very gate of which stands a large tavern frequented all day long by mutes and other gloomy attendants, whose spirits have been depressed by assisting at funeral rites. We may denounce drunken navvies, "summons" tipsy cabmen; but unnaturally stern and censorious is the heart that does not view an intoxicated mute more in sorrow than in anger.

For the people of Ratney there is a kind of interest and mystery about the cemetery. So awful is the monotony of suburban life that, by a strange contradiction, the inroads of the dead contribute chiefly to the life and stir of the place. Neither must it be forgotten that

the gravelled paths, and expanse of grass, all dotted over with graves though it be, are the nearest things to a "country walk" that Ratney can give. The cemetery is the largest plot of ground unbuilt upon in the whole district. Nor are the graves all lowness of spirits and tremors—on the contrary, to the reflective mind their infinite variety gives much food for thought.

And the cemetery has its associations of horror. There is a melancholy rumour abroad in Ratney, which says that only utter misery and destitution induce any clergyman to accept the post of chaplain, and do the gloomy duty of the mortuary chapel; and it is declared, moreover, that unless relieved or removed at the end of a couple of years, the ever-recurring performance of a sad ceremonial tells upon the brain and eventually leaves the unfortunate celebrant a madman.

Of the rest of Ratney it may be said that it is as utterly unpoetical a place as is to be found on earth. The city has a poetry of its own—by day the ever-rushing stream of its life, industry, and din. By night the moon, with scenic effect, shining brightly above church-tower and dome, and throwing heavy shadows under the eaves; or else the faint glimmering of lamps through rain or fog, and wretched figures hurrying along the deserted shining pavements, sheltering under doorways, or going in and coming out of the flaring gin-palaces. Every hour, too,

from the surface of this gathering of millions of men into one centre, there rises up to heaven, like a great exhalation, desires, crimes, follies, and sorrows. And the city has its contrasts—deepest shadows and brightest lights and cold neutral hues where fortune runs to no extreme. The firs lie heavy over the dwellings of the poor, in narrow, squalid back streets, where ignorance leaves human nature all its brutality. The cold middle tints are on the places where want is a comparative stranger, but of which mean contrivances and narrow aims are the especial products; and the bright light fall upon the streets of noble, lofty houses before which fine carriages are drawn up; where life is one long leisure hour; and where there is more than enough time to eat and to drink and to sleep. Into these pleasant places reflection enters also, and the happy people moralize and rhapsodize, so that tempered by a little bitterness of imagining, actual ease and luxury may not be suffered to bring satiety. The city seethes with activity: wearing work, and energetic idleness. And for a looker-on all this motion, and contrast, and vanity, makes lively thought, rapid images, quick emotions — laughter, tears, and poetry.

The country, too, every singer cries, is the home of calm contemplation and poetic ease, whether it be

"a nature tamed
And grown domestic like a barn-door
foal,
Which does not awe you with its claw
and beak,
Nor tempt you to an eye too high up,
Or lonely solitudes, where are the head-
long leaps
Of waters that cry out for joy or fear,
In leaping through the palpitating
pines

The wide expanse of sea and sky,
the most desolate plain, the wildest

and bleakest of moorland or mountain scene, have their poetry; but to cockney suburbs belong the unenviable distinction of being the most prosaic, vulgar, and commonplace localities on earth. And of all London suburbs, Ratney is the most hopelessly commonplace and dull.

Its principal highways are lined with "high-class" villas, but there are narrower intersecting roads where the houses are simply advertised as "commodious" or "desirable;" but to whatever class the residences of Ratney belong, they are monotonous and vulgar in design and arrangement. Every house has its two gates, and yellow-gravelled, semi-circular, connecting carriage-way. The villas have all high-sounding names too. "The Cedars" is so called from a stunted growth of which the relationship, at first sight, can only with difficulty be traced to the mighty forest giants "whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle." Nor does a staring, red brick mansion, called "Bath Lodge," recall to mind shining villas on the beautiful hills round the city of Prince Bladud.

But it is with a house that stands between "The Cedars" and "Bath Lodge" that our story has to do, for it was there that Mr. James Prendergast and his family lived. Balacava House, unlike its immediate neighbours, showed signs of being inhabited by wealthy people. A large conservatory on the left-hand side of the house was full of gaily-coloured flowers. Nor, as in many neighbouring residences, was the gravel before the house only indented now and then by the wheels of a hired brougham, or suburban four-wheeler. Mr. Prendergast's stables contained five good animals, and his carriage was the envy of the ladies of Bath Lodge.

Mr. Prendergast's family consisted of himself, his wife, two sons

and a daughter. His wife was a quiet, gentle-mannered woman, whose married life had been anything but a time of happiness. She was an invalid, and her husband's irritable temper and reserved disposition were a constant trial to her. He treated her downright unkindly sometimes, and never allowed her any share of his confidence. She received his orders, heard his wishes, and felt his displeasure, but as for sharing his ideas or having her convenience consulted in the everyday affairs of life, she had never known the meaning of such things since the day she had married him. She had grown rather peevish, poor woman, from ill-health and her husband's unkindness, and but for her elder son's affection she would, probably, have broken into open complaint. His dutiful love and gentleness, however, consoled her for the neglect of the rest of the family; and in return for his affection she worshipped the very ground he trod on. He could do no wrong. He was perfect, and her best beloved and worthiest child.

On account of his affection for his mother Charlie Prendergast was considered less the friend of the rest of the family. But he seemed to trouble himself very little about this; although of an undemonstrative nature, he was yet one of those people whom it is very hard to turn aside either from their likes or dislikes.

On the evening that was the last of Miss Megaw's stay in Paris, Mr. James Prendergast was sitting in the drawing-room of Balaclava House. Mrs. Prendergast was lying on the sofa, where she spent so much of her time; her daughter Mary was strumming some French comic opera airs on the piano, and her younger son, George Prendergast, was fast asleep in an arm-chair.

"Where is Charlie this evening?"

asked Mr. Prendergast snappishly, when some difficulty in the music kept Mary's outspread fingers suspended in the air over the keys of the piano.

"He is spending the evening at my sister's," replied Mrs. Prendergast, while Mary's hands, that had been so long hesitating, came down on the notes with a loud crash.

"What do you say?" growled Mr. Prendergast; "I do wish one could hear you when you speak."

Mrs. Prendergast waited for a moment till Mary had done ringing half a dozen changes on one unfortunate chord without ever getting it right, and then repeated her reply to her husband's question. Just as she spoke the hall door was opened, and a few minutes later Charlie Prendergast came into the drawing-room. His first glance was at his mother, and to her he addressed his first remark.

"Well, mother, how are you this evening? Aunt Jane has made me uneasy about you. She says she thinks you are not looking so well."

Mrs. Prendergast caught a glimpse of her husband's face as he peeped round the corner of his newspaper at her and her son, and it checked the affectionate answer she was about to make him. She only smiled as he sat down beside her and took her hand in his; but he knew the meaning of her smile, and the nervous pressure of her trembling fingers.

"Whom do you think I met at Aunt Jane's this evening?" asked Charlie, taking his mother's hint and directing his attention towards his father.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Mr. Prendergast, shaking his paper irritably; while Mary left the piano and came over to the group near the fire. Mary was a young lady who loved "news" and new clothes better than anything else in the world.

"Our cousin, Bob Varley, the poor fellow who was so sold in California, and badly wounded in the American war. He seems a capital sort of fellow, and is getting on very well now, but he had a very hard time of it when he began life. You should hear his description of the family gathering at Glenriveen the other day; it seems to have been the most extraordinary sort of affair. They were awfully disappointed at the way things turned out, I've no doubt. Did you hear of the old woman who turned up there and took the command?"

"What are you talking about?" asked Mr. Prendergast, putting down his paper and facing his son. The new topic of conversation seemed to interest him deeply, and he fixed his dark eyes keenly on his son's face as he waited to hear what further light he was going to throw upon the late proceedings at Glenriveen. Mr. James Prendergast was still almost as dark as in the old days, when his father used to call him "Black Jamie." His eyes were black and piercing, his eyebrows black also, and thick; his complexion sallow, and his hair a dark iron grey. Mr. Prendergast had heard something of what his son alluded to, but he had not spoken to any of his family on the subject for reasons of his own.

"Well, it seems that an extraordinary sort of female—tall, thin, and stern as Fate—put the whole female contingent of relations to flight, so far as Uncle Alexander's room was concerned. He says Aunt Mary made a brief resistance, but had to give in at last. Then the William Prendergasts tried to get a priest upstairs, but the others had a parson ready to oppose him, and there was a sort of religious free fight in the passages, into the middle of which the mysterious elderly female charged, carrying all before her. Then, when uncle

Alexander grew better, he sent the whole assemblage about their business, and kept the unknown woman at Glenriveen, in spite of a great deal of feminine indignation. Aunt Mary was chosen as spokeswoman, to utter the general wrathful feelings of the family, but he shut her up at once, telling her he was sorry they were all put out by his recovery, but that he was quite sure his death would have turned out a far greater disappointment to them in the end."

"What was the woman's name?" asked Mr. James Prendergast, who had heard his son's account of the proceedings at Glenriveen with a grim frown.

"Miss Megaw, she called herself, Varley said; but no one has the faintest idea who she is. She has left Glenriveen again, however, and apparently for good, as our cousin, Janet, is to go there to take care of uncle Alexander.

At this news Mr. Prendergast's frown deepened considerably.

"Is that Donald's little game?" he said, with a harsh laugh.

"I am sure your brother is incapable," Mrs. Prendergast began, for Donald had always been kind and good to her. Black Jamie, however, cut his wife's defence of his brother very short.

"Much you know about him," he growled. "I say this is a trick, and if it is not his work, it's his wife's, and he knows it."

"It is all a mean scheme," said Mary Prendergast, angrily. "So disgusting, too, of them all to go and hang about a dying man."

"He wasn't dying," muttered George, who had just succeeded in awaking, partially. "He isn't half dead yet."

"What's Varley doing?" asked Mr. Prendergast, after a few moments' reflection.

"He seems to have got a good berth in an Anglo-American firm.

He is going to New York on business in a few days."

"Could you get him down here for an evening before he goes, Charlie, do you think?" asked Mr. Prendergast, trying to look amiable.

"I can try, if you wish," replied his son.

"I wonder who that woman can have been?" said Mary, looking sharply into her father's face. "Do you know?" she asked, suddenly, as something in its expression seemed to strike her.

"Not I," said Mr. Prendergast, "and I am sure I don't care. Don't stare at one like that, Mary. It does not make you look the least bit more intelligent—quite the contrary."

"Varley said all kinds of surmises were afloat," said Charlie.

"I think I should like to see young Varley before he goes," said Mr. James Prendergast. "Yes, I think I ought to see him. It is important that our interests should be looked to, at a time like the present. I don't want to interfere with my brother in any way; neither would anything induce me to go to Glen-riveen during his lifetime; but if he is growing weak-minded or eccentric or seems disposed to act in any way that would be injurious to our interests, I think we ought to know of it. You had better go into town to-morrow, Charlie, and try to bring young Varley out to dinner."

"What kind of young man is he, Charlie?" asked Mrs. Prendergast. "I knew his poor mother very well—a nice, gentle creature."

"She was a very silly woman," said Mr. Prendergast, scowling at his wife. Somehow or other he was always irritated when she praised any one, and she generally sacrificed her friends to his humour without protest, but this evening she was a little nervous and excited. Her husband had been more than usually trying during the day, which, contrary to his cus

—vent

entirely indoors, finding fault with every one and everything, and making himself well-nigh unbearable. Mary, whose practice it was to avoid everything unpleasant whenever she could do so, had left the house in the morning at once on seeing her father's intentions, and had spent a pleasant day with some friends. But unfortunate Mrs. Prendergast, prone on her sofa and unable to escape, had been worried and bullied all day long; and now, in the evening, supported by her son Charlie's presence, she was inclined to resent her husband's persecution.

"I remember her very well," she persisted, with a sigh, "both before and after her marriage. She was young, and gay, and pretty; and if her life was short, it was, at least, happy—unlike that of some of her friends."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Prendergast, with a grimace, imitating her sigh, "it is amusing to hear you talk of your memories. They are uttered with such an air, and turn out so very commonplace. One would think, that to have some slight recollection of people you knew when you were young, was a peculiarity entirely your own. But this particular reminiscence regarding the late Mrs. Varley's happiness, is it raked up as a hit at me, and to point out my inferiority to the late Mr. Varley?"

A faint flush came into Mrs. Prendergast's cheeks, while Charlie grew scarlet. George and Mary smiled, and exchanged glances. Mrs. Prendergast found it bad enough to be ridiculed and mimicked (to many people mimicry is the most painful kind of ridicule), but when she saw the smiles of her two younger children, and their appreciation of their father's unkind wit, the unhappy woman burst into tears. Her little attempt at self-defence had not done her much good. The spasmodic resistance of the weak

generally brings them only a double share of punishment.

Mrs. Prendergast knew that her tears were an unpardonable offence, and tried to check them, but the more she endeavoured to keep them back the more wretched and tearful she grew. As soon as her husband saw the demonstration he so especially disliked, he rose from his chair.

"Oh, dear!" he cried, in feigned amazement, "if there is going to be this sort of afflicting display I'll not intrude any longer on your sorrow. I have always thought that such touching manifestations of grief should be strictly private. I want to speak to you presently, Charlie. You'll find me in the study. I don't like damp rooms."

When her father was gone Mary looked a little ashamed of herself, and tried to console her mother.

"Don't cry, mamma," she said, awkwardly, in that sham-faced manner in which poor natures think it due to their dignity to offer consolation. They do not allow other people's troubles to make them forget themselves.

George, too, muttered something about its being a duty not to take offence where none was meant. Mrs. Prendergast, however, appearing to continue insensible to this mild restorative treatment, he slipped out of the room together with Mary, who shared her father's dislike to any of the natural signs of mental distress.

"Poor mother," said Charlie Prendergast, putting his arm round her neck, once they were alone, "it is very hard on you. I do wish you would let me take your part. I'd stop this kind of thing in a week."

But she would not hear of being defended. She had once or twice seen her first-born and his father dispute, and as her anxiety for him was far greater than her thought of self, she could not allow him to aid her in so doi

way. Mr. Prendergast, as matters stood, was none too fond of his eldest son; if the latter began to do battle for his mother there was no knowing what the consequences might be, so she bound him over by solemn and repeated promises not to interfere between her and her husband. But his wish to be her champion, together with his unsailing tenderness and respect, soothed her beyond measure, and brought some sunshine into her dreary life.

It was no wonder she loved him so much, for he was the sort of son most dear to a mother's heart. Gentle without being effeminate, neither his mirth nor his anger went much into extremes; nor was there a particle of conceit or affectation either in his manners or speech. Thoughtful, considerate without distinction of persons, but especially forbearing towards the weak; straightforward and affectionate, he was one whom in her heart of hearts she could trust and believe in utterly. And his face, too, was so winning, handsome and boyish, that she never tired of its smile.

While his good qualities were of a kind to make themselves strongly felt, his faults were negative in their nature. When no excitement was present to rouse him, he was deficient in energy and decision; and his good-nature sometimes degenerated into indifference. This want of vigour showed even in his countenance. Dark eyes, if seldom very gentle and soft in expression, still less often show such weariness and languor as his could.

The choice of his career brought him into collision with his father. Mr. Prendergast thought of a merchant's office to begin with, and a partnership in business to follow; but the youth's own desires ran after military life: and after a long dispute he gained his point and became a soldier. To satisfy

his mother he compromised matters a little by agreeing to enter a home regiment, and was accordingly gazetted to a cornetcy in the —th Dragoons. By a piece of good luck very unusual in regiments that do not go abroad, he obtained his promotion quickly, and found himself a captain after five years' service.

"Did not your father say he wanted to see you in his study?" asked Mrs. Prendergast after her son had succeeded, as he always could, in bringing back her cheerfulness. "I wonder what he wants you for. Everything he does and says makes me uneasy. It was always so. He has been mysterious and reserved ever since the day I married him."

"I don't think it can be anything very particular. I don't want more money, and have no debts. I hope he does not want me to leave the army."

"He has been unusually pre-occupied and irritable for the last six months. It is very strange the way he goes off for three or four days every now and then, without ever telling any of us the object of his journeys. But you had better go to him, my boy; and I hope his business is nothing that will disturb you," she added, with one of those wretched little smiles that come after tears, like feeble sunbeams breaking through watery clouds.

"Shall I find you here when I come back?" asked her son.

"Yes; I will wait for you," said Mrs. Prendergast.

Meanwhile Mr. Prendergast had been sitting alone in his study thinking over his eldest son's disposition. Though he felt no strong personal affection for him, he thought a good deal of him as his own heir and the future upholder of the family dignity; and consequently treated him with

more consideration even than his favourite, George. He was a little afraid of Charlie, too, though certainly his nature was not a very timid one. The youth's frankness frightened his own craftiness perhaps—as evil spirits are supposed to dread the light. People who were candid and open in their way of life he looked upon as moral spendthrifts, parting with secrets they might afterwards long to recover. Again, frankness and fearfulness were two qualities very seldom found together in one mind, and the subject on which he was about to sound his son might very possibly arouse his strong opposition. And a successful opposition to it would mean nothing more nor less than ruin to a favourite project of Mr. James Prendergast's—one he had cherished for years, and the execution of which his brother's late illness warned him should be no longer delayed. Just as his son entered the study he had made up his mind to try to take the citadel by storm; so putting on an air of hearty friendliness and confidence he was far from feeling, he pointed to a chair and told his son to sit down. Then with his eyes fixed on the carpet he began,—

"I don't think I've been a very strict father to you, Charlie. I don't think I've crossed your wishes much."

"No, sir," replied his son, rather astonished, and uncertain what this unusual sort of remark of his father's might mean. "I hope you don't think I'm—that I—"

"Oh, no; nothing of the kind," said Mr. Prendergast. "I merely wished to know whether you consider I've treated you fairly?"

"More than fairly," replied Charlie slowly, not feeling at all comfortable. "Generously; I am sure you only gave way about my going into the army with great reluctance, and at a considerable

sacrifice of your own inclinations; and though I have never regretted my choice, I often wish you had not disliked it quite so much."

"I did dislike it very much. The Prendergasts are a great commercial house, and a dragoon among them is an anomaly—especially when he is no less a person than their future head. But, as you seem to remember distinctly, though my feelings ran counter to yours very strongly, I gave way to please you. It is possible that soon you may have an opportunity of rewarding me for my abandonment then of my most favourite design, by gratifying me to the very greatest possible extent."

Charlie Prendergast tried to say something in reply to his vague statement of his father's, but not one word could he utter. He was afraid of committing himself, for he knew with whom he had to deal.

"My dearest boy," continued his father glancing up at him sideways, and speaking in a less constrained manner, "I am getting an old man now.—there is not much difference between my age and Alexander's, and his illness has been in some sort a warning to me. I wish before I die to see you married. Some fathers might conceal such a wish from their son, in the hope of seeing it the sooner realized. I give you credit for no boyish contradictoriness. I tell you openly what I wish, feeling sure you will oppose no needless obstacles to my plans."

"You take me very much by surprise, sir," said the young man, utterly astonished by this expression of his father's wishes.

"Don't imagine that I am asking you to go out into the highways and by-ways to pick up the first girl you see with a pretty face,"

reposed Mr. Prendergast hastily.

Let me ask you to make a sensible choice, one that I can approve."

Charlie still pursued his policy of silence, rather to his father's embarrassment, as it obliged him to unfold his parental schemes in an unpleasantly formal and precise manner.

"I should like to see you marry a nice, sensible, ladylike girl, young enough for you to mould her mind, inexperienced in the ways of the world, so that through you may come her first introduction to the pleasures of life. Well educated, but not a blue; pretty, but not a coquette; amiable, without being mawkish. Do you like the picture?"

"Very much, sir," replied Charlie, smiling, and yet wishing his father had seen fit to talk about anything else; "I hope we may never differ as to who is the original."

"Ha, ha! very good," said Mr. Prendergast, rubbing his hands with his eyes still glued on the floor. "I spoke as if I were describing a real person, didn't I? I suspect you have guessed I was not putting you off with a mere empty description of imaginary perfections; quite the contrary. It is a portrait drawn from life. *I know the original*, and so will you very soon, if you will be guided by me. Let me take you to see her, and if her own perfections do not bring about what I wish, I will say nothing more on the subject. I only ask you to give her a fair trial; let your judgment have fair play, and I shall be satisfied."

This was coming to the point a little too fast, however, for his son's taste, as Mr. Prendergast soon saw by the cloud that overspread his features; nor did Charlie hesitate to declare his opinion of his father's scheme.

"It is one thing to wish me to marry, sir, but it is quite another affair to fix my choice for me. I should have thought if I satisfied your first requirement in a fairly

satisfactory manner that I might consider I had done enough."

"Bless the boy," said Mr. Prendergast heartily, "don't run away with ideas. I'm not fixing your choice—I'm not dictating to you. I am only telling you of a very nice girl I know, and hinting to you that if you could bring yourself to care for her, you would be fulfilling my last earthly wish."

Whatever Charlie thought as to the likelihood of his gratifying this last earthly desire, he could no longer feel any doubt of his father's strong interest in the matter. As he spoke the last few words he turned his eyes for the first time full on his son's face, and there was no mistaking their expression. It was, therefore, not without some apprehension that Charlie once more declared he could not give his father any hope that even his recommendation would influence his judgment when he should come to choose his wife. He thought it the more necessary to be clear in this declaration, because in his heart he laughed to scorn the idea of his caring for any woman who possessed the characteristics he had generally seen his father admire. He did not wish to encourage his father in his present schemes, so he emphatically repudiated all interference in a choice which he declared should not be made at all if not by himself alone.

"Hm—" said Mr. Prendergast with a sneer. "I don't believe in the spontaneity of these things. You'll resent my affectionate suggestions only to let yourself be picked off by some filibustering young female campaigner. However, as the idea is new, I won't say anything more about it just now. But, remember, as I have taken less of a tone of authority and compulsion with you than I might have done, I look for your compliance with my wishes so far that you will

not obstinately refuse to try whether you can, without doing violence to your own inclinations, gratify my wishes. I think my moderation ought to ensure me this much courtesy. Good night; think over what I have said. We can discuss the subject again another time."

When Charlie Prendergast left his father's study and rejoined his mother in the drawing-room he felt anything but comfortable. His easy-going nature detested scenes—but it was revolted far more by ideas of such dictation and interference as his father had shadowed forth by no means very dimly in his conversation.

"Mother, do you think my father would be a good person to get to choose me a wife?" he asked leaning back in his chair and half closing his eyes.

"Yes, if you are going to follow in his footsteps, and want to find a woman that you may ill-treat as much as you choose with impunity."

"He seems very anxious to undertake the important task," continued Charlie, "and I'm afraid he'll be offended when I decline to accept his good offices. If I'm to be miserable, I'd rather manage the thing myself. He says he has got a paragon of perfection ready for me, and insists on my trying to like her. Fancy trying to like a girl!"

"What does he mean?" ejaculated Mrs. Prendergast.

"I am sure I don't know. I am only certain I don't intend to be married without my own consent. Somehow or other I am afraid some mischief will come out of this crotchet of his. So childish and unlike him as it seems too."

"Depend upon it he has some motive in it all. I never knew him act without such a thing, and in the present case it must be a deep one. Take care, my dearest boy. Don't let him have anything to do with making a match for you."

"He can keep her for George," said the young man, laughing. "George will be sure to like her, especially if she is rich."

"Your wife must be good, and nice, and love you more than any one else in the world, my boy. That is all I ask for you," said Mrs. Prendergast with a little tremor in her voice as she kissed her son and bade him good night.

Upstairs alone in his own room, Charlie pondered uneasily over his late interview with his father. It was a part of the daily annoyance of Mrs. Prendergast's life that every action of her husband's inspired her with uneasiness and distrust; and Charlie, who, however, lived less at home, had the same feeling to even a stronger degree; and his thoughts with respect to his father, often went so far in the direction of suspicion and dislike, that he felt bound to stifle their tendency with all his might. "It may be wrong," he said to himself, "and I may be doing him a great injustice, but I know that when my father advises me to marry a particular woman he raises about the greatest possible obstacle in the way of my doing so. It is a hard thing to think of one's own father as in my heart I have to think of him—to believe that he deserves it. We can never feel alike. We have scarcely an opinion in common; and I'm only thankful for one thing, that I don't live at home to see our poor mother suffer the whole year round."

A few minutes later, Charlie shook off his depression and looked out of his open window into the clear frosty night. And bright as the brightest of all the stars shining overhead in the deep blue sky, was a thought that made his lips quiver and his breath come quickly.

The moon lighted up all Ratney, and whitened the sepulchres on the cemetery hill. But the houses

looked vulgar and commonplace still. Their windows and doors were more clearly defined and formal even than by day. The thin leafless trees and stunted shrubs round about them cast stiff shadows. Cats prowled along from garden wall to garden wall, and not a sound broke the stillness of the night.

CHAPTER V.

A MATRIMONIAL SCHEME.

WHEN Bob Varley, brought down to Balaclava House by his cousin Charlie, first met Mr. James Prendergast, he was somewhat astonished at the warmth of his reception. If he had been the head of the great mercantile house, instead of a junior clerk, more attention could scarcely have been shown him. It was not till after dinner that he was made to give some return for the hospitality he had received. Then, unconscious of the deep attention with which his host listened to every word of his narrative, he gave a full account of the curious scenes he had lately witnessed at Glenriveen.

"How old was she, do you think?" asked Mr. James Prendergast, after Bob had concluded his story, with a remark as to the mysterious nature of Miss Megaw's relations towards their eccentric kinsman.

"I should not say she was more than fifty."

"I wonder what her Christian name was?"

"I never heard it."

"Had she ever been good-looking, do you think? The most confirmed and cross-grained of old bachelors and old maids have had their ro-

mances once upon a time," pursued Black Jamie, with a sneer.

"Don't know, I'm sure," replied Bob Varley, shortly.

"Ah, well," said his host, before changing the subject of conversation, "I'm glad to have heard something of these family affairs from an impartial eye-witness. Knowing the terms on which I stand towards my brother, most of my relatives give me a pretty wide berth, lest they should injure their prospects in the quarter where the money lies. But I can afford to laugh at them. Glenriveen is entailed, and the income of the estate is such that my brother's money may go where he likes. The owner of the Prendergast property will be a rich man without it. At the same time, I must say I think my brother Donald is behaving very strangely in planting his daughter at Glenriveen. I understand she did nothing but flirt all the time she was there during Alexander's illness."

Bob Varley blushed uncomfortably at this random remark, and was only relieved when other and very different topics came under discussion.

Late that night Mr. James Prendergast sat meditating in his study—the scene of many an hour's reflection upon subjects that would ill bear the light.

"Could it possibly have been that woman?" he asked himself, as he sat in his armchair, with his hands clasped together and his brows knitted. "Heaven knows what intrigues she may not be carrying on—but I have the key to the whole position in my hands, if only I use it right. There is no time to be lost. . . . Good God! when I think that his death or my own might make the work of a lifetime useless almost. His illness was a warning to me not to delay things any longer, and there is my own

health to look to also. Of late I have had twinges—but what is the use of thinking like this? Morris says they may be nothing, and I may live for years. But all the same, I am not going to lose time. If I had only the good fortune to have George for my eldest son, the thing would be quickly done. I should know how to approach him in a matter like this; but Charlie is his mother's son. However, I will speak to him again to-morrow."

Next day, accordingly, he asked his son whether he had thought over what they had spoken about a few evenings before.

"Yes," replied Charlie; "but I candidly confess I don't like thinking about it. Marriages are one of those things that can't be made to order. Surely I may be allowed a little time to look about me. I am not even an only son."

"You can have as much time as you like," said Mr. Prendergast, impatiently. "What I want you to do is just to look about you. I hope you are fancy free?"

"That is not a fair question, and one I should decline under any circumstances to answer," replied Charlie Prendergast, colouring. There was a quiet mutiny in his face that warned Mr. Prendergast he was on dangerous ground, so, checking his natural inclinations, which were always combative, he said,—

"Well, perhaps I am unreasonable in wishing to hurry you. But you must make excuses for me. My health has not been good lately, and I am often unaccountably anxious. I wish to see you settled before I die, for I am uneasy about you. Your nature is indolent and unsuspicious, and an unscrupulous woman——"

"I think I can take care of myself perfectly well," said the young man, whose injured feelings his

father's last remark was not calculated to soothe.

"No man is strong where women are concerned," continued Mr. Prendergast. "Remember you are heir to great wealth, and all the weapons of feminine warfare will be directed against you. I cannot think of that with indifference."

"I don't consider the danger great. Even supposing it is as you say, the chances are still in my favour. Granting that a woman were to marry me partly for my prospects; those excellencies are at least substantial and unchangeable. And if I treat her well, and that she finds she is happy, she will probably soon care for me as much as I could possibly desire," added the young man, laughing. "I don't believe women are so bad after all. It is only natural they should wish to be comfortable. I am sure enough of them make improvident matches."

This sort of conversation exasperated Mr. Prendergast to the last degree, but he had to hide his vexation.

"Well, well, we won't dispute about women in the abstract. All I ask now of you is this, that you will try to think well of one I esteem highly, and whom more than any other I wish to see your wife. I want you to let me introduce you to her in a few days' time. I think you agreed to gratify me so far."

"I suppose I can't refuse," said Charlie, looking at the same time intensely unwilling to agree to his father's proposal; "but I think you would probably save both of us a great deal of future unpleasantness if you would give up this matrimonial plan."

Mr. Prendergast, having gained his point so far, said nothing more, and left his son to his uncomfortable reflections.

"A nice fool I shall look,"

thought Charlie; carried off to see whether a young lady, for whom my not very susceptible parent has conceived an admiration, will suit me for a wife. It would be ridiculous if it were not that somehow or other my father's actions never do suggest a joke. I wonder who the paragon is, but I don't like to show much interest in her. If he only knew how steeled I am against her charms!"

A couple of evenings later Mr. Prendergast informed his son that he wanted to be driven into town next morning in the mail phaeton, and also desired his son's company during the day. Charlie knew what this meant, and resigned himself to circumstances with a sigh.

"May I ask who the young lady is that we're going to see?" he asked next morning after they had driven a couple of miles in complete silence.

"She is the daughter of a very old friend of mine—poor Thomson, of the Madras army, who sold out, and settled in Australia. The child's mother died when she was born, and when Thomson went abroad he left her in England in the charge of an old servant of his wife's, for he had not a relative in the world within about ten degrees of relationship. The poor fellow asked me to look after her a little, and I have done so. Thomson died, you know, about five years after going out to Australia, but I got his affairs wound up all right, and the girl is pretty well provided for. She is just leaving school now—pray don't shave those butcher carts so closely, Charlie—and I have so deep an interest in her, I should be very happy, indeed, if there were a chance of seeing what I hinted to you the other day. I don't want you to make a great match. I shall be quite satisfied if you make a happy one;" and Mr. Prendergast glanced up side-

ways at his son's face. Charlie, however, was puffing away quietly at his cigar, and his eyes never wandered from his horses' heads while he thought how very, very strangely his father was acting in the present instance. After a few moments' reflection he proceeded to ask some questions about this old friend Thomson, of whom he had only heard three or four times in his life, and then without any mention of a daughter. Mr. Prendergast was adroit enough in his answers, but surpassed himself when asked why he had never before alluded to the fact of his guardianship of the young lady.

"Well, the truth is, Charlie," he replied with ingenuous hesitation, "I felt a little ashamed of my philanthropy. I've never set up for being anything great in that line, and I thought I had better say nothing about it. Besides, I waited to see how the girl would turn out before bringing her into contact with my family. I saw she would be beautiful—I could not tell whether she would be good also."

Whatever Charlie thought of the plausibility of this explanation as he looked into his father's crafty countenance, he felt more suspicious than ever that his words and motives were something quite different one from the other. But soon the falseness of his own position drove away all but selfish thoughts.

They drove to a hotel in Jermyn Street, and Mr. Prendergast asked the porter whether Miss Thomson had arrived yet. On receiving an answer in the negative, he sent the carriage away in charge of his groom (who had made the journey from Ratney into town on an omnibus, much to his disgust, that he might not overhear his master's confidential talk), and entered the hotel with his son.

Charlie found the unoccupied first-floor drawing-room of the hotel an unpleasant place to wait in. The crystal pendants of the candlesticks on the mantelpiece jingled when he walked about. The fire was slacked down so that only a faint gleam of red appeared, which, instead of warming the room, gave out the unpleasant, gaseous smell of bad coals. On the table there was a "Bradshaw," three months old, that might not improbably have turned the brain of a former occupier of the room. Close to it lay a couple of numbers of a comic journal, full of bad woodcuts and sickly jokes, and one or two books, "Guide to Tunbridge," "Coppers upon the Currency," &c.—volumes that no one had been found enterprising enough to steal. At any time these influences would not have been very tranquillizing, but to a person awaiting an unpleasant interview they were to the last degree disquieting.

Charlie walked to the window half a dozen times, pulled his moustaches till his upper lip was sore, and made one or two desperate efforts to escape. Once he said he thought he saw a brother officer going along the opposite side of the street; but it was no use. His father would not let him go; so in desperation he rang the bell for the papers, and set to work on the fire with more energy than he usually displayed in his movements.

At last, when he had just finished an uneasy examination of the newspaper, and began to hope that the dreaded young lady was not going to appear at all, the door opened, and the waiter announced Miss Thomson, who came laughing into the room, followed by a tall, stout woman with the blackest eyes and hair Charlie had ever seen.

"Oh! I thought we should get here, Mr. Prender,

the girl; "you must have been waiting a long time. It was all Jeanne's fault. She declares that it is not safe to drive in a cab, and we have walked every bit of the way from Paddington, and I am nearly dead. How are you? Quite well?"

"Quite well, thank you," replied Mr. Prendergast, smiling in his blindest manner. "Allow me to introduce my son—Captain Prendergast: Miss Thomson."

Miss Thomson was rather a short, bright-faced little girl, with dark, wavy hair turned back from a very white forehead, and dark brown eyes, that travelled about with a merry, lively expression as she very calmly examined Captain Prendergast from head to foot. She was a bright little being, very prettily dressed in dark blue velvet and fur, with a coquettish little fur hat and long ostrich feathers on her head.

"I am very glad to see you, Captain Prendergast. Your father has been very kind to me all my life," she said, "and he has promised to take me to Madame Tussaud's to-day; Jeanne and I have been talking of nothing else the whole day. Have we not, Jeanne?"

Jeanne, who was evidently a foreigner, replied, with a smile,—

"Yes, *ma n'selle*. You have talk all the day. You shall be very tired to-morrow."

"Have you never been to London before, Miss Thomson?" asked Charlie, amused at her excitement.

"Oh, yes, twice; but it was only to the dentist," she replied, naively, as she laughed and showed a row of pretty teeth that were as white as ivory.

"Will you wait here for a few minutes, Violet, while I talk to Jeanne in the next room?" asked Mr. Prendergast, as undisguisedly anxious to afford the young people

a tête-à-tête as the most manœuvring mother could have shown herself.

"Oh, yes," said the girl, taking off her prettily-plumed hat, and throwing it down on the table. "I shall sit in the armchair, and rest myself. How delightful it is to be out for the day; it is so dull at school."

Once his father was out of the room, Charlie Prendergast did not find his position so awkward. He was too good-natured not to enter thoroughly into the girl's half-childish delight at her freedom.

"I suppose it is very dull at school," he said. "You do lessons all day, of course, and walk two and two whenever you go out?"

"Yes; and the roads are so stupid and dusty, and the hills so steep, and they won't let us walk through the town, where we might see people, and look into the shop windows, and be amused. And the governesses are so ugly and cross, and the pianos jingle all day long, and I am so tired of it all. Were you ever at school?"

"Yes; I was at Eton."

"Ah—at Eton. That is charming, is it not? Some of our girls have brothers there, and they say it is delightful. You boat, and play cricket, and get into scrapes, and do no lessons unless you like, just for a change. How different to our school."

"Where is your school?" asked Charlie.

"Don't you know?" she cried, opening her eyes to their widest in her astonishment. "At Clamborough, the dullest place in the world. At Mrs. Smith's, Harpenden House, Clamborough; that is what is put on our letters. But has Mr. Prendergast never told you about me? No? Why, I have known you ever so long, it seems to me; he talks of you so much. But then you are his son—and I

have no one to care for me ;" and her merry, babyish face clouded over, and tears stood in her eyes. "It is so sad to have no friends—no one to think of—no one to write to. It makes me cry sometimes when I see the other girls writing home, and think there is no one in the wide world who would be glad to hear from me."

"You will soon find friends," said Charlie, touched by her simple little lament. "The world is not so full of unsympathetic people as some would have us believe."

"But how are friends made ?" asked the girl.

"That is one of nature's secrets," he replied.

"What is the secret ?" she asked eagerly, looking up into his face. "Tell it to me. I am afraid I do not possess it."

"It is one that some people possess and use unconsciously. You will soon know whether you have it or not."

"I hope so," she replied gravely. "I fancied that friends would come to me—out of nowhere that I could see, for nothing that I could do, and when I was expecting no one."

For a moment Charlie had wondered whether this ingenuousness was the mask of coquetry, but the suspicion had quickly vanished. And as she prattled on with unconscious art, a foreboding of evil smote painfully on his heart, and turned his thoughts more than once upon his father and his doubtful plans.

Meanwhile Mr. Prendergast was in close conversation with Jeanne in the next room, and apparently their conference had been a satisfactory one, for at its conclusion he complimented her on her ready adherence to his plans.

"You seem quite to understand my wishes," he said approvingly. "Make her as tired of school as

you can, but frighten her also about the dangers of a cold world. And, above all things, praise my son and keep him well before her mind. It would be a happy thing for her if, without experiencing any of the troubles and perplexities of life on her own account, she could go straight from school to lean upon his experience and protection."

"Si," said the Frenchwoman, with a laugh of intelligence, "that would suit all well. It will probably be also. She is very sweet." But as Jeanne spoke, something warned her to leave things to fate, and she resolved only to give a cautious support to James Prendergast's plans.

"I have told Mrs. Smith she is to leave at Christmas. All her bills are paid up to that date. Have you spoken to Mrs. Smith on the subject?"

"No," answered Jeanne abruptly; "I make no remarks of that kind. I go to Mrs. Smith just as her old nurse—no more."

"Quite right—quite right, Madame Jeanne, you are discretion itself. But don't forget to talk to her of my son."

"If she like him, she will talk plenty herself, and I shall get no chance to open my mouth. *C'est un caquet continuel.*"

"So much the better," said Mr. Prendergast, opening the door cautiously and listening to a merry peal of girlish laughter. "I don't like still waters."

Mr. Prendergast's appearance put a stop to Violet's mirth and his son's conversation. Once again under his father's eye Charlie felt almost as uneasy as he had been before Violet's naïve confidence had made him half forget the cause of their meeting. Mr. Prendergast noticed the sudden constraint that his presence created, and proposed that they should start at once for Madame Tussaud's.

Off they accordingly drove, but without Charlie, to Violet's evident disappointment; a request from his father, that was half an order, made him promise, however, to follow them soon.

But in his absence the wax figures did not seem to amuse her much; and her bright eyes wore an expectant expression as they kept perpetually wandering from the sights before her to scrutinize every new arrival in the rooms. At last, however, Charlie appeared, and then she became full of life again, pleased with everything, and smiling and chattering incessantly. The figures round about Queen Victoria delighted her immensely, and, pointing to a magnificently dressed officer in the inner circle, she asked Charlie if his uniform was anything like that.

"Not quite so grand," said Charlie; "my coat is scarlet, too, not blue; I don't look so fierce either as that gentleman."

"Have you any decorations?"

"The Peninsular and Crimean medals only."

"The Peninsular—why that was the war against the first Napoleon. You were not born then, and you could not even have been in the Crimea."

"I am sorry to say I have never drawn my sword in anger yet. If I get a medal it must be for my peaceable and unoffending character."

"But you all long for a war very much."

"We say so—it sounds well, and it is what is expected of us."

Every pleasure has its end—even a holiday from school. And the end of pleasure is often weariness, as Violet found, when, having bid Mr. Prendergast and his son good bye, she set off with Jeanne in a cab for Paddington station. Contrary to her custom, she sat quite still as they drove through the

lighted streets, and to her pre-occupied mind the people passing to and fro were only shadows, and her ears scarcely heard the noise of wheels or the hum of voices. With a young girl, however, in whose veins ran so much of the quicksilver of wonder and delight, such a mood could not last long.

"Don't you like London, Jeanne?" she asked, looking wistfully at the lights of the city they were fast leaving.

"No, *chérie*; I like even Clam-borough better. All England is *triste*, but London is hateful. It makes me wish for Paris."

"What did you like best at Madame Tussaud's to-day?"

"Nothing much—except, *yes*, Charlotte Corday and the guillotine."

Violet shivered at this unpleasant reply, but Jeanne noticed nothing. Her nature was not generally observant.

"And you, *chérie*," she asked, after a time, "what pleased you most?"

Violet made no direct reply to this question, but remarked presently, *à propos* of nothing, that she thought Captain Prendergast very unlike his father. "He is very silent," she added, "but looks so gentle and kind, I liked him at once."

Jeanne, unmindful of James Prendergast's instructions, took no advantage of this opportunity of praising his son. On the contrary, her face grew a little dark, and her eyes flashed as she gave a quick nervous glance at Violet, who seemed absorbed in pleasant recollections of her late companion—pleasant recollections which led to castle-building—till at last overcome by the fatigue of a long day, and the confusion of mind resulting from a deliberate attempt to forecast the events of the coming year, Violet fell fast asleep, and only

awoke when Jeanne called out to her that they were at Clamborough.

Meanwhile, Mr. Prendergast and his son were driving back to Ratney.

"Well, Charlie," said Mr. Prendergast, nervously. "What do you think of Miss Violet?" The question had been on the tip of his tongue half-an-hour before he could find courage to utter it.

"She is very pretty, and seems very nice."

"Well," pursued Mr. Prendergast, while his face went as near kindling with a glow of pleasure as its crafty expression would permit, "if you think all that, surely I may hope? when I wish it so much—when it would give such relief and happiness to the end of my life—I may hope that what I hinted to you will come to pass—may I not, my boy?" he asked, while the smiles died utterly away from his face, giving place to a look of almost agonized entreaty.

"If I had seen her six or even three months ago, perhaps I could have felt as you wish me to do; but now it is impossible," replied Charlie resolutely. "I prefer to be candid with you; I cannot spare you this disappointment, and I am sorry for it, even though I can't for the life of me think why you should set your heart so much upon such a plan."

"Why?" cried Mr. Prendergast, his voice shrill with annoyance, and excitement. "Why? what can a few months have to do with it?"

"Everything," answered Charlie quietly, though his colour rose, "can't you fancy the only reason that could steal a man's heart so securely? I care for another woman."

"Good God!" groaned Mr. Prendergast, sinking back in his seat in the carriage; "I certainly am cruelly tried."

And tears—actual tears—rolled

down his cheeks; nor did he utter one word during the remainder of the drive.

CHAPTER VI.

DEATH ROBS MISS MEGAW.

ON the day on which Mr. James Prendergast drove into town with his son and found the expedition a crushing disappointment, the number of residents in the neighbourhood of Ratney received an addition, and the doors of a "commodious semi-detached" villa that had long been "to let," were opened to admit a new tenant in the person of our friend Miss Megaw.

Parallel to Chatham Road, in which Balaclava House stood, there ran a less aristocratic villa-street, known, rather to the disgust of some of its householders, by the name of Chatham Lane. The houses were of two storeys only, though all the gardens were as wide and good as those of Chatham Road. After all, the love of nature and plants must be deeply rooted in the human heart, or the inhabitants of Ratney would long ago have given up trying to grow flowers in their cold clay soil. Nothing seemed to discourage them, however, and year after year they tended sickly growths and purchased new and blooming plants from the nurserymen only to see them dwindle and pine under the influences of an ungenial soil and climate. These gardens of Ratney, too, were productive of more than mere perseverance and the untimely blasting of vegetable life. The trespass of cats, and the theft of seeds by pigeons, made many a quarrel in the neigh-

bourhood, and Mrs. James Prendergast had a grievance of ten years' standing against the ladies of Bath Lodge, who, with laudable industry, cleared their own garden of slugs by the humane process of throwing them over the wall into the flower-beds of Balaclava House.

On the gate of the "semi-detached" newly rented by Miss Megaw, were painted the words "Norfolk Lodge," but whether the house was so called in honour of the duke or county of that name, is uncertain. It was a low square building, with pale damp-looking walls, that contrasted strangely with the apoplectic red-brick houses that gave Ratney its flushed look of vulgarity. Nor was the new resident's entry into the neighbourhood calculated to create any sensation. Her goods and chattels were not numerous, and her personal following consisted only of one tried old servant.

It was a cold, raw day, on which Miss Megaw took up her abode in Ratney. An unfavourable slant in the wind was bringing down the London smoke to increase the gloom of a damp November afternoon. And when Miss Megaw stood at a window at the back of the house, from which she could see Balaclava House, the dreariness of the prospect told upon her spirits and courage.

"Am I right in undertaking this work?" she asked herself. "Is there not something poor and mean about this work of watching and spying? Am I really called upon to interfere now when the mischief has been so long done, and that Heaven has not seen fit to interpose. Or is my enterprise Heaven-directed, and the beginning of a retribution too long delayed? It looks like it; but when our minds try to argue such questions, the plea

of Heaven's guidance gets so much help from the eloquence of our desires that the discussion is not a fair one. Surely, however, it is our duty here below to fight mischief and cunning—even with their own weapons—as long as we can lift our hands. Vengeance is the Lord's—let Him repay, for He alone can judge the measure of men's guilt—but let us be his ready instruments to succour the oppressed, and not cease our troubling till such justice as earth can give has been won. There—in that house where the lights are beginning to glimmer—lives a man, who, in my heart of hearts, I believe found out his brother's marriage and stole his child. The child may have died long ago—James Prendergast may have abandoned her to a fate that for one chance of life would give her ten of death But he is a deep plotter. He would scarcely have destroyed an instrument that might hereafter be used with powerful effect. I believe he is keeping her hidden away in some remote place, and, if this be so, I will meet plot with plot, and watch and wait till I discover all. Aye, James Prendergast," she continued, while her eyes grew glittering and stern, "I will not draw back. I have taken this task upon me, and, with God's help, I will fulfil it. You are happy and secure now, in your fine house, but all may soon be changed. Retribution has been long delayed, it may now be nearer than you think!"

Then with restless steps she paced to and fro in the darkening room, thinking over her enemy's prosperity. But if she could have seen him as he sat later on in the evening in his study, dejected and angry at the failure of a cherished project, she would scarcely have grudged him his happiness.

For days she watched Balaclava

House in vain. She saw Charlie leave home for Ireland, where Fenian disturbances had caused his regiment to be sent. And Mrs. Prendergast and her daughter drove out once or twice. But of the head of the house she saw nothing. She was ready, however, for him when he did at last appear. A week after her arrival at Ratney, she had been walking slowly up and down Chatham Road for about twenty minutes, keeping Balaclava House in view all the time, and at last, when some distance from it, she saw the hall-door open, and a man, whom she fancied she recognized even at that distance, walk slowly down the steps. She hurried on to get a closer view of him, but would scarcely have succeeded in her object had he not been called back into the house. Drawing her veil down quickly over her face, she posted herself so that if he were going to the station he must pass her; and then sauntering on very slowly she awaited his reappearance. She scarcely dared look round to see if he were coming, so excited was she, and such a tumult of emotion did the idea of seeing him raise in her mind. She heard his footsteps, however, drawing nearer and nearer, till at last he was beside her. She shrank back, and he passed on. She knew him—she would have known him anywhere. Even one timid glance had shown her the crafty face, the dark shifting eyes, and their forbidding expression. How little, too, he was changed. Compared with what it had done to herself, Time had touched him lightly.

But she had work before her. She determined to let no opportunity of finding out his habits escape, so she followed him to the station. There she heard him say he was going up to town, and re-

solved to keep him company on his way.

It was not hard to follow him, even in London. He walked slowly, and as it was growing dusk she succeeded in keeping herself tolerably well out of view. It was about half-past three, and a drizzling rain was falling as they passed along the Strand. At the top of Cecil Street he stopped short, and, after a moment's hesitation, walked a few doors down the street and knocked at a shabby looking house; about ten minutes later he reappeared in the Strand with a shabby companion—one evidently of the order of broken-down people—a brotherhood among whom poverty, if not a vow, is at least a perpetual observance. Miss Megaw followed him more closely than before, to overhear what he said.

"I tell you, Robert," she heard him say, angrily, "this sort of thing must have an end. I really can't afford to go on supplying your never-ending demands. You can disgrace us publicly, of course, as you are not ashamed to threaten, but you'll lose more than you'll gain at that game."

"Oh, come; no nonsense of that kind," replied the stranger. "Please remember to whom you're talking to. I'll not stand it; I swear I won't."

"Now, do try and be reasonable, my dear fellow," expostulated Mr. Prendergast, soothingly. "And if you're annoyed, wait till we get out of the street before showing it."

"That's all very fine. Why didn't you wait till we were out of the street before insulting me? Where are we going, by the way?"

"In here," said James Prendergast, stopping short before a restaurant.

This scrap of conversation strongly excited Miss Megaw's

curiosity. "Here is a man in whose power he seems to be," she said to herself. "I'll see the end of this if I have to wait ten hours longer."

Half-an-hour, however, was only the length of the time she had to wait. Mr. Prendergast and the stranger emerged both together into the street. "Good night," said the former. "Think over my proposals. You'll find them to your advantage in the end."

"To *yours*, I think you mean," sneered the other, and then they separated. For a moment Miss Megaw was undecided whom to follow, but at last she elected to go after the stranger. Through back streets she walked close on his track till at last he disappeared inside a public-house near a small theatre. She was on the other side of the way, and had crossed over and was just in the act of opening the swinging-door to follow him inside when her foot slipped, and she fell heavily on the pavement.

For a few minutes she lay perfectly still, stunned by the violence of the fall, but presently she recovered enough to raise herself on her elbows, and saw that a policeman was standing over her, contemplating her with mingled severity and sarcasm. He had jumped to the conclusion that she was an intoxicated patron of the public-house.

"Yes, there you are," he began, "you know the spot, don't you?—the pavement before your favourite hotel; and very nice soft lying this wet evening? A pretty hobble you look too."

A somewhat stern remark from Miss Megaw soon brought the guardian of the street to a sense of his error, and he became apologetic while offering his assistance. The tears stood in Miss Megaw's eyes when she found her ankle so painful that she could neither bend it nor put it to the ground. She

thought of the great discoveries it might prevent her making. In her whole life the idea of being laid up had never seemed half so dreadful. While she stood still for a moment, wondering whether she could manage to hobble inside the public-house, the man she was in pursuit of came out, and quietly walked away. Seeing she could not possibly follow him, Miss Megaw asked the policeman to call a cab for her, which he did, apologizing for the last time as she drove off. "Seeing the spot where it 'appened," he said, "I thought of course as it was the usual thing."

Under the best of circumstances a bad sprain is a tiresome thing, but in Miss Megaw's case it was a terrible annoyance. On the morning following her accident she saw Mr. Prendergast pass her windows on his way to the station. Two days later, again, while she was still completely invalided, she had the mortification of seeing him go off in the morning with a small portmanteau; he remained absent till late the following evening, and many were the conjectures she formed as to his errand.

As soon as her sprain was well, she set off for Cecil Street to try find Mr. Prendergast's disreputable-looking acquaintance, and succeeded in running him down in the very public-house outside which she had fallen and hurt herself. By the exercise of a little tact she managed to secure a private interview with him in a small stuffy room behind the bar. A dirty ace of clubs under her chair, and the smell of spirits that pervaded the place, suggested certain ideas as to its general use.

"May I now mention what has brought me here," she asked, coming to the point at once.

"Certainly," replied the stranger, with a lofty wave of the hand that seemed an habitual trick. "I only hope you don't want to get any

money from me, for if you do, I may as well say I haven't got any."

"I don't want money from you," replied Miss Megaw. "My mission is rather of the opposite character."

"So much the better."

"It has come to my knowledge," began Miss Megaw, with an effort—"no matter how—that you could bring disgrace on Mr. James Prendergast if you chose, and that you are only kept back from doing so by pecuniary obligations. Is it not so?"

"No, ma'am," cried the stranger excitedly, "it is not so, and I beg to be understood to deny your statements most explicitly. I am aware Mr. James Prendergast is impertinent enough to say I could disgrace him, but the idea is entirely his own."

"What do you mean?" stammered Miss Megaw, at a loss to understand the situation. "How could Mr. Prendergast say——"

"I don't know how he can say things, I only know what he says," pursued the stranger vehemently. "From any one such assertions would be injurious—from a brother they are to the last degree insulting." Then, changing his voice to something of a whine, "James is trying to take advantage of my misfortunes to make me emigrate, but I won't. He's sent you here no doubt to try and persuade me . . . but you can go back and tell him I shan't go to New Zealand to please him or any one else."

Miss Megaw was dumbfounded. She scarcely heard a word of a long maudlin story of misfortune that the stranger next poured forth. She remembered dimly having heard something of a brother of Mr. Prendergast's who had gone to the bad almost while a boy, and saw how she had become the victim of her own acuteness. Instead of finding James Prendergast in the act of bringing off an accomplice,

she was mortified by discovering him almost in an attitude of benevolence. Silently and noiselessly she escaped from the room, while the broken-down gentleman, with his head between his hands, continued to recite his woes. Crest-fallen beyond measure she made her way back to Ratney.

"She's gone!" ejaculated the broken-down member of the Prendergast family, as he roused himself at last from his bitter reminiscences. "And a very good thing too. I'll go down to Ratney next week and get a good haul out of James for this. She came to the wrong person if she wanted to canvass for an Emigration Society."

This failure shook Miss Megaw's trust in herself very much, and she began to fear she had made a mistake in supposing Mr. Prendergast's wish that she should have the assistance of a detective. Her desire, however, to bring his brother's schemes to light—if schemes there were—by her own unaided intelligence was still too strong to bear thwarting. So she continued to watch him as closely as ever, and to hope for an opportunity of discovering some clue to the mystery she longed to make clear.

Her servant had found out several things respecting James Prendergast's habits. The Irish charwoman, who was employed at odd times at Balaclava House, was also in constant request at Norfolk Lodge, and from her Miss Megaw learnt the important news that a young lady was expected to spend Christmas at Balaclava House. About this time James Prendergast seemed to have become a recluse. Though Miss Megaw watched and watched she never caught a glimpse of him outside his house, and so the days passed on till the 14th of December, when she found she had been exactly four weeks at Ratney. On the morning of that day she saw

George Prendergast passing her windows on his way to the station. Just as he was going by he was overtaken by his sister who seemed to have come to remind him of something. As she was returning to the house, Miss Megaw heard George call after her, "We'll be back here by three, if possible."

Miss Megaw hoped anxiously that this "we" might include the young lady who was to be a guest at Balaclava House. It was well known in Ratney that such a thing as a visitor had never before been heard of in Mr. Prendergast's house, and his servants talked a good deal about the expected arrival. She counted the minutes almost till three o'clock, and instead of watching from her window, took up her position at her gate.

Just after three the people who had come by the train were leaving the station, and as they passed Norfolk Lodge, she looked out eagerly for George Prendergast. She did not recognize him till he was quite close, but as soon as she saw him she started back from the gate in sudden haste, for walking beside him, and looking straight at her, was no less a person than Bob Varley, whom she remembered well to have seen at Glenriveen. This was only his second visit to Ratney; on the first occasion he had come out after dark, and consequently escaped her watchfulness.

She, however, was too late to escape his recognition, though she hoped she had done so as she hurried back into her house. "By Jove!" exclaimed Bob, catching George's arm, "I'll swear the woman who was standing at that gate a moment ago was the old lady who mystified us all so at Glenriveen. How she bolted when she saw me."

As soon as they reached Balaclava House, George told his father it was more than probable that the

mysterious Miss Megaw was a neighbour of theirs, for Bob Varley was sure he had seen her in Chatham Lane on their way from the station. "There is something queer about that woman," said George, "and I wish we were at the bottom of the mystery. You ought to investigate the whole thing," he said to his father. "I shouldn't be a bit surprised to find that some tricks were going on."

On hearing his son's words there shot out an ugly flash, half anger, half suspicion, from under Mr. Prendergast's frowning brows, but he said nothing. He was thinking deeply, however, and a host of fears and conjectures rushed rapidly through his mind, leaving behind them a heavy weight of uneasiness, so that he seemed to forget everything as he stood by his drawing-room window, looking down vacantly on a row of flower-pots in the garden beneath. A conviction, that he had fought against ever since he had first heard of Miss Megaw, was growing more and more confirmed in his mind, and he told himself that the sooner he accepted it as a certainty, and acted upon the conviction, the better it would be for him. But how to act—plain as the necessity for action might be—was the difficulty, and it seemed to him that a crisis was near which would tax all his energies. And somehow, to-day, his mind and energy seemed to fail.

George and Mary were going out for a walk with Bob Varley, but Mr. Prendergast declined abruptly to join them, and retired to his study.

Conscience sometimes befriends guilty men in making cowards of them. At the very first threatening of danger, and long before any distinct peril threatened his schemes, James Prendergast's whole mind was bent on so fortifying his position, that come what might, partial

discovery, or full exposure, nothing could permanently defeat his plans. He had his own designs and knew how to carry them through. As he sat in his study he framed devices for his own protection against the mysterious woman, whom he connected by an unfailing instinct with dangerous designs against himself. As he set his mind to work, the weakness that had oppressed him earlier in the day, seemed to pass away. At last, he formed a complete plan. If the woman who called herself Miss Megaw, but whom he thought of under another name, had come to Ratney as a spy upon him, he would soon baffle her, and he laughed at her folly in matching herself against his will and cunning. Of course Violet could not come to Ratney—that would be folly under the circumstances. Jeanne should take her abroad at once, where, as soon as he had put Miss Megaw on a false scent, he and George would follow her, and until she was George's wife, Violet should never return to England. George would be easily managed, the girl was inexperienced and childish; the marriage would soon be made, and then the real work would begin—then the grudges of years would have to give way, and however much the two brothers who had remained so many years estranged might still continue to hate one another, the world would have to witness something like a reconciliation between them. Who Violet really was they might never know—it was to be hoped they never would. Alexander Prendergast could not expose his brother, whose son had married his only child. The reconciliation, so far as its causes went, would be as inexplicable a matter as the quarrel of many years ago. And the Prendergast brothers once nominally united, and the Prendergast money retained in the family, Miss Megaw

might call him what she chose and go where she listed, she could do her old adversary no harm. And now that he came to think about it, he had a suspicion that she had been hanging about his house. He had noticed a tall woman, dressed sometimes in dark grey, sometimes in black clothes, but always thickly veiled, walking up and down Chatham Road in a peculiarly persistent way several times of late—and, yes—he recollected her distinctly—he could almost swear she was in the train with him the evening he had gone into town to see his disreputable brother and try to induce him to emigrate, and relieve his family of the disgrace of his presence.

His plans once made, Mr. Prendergast lost no time in proceeding to their accomplishment. He sat down at his writing-table and wrote a letter of instructions to Jeanne, winding up by a request that she would meet him in two days' time at the hotel in Jermyn Street. "I'll see Miss Megaw doesn't follow me there," he chuckled, as he folded up his note. While he was directing it his servant brought him in two letters. "Send this to the post," said Mr. Prendergast, handing him the letter to Jeanne.

One of the letters he had received was from Violet. The other was from his broken-down brother, complaining of Miss Megaw's visit, and claiming compensation for the annoyance it had caused him.

"What on earth does this mean?" thought James Prendergast. "I sent no old lady to him—is it possible—nonsense—yes, it really must be so. She must have followed me down to the Strand, and tried her 'prentice hand on Robert after I left him. It is too funny," he exclaimed, as he fell back in his chair, and laughed aloud. "You won't go far at this rate, my poor Martha—what is it you call your-

self?—Megaw! Better give up playing the spy upon me altogether, if you can't do it better. Though what has put the notion of turning detective into your head, I can't imagine."

His letters read, he resumed the consideration of his plans. That very night he would speak to George. As Charley had chosen to be obdurate, let him do without the half million of money that Violet represented. After all, he had always liked George the better of his two sons. After dinner George should come into the study and learn what good things were in store for him, if only he would take his father for his counsellor and guide. "Yes," he said to himself, "there is no time to be lost. I have the whole game in my hands. Once get these two young folks married, and then we shall see——"

A little tired by these reflections and the excitements of the day, Mr. Prendergast began to doze in his armchair. The candles on his table were not lighted, and the fire burnt low in the grate, but he was soon too sound asleep to care either for light or warmth.

Meanwhile the others had come in from their walk, but no one ventured to approach the place sacred to Mr. Prendergast's business transactions and meditations. It was a rule in the household that the study was not to be entered unbidden; when Mr. Prendergast wanted company there he would ask for it, he said. Even slight, timid knocks at his door he resented as intrusions.

For this reason the rest of the household sat chatting in the drawing-room till the dressing-bell rang for dinner. Then they came out into the hall, candles were lighted, and Mary was just going upstairs when Mrs. Prendergast called her back.

"Go and tell your father the dressing-bell has rung, Mary," she said; "I think he must be asleep; I have not heard him move for ever so long."

Mary looked unwilling to go, but a second bidding sent her off slowly towards the study with her candle in her hand. A few moments later, when the others were half way upstairs, a loud scream of terror rang through the house, followed by another and another.

"Good heavens! what's the matter?" cried Mrs. Prendergast, while George and Bob Varley rushed past her downstairs. At the door of the study they found Mary in a state of incoherent terror, but the room was in utter darkness, for her candle had been extinguished in its fall from her hand. Varley fetched a light at once, and then they all saw the terrible spectacle that had met the unfortunate girl's eyes when she opened the door. On the hearthrug before the fire Mr. Prendergast lay on his side, stiff and dead, with his eyes half open, and one arm outstretched. They lifted him up, tried every means of restoring consciousness, but all in vain. Death had found him out in the midst of his schemes, and stricken him down just when he believed he was touching upon the hour that would crown them with success.

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At Norfolk Lodge that evening Miss Megaw sat alone in her small drawing-room, chafing at the inaction to which James Prendergast's seclusion of himself condemned her, and wondering whether Bob Varley could possibly have recognized her as he passed her house in the afternoon. While she was dwelling unpleasantly upon these ideas the door opened, and her servant came in with the tea-things.

"Isn't that a ring at the bell?"

asked Miss Megaw, suddenly. She fancied she had heard footsteps running across the gravel to the hall-door.

"It must be Mrs. Flannigan, the charwoman," replied the servant, "but she always goes to the kitchen-door."

A moment later the room was invaded by Mrs. Flannigan in a most unusual state of excitement.

"Oh, great patience! Glory be to praises!" she cried as she ran past Anne, and sank down upon one of the kitchen chairs. "He was quare in himself, no doubt; but to think he'd be gathered this day!—Swep' off before he had time to make his soul. Oh, 'tis awful! and I'm nearly destroyed meself running down here from the house, the way I'd be the first to tell ye of it. Sure, didn't I slip coming round the corner, and only for the constable going his rounds, that caught me undher the arms, me head was broke agin the wall. Well, well, well! to think of it all!"

"What are you talking about?" asked Miss Megaw, sharply, confused by the amount of exclamations in the Irishwoman's story. "What is the matter?"

"What's the matther, is it?" cried Mrs. Flannigan, indignantly; "matther enough, and to spare. Oh, the poor craytures up above—this is the bad day for 'em. Wisha, wisha! to be left unpurtected so suddenly—and he not so old-looking at all, and such a strong man—oh, musha, but 'tis awful!"

"Has anything happened to Mr. Prendergast?" asked Miss Megaw's servant, in much alarm, not quite sure that the Irishwoman's lamentations might not possibly refer to a neighbouring greengrocer, who was rapidly becoming a personal friend of her own.

"Oh, then, one thing's certain, and that is that nothing more'll

ever happen to him again whatever. He went off as sudden as that," groaned the Irishwoman, bringing her big hands together with a clap that might have been heard all over the house. "At about's six o'clock, it's supposed. Meself went for the doctor, but 'twas all of no use. Don't be talking," she continued, waving her hands, "but 'tis an awful thing to be gathered so sudden."

"Dead!" gasped Miss Megaw, turning very white, and trembling all over, as she hastily caught hold of the door to support herself. Then, without another word, and much to Mrs. Flannigan's disappointment, instead of waiting to hear further particulars of Mr. Prendergast's sudden end, she walked slowly upstairs to her bedroom, where she gave way to her grief, sitting for hours with folded hands in a state of melancholy stupefaction. Poor Miss Megaw! since she had taken up her mission she had had little except sorrow and disappointment; but for James Prendergast to be snatched away from her almost at its very outset was, indeed, a stunning blow. And she grew ashamed when she thought how very little comfort she was able to derive from the conviction that he was gone where his evil deeds were fully known and would be duly rewarded. What she had wanted was to see his humiliation and punishment with her own eyes—to hear him gnash his teeth and cry out for mercy. She had to summon all her bravery in these hours of dejection, and more than once she thought of abandoning the search that she had hoped would be the one solitary triumph of her life. But she had gone too far; was too deeply engaged heart and soul in the quest to give it up until every possible means had been tried. Even in the last few days she had made some discoveries as to

the direction in which James Prendergast used generally to go when he left home. If this clue could be followed up all might yet be discovered, and not in vain, for though James Prendergast was beyond the reach of vengeance, his brother Alexander still remained to her, and to please him alone she felt she could face any difficulty or discouragement.

On the following morning she telegraphed the news of James Prendergast's death to Janet at Glenriveen, warning her at the same time to be careful how she broke the news to her uncle. But the precaution appeared unnecessary. Mr. Prendergast was very little moved by the intelligence.

"Shall I give orders about mourning for the servants?" asked Janet.

Mr. Prendergast hesitated.

"We have been worse than strangers to one another for the last thirty years, or more," he muttered, "and am I to go through the munificence of grief for him now?"

"Death ought to soften such feelings," said little Janet, who had become a favourite and dared to speak openly. "Probably, if it were all to happen over again, you would say that the cause of your quarrel was one that ought never to have had such painful results."

"If it were all to happen over again, I should treat him very differently, I have no doubt," said Mr. Prendergast grimly. "But I suppose the farce of mourning must be played out. Do whatever is usual. He has won the day. Esau has striven helplessly against Jacob—my brother has prevailed against me," he muttered, speaking so low that Janet could not catch his words. "I did well not to let myself share Martha's delusions—I knew how they would end. But the idea that she will succeed, and the attempt, seem a comfort to her, so let her enjoy such poor

satisfaction as they can give—but I must not be deceived."

CHAPTER VII.

VIOLET'S TRIAL.

JEANNE GIRON was spared the trouble of keeping her appointment in Jermyn Street with Mr. James Prendergast. A note from Violet's schoolmistress enclosed her a newspaper extract containing the announcement of his death, and at the same time suggested that she had better come and break the news to the girl, who would no doubt be much affected by it.

Jeanne was not slow to obey this summons, but before seeing Violet she had a long interview with the schoolmistress. Apparently it was not a very satisfactory one, for at its close Mrs. Smith seemed flurried and annoyed.

"I really must tell you again," she said emphatically, "that where so much wrong has been done, a disclosure of this kind may bring a great deal of harm with it. Let me persuade you to delay it for a few days at all events."

"No," replied Jeanne, roughly, with a fierce jerk of her head; "I know my own affair, thank you, Mrs. Smith, and what I say I will do."

Mrs. Smith left the room with a sigh, and told Violet to go upstairs to Jeanne Giron, who was in the drawing-room. Violet did so, looking languid and paler than usual. Jeanne's eyes, fixed anxiously on her face, noticed the change that had come over her since the day when they had last met.

"I am so glad you have come, Jeanne," she said. "I have heard

nothing more about going to Ratney from Mr. Prendergast, and I think it so odd, for he promised to write. Have you brought me any message?"

"Yes," replied Jeanne, "but how pale and *triste* you look. Is anything the matter, *mon enfant*? Do you feel ill?"

"Oh, no; thank you, Jeanne. I am quite well. I am only put out at not hearing from Mr. Prendergast. He came to see me the morning after you were last here, and said I was to go to Ratney tomorrow. Am I to go still, or has he changed his plans?"

"I think his plans are all changed," said Jeanne, with a grim smile.

"Why do you laugh, Jeanne?" asked Violet, wonderingly. "I am so disappointed. I wished to go to Balaclava House so much, even though——"

"Even though what?" inquired Jeanne, fixing her black dancing eyes on Violet's face, so that she turned away her head.

"Oh, nothing," said Violet, "I was only going to say that I was a little disappointed Captain Prendergast would not be at home. I fancied I should like him better than his brother or sister. Did you ever hear that he was going to be married, Jeanne?"

"No," said Jeanne, shortly.

"His father told me so, when he was here the other day, and he seemed very angry about it."

Jeanne said nothing. Hers was not a very profound intelligence, and Mr. Prendergast's schemes were things he had not judged it expedient to confide to her. The only plan he had ever made known to her was his idea of a marriage between his ward and his elder son, but much as this wish fell in with Jeanne's desires, she had regarded it at first with something like jealous suspicion. Like most people,

she was not particularly attracted by Mr. Prendergast, and she had her own reasons for wishing to see something more of his son before attempting to work strongly upon Violet's feelings. She was only sharp and sensitive in matters touching the girl's happiness and well-being, and she had noticed with some anxiety the impression left on her mind by her visit to London; she did not fail to detect, too, the affectation of indifference with which she now spoke of Captain Prendergast and his engagement. "This explains the pale face and the tired look of her eyes," thought Jeanne. "I did well not to say much. She will soon forget him now—a fortnight, a week, even, of his company, and things might have become serious."

"And who is he going to marry?" asked Jeanne, with seeming indifference.

"I do not know. He would not tell Mr. Prendergast, who imagines, therefore, that it is some one of whom he would disapprove. But I cannot think Captain Prendergast would care for any one who was not nice. Don't you agree with me, Jeanne?"

"How can I tell, child? One never knows what men are by just looking at them."

"But I am sure he is good and kind," insisted Violet.

"He may be all that, and still make a bad marriage," said Jeanne. "But he need no longer fear his father. Mr. Prendergast will no longer interfere with him for good or evil."

"What do you mean?" asked Violet, looking up uneasily.

"I mean that Mr. Prendergast is gone where, if all we hear is true, he will not amuse himself much," said the Frenchwoman, grimly. "He is dead. His son can do as he pleases now."

Violet grew very white, and the

tears started to her eyes. Though Mr. Prendergast was not the sort of man to inspire love, he had been uniformly kind to her, and in him she felt she had lost her only friend and protector. Besides, it was the first time death had taken a victim among those very near her, and awe as well as sorrow filled her heart.

"Oh, Jeanne, how terrible," she said, softly, covering her face with her hands, while her tears flowed fast. "But do not talk of him so heartlessly: he was very good to me always, and I shall never find such a friend again, I am afraid. And Mrs. Prendergast—and Mary—how terrible their grief must be."

Poor little Violet! Among those nearest and dearest to Mr. Prendergast, not one after his death was able to think of him with feelings so unmixed, as the young girl who had known his true nature least, yet suffered from it most; and whose passing moments of dislike and distrust had always seemed to her an offence against gratitude.

"Though I have never seen them," she continued, sadly, "I can feel for them. It is bad enough to live, as I have done, and never know a father or a mother's love—but to have known it, to grow accustomed to it, to depend upon it, and then to lose it suddenly, surely, Jeanne, that must be far, far worse. And what must be saddest of all must be to look back on any quarrels . . . on all the silly little disputes and misunderstandings . . . and from what Captain Prendergast said, I am afraid he and his father did not always agree. If he left home, Jeanne, and that they were not friends, how dreadful it must be for him now——"

"Bah! People don't think of such things as that, in the world, child. That is all very well for ; men—it is something quite
er."

"Then I do not wish to be in the world," said Violet.

"Are you sure of that?" asked Jeanne, bending forward anxiously for an answer.

"I am not sure of anything now," replied Violet, wearily, "except that I am very, very miserable, and I cannot tell why."

Jeanne moved over to the sofa, and sat down beside Violet, taking both her hands in hers, and looking straight into her face, spoke in low, eager tones,—

"What would you say, child, if I could bring some one to you who loved you better than any one else in the world? Who have watched over you ever since you were baby—who care for the very ground you walk on—who will do anything in the whole world for you—who love you—oh! *mon Dieu*, how she love you."

The Frenchwoman's gleaming eyes, the nervous pressure of her hands, and the quiver in her voice fascinated Violet, even while they raised an undefined feeling of fear in her mind.

"What makes you look and talk so strangely, Jeanne?" she stammered. "I never saw you look like this before—if you mean yourself, you know, surely, how much I have always valued your love and goodness; and I shall do so all the more now that I am left quite alone in the world, and that the only friend my father left me is dead."

"Your father's only friend!" repeated Jeanne scornfully; "I give you one now much better than him. Stop! do not call me wild. *Dieu!* I am but flesh and blood—I can no more—*Hélas!* did nothing ever say it to you, *mon enfant?* Did nothing ever tell you of all my love? Did not my eyes speak though I said no word? Must I tell you what you should have known long ago?"

White as a sheet, and trembling from head to foot, Violet looked at

the Frenchwoman's paroxysm of emotion, but not one word could she utter. Her hands, that Jeanne pressed and shook in her excitement, grew cold and clammy, and she opened her lips as if she were going to speak, but still not a sound came from them.

"Speak to me!" cried Jeanne hoarsely; "speak to me, or I shall die. You know what I mean—speak!" she cried again, clutching Violet's arm.

"I don't understand," whispered Violet at last; but her tongue seemed tied, and her lips were parched, so that she could say nothing more.

"*Grand Dieu!* Is it because I am not rich or noble that you look stony at me?" continued Jeanne, her voice strident from suppressed passion. "Do you think I shall disgrace you? Are you ashamed of me? No, no, it is not possible," she sighed, suddenly changing her tone to one of mournful entreaty; "say it is not possible, *mon enfant*. *Tu n'auras pas honte de ta mère!*" she asked, almost inaudibly, sinking on her knees, and burying her face in Violet's lap, while deep sobs shook her strong masculine form.

There must have been something noble in poor little Violet, for at this cruel moment, when not one instinct of her nature made response to the Frenchwoman's maternal appeal, and her heart was wrung with the exquisite pain of it, not a word escaped her lips that could wound Jeanne. But how terrible the discovery seemed! Could it possibly be that this woman was her mother—this woman whose roughness and coarse nature had always seemed held in check only by her own presence. Alas! this fact appeared the very proof of the assertion. To every one but herself Jeanne was always harsh and defiant, and what but some strong tie between them could have obtained

for her this strange and evidently unnatural tenderness? And a sharp arrow of pain shot through Violet's heart, as she told herself that though she had always accepted Jeanne's devotion much as a spoilt child accepts the homage of all around it, it had never excited one feeling of love in her heart for the woman whose gentleness even was uncouth and ungainly. To submit to her authority and allow her caresses, and to speak to her gently and affectionately, even when irritated by her defects, had always seemed to Violet as much as gratitude required from her; and the knowledge that the love which never had been, could never be in the future—being made more impossible than ever by this new discovery—filled the girl's mind with despair, and took from her all her courage. But still not one word of angry doubt or denial of Jeanne's claims crossed her lips, as she sat watching the fears she could not remove. The wretchedness that blanched her cheeks and made her soft brown eyes grow dull and heavy, did not make her ungentle. She would even have tried to utter some commonplaces of endearment, but she knew their uselessness at such a moment, and how little they would satisfy Jeanne.

"I am weak and startled now, Jea—" she began, checking herself in the utterance of the familiar name, "come to me to-morrow. I want a little time to think over this—consider how suddenly it has come upon me." She spoke hesitatingly, and Jeanne raised her head and looked reproachfully at her.

"My child should not need time when her mother is kneeling to pray for her love."

"If you had told me who you were sooner, you need never have knelt for it," said Violet, with a shade of bitterness in her voice. "I

have been so long deceived—I am bewildered now. Do give me a little time——”

“Call me ‘mother’ once only, and I leave you,” said Jeanne, raising her restless eyes to Violet’s, untouched by their look of weary pain.

If Violet knew that her very life depended on the utterance of this one word she could scarcely have spoken it.

“Not now — to-morrow,” she whispered, raising her hands, and clasping them together, in deprecation of Jeanne’s anger.

But the pang that her refusal inflicted on Jeanne’s heart roused a passion that no gesture of entreaty could prevent from breaking forth.

“Ingrate!” she cried, starting to her feet. “Have I knelt where I should command? What means your obstinacy? Have I not done everything for you?—and is this what you tell me—to-morrow! No to-morrow for me; to-morrow you come away with me to France, and to-day you call me ‘mother.’ I will not leave you till you say it.”

If tenderness and an impassioned appeal to her love had failed, this tiger-like ferocity, these glittering eyes, set lips, and clenched hands, were scarcely likely to succeed in awakening Violet’s filial feelings. Jeanne’s violence, however, frightened and subdued the girl’s timid nature. Turning her eyes away from the face now distorted and disfigured by such passion as she had never before seen in mortal countenance, she said, slowly,--

“Go—mother.”

Almost before the word was spoken, and while Violet was still shuddering with a new fear, Jeanne flung her rough arms around her neck, and in spite of her resistance imprinted on her lips hot farewell kisses that seemed to scorch them.

“*A demain donc, chérie,*” she said, when at last the girl escaped from her painful caresses. “I go now—but be ready to-morrow. You understand me, Violet, do you not? To-morrow we start for *la belle France*. We shall be happy there.”

“Happy!” cried poor Violet, throwing herself upon the sofa, and burying her face in her hands, as soon as she was alone. “Oh, my God! I shall never again know what happiness means! It is all over now.”

On the evening of the evil day on which Jeanne appeared at Harpenden House to claim her child, Violet sat all alone in her own room. She had no heart to face those of her schoolfellows who desired to offer her their sympathy. The anguish and shame of her despair could not be concealed, and as they could not be relieved either, she hid herself where at least no curious glances or questions, born half of pity, half of inquisitiveness, could break in upon her melancholy.

She was crushed by the revelations of the day. Here was no strong nature grappling with misfortune, and of which the very anguish bore witness to vital force. She did not even examine her troubles very closely, or occupy her mind with conjectures as to the causes of Jeanne’s strange conduct. Her sorrow was like that of a child, not argued about, only bewailed and wept. It was overwhelming, intolerable; the sun of her happiness had set, and could never rise again.

From her schoolmistress she learnt the details of Jeanne’s story. The real Violet Thomson had been given to her while still a baby almost, to be nursed with her own child, but dying soon, she put her own child in its place.

“So,” thought poor Violet, “my

whole life has been an unconscious deceit. I can never face Captain Prendergast again, or any one who has seen me here. I must go with Jeanne — *with my mother*. Oh, what a mockery it is to talk of the voice of nature! No instinct ever drew me towards this woman, or warned me of our relationship. I shall never forgive her. I may grow to hate her. When we live with those we hate the evil side of our nature is always uppermost. Our gentle feelings have no room to work, and at last they die of inaction, and all that is bad in us grows strong, and flourishes. . . . No, I can never live with Jeanne — with my mother."

Just as Violet reached this point in her reflections she was disturbed by the noise of her schoolfellows going up to bed. For several of them it was their last night at school before the holidays, discipline was relaxed, and as they passed her door their quick footsteps and laughter smote heavily on her heart. She thought they had all gone to their rest unmindful of her trouble, when a faint tap at the door was followed by the entrance of a little girl, very ugly, and with weak, near-sighted eyes. She was an unhappy little thing whom Violet had always befriended.

"What is the matter, dear, dear Violet?" cried the child, running up to her, and trying to draw away her hands from before her face. "Do speak to me, Violet," she continued, "I am so sorry for you; I would have come up sooner, but they would not let me. Do say one word to me," and the poor, faithful child knelt down and laid a trembling hand on Violet's shoulder. An instant later her soft little face was pressed against Violet's cheek, and Violet's arms were round her neck, while she was sobbing as if her heart would break.

"I am very miserable, Sophy," she said, at last, when this fresh outburst of her grief was over. "I think I shall never be happy again."

"But what has happened? Do tell me if you can," urged Sophy.

"I cannot," replied Violet; "a great cloud of shame and sorrow has come over my life, and it is weighing me down and stifling me. You will feel for me, Sophy, won't you? even though I cannot bear to tell you what it is exactly that makes me so wretched."

"Of course I will—but it isn't anything wrong you've done yourself, is it, Violet? They make such a fuss about everything here, and you know quite well that though they may be cross now, it'll be all over."

"No, no, child; it is nothing that I have done wrong."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, how dreadful it all is," sighed little Sophy, sinking on the floor, and looking the picture of feeble despair. "I wish I could do something to help you, dear, dear Violet. You've always been so good to me, and I love you so."

"You can do something for me," said Violet, after a few moments' silence. "Do you remember coming down here to my room, the other night, when you were in trouble—after all the others were in bed?"

"Yes. What then?" asked Sophy, eagerly.

"Do you think you could do the same thing again to-night?"

"Oh, yes, I'm sure I could. In an hour or so; they'll be all asleep then"

"Well, as soon as you can, you will come down?"

"Oh, yes, Violet, of course I will. And I may stay with you all the night, may I not? You look so sad and lonely; I won't talk a word if you don't wish it."

"No, Sophy, you can't stay here

all night, but you can do something for me that I shall always be grateful for. Run up to your room now—you're sure you won't fall asleep and forget to come to me?"

"Not I. I'll pinch myself, and say hymns to keep awake," said Sophy, earnestly.

As soon as she was alone, Violet turned up the gas, and began to move quickly about her room, opening and shutting drawers, and collecting on the bed a small parcel of her most valued possessions—including a photograph of little Sophy, blinking feebly amid the glare of a Clamborough photographic studio. As she had looked at the weak portrait, an impulse of tenderness towards the child she had so often protected, made her put it into the bundle. Then she sat down before a small table and wrote a few lines in pencil, which she put into an envelope and addressed to Mrs. Smith. Last of all, she took her hat and cloak out of a wardrobe and laid them on the bed, beside the bundle she had made up.

It was not till some time after all her preparations had been completed that she heard the child's trembling fingers turning the handle of her door.

"I thought I should never get down," whispered Sophy. "I never knew them stay awake so long. Are you going to Mr. Prendergast's to-morrow, and do you want me to help you to pack your clothes?" she added, looking round and seeing that though there were two trunks in the room and several drawers were open, they had not yet been emptied of their contents.

"No, thank you. I am not going to pack anything up. I want you to help me to leave the house—Hush!" she cried sharply, seeing a dangerous look of astonishment and alarm on Sophy's face. "If you don't care

to help me, go back to your bed; but don't be so ungrateful as to alarm the house."

Ingratitude was the last feeling likely to be in the child's heart at that moment, so she professed her readiness to do anything, even though her knees were shaking so that she could scarcely stand. In mute dismay she watched Violet put on her cloak and hat, and take up her bundle.

"Come downstairs now—and don't look so sad, child. I should not go away like this if I could help it. Your wretched little face makes it very hard for me to keep up my courage—and, Heaven knows, I need the little I have just now."

Sophy was too scared for any expostulation to make her look otherwise, but all the same they crept noiselessly down the stairs into the hall, where the sound of her footsteps on the oil-cloth matting made Violet start with fright.

"Wait an instant, Sophy," she said, putting out her hand towards the child, whose whereabouts her chattering teeth made it easy to find; "I must strike a light in the school-room. I want to get something out of my desk."

In the school-room, Violet struck a match and lighted a small taper that was in her desk. From the same place she took out her purse, and a few childish keepsakes which she handed to Sophy.

"In case we should never meet again, Sophy," she said, "you will keep these for my sake—in memory of me—won't you?" she whispered, while even in the dim light the child felt the influence of the soft loving light that shone in her dark eyes glistening with tears.

Sophy stretched out her little hands, blue with cold and trembling, and took the keepsakes from Violet. But she could not speak. There was something in the other's

face she could not understand, but that awed and silenced her.

"Good bye, then, Sophy, and God bless you," said Violet; and the sharpest pang of pain she had yet felt in her short life, wounded her heart as she bent down to kiss for the last time the unattractive child to whom pity had always made her gentle and loving.

A moment later the hall-door bolts were withdrawn, and Violet passed silently out into the night; Sophy, striving in vain to subdue her sobs, made everything as secure as before, and then crept back to her bed and moistened with her tears a pillow that, to say the truth, was well used to such sad dews.

(To be continued.)

BALLAD.

BESIDE the silver-winding Wye
We stray'd one eve, my love and I;
We rested in one sunny spot—
He cull'd the blue forget-me-not.
"O! love," he said, "this flow'r shall be
A pledge betwixt thyself and me
Of faithful love and constancy.

Beside the silver-winding Wye
Alone I stray'd; and, with a sigh,
I rested in the same sweet spot
And kiss'd my poor forget-me-not:
For he had sail'd across the sea,
My love, who gave the flow'r to me
As pledge of mutual constancy.

Beside the silver-winding Wye
We'll walk no more, my love and I;
This sprig of dead forget-me-not
Reminds me still of that sweet spot.
For, ah! he'll ne'er return to me;
Yet evermore this flow'r shall be
Our pledge of love and constancy!

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 23.

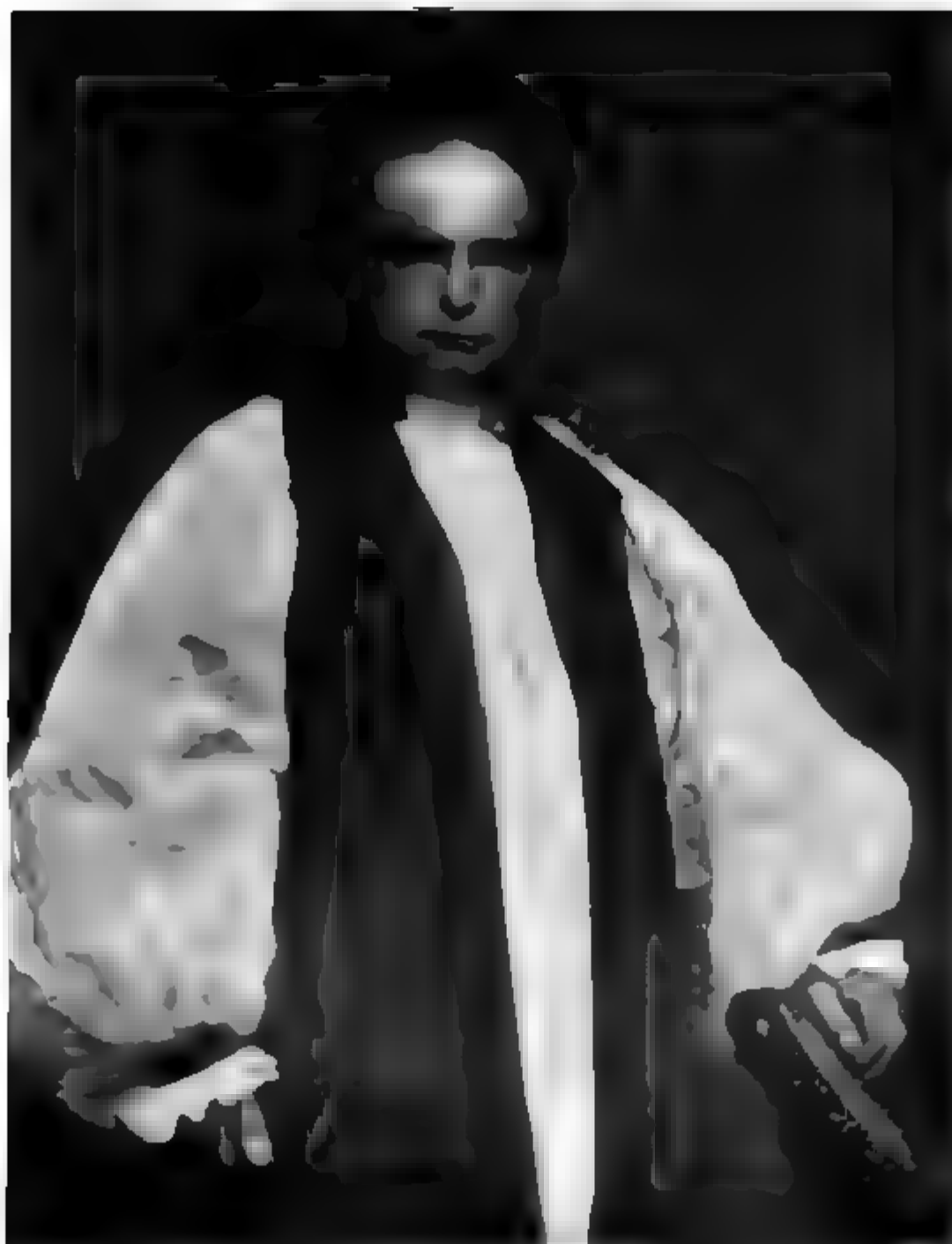
THE RIGHT REVEREND WILLIAM CONNOR MAGEE, D.D.,

Lord Bishop of Peterborough.

THE distinguished prelate who this month appears in our Portrait Gallery, is truly a man of whom any nation might be proud. The Magee family, one of ancient respectability, settled in Ireland some two centuries ago, and were, during troublous times, steady loyalists. They soon acquired landed property in Fermanagh, in the neighbourhood of the historic town of Enniskillen, where ultimately the ancestor of William Connor Magee came to reside.

A well-known authority tells us that "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them;" but the greatest, beyond doubt, are those who with skilful chisel carve out their own fortunes, and thus create for themselves, and for the honour of the country which gave them birth, enduring fame. Within the limits of a single century it has fallen to the lot of two members of this family to become illustrious by their signal abilities, namely, the Lord Bishop of Peterborough, and his grandfather the Archbishop of Dublin. The latter, the only survivor of three brothers, displayed, at a very early age, talent of a superior order. Like Wesley, who lived to do such a world of work, and inaugurate one of the greatest religious revivals on record, the future Primate of Ireland was, as a child, small and delicate, with a countenance of striking intelligence, and a pair of brilliant eyes. The once great school of Portora, Enniskillen, shares the distinction of preparing Archbishop Magee for Trinity College, Dublin, where he carried off everything, and became a Fellow of the University. After remaining at college about thirty years, till he became a Senior Fellow, he accepted preferment in the Church, which led on to the Deanery of Cork, the Bishopric of Raphoe, and the Metropolitan See of Dublin.

Not only is it unusual to find so much capacity in two members of a family within so short a period, but also so close a parallel in their lives. Ecclesiastics have frequently come from English soil to wear the mitre in Ireland, but the reverse has not been the custom. It has been supposed that the Bishop of Peterborough's elevation was unprecedented.



DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE 1876

WOODBURY MECHANICAL PROCESS



H. Peterbrough

PHOTOGRAPHED BY S. A. WALKER, LONDON

It may not, however, be generally known that about the year 1811 or 1812 the then Prime Minister of Great Britain, Mr Perceval, had actually taken steps to make Dr. Magee Bishop of Oxford, but discovered that an appointment from the University of Dublin to an English See would give unmistakable dissatisfaction. The Premier's admiration originated from a perusal of Magee's masterly work on the "Atonement."

The subject of our memoir is the son of the Rev. John Magee, Vicar of Drogheda, whose brother, William, was Rector of Dunganstown, county Wicklow, and another brother, Thomas Perceval, was Incumbent of St. Thomas's, Dublin, all three being sons of the archbishop just mentioned. William Connor Magee was born at the Deanery House, Cork, on St. John's Day, 1821, and in due course was sent to Kilkenny School, under a good scholar, Dr. Bailie, from which institution he entered Trinity College, Dublin, at thirteen years of age. Among other academic distinctions he won a scholarship in 1838, and afterwards Archbishop King's Divinity Prize.* He took his B.A. degree in 1842, and although his University honours were not so numerous as some other distinguished students, he yet enjoyed great reputation as a Latin scholar and logician, as well as a public speaker of singular promise. His powers in the latter department were developed in the College Historical Society, which is so well known for its constellation of oratorical worthies.

Debating clubs have always been popular both inside and outside Dublin University. The College Society enjoys the *éclat* of numbering Henry Grattan as one of its earliest members. In this arena of youthful competition Magee's extraordinary capacity for public speaking soon rendered him *facile princeps* among his fellow-students, so that before leaving college he found himself auditor of the society, in succession to such men as Burke, Jebb, and Miller. The advantages to be derived from such societies can scarcely be overrated. On a point of this description we may quote the following testimony of a distinguished member of the old College Historical Society, Richard Lalor Sheil: "With all its imperfections it must be recollected that such an institution affords an occasion for the practice of public speaking, which is as much, perhaps, the result of practical acquisition as it is of natural endowment. A false ambition might prevail in its assemblies, and admiration might be won by verbose extravagance and boisterous inanity; but a man of genius must still have turned such an institution to account. He must have thrown out a vast quantity of ore, which time or circumstances would afterwards separate and refine. His faculties must have been put into

* He also was Donellan Lecturer in Trinity College, Dublin, and afterwards was appointed Divinity Lecturer at the Proprietary and Grosvenor College, Bath.

action, and he must have learned the art as well as tested the delight of stirring the hearts or exalting the minds of a large concourse of men. The physique of oratory, too, if I may use the expression, must have been acquired; a just sense of the value of gesture and intonation results from the practice of public speaking, and the appreciation of their importance is necessary for their attainment."

On leaving the University Mr. Magee was in due course ordained in 1842 by the Bishop of Chester, and in the following year received priest's orders from the Bishop of Tuam. The first curacy he held was St. Thomas's, Dublin. Here he had a very fair opening, as the parish was one of the largest and most influential in the Irish metropolis, with a handsome, spacious, and numerous attended church. His uncle, the rector, Archdeacon Magee, found, on his appointment, the whole district neglected, and the beautiful parish church empty. He was a man of energy and force of character as well as a commanding preacher, and very soon the congregation rose from one hundred to one thousand.

Mr. Magee remained but a short time at St. Thomas's, though he at once attracted attention and was making his mark as a first-rate preacher. The writer of this memoir remembers hearing him preach his first sermon in St. Thomas's pulpit, and there seemed but one opinion, that so matured or finished an effort of public speaking was never heard at a first sermon, and that the preacher must one day or other make a noise in the world. It, therefore, seems strange that with such a really good start in his native country the talented young Irishman chose rather to cross the Channel and try his luck in Saxon land. In leaving Dublin for an English curacy he must have incurred a pecuniary loss, as the subordinate clergy in those palmy days received salaries ranging from between £200 and £250 per annum; while even now—and it is a great scandal, more especially in the large manufacturing towns—no curate in England gets, as a general rule, beyond £150, and some much under that sum. At the same time, the determination to leave Ireland showed prescience and knowledge of self, inasmuch as, when closely analyzed, Bishop Magee's mind is, in a manner, beyond the masses in this country, and he, like other clever young men, had before him the damping fact that Ireland has not, like her English sister, yet learned the knack of completely utilizing capacity in her children.

But, whatever the cause, the talented young curate slipped anchor from Irish shores, and may be said to have been received by the English public with open arms. In lieu of St. Thomas's, Dublin, he entered upon the curacy of St. Saviour's, Bath, where his first sermon produced a profound "impression," which was intensified after every successive effort. No better proof can be given of this than that in a short time he was made rector of the Octagon Chapel, Bath, where his sermons likewise attracted constantly growing crowds.

We have before us two volumes of discourses preached by him at this

time, and published by request, and they really possess peculiar merits, and show signs of Dr. Magee's present powers of antithetic thought. It was not, however, the popular suffrage merely which he won, but that of the heads of the Church in England. Thus we find him, eight years after his appointment to the Octagon Chapel, receiving a blue ribbon in the shape of an honorary canonry in Wells Cathedral.

It may also be mentioned that about this period Canon Magee, having accepted the Quebec Chapel, London, drew upon himself the eyes of two of the greatest church rulers of the nineteenth century—the present venerated Archbishop of Canterbury and the late deeply lamented Bishop Wilberforce. The present Primate of England—then Bishop of London—entertained, it was well understood, so high an opinion of Dr. Magee that he had made up his mind to make him a bishop. History whispered into the good prelate's ear that such an undertaking would be difficult, if not impossible, except effected in a roundabout fashion. The English canon, therefore, was sent back to Ireland in order to qualify, by position, for the lawn sleeves in England—a task carried out by his appointment to the living of Enniskillen and Precentorship of Clogher Cathedral in 1864, followed four years after by the Deanery of Cork, and, in 1865 by the Deanery of the Chapel Royal, Dublin, from which, in 1868, he was transferred by Mr. Disraeli to the See of Peterborough.

Many croakers at the time shook their heads, and tried to look wise while giving it as their opinion that the elevation of an Irish clergyman to an English bishopric must turn out a blunder, but, as in the case of the late Earl of Mayo, the wisdom of Dr. Magee's selection has been most amply justified.

After his return to Ireland, Dr. Magee resumed his clerical position amongst his old friends with naturally a vast accession of prestige, and it was clear from the congregations in Enniskillen Church, Cork Cathedral, and the Chapel Royal, Dublin, that he was losing none of his fame as a pulpit orator. Probably—with the exception of the famous Congress Sermon—his most powerful pulpit discourses were delivered in St. Werburgh's, Dublin, on behalf of the Parochial Schools. The largest and most influential congregations ever witnessed in this ancient edifice would come together to hear one of his appeals on such occasions, and did not go away disappointed. Such a sermon constituted one of those remarkable achievements as public speaking, which so very few are competent to accomplish.

The sermon, however, which at once created for Dean Magee such solid fame was that delivered in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, before the Church Congress, on Michaelmas Day, 1868. This was a year never to be forgotten by the Church of Ireland as the one preceding Mr. Gladstone's Disestablishment Bill. Dr. Magee's text was, therefore, the more felicitous—"And they beckoned unto their partners which were in the other ship that they would come and help them." The very utterance

of a portion of Scripture so immensely suggestive at once attracted the entire audience, and the interest thus excited was never suffered to flag. Every sentence was terse and potent, while some passages were quite prophetic. No one not present could possibly measure the full power of the sermon, which appeared to grow with every word the preacher uttered. We select the following characteristic passage:—

“Now there can be no question that the breaking of this net is emphatically the peril of the Church in our day. If we could have any doubt of it ourselves, her enemies at least have none. They are for ever telling us, with shouts of exultation, that the Church is fast losing her hold of the age; that she is fast ceasing to attract or to restrain it. ‘See,’ they say, ‘how the intellect and the free thought of the age are breaking loose from the meshes of your dogmas. See how modern science and criticism are tearing away larger and still larger portions of your creeds. See how the State is withdrawing from its old alliance with you—how the education of the nation is passing out of your control; while, on the other hand, your own internal strifes and party divisions threaten of themselves to tear you to pieces. Your net is breaking at every point, and soon the advancing tide of free thought and life will sweep away its last remaining fragments!’ This is what our foes are saying, and, with all allowance for the malignant exaggerations of their hate and their hope, it has a measure of truth. There are, indeed, signs that if the net be not broken, it is strained almost to the breaking point.

“If the spirit of the age be, as assuredly it is, one of impatient intolerance of all restraint; if it show itself in the State, in society, in the family, in an ever increasing lawlessness, if the very idea of obedience, of submission, of reverence of any kind whatever, seems to be fast vanishing away, and in its place there be seen only the idea of the most absolute and uncontrolled self assertion of each individual, the assertion of his natural right to do and say, in his utter selfishness, only as seems to him best, controlled only by the mere brute force of a larger number of individuals who are determined in their utter selfishness that he shall say and do only what seems to them best; if this utter lawlessness be the very characteristic of the age, why should we expect that the Church should escape its influence?” The Church which is the oldest, and, therefore, according to modern thought, the most odious of all institutions; the Church which above all other institutions rests not on opinion but on authority; the Church which cannot, dare not, call the voice of the people the voice of God, but which must ever claim that the voice of the people be hushed into silence that they may hear ‘the word of the Lord,’ the Church whose creeds and whose sacraments are not to be reformed again and again in deference to the opinion of the hour; how is it possible that she shall not feel more than any other institution the rush and the strain of those, who, drunk with licence, seek ever in the name of liberty, to destroy liberty’s only safeguard—Law?”

The foregoing extract reminds us how often Bishop Magee, and with such admirable results, has boldly stood in the breach with modern Free thought. We may here allude to a series of sermons preached, at the suggestion of the excellent Dean Goulburn, by Dr. Magee in Norwich Cathedral, entitled “Pleadings for Christ.” These, and a second series

preached in the same place by the Bishop of Derry, are termed on the title-page "Argumentative Discourses in Defence and Confirmation of the Faith." It is abundantly evident that a special need exists for such teaching, where now-a-days the mere Mind is so eagerly applied in the way of incisive criticism to Christianity. Without touching on so large and grave a discussion, we cannot forbear saying that one very subtle fallacy pervades, it seems to us, the writings of those who handle holy subjects freely, we mean the tacit assumption that intellect as such, and isolated from moral influences, is a safe and unbiassed guide in religion, and that its conclusions are alike infallible and unblamable. No gift of God to man is capable, however, of being more lamentably perverted, so that there is not a sin or a heresy which a misused mind does not aggravate. Apropos of civilization—what it is, what it has done, and what it has not done, we quote the following from the Norwich sermons:—

"Faith in civilization? Did civilization ever yet remedy the evils that are burrowing and festering into the very heart of society? Civilization! It means in the present day the gathering of men together more and more in great masses. It means the luxurious, artistic, voluptuous life of great towns. It means the wan, weary, toilsome, haggard life of those who in those same great towns must minister to that life of ease and wealth. It means the rich growing very rich. It means the poor growing very poor. Civilization has its dark shadow of degradation ever following on its track—the darker by contrast with its light. Civilization and science!—Have they arrested war? Have they softened the heart of humanity? Civilization and art and science!—why, they are busy making mitrailleuses, and inventing the newest and most sweepingly destructive methods of murder! Where will you find, in any one of those things that men worship, a substitute for God? Where will you find in these leaves of the tree of knowledge 'the healing of the nations?' Yes! we should indeed be mocking you if we spoke, as some speak, of a coming millennium of science and art—we should indeed be mocking you if we spoke of the possibility of the natural condition of man being remedied without supernatural help."

But, conspicuous as Dr. Magee has been as a preacher, he has afforded no less proof of ability as a writer—witness his book on the Voluntary System, a model of polemic discussion. His adversary was Mr. Horace Mann, who undertook, on the score of figures and results, to defend the Voluntary as against the State Church principle. The question so elaborately handled by Dr. Magee was this—Is the Voluntary principle, in and by itself, preferable, as compared with the machinery of a National Church, for the methodical diffusion of religious instruction and religious ordinances through *all* grades of society?

Having thus shown himself so able and zealous a defender of a State Church, it was only natural to find Dr. Magee coming forward as a champion of the Irish Establishment. He entered the lists in the *Contemporary Review* with one of the most noticeable churchmen of this century, the late Rev. Frederick D. Maurice, and acquitted himself with

his customary vigour and success. He treated the same subject most effectively on the occasion of the consecration of the parish church of St. Andrew, Dublin, to replace the old fabric known as the "Round Church," which was burnt to the ground. The oratory of this discourse—"Rebuilding the Wall in Troublous Times"—was of superior type, presenting a combination of logic with force and beauty of diction seldom realized in public speaking. He sounded the trumpet from the ramparts with a vigour which could not but resuscitate the flagging spirits of Irish churchmen who were told boldly to look Disestablishment in the face, and prepare, if need be, to breast the storm by fortifying the Church against di-harmony from within, and aggression from without; while he most successfully combated the notion that the spiritual function of a Church must perish in the grasp of Disendowment.*

The sterling ability and indefatigable zeal which had rendered Dr. Magee's career, in the minor offices of the Church, so distinguished and brilliant, naturally produced a proportionate amount of fame, upon which he was most deservedly wafted into the See of Peterborough—a See which occupies a most conspicuous position in the national annals of ancient England; more particularly so as regards the venerable cathedral of the diocese, with which are associated many stirring and golden memories.

The ceaseless drudgery and countless details of business necessarily involved in the conscientious discharge of the onerous duties of an English See have not served to blunt the edge of Dr. Magee's eloquence, as he still retains unimpaired his marvellous powers of speech. His

* We append a list of the bishop's publications, which does not include his episcopal charges—most able and exhaustive documents, especially the last one (1875):—

"The Voluntary System—can it supply the place of the Established Church?" Fourth Edition.

"Remains and Memoir of the late Rev. E. Tottenham, B.D., Prebendary of Wells and Minister of Laura Chapel, Bath."

"Sermons—Preached at St. Saviour's Church, Bath." Second Edition, foolscap 8vo, cloth.

"Sermons—Preached at the Octagon Chapel, Bath." Second Edition, foolscap 8vo, cloth.

"Lights of the Morning; or, Meditations for every day in the Ecclesiastical Year." From the German of Frederick Arnold. With a Preface by Rev. W. C. Magee, D.D. 2 vols.

"Speech on the Sabbath Question—in reply to the Advocates of the Sunday League."

"Sermon—Blessing of the Pure in Heart." Foolscap 8vo.

"Christian Socialism—a Charity Sermon. Demy 8vo.

"Christ the Light of all Scripture"—an Act Sermon.

"Auricular Confession"—a Lecture.

"Richard Baxter"—a Lecture.

"Table-Turning, a great Policy or a great Crime."—a Sermon.

"Rejectionism"—a Lecture.

"Growth in Grace"—a Lent Sermon, preached at Oxford.

oratorical genius continues to shine in all its pristine splendour. If it be true that the glorious gift of eloquence, strictly so-called, falls probably to the lot of half-a-dozen men in a hundred years, we feel sure that the Bishop of Peterborough may fairly take his place beside the very best of those who have worn the divine crown in this our century. His sermons, lectures, and speeches abound with excellencies that are only characteristic of first-class minds. His utterances, fashioned out of pure and classical moulds, are invariably used as a medium for the transmission of ideas of comprehensive grasp. In this lies one great source of his strength—there is always plenty of bone and sinew in his vocabulary. He does not indulge in a mere smooth flow of ornamental verbiage, or a gush of glittering rhetoric. There is something far more sterling. A tissue of severe reasoning pervades his every sentence. In fact, rarely is to be met with, in the annals of oratory, so beautiful and forcible a combination of severe reasoning with lofty declamation. There is, however, no undue multiplication of phrases or epithets. He uses words neither too many nor too few, but withal so apposite and forcible that they engrave themselves on the memory of his audience. Like the great Lord Plunket, he possesses the rare quality of employing illustration in such a manner as to fulfil the double function of simile and argument. Added to all this is the Bishop's mastery over antithesis—an accomplishment which gives point to expression, and drives every word home with penetrating precision.

In another respect the Bishop of Peterborough has most honourably distinguished himself. The abuses that have grown up in connection with lay patronage in the Church, are of so scandalous a character, that the Bishop no sooner had a knowledge of them painfully forced on his attention in the administration of his diocese, than he resolutely determined to do all in his power to effect a reformation. It is almost incredible that abuses so grossly disgraceful could exist in our day; and as churchmen generally are unacquainted with them, it may be well to state their nature, more especially as, by so doing, the laudable interference of the Bishop to correct such scandals can be more adequately appreciated.

It appears that under the existing law, which sanctions and regulates lay patronage, there are some patrons of livings who, in the exercise of their strictly legal rights, have it in their power on the death of an incumbent to refrain from nominating a successor for any length of time they please, and thus may keep the parishes in their gift without a pastor. The bishop of the diocese is entirely powerless to correct this shameful abuse, for the law, as it exists, sanctions and upholds the right of patrons so to act, utterly regardless of the interests of the parishioners and of the Church.

Nay more, when a patron does please to nominate to one of those livings, the person appointed is perfectly independent of the bishop, and of all ecclesiastical control, in so far that he cannot be required to pro-

duce any testimonials as to character, nor, in fact, give any evidence that he is even qualified to undertake a "cure of souls" by being in holy orders! Though both morally and physically disqualified, there is no redress; for any person, without even being a clergyman, can purchase one of these livings, called "donatives," from the patron-owner, and bid defiance to the bishop and all propriety. That the law should sanction so flagrant an abuse is very scandalous, and the Bishop of Peterborough rightly proposes to eradicate the evil by abolishing "donatives" altogether.

Another gross abuse is involved in the power that a certain class of patrons possess and exercise of nominating, when a vacancy occurs, the most feeble and aged clergyman they can obtain, for the purpose of enhancing the marketable value of their livings. The next presentation to a living, say of £500 a year, will sell for a far higher price if the incumbent be a decrepit old man of fourscore, instead of being youthful and healthy. In such a case the bishop is powerless to refuse induction, and surely the Bishop of Peterborough will command the cordial approbation of all men of common sense and right feeling in support of his proposal, that bishops should have power to refuse presentation to any patron's nominee who is over seventy-five years of age, or who is mentally or physically unfitted to undertake the duties of his office?

But more flagrant still, bishops are, under the existing law, absolutely powerless to restrain certain patrons from appointing to livings in their gift, clergymen whose conduct has been notoriously immoral and scandalous, and that, too, within the patron's knowledge. Does the Bishop of Peterborough push reform too far when he requires that bishops should have power to demand from patrons sufficient evidence as to the character of their nominees? Is it not perfectly monstrous that the law should positively sanction the appointment of worthless characters to Church livings, and deprive the Overseer of the diocese of all power to inquire into the character of those placed under his charge, and render him unable to reject the notoriously unworthy?

Again, the law sanctions a somewhat ludicrous scandal, though the matter is rather too serious to be treated lightly. In former times commissions in the Army were conferred on babes, and valiant officers while they figured on the muster-roll were being rocked in their cradles! That corrupt abuse has been swept away, yet its counterpart still remains in the Church! A baby in arms, under the existing law, is eligible for nomination to the best parish in England, and by a legal artifice, called a "bond of resignation," the living can be kept open for him by a temporary incumbent. Is not this a very gross scandal?

Yet, for most laudably attempting to reform such abuses, the Bishop of Peterborough has been virulently assailed and misrepresented. In his admirable charge to his clergy, delivered last year, he declared that his own personal experience of these terrible scandals compelled him to seek

a remedy. In the administration of his own diocese, he was required to institute four nominees of patrons—one was paralytic and totally unfit for parochial duty; another, bowed down with age and infirmity, made his physical inability an excuse to obtain perpetual leave of absence; the third was a drunkard professedly reclaimed, who was nominated to a benefice within a short distance of his former residence, where the scandal of his intemperate living was notorious; and the fourth was an undoubted reprobate who had, says the Bishop, “resigned a public office he had formerly held, sooner than face an investigation into deeds of most horrible immorality, the truth of which he did not dare to deny to me!”

In all these cases the patrons were fully aware of how utterly disqualified their nominees were morally and physically, yet they made merchandise of their legal rights, and no power at present exists to restrain them, and protect the interests of the Church against such desecration and revolting injury:—

“I confess,” says the Bishop, after narrating the above facts, “that I hardly know which to be most ashamed of, that evils so scandalous, abuses so notorious, as those I have described and proved should exist in our Church beneath the shelter of its laws, or that there should be clergymen and gentlemen capable of publicly defending them. I hardly know which fact is most discreditable to us as a branch of His Church who once scourged money-changers from His temple—that, by the help of a few pieces of silver, worse men than he who betrayed Him may find or force their way to minister at her altars—or that there should be those amongst us who, for the sake of those pieces of silver, should struggle to keep the doors of the sanctuary wide open for their admittance.”

It has been alleged that the Bishop desires to “confiscate” the property of the lay patrons, to usurp their “rights” without making any compensation. The answer of the Bishop is admirable, and as it affords a splendid specimen of his felicitous style, we make rather a lengthy extract:—

“But I have yet to consider this plea of property which is set up in opposition to these righteous and most needful reforms. Gross as the abuses I have described are, and are admitted to be, I am told that the right to perpetrate them is a property right; that money having been invested in the purchase of advowsons under a state of law which allowed of these abuses, to alter the law now would, or might at least, lower the selling value of them, and that we must not therefore make these reforms, unless we first compensate the owners of advowsons.

“Now I might reply to this plea that I do not believe that these reforms would lower the value of advowsons by a single shilling, and that the fear that it would is just one of those panics of property which have heralded nearly every reform of abuses, and which the result has in almost every case proved to be groundless. Or I might point out to the owners of this property what a powerful argument they are furnishing to those who oppose all sale of advowsons by the proof they are giving, that such traffic raises up a formidable barrier to the reform of the

grosses: abuses. I have, however, another and a simpler answer to this plea for compensation. I deny absolutely that it has the slightest validity.

"I maintain that the legislature is not bound to compensate the owners of property, except when it takes that property away from them absolutely; and that it never has recognized a claim for compensation on the ground of the possible indirect depreciation of property which may result from its acts. Such a claim would make nearly all legislation, and certainly all legislative reforms, impossible. There is not a session of parliament in which the legislature does not pass many acts which indirectly affect many different kinds of property, enhancing the value of some, depreciating that of others; but which no one has ever supposed gave, in the latter case, a claim to the owners for compensation, and that for the following good and sufficient reasons

"First, that all property is bought, subject to the incident of fluctuation in its marketable value, either of rise or fall, according to circumstances, and that it forms no part of the duty of the legislature so to regulate these circumstances as to ensure that every man shall obtain for his property in the market no less a price than that he originally paid for it.

"Secondly, that the alleged depreciation is a purely speculative one, and might never all never occur.

"And thirdly, that it is impossible practically to estimate the amount of such alleged depreciation. Who is to prove in any case of depreciation of value of property, for instance occurring subsequently to an act of the legislature, how much of this exactly is owing to the change of the law, and how much to quite other and different circumstances?"

"The legislature therefore, I repeat it, has never admitted such purely speculative and often imaginary claims for compensation to operate as a hindrance to its path of reform. When it directly takes away property it compensates; when it directly depreciates, or when owners of property think that it may indirectly depreciate their interests, it never does compensate; and most certainly it never does so when its only interference with property is to prevent the owner from resorting to the injury of others.

"For instance, when the legislature forbid lodging house keepers to overcrowd their houses, and required them to make costly improvements in their premises in order to secure the interests of health and decency, or when it required manufacturers to consume their smoke or to refrain from polluting rivers with their refuse, did ever any of the owners of such property making a claim for compensation allege that they had invested property in these cases under other conditions?

"That the legislature having imposed restrictions must compensate them for their property." Or, to take a still more recent instance:

"We have passed this year an act which increased the powers of the Board of Health, enabling them to prevent the use of any vessel as a legal, but found dangerous to human life. What would the shipping interest had set up a cry of 'confiscation,' on the ground that they bought their ships free from all such restrictions, the imposition of such by the legislature would tend to depreciate the selling value of their ships. If we could imagine such claims as these being set up, what answer be - You are asking compensation for the right of property to an evil and injurious use, for the right to make ships a nuisance, or to poison the air we breathe and the water we

drink. No man has a right to claim compensation on such grounds as these, and you shall have none such at our hands.

“And what, I ask, is the difference in principle between such claims as these and the claims of these who assert that, whereas they now have the right to make shipwreck of souls, to poison the spiritual life of a whole parish, and whereas the state proposes to interfere and to prevent them from doing this wrong, they must be compensated for the loss of these sacred privileges?”

“My answer to such a claim is simply this—You are asking compensation for the loss of an immoral increment, and your claim is as immoral as the gain which you say will be lost to you. I ask you, if you have the courage to do so to state plainly the items for which you claim compensation; as for instance—for the privilege of forcing on a parish a paralytic pastor, so much; for the right to appoint a clergyman so scandalous that he cannot bring sufficient testimonials to his character, so much; for the right to appoint an octogenarian clergyman, in order to sell the living over his head, so much; and for the right generally to hurt the souls of parishioners for the sake of our own private gain, so much—and let us see what the answer of the legislature will be to such a claim. It might be given in one sentence. Either the higher value of your advowsons is owing to these privileges of doing what is wrong and injurious to public welfare, or it is not; if it is you are entitled to no compensation, if it is not you will have received no injury; in either case your claim for compensation and your cry of robbery is monstrous, and not to be listened to for a moment.”

While thus so forcibly and conclusively insisting on a reform of the most flagrant abuses that greatly dishonour the Church, the Bishop is far from including the whole lay patrons of England in one sweeping condemnation. He is far too discriminating and just for that. He is no enemy to lay patronage when properly exercised, and gratefully acknowledges the support he has received from numerous patrons in his endeavours to procure the desirable reform he advocates:—

“And now that I have dealt thus at length with the opposition to reform from some interested patrons, I wish to say how entirely I acquit the great body of patrons in England of any sympathy with the views I have been describing. I know what a generous and hearty support I have received from many private patrons, both in and out of parliament. I know how many such there are who would repudiate with indignation the degrading conception of their duties put forth in their name, and who have a true sense of the real dignity as well as the responsibility of their office. It is to such patrons that from the first I have appealed for help, in the effort to reform abuses which I know they loathe as much as I do.

“I do not, I earnestly trust the Church and the nation may not, confound private patronage with these theories of certain private patrons; if they should, its days are numbered. Once let the people of this country come to believe that private patronage means the intrusion of unfit men for money upon helpless parishioners, and they will deal with the question in a far rougher and more sweeping way than I have done. Let the claimants for mere property in patronage beware of this, or they may one day discover, to their cost, that the truest defence of property is not that which identifies it with, but that which frees it from abuse.”

"I am no enemy, as I am accused of being, to private patronage; on the contrary, I highly value it, and I should deplore its abolition as a very serious calamity. I desire to preserve it to our Church. For that very reason I entreat the help of all high-minded and conscientious patrons in cleansing it from those shameful scandals which some of their order would fain perpetuate, and the perpetuation of which is its greatest peril. Whether I shall be successful in this effort or not remains yet to be seen." *

The bill prepared by the Bishop of Peterborough to reform the abuses we have noticed, has been twice adopted in principle by the House of Lords, and has also received the sanction of the Commons, but untoward circumstances (which always attend the legislative efforts of individual members of either House) have prevented the passing of the bill. The Bishop, however, is certain to succeed. Failure in such a cause is simply impossible.

We have thus noticed (very imperfectly it is true) some of the most noteworthy features in the character and life of the Bishop of Peterborough; and assigning him a very high position on the roll of the many distinguished men of Irish birth who have achieved greatness in England, we feel that, in doing so, we faithfully reflect enlightened opinion on both sides of the Channel.

* The claim for compensation advanced by the patrons so righteously denounced by the Bishop, reminds us of a petition that was presented to the Irish Parliament by the proprietor of an extensive range of dangerous sea-coast in the county of Galway. Wrecks became so numerous, that at last it was resolved to build a lighthouse for the protection of vessels navigating that part of the coast.

The proprietor in question, however, considered such a proceeding as an unwarrantable encroachment on his sacred rights of property. He argued that, as the owner of the shore, he had a vested interest in the wrecks that took place, therefore if Government sanctioned the building of a lighthouse which was calculated to diminish the number of wrecks, he should be adequately compensated for the loss of plunder he would thereby sustain—and he petitioned the Irish Parliament to that effect!

Now, the reasoning of this Galway wrecker was assuredly as sound as that of the patrons who accuse the Bishop of Peterborough of a desire to "confiscate" their property without compensation.

CHINAMANIA.

BY C. DEEW.

"WHEN I go to see any great house," says Charles Lamb, "I inquire for the china closet, and next for the picture gallery. I cannot defend the order of preference but by saying that we have all some taste or other of too ancient a date to admit of our remembering distinctly that it was an acquired one. I can call to mind the first play and the first exhibition that I was taken to; but I am not conscious of a time when china jars and saucers were introduced into my imagination."

This was written in the early part of this century, when the first days of the old china mania had nearly run their course. Fashions lived long and died hard in those days; public taste, having fewer objects on which to expend enthusiasm, ran in one channel for as many years as now it runs for months. How long the present rage for collecting specimens of ceramic ware will last it would be difficult to say, but the former one held sway over those whom the exuberant language of Mr. George Robins styled the "cognoscenti," for fifty years. When *Elia* was a little boy, all the houses of the people with any pretensions to good taste were full of china figures, vases, plates, and cups and saucers, the last being not for use, but ornament. The indignant writer in the *Tatler*, some years before, had described his wife's boudoir as looking like a china shop; and doubtless his statement was correct—considerably with the mark. But when

Lamb wrote of his blue and white china cups and saucers, on which was depicted "a merry little Chinese waiter, holding an umbrella big enough for a bed tester over the head of a pretty, insipid, half Madonnaish chit of a lady in a very blue summer-house," the manufacture of high art china was in its decline. Chelsea, Bow, Plymouth, and Bristol had waxed and waned. Lowestoft was doing good work of a certain kind, though but little known; Derby and Worcester were drifting into unexplored paths, in which they carried with them none of the excellence of the old styles, and had not as yet found perfection in the new. The time was too far removed from the halcyon days of china making for people to understand the feverish anxiety with which collectors bought up extraordinary specimens, and yet too near to it to be able to look back and take in the phase as a whole, seeing in it, as in a mirror, a faithful reflex of the social history, as well as of the art of the time.

The wars of the Commonwealth in England, and following them so soon afterwards the Revolution which placed William III. on the throne, had stultified art, and left it very much in the same slumbering state in which it was in Germany at the close of the Thirty Years' War. When George I. came over, it was to a poor nation—rich in comparison to Hanover, but poor compared to what it had once been, and what

it was destined afterwards to become. Old families there were, it is true; but they were poor, even their old family plate having been melted down to supply the sinews of war. To this latter circumstance the first dawning of the china mania has been ascribed. There was some trade done with China, for tea, though very costly, was being used by the rich, and dainty cups and saucers, suitable for sipping the new nectar from, were an obvious necessity. Notwithstanding the heavy duty laid on foreign china, immense quantities of it were imported, not only from China, but from France, and eventually from Germany, and every family with any claim to distinction of either birth or station replaced the missing silver plate with costly services of porcelain. Through the agency of the East India Company the great folk were able to procure this china, and were often contented to wait for years until their orders could be executed. Many fragments of such services, painted in China, with arms and monograms, from designs sent out, still exist, and have been for years the unsolved enigmas of uninitiated collectors. In some instances the book plate of a family was transmitted, and the enamelled copy on the china painted in monochrome, in exact imitation of the engraving, the Chinese being, of course, ignorant of our system of heraldry, and of the colours, indicated by lines only, or on engraved shields. In other cases a coloured sketch prevented such a miscarriage. In seaport towns in England punch bowls may be met with, inscribed with names and portraits of ships, and very early dates, which have misled inquirers into the history of English porcelain; the fact being that it was considered a mark of attention to Chant and his friends at

home for ships' officers to take out common delft bowls and have them reproduced in fine porcelain to bring back as gifts.

Through the East India Company's Service large quantities of Oriental porcelain found their way to England. The favour of those who were influential men at the East India Board was eagerly sought to procure the privilege of a consignment of china. Intrigues, second in meanness only to those so rife in the political world of that day, were set on foot to allow court favourites to be the purchasers, even at enormous prices, of services of china. The arrival in England of a cargo was kept secret from the public until the favoured few had made their selections, and the foreign ambassadors, who were allowed to receive at a nominal duty goods supposed to be for their own household use, did not scruple to defraud the revenue by becoming china dealers on a large scale.

It was highly characteristic of our Hanoverian princes to see the wisdom of establishing such a manufacture as ceramic ware in England, so as, if possible, to divert into a home channel the enormous sums of money which annually flowed away from it. Not alone to India, China, and Japan did rich people send for china, but to France for Sèvres, to Saxony for Dresden, to Italy for Capo di Monte, Venetian, and Florentine manufactures, besides to many other smaller places of less note, but which were capable of turning out the finest kinds of porcelain, decorated by the first artists in Europe.

It must be remembered that in those days there was no intermediate quality of ceramic ware between the coarsest stoneware or delft and the finest porcelain. Champion of Bristol's cottage ware, some

years later, was one of the first attempts to make cups and saucers, well decorated, in a cheaper material than high-class porcelain; but in the middle of the last century tea was not the beverage of the middle classes, therefore for cups and saucers there was little demand.

The English drinking vessels of the two previous centuries indicate the social habits and necessities of the time. Stoneware beer-mugs and jugs were more in accordance with popular taste. Pewter pots for beer are a comparatively modern prejudice, for quaintly-shaped drinking vessels in stoneware, of grotesque shapes, patterns, and designs, were those generally used by our forefathers. A Hull cup, sold last year at Mr. H. G. Bohn's sale, was formed as a dog's head; two grotesque drinking cups sold at the same time were shaped as popes' and satyrs' heads, representing the pope when one side was looked at, and the devil when the other was turned. On one of the cups the inscription, "When pope absolves the devil smiles," was presumed to point the moral, and adorn—the cup!

A century and a half ago a broader line of demarcation between classes existed. The poorer, the middle, and the richer sections have connecting links now which make it impossible to say where one ceases and the other commences; but it was not so then. The gentlemen of those days maintained all the external tokens in habits and dress of being above the workers of the world; and the fine lady—the lady of quality, as she was styled, had her outward signs also.

To her position she owed it to have her china, her tea, her lapdogs, her lace, and her waiting-woman—the latter frequently some poor relation or reduced gentlewoman, who

scarcely dared to breathe but by permission of her patroness, and who did more than the modern servant's work, without the modern domestic's independence and comparative freedom from control.

If any one had told Horace Walpole that in the next generation of china fanciers would be men who could tranquilly see their butlers dressed like themselves, he would have treated it as a romantic fable, as far removed from a probable future as his own Castle of Otranto was from a possible past.

To possess china was therefore a visible token that in the veins of a man or woman ran blood which was the bluest of the blue.

The pea, felt under the seven feather beds and the seven hair mattresses on which the real princess in the fairy tale slept, was not a more unerring test of royal descent than was a curious taste in porcelain essential to a fashionable reputation. Kings manufactured china, and their subjects were compelled to purchase it. Frederick the Great would only grant a Jew permission to marry when he could show a receipt for a certain amount of porcelain purchased at the royal works. During the Seven Years' War, when the same monarch occupied Dresden, he used the power which conquest had given him to carry off to Berlin the best workmen—modellers, sculptors, and painters—with their tools; also, he impounded a quantity of prepared clay, to improve his own manufactory.

Louis XV. presided every New Year's Day at Versailles, himself deciding what pieces each courtier was to buy, and the prices which he must pay for them. Thus, under these sovereigns of autocratic memory, china collecting became a stern necessity.

Dresden, Capo di Monte, the Neapolitan ware (Buen Retiro), the

Madrid, and several other still earlier kinds of porcelain, owed their existence to kings who were art dealers as well as art patrons.

We are apt to raise hands and eyebrows in astonishment when at a sale at Christie's some group of figures or unpretending vase fetches an enormous price; but, in many instances, it is not in reality more than was the original cost of producing it.

In Venice, a quarter of a century before the establishment of the Chelsea works in England, Francesco Vezzi purchased his nobility from the state for 100,000 ducats, that he might abandon the goldsmith's shop, with the golden dragon as its sign, and become a gentleman who would compete with kings and princes in an artistic and refined trade. We are not wont in the present day to look upon banking as a vulgar calling; but England in 1876 is not Venice in 1725; if it were, we should have a Doge who would combine art with commerce, and, taking many shares, invest 10,000 ducats in a porcelain company.

The cost of the Dresden services which were brought to England seems enormous when the figures are put on paper, and historians repeat each other and say that they were more costly than plate. In one respect they really were so, as being more perishable, but modern services of porcelain are no whit less costly. Minton, of Stoke, had one painted last year for the Emperor of Russia—in fact, some pieces of it are still in the artists' hands—and it will cost dinner and dessert service included, several thousand guineas.

The extreme price at the Dresden works for a whole service was but £1,000, and smaller ones could be had for from £150 to £300, but the Russian dessert service alone will cost more than

£900; so that, even allowing for the difference in value of money then and now, the old prices were not extravagant.

Of the cost of the Oriental services ordered by titled people from abroad for themselves, we have no means of ascertaining. That very high value was set upon them there can be no possible doubt from the number of title-deeds to estates still in existence in which certain services, and even solitary specimens of porcelain, are made heirlooms. Sometimes years would elapse before the order sent could be filled; a man grew white haired and passed away before the plates arrived, which were thus destined for his children and grandchildren to dine off upon state occasions.

George II. was favourable to the manufacture of porcelain in England, but his brother, the Duke of Cumberland, was not contented with passive approbation. He took the works under his special protection, allowing such a sum for carrying them on that historians feel justified in writing him down as their owner. The connection of the royal family with Brunswick and Saxony gave them special facilities for procuring models from Dresden and other places; and though national tastes and characteristics insensibly stamped themselves upon the English ware, periods of art may be distinctly traced as existing contemporaneously at Chelsea and at Dresden.

It is true that neither at Chelsea nor at the still earlier works at Bow, had been found the secret of making the true porcelain, for the kaolin, the clay which was indispensable, had not then been discovered in England. Nor did Chelsea attempt the large services for which Dresden was famous. Figures, vases, urns, plates, scent-bottles, bonbonnières, and short tea services, about six cups and a saucer at the utmost to

each service, being the chief productions, the reputation of the works depending on the character more than on the quantity of porcelain executed. For the figures especially, the want of kaolin was little felt, for in many respects the soft paste was pleasanter to work with; it did not require such prodigious heat to fire it, and there was consequently less danger of the biscuit running out of shape.

In Chelsea china three distinct periods of ornamentation are visible, each answering to some passing fashion, or influenced by some external cause apparently far removed from china mania. For the art historian of the nineteenth century there are difficulties in store, of which those who wrote previously—say up to the close of the first quarter of this one—had but faint conceptions. Long ago but one style prevailed at a time, and in all the work of each different period can be traced the same general idea, slightly modified by the exigencies of climate, local customs, or social requirements. Mediæval architecture was no whim of one individual, no outgrowth of the mannerism of a clique, or hobby of a society of inquiring antiquarians, but a grave, sober fact, the pervading habits, thoughts, and instincts of the whole century taking shape and form and expressing the spirit of the age. Men did not theorize then on the fitness of style, or the propriety of this or that mode of decoration, for there was but one style at one time, and it was adopted in perfect and unquestioning faith. "In an enlightened age," says Macaulay, "there will be much intelligence, much science, much philosophy abundance of just classification, and subtle analysis, abundance of wit and eloquence, abundance of verses—and even of good ones—but little poetry; men will judge and compare, but they will not create." In the

last sentence lies the whole idea in a nutshell. The farther we drift away from the mediæval times, the less concentrated, distinctive, and impressed we become. We may be the better for this progression, or we may be the worse, but so it is. The Renaissance was less comprehensive, did not embrace all the cultivation of the time as did mediæval thought; the Gothic revival was more rapid in its rise, and seems to hurry faster to its grave, than did the pseudo-classicism that preceded it; and now we are suddenly launched into what fashion dubs Queen Anne style, a delightfully descriptive term—after people have had it explained to them.

The Renaissance it has been proposed to style the present fashion which prevails in religion, in literature, and in art; but the word is too clumsy. "The foul torrent of the Renaissance," Mr. Ruskin styles the spirit which is abroad; but colloquially, it must be admitted, such phraseology scarcely meets the requirement.

To illustrate our meaning by looking near home, it will be seen that we have drifted into fashions which are of no period, yet borrowed from all; and of no country, yet broadly international. Our eclectic drawing-rooms are an art problem which cannot be solved by any of our old traditions of style. In vain the eye wanders in search of some one object on which to rest; something so distinctive and so pronounced in character, as to give a key-note to the whole. Everything is familiar, yet unfamiliar; nothing is quite new, but when seen in such strange companionship the oldest friends in the world have so changed their external aspect, that they make us feel intruders on a society to which we have no honest pretensions. Every article of furniture on which the eye rests, every little knick-knack, it may be every

piece of china, all awaken some dim consciousness of some place where we have been, some book we have read, some poem which we have reverently worshipped, and yet it is impossible to grasp any one association firmly. The eclectic drawing-room is essentially distracting; we know and yet do not know; we feel, and yet shrink from asking what it is that disturbs our mental repose.

One feature is, that no two pieces of furniture seem to be alike, save Indian or Japanese lacquered cabinets, of which it seems to be *en règle* to have at least two; or console tables, if the construction of the room admit, may also be repeated.

Through the modern plate-glass windows comes the sunlight, falling on an interior which is neither mediæval, nor Gothic, nor classic, nor early Victorian. There are faint suggestions of the old Renaissance, but so far removed from it that possibly what we see is of the new.

The first feature we miss is a prevailing colour. Long ago—what an age away seems the time when that was the custom!—a bride selected a tint for her drawing room as she chose her wedding-dress and decided on her bridesmaid's ribbons. Not that she had a wide field in which to choose, for conventional law allowed her but to have green, or crimson, or pale blue, or gold-coloured. She could remember the days of her grandmother, who lived amid drab surroundings, and would laugh at the Quaker taste of a remoter time than her own, which seems in comparison so much brighter, so much more reasonable in its requirements, with tastes so much more elastic, and pervaded by a so much more desirable spirit of common sense.

Those were the days in which drawing room settees—meaning two

couches, six chairs; and four or six easy chairs, all modelled after the same fashion and upholstered in the same material, prevailed, or rather, were indispensable to a well appointed drawing-room. Rosewood was then orthodox, and as to walnut, it represented very advanced thinking calculated to impress less forward minds with a sense of awe not a little depressing.

Now these old woods are gone: they have been banished with the Spanish mahoganies to back settlements, relegated to regions in which second-hand dealers and dingy lodging-house keepers seek each other's aid.

The broad-seated, square-backed, much upholstered couches and settees which the re-Renaissance has brought back to us are innocent of polished or stained woods, so are the easy chairs that correspond with them. Their ancestors in the old Renaissance days were covered with hair-cloth, and were ranged against parlour walls—we had not come to have dining rooms at that period—and dreary, gloomy, and monotonous these were. In these re-Renaissance days black satin finds favour, and as happily no material now wears for ever and ever, there is hope that we may live to see the tapestry, the fine-art embroidery of the Elizabethan age, supersede the descendant of parlour hair cloth.

The black chairs and couches do little to help us to find colour, so the eye seeks the floor, where silken mats are dotted over the parquet. There is a Persian square in the centre, it is true, but it does not rest the eye, which all unconsciously roves from one mat to another seeking rest and finding none. A sense of decay and general sadness comes over the spirit, at first unaccountable, until the withered end of the curtains reveals itself. A colour, it is true, is that of a thing dress

which had known better days; but the School of Art, at South Kensington, has pronounced it good form, who then differs? Once more over the windows the ponderous folds are draped which for so long have been in di-grace, those folds in which dust finds a comfortable lodging place when the housemaid is not troubled by ultra-conscientiousness. Our vigilant Lord Chamberlain sets a pious example in this respect, for he is loth to disturb the dust of ages which reposes in the folds of the once crimson cloth draping the walls of the Chapel Royal, Whitehall.

The mantelpiece of this modern drawing-room is in Queen Anne style, if such an one can be had—that is to say, the piers are of that school, but instead of the narrow ledge which, raised far above the level of the eye, was enough for our great grandmothers, we hoist a velvet-covered board, with staring brass-headed nails fastening on fringe pendant, or lace of Venetian, or Greek, or Roman origin. The fender, sometimes brass, but oftener of ormolu and steel, is strictly modern—late Victorian, it may be called, for it looks like to-day, or peradventure of yesterday only. Within are tiles, Dutch not improbably, a series having for their subject either some Bible narrative or some mythological fable. The tables are tall, with straight legs—let us charitably call them Chippendale—and the tops are inlaid, or painted, if we could only see the pattern, closely covered as the surface is by what Mrs. Malaprop would style our “bigotry and virtue.”

As to miscellaneous seats, all the four quarters of the globe have contributed them. A rocking chair *à l'Americaine*; a *vis-à-vis à l'Italien*, bamboo chairs *à la Chine*; while there are piles of cushions, one superposed above another *à la Turque*, with a sprinkling of light

Austrian bent-wood, ebonized and gilt, or stools veneered in mother-of-pearl, tortoiseshell, or ivory.

The feminine soul, devoid of what Dean Swift called scrupulosity, who revels in this *bizarre* collection, will have no hesitation in fitting up her ante room in a similar style; but here she can add some Cromwellian chairs, and one or two of that carpenter's Gothic which prevailed a century later, with possibly a few of ormolu, of Louis Seize. If one corner still remains unappropriated in either apartments, she has ready for it a gipsy seat, circular cushion, with horizontal bar upholstered as a back, covered in black satin, with gorgeous gold-coloured tassels pendant at the most unlooked-for angles.

But all is not yet noted, there is more to come. A bronze figure from a Pompeian model holds a lamp in a corner, and a tropical bird of brilliant plumage bears another on his back; there are Turkish lamps likewise, and not a few of Chinese or Japanese origin.

Over the tables—marquetric or ormolu, are strewed the souvenirs of many summer excursions; from earlier days when the Hartz mountains had not become English haunted; and to go up the Nile was being distinctive, down to these later days when Niagara itself has been exhausted, and there remains for future tourists no shore untrodden save Fiji, or the great unknown land supposed to lie at the North Pole.

Nor would Charles Lamb, were he still alive, have to inquire for the china closet, for it is all over the house, and has even burst out on terraces, into pleasure grounds, and among shady groves similar to those immortalized by Father Prout. In the entrance hall china meets the visitor, accompanies him down the corridors, escorts him upstairs, and encompasses him with wonders as

he sits in the drawing-room or boudoir. Even the dining-room is no longer sacred from the invasion of the china mania. With the admission of encaustic tiles in grates, the revolution in favour of ceramic decoration began; had it stopped there few would have complained.

But the huge jars decline to remain altogether out of doors, and are forcing their way into corners. Some of them are tolerably beautiful, others extremely the reverse; but when the owner points out a great, coarse earthen jar, to the uninitiated totally inadmissible to polite society, and assures the guest that he sees before him a model of a pythos, which, on Winckelmann's authority, was the tub of Diogenes, ignorance is dumb, and humbly bows.

Into the surface decoration of the buffet or sideboard rare specimens of plates are let in, Sèvres vying with Dresden, or old Worcester trying to hold its own against modern. Circular Tables show inland medallions—not the sober high-art productions of Wedgwood's day, but plates which are not always particularly remarkable for beauty, possibly as ugly as the commoner sorts of Bristol, of Worcester, or of Staffordshire alone could be. The tiny tea-tables have a plate in the centre of the top, possibly painted with a very beautiful subject or landscape, and the panels of the cabinets show plates likewise; on the walls the porcelain plaques have branches with candles to light them up, while in recesses are fixed brackets and many other ingenious devices on which to display the last acquisitions in old china—the latest startling phase of chinamania.

The sober cameo medallions on a jasper ground in the mantelpieces of Wedgwood's day were in good taste; china door-plates and handles have long been accepted as desirable, but it is a question for the curious

with whom could the idea first have originated of grouping and massing china plates having heraldic devices in rows above the doors of the sitting-room, or round the mirrors. It is rarely that the name of the real founder of any school is associated with its rise and growth. It is not given to all originators to have disciples, and the world often confounds the apostle with the founder. Farther still, it is safer not to accredit any individual with founding a school of thought, so mysterious, so involved, so impossible to trace, are the sources of change in public opinion.

In the same century men may exist of different nationalities, and of different creeds, some of whom are practical, some theoretical; some of lymphatic, some of impulsive temperaments; some are talkers, some writers, some doers (as one must call them), ignorant of each other's very existence, yet moving slowly in the same direction. There may be a wall of Chinese height and breadth between them; they may in no degree be influenced by each other; their very aims have nothing in common, yet one day all the points converge, and are merged into one.

In the art world is this most easily verified. The Gothic revival has been ascribed by some to Horace Walpole, and the fashion he set in his villa at Strawberry Hill; by others with more reason to Pugin. In London, at the present day, exist innumerable little cliques of artists and art critics, who are ready to arrogate to themselves, as the result of their labours, the present classic revival; just as a hundred years ago it was the fashion to talk of the Chinese school as if it owed everything to Sir William Chambers, a hypothesis quite as incorrect as styling Dante Rossetti the founder of the re-Renaissance. If these men had

stood still inactive, the changes would have gone on all the same. The waves in the world's history are always coming in, casting up wonders from that unfathomable deep which taxes all the powers of science to fathom, their cradle lying far out beyond the margin of our horizon.

The mania for Chinese decoration had been abroad long before the time at which Sir William Chambers wrote. Those terribly formal Dutch gardens, which ultra-loyalty to William III. and his consort prompted his subjects to lay out, had had their day, and something new was required. Chinese art was neutral ground, on which lovers of the picturesque could meet without being suspected of Jacobean leanings. Chambers himself disclaims the idea of being founder of the taste, and in his book of Chinese designs, published in 1757, he distinctly states that his reason for bringing out the volume was to correct the debased taste which was abroad, derived from the pseudo-Chinese designs on cups and saucers. It was in 1713 that Addison in "The Lover," bewailed the cruelties he had suffered from that obdurate fair one, Mrs. Anne Page. "Mrs. Anne," he says, "was in a particular manner very fond of china-ware, against which I had unfortunately declared my aversion. I do not know but this was the first occasion of her coldness towards me, which makes me sick at the very sight of a china dish ever since. There are no inclinations in women which more surprise me than their passions for chalk and china. The first of these maladies wears out in a little time; but when a woman is visited with the second, it generally takes possession of her for life. China vessels are playthings for women of all ages. An old lady of four-score shall be as busy in cleaning an

Indian mandarin, as her great granddaughter is in dressing her baby.

"The common way of purchasing such trifles, if I may believe my female informers, is by exchanging old suits of clothes for this brittle ware. The potters of China have, it seems, their factors at this distance, who retail out their several manufactures for cast clothes and superannuated garments. I have known an old petticoat metamorphosed into a punch-bowl, and a pair of breeches into a teapot. For this reason my friend Tradewell, in the City, calls his great room, that is nobly furnished out with china, his wife's wardrobe. 'In yonder corner,' says he, 'are above twenty suits of clothes, and that scrutoire above one hundred yards of furbelow'd silk. You cannot imagine how many night-gowns, stays, and manteaus went to the raising of that pyramid. The worst of it is,' says he, 'that a suit of clothes is not suffered to last half its time, that it may be the more vendible; so that in reality this is but a more dexterous way of picking the husband's pocket, who is often purchasing a great vase of china, when he fancies that he is buying a fine head, or a silk gown for his wife.' There is likewise another inconvenience in this female passion for china, namely, that it administers to them great matter for wrath and sorrow. How much anger and affliction are produced daily in the hearts of my dear countrywomen, by the breach of this frail furniture! Some of them pay half their servants' wages in china fragments, which their carelessness has produced. . . . It may chance that a piece of china may survive all those accidents to which it is by nature liable, and last for some years, if rightly situated and taken care of. To remedy, therefore, this incon-

ence, it is so ordered that the shape of it shall grow unfashionable, which makes new supplies always necessary, and furnishes employment for life to women of great and generous souls, who cannot live out of the mode. I myself remember when there were few china vessels to be seen that held more than a dish of tea; but their size is gradually enlarged, that there are many at present capable of holding half a hoghead. The fashion of the teacup is also greatly altered, and has run through a wonderful variety of colour, shape, and size. But in the last place, china-ware is of no use. Who would not laugh to see a smith's shop furnished with anvils and hammers of china? The furniture of a lady's favourite room is altogether as absurd. You see jars of a prodigious capacity that are to hold nothing. I have seen horses and herds of cattle in this fine porcelain, not to mention the several Chinese ladies, who perhaps are naturally enough represented in these frail materials."

"In the present day," says Mr. Eastlake, "when a few hours' journey enables us to pass from one end of England to another, and even into the heart of the Continent—when the increased facilities of publication have rendered the public familiar with all sorts and conditions of modern art—it is difficult to estimate the importance which once attached to the merits and capabilities of individual example. Every builder's clerk who can now get away for a month's holiday may spend his time profitably among the churches of Normandy, or fill his portfolio with sketches in Rhineland. But one hundred and twenty years ago a travelled architect was a great man, entitled to an amount of respect which quickly secured for him the highest patronage, and enabled him

to form a school, of which he became the acknowledged leader."

Chambers, in fact, concentrated the passing fancy, and by giving it larger and more practical scope, made it an abiding reality. The development of any school is necessarily limited to the field in which its leader displays his talents. One hundred years ago, when there was little communication between the metropolis and the provinces, a provincial artist, no matter how great his abilities, had few chances of coming to the front. Those were the days of patronage, when every book must have a dedication to some great man, or the bookseller would have nothing to say to it; and when a nod or a frown could make or mar a painter's fortune. A knowledge of art was then considered a prerogative of high birth, or rather, it was believed that with high birth was vouchsafed a heaven-born intuition to divine perfection. Many a sculptor has anxiously watched whether a ducal forehead would contract or expand when a masterpiece was looked at, while possibly the patron was only cudgelling his brains before he really committed himself to a criticism on a work the intention of which he but imperfectly understood.

Classics, as taught in schools of that day, were not in a portable form to be readily brought into us at a moment's notice, and no boy troubled his brains by doing more than was absolutely required of him. That awful bogie of the modern schoolroom, the competitive examination, was yet unborn, and over no boy's head was kept dangling from his infancy the terrors of having one day to pass the Civil Service Examiners. They were halcyon days in which it was no disgrace for a noble lord to be ignorant; when, if he made a mistake in complimenting a sculptor

who brought him a group representing the elements, under the impression it was the seasons, or possibly the four quarters of the globe, no one dared even to smile at the blunder.

Chambers' lines fell to him in pleasant places, for royal favour, the only favour then of any value, overshadowed him, and he had full permission to do his best—his worst the Gothicists have said—untrammelled by those sordid notions of economy which prevail in this moneyed nineteenth century.

Had Sir William Chambers been the architect of the New Law Courts, no First Commissioner of Works would have dared to hint that ornament was in excess. On the contrary, the happy architect would have been made happier still; honours, and more honours still, would have been showered upon him for the completeness of his conceptions, and it would at least be conceded to him that he understood his profession.

The publication about this time of Hogarth's "Analysis of Beauty" had influenced the revolution in public taste; Chambers' descriptions of Chinese gardens appeared in good time to meet the demand for novelty, and it only needed the completion of the buildings by him at Kew to establish the style which he advocated.

At the blending of classic and Chinese art, we are now inclined to laugh. The Temple of Pan; the House of Confucius; the Corinthian Colonnade—called the theatre of Augustus; a temple of Æolus, a great Pagoda; and a Chinese pavilion, all in the same pleasure grounds, would shock modern purists in style. Of the thousands who daily pass along the Strand, to and fro, how few think of looking up at the front of Somerset House; yet one hundred years ago, when the dog which so recently departed with Northumberland House was

still young, country cousins made pilgrimages to stare at the keystones of the arches.

A solitary pedestrian paused the other day to imagine himself back in the last century, and immediately there were signs of a gathering crowd, which put him to flight, while a policeman followed at a respectful distance to see him safe out of the neighbourhood. The modern hairdresser alone seems to appreciate the nine colossal masks which represent the ocean and the eight principal rivers of Europe, by taking suggestions from their beards for the backs of young ladies' heads. On Somerset House may be seen the original cataract, the catogan, and other modes familiar to the lady's maid of the present day.

Of all the English china factories, Chelsea seems to have made the best stand against this debased taste for Chinese imitation in art. Her best productions are essentially English, but her artists were educated by means of models, brought from the Continent, where the taste for Chinese decoration never obtained the same footing that it did in England. To paint bowls, plates, and vases, "partly after the Chinese manner," public taste made a necessity, but in her figures Chelsea was true to herself. They were of three different types, either rustic, or classic, or statuettes representing some well-known individual, or a character taken from the fiction of the day.

Loan collections and portrait galleries have taught us to identify many of the pretty figures or groups, but not a single china sale takes place that the descriptive catalogue of it might not have been better written had the writer been more familiar with the light literature of the last century. Thus, "A gentleman trying on a lady's shoe" was the most beautiful Cinderella in the world, on whose foot the Prince was

fitting the glass slipper; "A girl and boy on a rock," were "Paul and Virginia;" and there is fair presumptive evidence for identifying some first class figures with characters from Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, &c.

The figure of Shakspeare, on the monument in Westminster Abbey, designed by Kent, was one of those works of art in which it was the fashion to believe. To our ideas Pope was more correct when he accused the modeller of making the immortal bard look a sentimental dandy. A number of Chelsea figures, after Kent's model, are in existence. At public sales held during the last season in London, more than a dozen of different sizes, varying from eight inches in height to thirteen or fourteen, changed hands, the lowest price given for one being £8, and in several instances amounting to £30.

Garriek was in the height of his popularity at the best period of the Chelsea manufactory, and many of the best figures found their originals on the stage. Garriek himself as Richard III. was a vigorous specimen, and this statuette of him is well known to collectors, never failing to command a high price at sales. Kitty Clive, with Woodward the actor, in Garriek's farce of *Lethe, or the Fine Gentleman*, sold at the Bohn sale for £13, and a white Bow figure of Kitty Clive alone sold on another occasion for £11.

Kitty Clive has sometimes Peg Woffington as her companion, and at Bow and Bristol, as well as at Chelsea, two figures, supposed to be their portraits, represent them as sphinxes. In Peg Woffington's favourite character Mrs. Ford—she is frequently represented, and in white porcelain the fine modelling of this figure is even still more perceptible than when it is coloured.

No mantelpiece, say historians, was then without a portrait or a

figure of John Wilkes, for he was one of the popular heroes, if not the most popular hero of the day. For more than twenty years every manufactory, both of pottery and porcelain, continued to turn out busts and statuettes of the people's idol and there are many of these still in existence by famous modellers.

Nor were his friends overlooked; Lord Camden was produced at the same period, in his crimson robes as Chancellor, his left arm resting on a book inscribed "Coke" his right hand pointing to his heart, and on a pedestal a raised figure of Justice holding the scales. So highly do posterity value this figure, that at the Bohn sale it brought £107. John Wilkes, the same size, but cast, it is true, in commoner clay, sold but for £15, notwithstanding his having a flowing pink robe and gilt shoe ribbons, and his hand resting on a scroll inscribed "The Bill of Rights," beneath which his name was written. Instead of the pedestal which elevates Justice beside the ex Chancellor, a child stands by Wilkes, holding the cap of liberty in one hand, and a book, inscribed "Locke on Government," in another. But the greater number of the earlier figures were classic, not all intelligible now; for we have drifted far away from the language of allegory. Art then, and indeed nature also, was represented in a language of signs, for which unfortunately we have in many instances lost the key. There are cynical jests in such groups as "Time clipping the wings of Cupid," which must come home to every generation of men and women, so long as the world lasts; but we want to know more of the history of the musicians, the orators, the shepherds and shepherdesses—the last more classic than rustic, and which it would be inconsistent with the history of Chelsea china to suppose were—
meaningless ornaments.

Among really authenticated Bristol groups, none, or certainly very few, are found of subjects borrowed from the stage. Champion was one of the Society of Friends, and he looked elsewhere than to the drama for his inspirations. Essentially rustic, and strictly classic were the forms he favoured, and he too believed in "Time subduing Love," so far as to make one or two groups, but treated the subject rather differently from that favoured by Chelsea modellers.

As a member of the Society of Friends, Champion had no love for the established Church, and when he could indulge in a jest at its expense he seems to have spared no pains to embody it successfully.

There were no illustrated comic papers appearing weekly in those days, so one good old joke which would wear well lasted during the lives of one generation at least, and often survived to be handed down to another. The little pig was one of these popular favourites, and Champion made more than one group representing the labourer and his wife bringing to the clergyman, with the tenth pig, their tenth baby, and the fat parson looking horror-stricken on being told "No baby, then no pig, your reverence—one must go with the other."

The clergyman having dined out, and returning home on unsteady legs, supported by the parish clerk—Moses, was another of Champion's favourite groups, and sundry others, in which the Church figured rather to its disadvantage, seem to have been in demand about that time; just as later, down in Staffordshire, John Wesley supplied a subject for modellers, who either treated him as a jest, or, idealizing, made him like an angel. Towards the latter part of the last century china making, as it was also in England, with many other branches of art, had begun to decay. Though in

much greater demand for household use than it ever had been, and more of it consequently being manufactured, plates and cups and saucers were poor substitutes for the vases and figures which have made Bristol and Chelsea famous even a century after their last specimens were turned out. In Staffordshire the Wedgwoods were at work, though in a different way, in perfecting the ware which is known by their name; and Worcester had successfully copied models from Sèvres and Dresden. The time had come also for other places in England, of less note than Bristol or Worcester, to manufacture useful high-class china, but the individuality which the old potters had stamped upon their ware was gradually disappearing.

It is a peculiarity of any pronounced school, the birth, development, full growth, and decay of which can be traced, that the passage from the third stage to the last is bridged over almost imperceptibly; for so insensibly does full blow turn to decay, that no thoughtful disciples ever so tremble for the future of the faith they have chosen as when the world applauds it loudly, and men unite to speak well of it.

When Derby carried off the Chelsea models, and began to reproduce the figures there in all the additional brilliancy which modern art could impart to them, the result was more than satisfactory. The difference in the colouring and gilding of these later specimens is manifest at a first glance, the collector's eye fondly lingering over the beauties which his educated eye quickly discerns, while he mentally traces the history of the growth of art from earlier times to the one which produced the figure then before him. Those were the days in which the gold used was pure gold in the leaf, with honey as a vehicle, and a little flux to make it adhere.

Later, quicksilver was used as an amalgam, being more economical, but the glory of the earlier gilding was never again attained to. The chemist has done so much, nay, is still doing so much for modern china making, that honour and glory is distributed in infinitesimal portions among many scientific men. Not to one man only, nor to two, nor to three, nor to four, does the modern potter owe his skill, for the list of worthies round which honour centres is a long one, and it would be impossible to say whether one of them could or could not be spared from the group.

The earlier craftsman had no such aid, for in many instances he was a solitary worker, far in advance of his age, but knowing there was light before him could he but struggle on and reach it. No wealthy firm with unlimited credit and resources presented a break-water against the waves of adversity, and opened up fresh channels, when social changes, or some external influence over which the artist had no control, closed the old ones. A man like Cookworthy of Plymouth, or Champion of Bristol, had to stand alone, presenting a brave front to adversity when it overtook him. Such lives as these men led are full of interest for us, and the works they left behind are the standing illustrations.

"The world was very evil," as it was when the Clugniac monk lived, and as posterity will possibly write of the time in which we are living

now, but its history is not the less instructive on that account. If there are sermons in stones, there are morals in cups and saucers, and it is no unprofitable reading to trace the history of men who were centenarians—not in years, but in the productiveness of their lives.

There is more in chinamania than most people are aware of. It is a re-Renaissance in the best and truest sense of the word. Modern art forms are the descendants of older generations that were born, lived, played their parts on the world's stage, and passed away to give place to younger, newer creations. The best work of each age is but the outcome of that which preceded it, and that also had its progenitor. China is a highly suggestive study, for not only does it present to us progressive art, but it summons up for us the departed spirit of each age which called a fashion forth. It is an unconscious revelation of past folly, and it is wisdom stereotyped; it is a chronicle of the histories of dead men and women who had virtues to be emulated, and vices to be eschewed: it is a lesson, not in art only, but in daily life, teaching us that all true honest work survives, whether mediæval, classical, or Gothic, which has been executed in the spirit and not alone in the letter of its creed; and that such an acknowledgment of worth in the past as makes us truer to ourselves is the only re-Renaissance, the only aspiration which is worthy of a man, either as an artist or an individual.

EFFIE:
A LITTLE LEGEND.

BY T. C. IRWIN.

I.

LATE Autumn o'er a land, solemn and green,
Had come with constant cloud and windy days:
The parched leaves drifted from the trees grown lean,
And wider frothed the foam round rocky bays;
The dawns were mournful more than they had been,
And ghastly glared the sunsets through the haze,
Lighting the piteous plains with fitful sheen,
As on the eve when, blown by the grey gale,
We see the first dim figure of our tale.

II.

An aged man, doubled with weight of years
More than the faggot-load his shoulders bore,
Who, in the last dim inland light, appears
Footing the sandy ridges by the shore,
Where the chill bitter blasts have blown the tears
They started, on his cheek, withered and froze:
Strange voices in the wind filling his ears,
As, pausing in a memoried muse he stands,
Looking on the bleak sea and bleaker lands.

III.

Through level solitudes the river showed
A slow and shining course, until its trace
Was lost in lonely distance, without road,
Toward the low southern hills—a young blue race
Of others mightier beyond, that glowed
In sunset giant like: along whose base,
Southward, the austere ocean coldly flowed
Up to a many-masted harbour, and
An aged citadeled palace, grey and grand.

IV.

A dreary glimmer from the sun gone down
Still edged the ashy cloud-bank, and across
The inland, desolate in twilight brown,
Brooded the wildering gusts o'er tracts of moss
And rush; and o'er the ruined castle's crown
Upon the height with battlement and foss,
Darkening along the waste with spectral frown.
And the last crows flew low along the shore,
As, wearied, stopp'd he at his cottage door.

V.

This leafy hermitage, nestled by a wood,
 Laced with old ivy clinging hard around
 The narrow porch—in winter's cold, a hood,
 A shade in summer: whence was heard the sound
 Of rivulets wogling in their listless mood
 Of clear spring mornings, or the ceaseless bound
 Of billows, when the Autumn west-like blood
 Glared on the heathy headland; and below
 Their long strand wash through nights of rain and snow.

VI.

The wind that rose with darkness, moaning loud,
 Had dumb'd the sound of his approaching feet;
 So when he raised the latch and entered bowed,
 Surprised with joy, a maiden rose to greet
 His coming: tall was she, with gesture proud,
 Yet, like her face of beauty, simple sweet;
 As some moon-lighted snowy April cloud
 Just touched with dawn, who, fondling his old head,
 Seated him pleased before the hearth nook red.

VII.

And as he of his frugal meal partook,
 Sate gossiping her fancies, quaint and new:
 How, as she watched from lonely window nook,
 A bird sang little songs like drops of dew,
 Clear and consoling; how with awe she shook
 As close athwart the ivies blackly flew,
 Flapping, with rancid squawk, the twilight rook;
 And how she prayed for his returning soon,
 Hearing the wind, knowing there was no moon.

VIII.

"In sooth, the eve is wild and cheerless," said
 The woodman, her soft face upon his knee
 Fond pillowing; "and such sunsets, drear and red,
 Bring back a many memories to me
 Both sad and sweet—Sometimes I deem the dead
 Flit in their shadows, but just now the sea
 Ruddily lined along its space of lead,
 And surged along the rocks, recalled once more,
 Poor child, the hour I saved you on that shore.

IX.

"Yes, it was when the great storm rolled away,
 Which held me prisoner here three suns, that I
 Went down along the beach at set of day
 Searching for shell-fish, when, low in the sky,
 I saw a mighty barque against the grey
 Clouds, plunge with its broken mast despairingly;
 While nearer, in an inlet of the bay,
 Something upon a plank came floating nigh,
 Which, wading, with much wonder soon I found
 To be a cradled infant, safe and sound.

X.

" Yourself, my Effie, gazing with wide eyes,
 Without a cry or look of fear, upon
 The flying crimsons of the clearing skies
 Lit up from the last glory of the sun.
 Who can foresee the marvellous destinies
 Blind fortune weaves about us? Surely none;
 And thus from the waste waves I snatched the prize
 Which you to me have proved, my darling one;
 Whom I've reared up for fifteen happy years,
 Each one of which future and past endears.

XI.

" For ere you came, in this sad wilderness
 The changing seasons were almost alone
 My comrades; and as life grew less and less,
 Your youth, my child, restored my morning gone,
 And made my years flow on in happiness
 They knew not till your face before me shone.
 Ah, me! joy has its night, too; while I bless
 The chance which won you, ne'ertheless when I'm gone
 I think, perplexed, what may of you become,
 Left lonely here, when the old voice is dumb.

XII.

" You know not, pretty one, who you may be:
 Perchance of noble lineage you are,
 As I in dreams am whispered wond'ringly?
 When shines upon my rest the southern star.
 The ship was mighty which across the sea
 Wafted you,—but it sunk beyond the bar;—
 Full pleased to-morrow would I die, if we
 Could find some track somewhere upon the earth,
 By which to trace the secret of your birth.

XIII.

" What think you, Effie, if some time we seek
 The witch, though far away she dwell
 Beyond the northern woods, and let her speak
 The secret she may pierce by wondrous spells?
 I saw her when a child, a woman weak
 And aged, with accents like vague sound of bells
 Or uncongealing ice just ere it break:
 And know her spiritual lore is great,
 And that she communes with the powers of Fate."

XIV.

Thus prattled the old woodman in the glow
 Of his poor hearth; and Effie stirred with fear
 As hope, the secret of her birth to know,
 Kneeling, her glad hands clapping by his ear,
 Kissed him, and said, " Oh! grandsire, let us go
 Soon as the wintry season passes here,
 And melts upon the lower hills the snow."
 Then paused, so swift the deafening storm had come,
 That even the chimney crickets ceased their hum.

ΣΥ.

Then, as with withered hair and garments blown,
He peered into the storm before he barred
The door against the wild night, black and lone,
Lo! down the low, blank heavens, sparsely starred,
A fiery meteor, flashing, launched prone,
Like some great angel who with hell had warred,
Above the unseen woodland's anguished groan—
Athwart the foaming seas, in swollen swoon
Of tempest raging o'er the unrisen moon.

XVI.

But months rolled by, and 'twas midwinter when,
One white still morn, a sudden impulse stirred
Effie to seek alone the witch's den ;
And earnest as some springward, wandering bird,
She sped, quick breathing, over moor and fen,
By solitary distance undeterred,
All day; till with the evening a white glen
Spaced cold before her, at whose close she felt
Opened the woody cave where Sorcad dwelt.

XVII.

Low and remote the wistful winter air
 Blew from the streaks of sunset, and soon fell
 The leaden twilight on the place all bare
 And drear with snow, whose whirling flakes, pell-mell,
 Careered in wild glad dances, cold and fair ;
 And, in the gale now blowing, pitiable
 The barren woodlands moaned their bleak despair ;
 While o'er her path each huge strong-rooted tree
 Strained, like a vessel in some storm swung sea.

XVII.

Thus faintly, through the gusting sleety flaw,
Desolate advanced she down the darkened vale,
Dreading the wolves' rush, and the plashy paw
And fierce fang on her uncloaked shoulders pale,
By thickets dense ; until at length she saw,
Just as her weary feet began to fail,
A red light, which, though distant, roused her awe ;
Yet swifter toward it sped she, self-sustained,
Until her journey's fearful bourne was gained.

XL

There, seated in the centre of the cave,
 Appeared a wondrous Presence, aged and wise,
 Last of a race long gathered to the grave,
 Renowned for deeds of wondrous sorceries;
 Shadow-like seemed he, as if he were
 Her forehead, as if he were
 Glimmering like a star in the wave;
 Or, as if he were a cave, and he
 Some (as if he were a cave, and he) wind.

XX.

The withered branch, gleaned from the forest floor,
 Flamed like a wintry witch upon the ground,
 Flashing its quick fantastic fancies o'er
 The stony wall's impenetrable bound—
 Twilighted mirth; while, through the rocky door,
 The moon completed in her lustrous round,
 Streamed down the hollow valley, hushed and froze,
 Wrought mystic figures with the leaves—quaint fays,—
 Dumb spell words,—mingling with the mirrored blaze.

XXI.

But the dim inward of her dwelling-place,
 Vast vaulted, was more shadowy and grand;
 With sculptures huge, some rude primeval race,
 Half bestial, had wrought, what time the land
 Yielded them provender—with heavy hand
 Proud and delighting in the gift to trace
 By imitation, no brute could command,
 Tall blackish effigies of idol grey,
 And forms of savage hunters passed away.

XXII.

The Witch stirred not, but, gazing on the maid,
 Asked of her mission; and being told, arose
 Sudden and awesome: "Be you not afraid."
 Then in the swift arm's shadowing, which froze
 Her rosy pulses, on her brow was laid
 A finger, to whose icy touch repose
 A moment held her statue still, and stayed
 Her consciousness into oblivion, cold,
 As if her virgin requiem had rolled.

XXIII.

Then . . . voice awoke her: "What you will
 A vision shall reveal; then as the night
 Which follows it, grows dusk, upon the hill
 Whereon the castle stands, will gleam a light,
 Beckoning; thither proceed, and wait until
 I come: your destiny will thence be bright,
 And known your birth, as yet inscrutable;
 Enough—return; a star will guide your feet—
 Now, as the snows be silent, till we meet."

XXIV.

And silently sustained, as by a spell,
 Blithe in the light of fancies future glow,
 All night she traced her path by wood and fell,
 In the deep stillness of the stars and snow,
 Less weary than by daylight, strange to tell;
 Long had the gusting tempest ceased to blow,
 And each cold scene seemed whispering, All was well—
 Until she raised the latch, and with soft tread
 Passed by the sleeping woodman's dawn-lit bed.

XXV.

Much marvelled he, when waked, where she had been,
 And more to find her wordless ; but he guessed
 One only purpose could have drawn yestreen,
 His bird, so long from her deserted nest ;
 Her brow, he thought, shone with a wondrous sheen
 Since she had gone upon her mystic quest,
 And that about the place she moved a queen ;
 Yet of this said he nought, but only told
 Fancies hid shaped in last lone evening's gold.

XXVI.

Long 'mid the lone meek thoughts of maidenhood,
 The witch's words of raven mystery
 In silent expectation seemed to brood,
 Waiting some signal to arise and fly,
 Scurting far-off some unknown precious food
 Akin to both ; yet winter from the sky
 Had past with all its floods and tempests rude,
 And night by night she waited for the dream
 Which broke upon her but with Spring's first beam.

XXVII.

Next day, beneath the porch's ivied hood,
 Scarce rustling to the March air's arid sigh,
 Sat Effie, wrapped in rich dream marvelling mood,
 Fearful, yet eager, for the day to die.
 As o'er bare distances of damp blue wood
 Faint sunlights fell, sadness—she knew not why—
 Seemed o'er the well-known scene to spread and brood :
 Why had the hut and garden grown so drear
 And dim, as though seen through a parting tear ?

XXVIII.

The robin in the copse had ceased to sing.
 And like the distance all around seemed dead,
 Where in the stillness of the cloudy spring
 The grey sun pencill'd hills, that southward spread,
 Blent with the sky, through which some sightless wing
 Aloft was heard to pass, scarce marked till fled ;
 Northward the shores stretched their dim semi-ring ;
 Then after leagues of sea, sombre in hue,
 A promontory naked in the eye.

XXIX.

Anon, upon the castle's landward side,
 A sunbeam, floating o'er the broad green bank,
 Into the shattered gate was seen to glide,
 And beckon as it passed the turret's flank ;
 Now in some broken embrasure to hide,
 Now flit in fiery flames, until it sank
 yond the massive gaunt walls to the sea,
 which they blent their grey monotony.

XXX.

Anon, a dry, vague murmur seemed to stir
Within its courts and vaults, she guessed not where
A dim, dead swooning, ceaseless, humming burr,
As of a mill-wheel in the distant glare ;
Or hollow thunder now it seemed to her
Of ghosts untombing, rising into air :
Confused noise of bone and brand and spur,
And sweep of garments withered long in dust,
Marshalling in a whirlwind, brown with rust.

XXXI.

But, lo ! as sad she mused, a warrior proud,
Horsed, armed and plumed, rides on alone and slow,
Through mountains solitary as a cloud
And forest darknesses profound, where flow,
By cliffs and precipices, giant-browed,
Foam whirling cascades to the vales below ;
Sliding through verdant glooms, or rushing loud
Down thundering chasms ; till o'er ways, torrent worn,
Once more he travels in full light of morn.

XXXII.

Toward eve great vapours based o'er the sea's marge,
Snow, pale and mountainous as the chill ice isles
That drift with summer from the polar surge,
Had filled the distant day with their cold smiles ;
And from behind a bronzed gloom, like a targe,
Flamed on his iron'd back the sun erewhiles ;
And now its level light seemed to enlarge
The forward prospect, in whose seaward glare
Loomed one black barque, dim on the verge of air.

XXXIII.

A mighty man and potent prince was he,
Of southern summer lands the sovereign star,
Renowned in many a court of chivalry,
And hosted plain heroic, near and far ;
Death's minister, whom death denied to die
In many a fierce forlorn column of war,
Closed in by the outnumbering enemy,
Where savage shores are girt with northern pine,
And turban'd turrets guard the eastern brine.

XXXIV.

Up to the gates of aged Ascalon,
Through storms of shining scymitars he'd led
The van of western battle, and upon
Judæa's starry hills oft made his bed ;
From many a pagan prince of Solymean
His sword in battle's rush had sheared the head ;
In iron'd anguish oft beneath the sun
Of wildernesses waterless he'd bled
Since death had seized the lady whom he wed.

XXXV.

Upon his brow, shadowed by warrior dooms,
 Frowned a huge helm, wrought with the hide of boars ;
 And, where sidelong his brand of iron looms,
 An elk-horn hangs for sounding battle roars,
 Won from those forests, older than earth's tombs,
 That skirt the billow-beaten northern shores
 With stately trunks and solitary glooms :
 A broad skin mantle wraps his mailed form,
 Huge as a mast that never bowed to storm.

XXXVI.

Up to the castle, towered 'mid winds that moan
 From the thick twilight of the foamy bay,
 This plumed pilgrim, on the waste alone,
 Spurs his strong steed, whose wearied, whinneying neigh
 Tells that near rest for travel shall atone ;
 And, past the windy porch, 'mid gusts of spray,
 Enters the silent court, with torch alight,
 And casements gleaming on the sullen night.

XXXVII.

Without the silent portal of the hall
 He cast his steed's rein on a balustrade,
 And entered ; lifeless, old and grand was all
 Around, where phantom glooms and glories played
 Upon his fearless form advancing tall,
 Through the long passage, ending in deep shade ;
 At which arrived, a curtain like a pall
 Raising, he strode into a chamber vast,
 Magnificent, but silent as the past.

XXXVIII.

From roof of ebon oak, in unison
 With the vast walls, a splendid darkness shines
 Along the aureate tapestries, and on
 Each dim accoutrement, opulent with signs
 Of royalty, from bounteous kingdoms won,
 Odorous forests, golden-hearted mines
 And islands, close along the setting sun ;
 Great armour o'er each casement, vague in night,
 Yielding a sombre gleam, like aged light.

XXXIX.

The great prince gazed around, but less in fear
 Than wonder, for of death no dread had he,
 Or of its hosts ; then cried aloud, " Appear
 Ghost-guardian of the Castle by the Sea,
 Whose presence I invoke to audience here,
 In hope from thee to learn such destiny
 As has befallen, or holds, my daughter dear :
 Knowing that thou, this region's chief of yore,
 Still minister'st, unseen, along its shore.

XL.

“ For late, while wandering in the land of dreams—
 Spectral domains of vague infinitudes,
 And in whose abysses a stormy splendour gleams
 From hollow moons of the dead destinies,—
 Dim endless antres, silvered with their streams,
 And rich cloud empires throned o'er sunset seas ;
 Low thunder rolled remote as me beseems
 In mystic syllables announced that I
 Should find my lost child under this sad sky.”

XLI.

As thus he spake, a sound, aged and lone,
 As wearied with the distance which it crossed,
 Like some Saturnian ocean's desert moan
 Upon the edge of silence, nearly lost
 As soon as heard, swelling in deeper tone,
 Enchanting, musical, along the coast
 Flowed through a portal whence the bright waves shone ;
 And, by his sudden side, a regal ghost
 Showed in the stillness of the spacious hall
 Its venerable brow majestic.

XLII.

“ Long have we marked thee, Atheron, the brave,
 As what thou seekest here, though known to none
 Save me, who, from the region past the grave,
 Still view the life that rolls beneath the sun ;
 So, from remotest ocean's moonlit wave
 I come to thee. What circumstance has done
 I know, albeit impotent to save
 The lives from death that destiny decrees :—
 Mortal, thy lost love sleeps beneath those seas.

XLIII.

“ For in that storm which swept across the main,
 Hovering at sunset on their shattered barque,
 Saw I her, with face of pain,
 Placing her infant in the cradled ark,
 Yield it unto the rolling waves and rain
 Then driving to the shore, and until dark
 Blinded her anguished watch if it should gain
 The beach. At midnight death came unaware
 To one *distract* in hope's hopeless despair.

XLIV.

“ Under the surge the ship sunk fathoms deep,
 With all its lives, save one ; and oft I view
 The bones of that lost mother in white sleep,
 Cabined beneath the waters clear and blue,
 Where, through a chink in the huge timbers, peep
 Sunbeam and moonbeam, amid shells a few.
 What was to be has been ; so, mortal, weep
 No more for vanished loss, when love in lieu
 Saves for thy sinking years, a love as true.

XLV.

“ Approach ! ” The spectre ceased, with finger pale
Pointing unto the open door between
The chamber and the hall, where, like a sail,
White, distant, dim, by a dark cloud, was seen
A maiden, who advanced with a low wail
As though memorial of what had been ;
And, soon clasped to the warrior's breasted mail,
Wept murmuring and trembling, the while
Kissing, he viewed her with paternal smile.

XLVI.

“ Dear daughter, image of thy mother dead,
Restored by fate to cheer my coming age,
To bring me once again the years long fled :
My princedom and my heart's sole heritage,
Yet shall I live, my child, to see thee wed :
But kneel with me to this great spectre image
Ere we depart, for by the morning's red
A ship will waft us home.” But, as upon
The floor they sank, sudden the scene was gone !

XLVII.

And through the ruined castle's chambered gloom,
Now roofless to the keen stars and the breeze
Of grassy battlements ; from room to room,
Bearing her to the porch, he leaped with ease
Upon his steed, nestling her cheek of bloom
Under his mantle, as toward the wide seas
They galloped under midnight's cloudy womb.
Through rain drifts and tame lightning, to a cove
Rock-shielded, where a barque at anchor hove.

XLVIII.

So close with the flat rock the wet deck jarred,
He stayed not his good steed, which forward flung
With curving swing, from the cliff black and hard
Embarqued them desperately the crew among ;
And soon, with broad sail bellying to the yard,
Swept on the eager vessel sidelong swung.
By headlands, to the white bay, stormy starred.
Thus in the fire-lit cabin, sire and child
Swept to their southern home through waters wild.

XLIX.

Oh ! happy barque, to waft them thus restored ;
Oh ! hours of strange affectionate commune,
When in his heart sweet love replaced the chord
Long snapp'd, and silent to its sacred tune ;
When, like a day whose dawn was hidden, poured
Through clearing clouds the rich delight of noon
By her first known, as by her sire, since lowered
That dark day when his lady voyaged forth
To visit her old home in the grey north.

L.

And now the vessel entered a wide bay,
 Upon whose breezy promonts, blank and high,
 In mossy mounds the bones of heroes lay
 With blanched feet pointed to the east; and by
 The moon, low lustreing through severed grey,
 A rock-piled palace, black against the sky,
 Was seen, with hills reddening the rolling spray,
 Blazing with banquet through the midnight cold,
 O'er vaulted treasures of ransom gold.

LI.

And amid its chambers soon great welcome rung,
 From vassal, friend and guest, in festival
 Rich garniture arrayed; and as among
 The wondering circle, by her father tall
 The maiden stood, and at the huge hearth sung
 The minstrels; fairest, noblest, amid all
 That company, the Prince's kinsman, young
 Arnold, approached, her hand to kiss,
 With swift love smitten, like herself, we wis.

LII.

And for that night, and many more as bright,
 Rejoiced the Court with wassail, song and dance;
 And chieftains came to homage the sweet light
 Of Effie's princely smiles, or break a lance
 Or sword for such reward, as well they might;
 And still the more her pleasures to enhance,
 Her sire despatched a barque of swiftest flight
 To bear her dear old woodsman from his lone
 Hut, to his foster-daughter's home and throne.

LIII.

Ere a year rolled, the Princess had been wed,
 And by her happy lover's side, at dawn,
 Bent o'er their babe, as from the seaward red
 He slept in turret chamber o'er the lawn;
 And years rolled on, the while the warrior's tread
 Grew feeble, and his dark eyes dimmer shone;
 Yet counted not those years among the dead,
 Even the old woodman; and as they grew less
 To all, they but enlarged their happiness.

* * * * *

Such is the tale the phantom minstrel sings,
 Floating in starry darkness on the blast,
 As o'er his lyre a shadowy hand he flings,
 Recalling ballad memories fading fast;
 Or now in Fancy's airy picturings
 Aspiring to perfect, or to recast,
 Scenes, in the light its necromancy flings
 On history's funeral pageant of the past;
 One line to breathe—adieu—it is the last.

CURLING AND CURLERS.

"To curl on the ice doth greatly please,
Being a manly Scottish exercise."

PENNYCICK.

How and when Curling was introduced into Scotland is not certainly known. Some think that it is an amusement originally Scottish. Others assign a continental origin to it, and support their view by the undoubted fact that all the technical terms used in the game are of German or Dutch derivation. Thus, the word *Curl* is said to be from the German *Kurzwel*, a game; though we think Dr. Jamieson is more correct in deriving it from the Teutonic *Krollen*, *Krullen*, *sinuare*, *flectere*, the great art of the game being to make the stones bend or curve in towards the mark when it is so blocked up that they cannot be directed in a straight line. (*Scottish Dict. voce Curl.*)

The ancient name of the game was *Kuting*, and in Clydesdale and some other parts of the country it is still so called. If the word *Kuting* is the same as the Teutonic *Kluyten*, *Kalluyten*, it seems certain that the game was played on the Continent before we find any trace of it in Scotland; for Kiinan, in his Dictionary, interprets *Kluyten*, *Ludere massis sive globis glaciatis, certare ductis in equore glaciato*. The game thus played with blocks of ice must have been very similar to quoits; and, indeed, quoits and curling are exactly the same game, played under different conditions and with different implements.

It appears from a letter addressed

to Professor Fergusson, of King's College, Aberdeen, in 1847, and communicated by him to the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, that a similar game is played in Bavaria; but nowhere else, so far as is known, on the Continent. The writer says:—

"When I was in Munich, as I promised, I made a point of seeing the curling ponds and curling apparatus in use in that part of the world. . . . The game is a very ancient one, and is played generally throughout Bavaria, but more especially in the neighbourhood of Munich, the capital. It is common for gentlemen to have within their grounds artificial ponds for the practice of the game. These consist generally of one rink, 50 or 60 yards long, which is the common length between the trees. The trees, called *taube*, are movable, and the nearest stone counts wherever the tee may be moved to. They are formed of square pieces of wood 4 inches long by 2 thick. The *stones* are made of wood, and are in German called *ice sticks*, for an equally good reason that in Scotland we call them stones.

"You recollect some attempts being made to supply the place of stones with wooden fabrications. These naturally got the name of *wooden stones*, and when some daring spirit attempts to introduce stones into Germany, I doubt not they will be called *stone sticks*. Their sticks weigh from 12 to 25 lbs (English), and run on a sole

of from 10 to 13 inches, encircled close to the sole by a heavy rim of iron, to give weight and solidity. The handle is perpendicular, about 9 inches long, and slightly curved at the top. There are from two to four players a side. Numbered balls are put into a box, and each man takes his side according to the number of his ball. The places of the players are fixed by playing one end, and each man ranks according to the distance his *stick* measures from the tee.

"The first player is called Maier, the second Eng Maier, the third Helfer, and the fourth, where there is one, also Helfer. The Maier directs the game, and his is reckoned the most important *stick*. The sides do not play alternately, but when one side has the shot the other must play till they take it out. Each side has a right to play the *Maier stick* twice. When all the *sticks* are played, including second playing of the Maiers, the party gaining the end counts six. If any party take the end without playing their Maier the second time, it counts nine. . . . The stakes are paid at the end of each game, and there is always some stake played for."

No mention is made of curling in the list of amusements prohibited by the Scottish Statutes of the fifteenth century, in order to promote the "noble art" of Archery; and it may be inferred that the game was not then extensively played. In 1607, Camden in his "Britannia," describes one of the Orkney Islands thus: "To the east of the mainland (of Orkney) lies Copinsha, a little isle, but very conspicuous to seamen, in which, and in several other places of this country, are to be found in great plenty excellent stones for the game called *curling*." Curling must have been well known at the time when Camden wrote this sentence, for we cannot otherwise account for a

remote island like Copinsha being resorted to for stones.

The above, so far as we are aware, is the first notice of curling to be found in British literature. It is next mentioned in a poem called "Gall's Gabions; or, Mirthful Mournings on the death of Mr. Gall," published at Edinburgh in 1638; and a foot-note in that volume states that the Perth curlers sent and brought their curling-stones from Lednoch. In the same year (1638) the General Assembly of the Scottish Kirk had the Bishop of Orkney before them, the charge against him being, according to "Baillie's Letters," that he "was a *curler* on the Sabbath-day."

The game, as now played, requires much dexterity and skill from those who aspire to be first-class players. It begins simply enough. Two fixed points are chosen on the ice, 40 yards apart from one another. These are the goals or "tees;" and the essence of the game consists in throwing the curling-stones from one tee to the other, the stone nearest the tee played at being the winner. In order to narrow the game, and to encourage close play, a circle of 7 feet radius is described round each tee as a centre, and no stone counts towards the game unless it either lies within or rests on this circle.

Seven yards in front of each tee a line is drawn straight across the ice, and is called the Hog-score. Every stone played from the opposite tee which does not cross this line is a "hog," and is at once removed from the ice. This rule prevents the rink or course between the tees from being improperly blocked up by stones played so short as to embarrass succeeding players.

The stones used were, originally, of a very rude description, and often of great weight. Pennant, in his "Tour through Scotland" (1792),

says of the game: "Of all the sports in those parts curling is the favourite. It is an amusement of the winter, and played upon the ice by sliding from one mark to another great stones of 40 to 70 lbs. weight, of a hemispherical form, with a wooden or iron handle at top. The object of the player is to lay his stone as near the mark as possible, to guard that of his partner which has been well laid before, or to strike off that of his antagonist."

A Duddingston curler, not unknown to fame, speaking more than half a century ago, said: "Till lately, the stone with which I played was 72½ lbs.—'the stone of my might!'"* A salutary rule of the Caledonian Curling Club, to which the regulation of the game has long been entrusted, settles the form and size of the modern curling-stone. "All curling-stones," says this law, "shall be of circular shape. No stone shall be of a greater weight than 50 lbs. imperial, or of greater circumference than 36 inches, or of less height than one-eighth part of its greatest circumference."

The late Rev. Dr. George Baird, the highly respected Principal of Edinburgh University, took a deep interest in curling, and was an especially zealous student of the antiquities of the game. In 1822 he became possessor of five specimens of antique curling-stones, which he presented to the Duddingston Curling Society, accompanying the donation with a letter, explanatory of their form. He says:—

"I have the pleasure of intimating to you a small donation which I made to the Dudd. Curling Society. It consists of five stones, specimens

of the original or earliest form of curling or coiting stones used on the ice in Scotland. They were recovered, one of them from a loch in Stirlingshire, and four of them from the loch of Linlithgow.

"The stones, as will be seen, are from 3 to 4 inches in thickness, of rather an oblong shape, and thinner towards the point extremity. At the opposite, and thickest extremity, there is, on the bottom (which has been artificially made, quite smooth, a long, thin hollow, cut out for admitting the fore part of the player's fingers: and on the upper side of the stones there is a small hole for the point of the thumb.

"From this form it appears that the stone has been coited or thrown by the hand to a short distance on the ice; if thrown with force, and rightly floored, it must have been capable of being propelled a very considerable length.

"I hope it may be agreeable to the Society to admit and preserve these stones among their curling-stones at the loch at Duddingston, as historical memorials of the progress of the game of Curling."

The insertion of a handle must have been the earliest step towards the improvement of these old curling-stones; but when or by whom this was first done history saith not. We have before us as we write a pair of stones known to be at least a hundred years old. That they are really "a pair," is evident from the similar construction of the handles; but the one stone is much larger than the other. Their general appearance indicates that they have been obtained from some watercourse, and that their shape and polish is

* "Fly, son of Mervin, fly" Amid the circle of stones, Swaran bends at the stone of might."—*OSWALD*.

the effect of the action of water.

The best curling-stones are now made of whin and granite. The curler attaches great importance to the quality and truthfulness of his stones. A well-known authority says: "Unless the curler be properly equipped in the essential article of stones, he never can expect to excel; the smallest untruthfulness in their under surface, or inaccuracy in balance, inevitably leading to false or uncertain play. The first requisite is to procure the proper block—viz., one of those whin-stone nodules of concentric texture called yolkes, on account of their toughness and the property they possess of never breaking into large fragments. . . . The general and most approved average weight of the stones may now be considered to be 35 lbs. . . The shape of curling stones varies according to the fancy of the owners. Some prefer a flat form, others a high. The medium is commonly adopted, being generally considered to be the best upon the principle that a stone when well 'centred,' i.e., when the centre of gravity is fairly in the middle, will run much farther than upon any other construction. . . ."

So much for the science and the antiquities of curling-stones. We shall conclude our remarks on this part of the curler's equipment with some anecdotes of stones famous in curling annals. In a volume entitled *Memorabilia Curliana Mabenensia*, understood to be by Sir James Broun, Bart., of Colstoun, there is a description of a famous stone preserved by the Lochmaben Curling Society, and known by the name of the "Lochmaben Hen." This stone was so heavy that not many players were strong enough to send it from one end of the rink to the other; and when once near the tee there was scarcely a possibility of driving

it from its place as winner. "Wherever she settled, there she *clocked*; and the severest blow merely destroyed her equilibrium—turning up her bottom to the light." The grotesque comparison of the immovable curling-stone to a "clocking" hen, i.e. a hen sitting on eggs, loses much when translated out of the Scotch into the English tongue.

Hugh Clapperton, the African traveller, lived for some years at Lochmaben before he began his African explorations; and the "hen," which had belonged to his grandfather, was a favourite stone with him. It is said that once, at a match at Tinwald, Clapperton was suddenly stopped by his "skip" when in the act of swinging the "hen" preparatory to a shot, and that he at once arrested his arm and held out the great block at arm's length, until fresh directions were given as to the method of play. Some of his other feats with the "hen" are yet remembered as evidences of his extraordinary strength.

A curling-stone has sometimes been thrown over an English mile of ice. "This," says Sir James Broun, "was no uncommon thing in days of yore, and there are many still alive [1830] who have done it—throwing across the Kirk loch from the Orchard to the Skellyland, —a feat not much short of the above. Upon the occasion we believe of a match with Tinwald, Laurie Young, the strongest player amongst them, challenged the Lochmaben party to a trial of arm. Their president stepped out, and taking his stone, threw it with such strength across the Mill loch, that it stotted off the brink upon the other side, and tumbled over upon the grass. "Now," said he to Laurie, "go and throw it back again, and we'll then confess that you are too many for us."

Half a century ago there was not than the Ettrick Shepherd. Where-
in broad Scotland a keener curler ever curlers meet—when—

“Where the ingle’s bleezing
In Curler’s Ha’ sae bein and snug,
About the board they gather
Wi’ mirth and glee.”

the Shepherd’s song to the “Channel Stane” is to be heard. It is Beersheba of curling clubs. The
wild flight of the concluding stanzas
known from the Dan even unto the is the very apotheosis of curling.

THE CHANNEL STANE.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

“Of a’ the games that e’er I saw,
Man, callant, laddie, birkie, wean,
The dearest, far aboon them a’,
Was aye the witching channel stane.

CHORUS.

“Oh! for the channel stane!
The fell gude game, the channel stane!
There’s no a game that e’er I saw,
Can match auld Scotland’s channel stane.

“I’ve been at bridals unco’ glad,
Wi’ courtin’ lasses wondrous fain,
But what is a’ the fun I’ve had,
Compare it wi’ the channel stane.
Oh! for, &c.

“I’ve played at quoiting in my day,
And maybe I may do’t again,
But still unto mysel’ I’d say,
This is no the channel stane.
Oh! for, &c.

“Were I a sprite in yonder sky,
Never to come back again,
I’d sweep the moon and starlets by,
And beat them at the channel stane.
Oh! for, &c.

“We’d boom across the milky way,
One tee should be the Northern Wain,
Another bright Orion’s ray,
A comet for a channel stane!
Oh! for, &c.”

Under the title of *Horae Scoticae*, an article appeared in *Blackwood’s Magazine* for February, 1820, giving an account of a match between the curlers of Lochmaben and those of Closeburn. The Ettrick Shepherd was a player. The game was thirty-

one up: and each side had scored thirty when the Shepherd’s turn to play arrived. His first shot had been unsuccessful, and the writer of the article says:—

“He stood over the last in suspense what to attempt. Nothing

could exceed the silent expression of triumph which pervaded the widening cheeks of the worthy Lochmabeners, as they looked first at the shot, then at the defence, and, last of all, at the *seemingly* total inefficiency of Hogg. Some small wit, too, was floating in an undercurrent, and our champion was advised by the laird 'to hog it' [*i.e.*, to play a 'hog'—a stone which does not pass the hog-score]. 'A-weel,' says the Shepherd, 'hog or no hog, hap-weel rap-weel, I'll be down among ye, sae tak tent to your *taes* there.' Upon which, spreading himself out into all his breadth, and fastening his *cramps** into the ice with a most ponderous dash, and pouring all the pith of his nervous arm and shoulder into the *message*, down it came full roar upon the laird's last 'guard,' fairly upset, and after a semicircular revolution of a few yards righted and finally settled *shot*. All this was the work of an instant—*dicto citius*—and never was a feat in which Madame Fortune had at least, as the tailor afterwards observed, seven-eighths of the merit, crowned with so much applause. I am certain the very eels were amazed. But 'let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.' The stone with which our bard's messenger had 'conversed' having, according to certain laws, just received as much

impulse as the other had lost, set off in a tangent, and, in the most unceremonious manner imaginable, tripped up the laird's heels. 'My certie, lad, ye'll learn to ken a *hog* the neist time ye come to the ice,' said the exulting Shepherd, as he eagerly assisted in reinstating the laird on his legs."

Curling has quite a poetical literature of its own; one which has been adorned by the genius of many well-known devotees of the game, most of whom have now, alas! thrown their last stone in this world. Let us hope that in their spirit-state they are enjoying the game with the Shepherd on the milky way.

Notable among these was the Rev. Henry Duncan, D.D., of Ruthwell, who deserves to be more widely known than he is. He introduced savings banks in Scotland; projected "The Scottish Cheap Repository," a series of tracts which were among the earliest attempts to introduce cheap popular literature into the country; established the *Dumfries Courier* newspaper; was a distinguished geologist and antiquary, and "one of the purest philanthropists that ever breathed;" and, last but not least among his accomplishments, he wrote verses, of whose poetical merit the following Curling Song is testimony:—

A CURLING SONG.

"The music o' the year is hush'd,
In bonny glen and shaw, man;
And winter spreads o'er nature dead,
A winding-sheet o' snaw, man.
O'er burn and loch the warlock frost
A crystal brig has laid, man;
The wild geese screaming wi' surprise,
The ice-bound wave hae fled, man.

* Spiked irons attached to the shoes for securing a foothold.

- “ Up, Curler! frae your bed sae warm,
 And leave your coaxing wife, man:
 Gae get your besom tramps, and stane,
 And join the friendly strife, man:
 For on the water's face are met,
 Wi' mony a merry joke, man,
 The tenant and his jolly laird,
 The pastor and his flock, man.
- “ The rink is swept—the tees are mark'd—
 The bonspiel* is begun, man:
 The ice is true—the stanes are keen—
 Hurra! for glorious fun, man!
 The skips are standin' at the tee
 To guide the eager game, man!
 Hush! not a word: but mark the broom,
 And tak a steady aim, man.
- “ Here draw a shot: there lay a guard—
 And here beside him lie, man!
 Now let him feel a gamester's hand—
 Now in this bonum die, man.
 There fill the port and block the ice;
 We sit upon the tee, man!
 Now take this inring† sharp and neat,
 And mak the winner flee, man.
- “ How stands the game? It's eight for eight!
 Now for the winning shot, man!
 Draw slow and sure and tak your aim—
 I'll sweep you to the spot, man!
 The stane is thrown, it glides along,
 The besoms ply it in, man;
 Wi' twistin' back the player stands,
 And eager breathless grin, man.
- “ A moment's silence, still as death,
 Pervades the anxious thrang, man:
 Then sudden bursts the victor's shout
 Wi' hollas loud and lang, man!
 Triumphant besoms wave in air,
 An' friendly banter fly, man:
 Whilst cold and hungry to the inn
 Wi' eager steps they hie, man.
- “ Now fill ae bumper—fill but aye—
 And drink wi' social glee, man;
 May curlers on life's slippery rink
 Frae cruel rubs be free, man.
 Or should a treacherous bias lead
 Their erring course ajea, man,
 Some friendly inring may they meet
 To guide them to the tee, man.”

* A match between two districts or “provinces.”

† An inring or inwick is a shot resembling a losing hazard at billiards, in which the player causes his own stone to reach the winning point by rebounding from another.

Our game is a favourite with the Scottish clergy. The parson is a leading member of most village clubs, and often the most skilful "shot" in the village. The author of the following stanzas, the Rev. James Muir, of Beith, was an

Ayrshire curler, whose hand was equally deft with the channel-stane and with the pen. His Scottish dialect is eminently good, and some of his expressions are worthy of a dweller in the land of Burns:—

CAULD, CAULD FROSTY WEATHER.

"When chittering¹ birds, on flichtring² wing,
About the barn doors mingle,
And biting frost and cranrench³ cauld,
Drive coofs⁴ around the ingle;
Then to the loch the curlers hie,
Their hearts as light's a feather,
And mark the tee wi' mirth and glee,
In cauld, cauld frosty weather.

"Our buirdly⁵ leaders down *white ice*
Their whinstanes doure⁶ send snooving⁷,
And birks and brooms ply hard before
When o'er the hog-score moving;
Till cheek by jowl within the brough⁸
They'r laid 'side ane anither;
Then round the tee we flock wi' glee,
In cauld, cauld frosty weather.

"Wi' canny hand they neist⁹ play down
Their stanes o' glibber¹⁰ metal;
Yet bunkers¹¹ aften send aglee,
Although they weel did ettle.¹²
'Now strike! No—draw; come fill the port'¹³—
They roar and cry and blether,¹⁴
As round the tee we flock wi' glee
In cauld, cauld frosty weather.'

After several more similar stanzas devoted to a description of the points of the game, the song concludes with a picture of the

curler's jovial evening hours, after the "beef and greens," proverbially known as "Curler's fare," have been disposed of:—

"In canty cracks¹⁵ and sangs and jokes
The night drives on wi jaffing.¹⁶
And mony a kittle¹⁷ shot is ta'en
While we're the toddy quaffing.

¹ Shivering.

² Fluttering.

³ Hoar-frost.

⁴ Coof—"a silly, dastardly fellow; a male who interferes with what is properly the department of the female in domestic duties."—JAMIESON.

⁵ Stalwart.

⁶ Hard.

⁷ Gliding smoothly.

⁸ The "brough" is the curler's name for the circle drawn round the tee played at.

⁹ Next.

¹⁰ Smoother, sharper.

¹¹ A bunker is a hillock or prominence on the ice.

¹² Aim.

¹³ To "strike" is to drive out the winning stone of an opponent; to "draw" is to play your stone so as to lie at a given spot; and to "fill the port" is to block up some channel through which an opponent might reach the tee.

¹⁴ Talk confusedly.

¹⁵ Cheerful talk.

¹⁶ Chaffing.

¹⁷ Difficult.

Wi' heavy heart and laith we part,
 But promise to forgether ;^{*}
 Around the tee, neist morn wi' glee,
 In cauld, cauld frosty weather."

It is a special pride among curlers to maintain the maxim, that on the ice all men are equal. Peer and peasant stand on the same level at a curling-match. Both are loyal subjects of King Frost, in whose dominion caste is unheard of. And many friendships have been made on the ice between persons who would never have met but for their devotion to the game. The ninth Duke of Hamilton was a keen curler, and frequently played with the Hamilton club in neighbouring matches. The members were, of course, all known to him. Once, it is said, at a critical point in a game, he called out to a Hamilton villager, who was about to play the decisive shot of the day, "Now, John, this is a shot requiring all the dexterity and art you are master of, as being one of extreme nicety; an ye break through this narrow port and carry out the winner upon this half-inch—your mither shanna want meal a' the winter. I'll send her a boll." John earned the boll by catching the ungarded half-inch of the enemy's winner.

"In the year 1773," says one of the *Curling Annals*, "the annual spiel (match) between two rival parishes in Ayrshire took place, headed on the one side by the Earl of D—— and on the other by the clergyman of the parish. The match was between seven rinks a side, the honour of the day rested on the seventh rink, the skips of which were the Earl and the clergyman. The players had counted shot about all day, and at last stood 30, 31 being game. The next end was the decisive

one, and the shot lay guarded on the Minister's side. The Earl trusted to chance: he played with all his force, his stone rode over the mass of guards, and lay upon the tee, *first shot*, guarded by his opponents' stones. The shot was received with deafening cheers. The Minister had next to play—but he was told it was no use trying.

"Let him try," said the Earl ironically, "my shot." "Dinna, halloo till ye're out of the wud," cried the Minister's skip, "I'll no alloo him to throw awa' his stane on sic a chance shot as yer lordship took. But I'll see what he can dae, an' if he just plays his auld ordinar' I think the game will be ours yet. Do ye see this stane, sir, aff the ice?—it's twa yards on this side o' the tee—ye used to like a *wick* weel, and I've seen ye tak mony sic a ane. Clear the ice, my lads, sweep clean, an' gie us fair play for the last shot. Tak time, sir, now come up to my broom."

The Minister's shot was successful, and gained the day. The Earl was crest-fallen, and exclaimed "What the world brought the bodie here to-day? I wish he had been in his study (the game happened on a Saturday), for he has played the very —— wi' us all day."

"What's that, my Lord ye're saying of me?" quoth the Minister.

"I was just saying," said his lordship, "it would have been better for us if you had been at your books making a sermon for to-morrow?"

"I did na come here to-day, my Lord, unprepared for to-morrow,

for I hope I am not like many o' the great folks o' this world, *that trust to chance and leave a' to the the last day.*"

We cannot pass over in silence the name of one more keen

clerical curler—the late Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, whose fame both as a pulpit-orator and as a man of letters is known to every reader. Here is a Curling Song from his pen, in good broad Scotch:—

"A' nicht it was freezin', a' nicht I was sneezin',
 'Tak care,' quo' the wifie, 'gudeman, o' yer cough;
 'A fig for the sneezin'! Hurrah! for the freezin'!
 This day we're to play the *bonspiel* on the looh;
 Then get up my auld leddy, the breakfast get ready,
 For the sun on the snaw-drift's beginnin' to blink;
 Gie me bannocks or brochan, I'm off for the lochan,
 To mak' the stanes glee to the tee or the rink."

CHORUS.

"Then hurrah for the curlin', frae Girvan to Stirlin'!
 Hurrah for the lads of the besom and stane!
 'Ready, noo!' 'soop it up!' 'clap a guard!' 'steady, noo!
 Oh! curlin' aboon every game stands alane!

"The ice it is splendid, it canna be mended;
 Like glass ye may glower on't, and shave aff yer beard;
 And see how they gaither, comin' ower the brown heather:
 The servant and maister, the tenant and laird.
 There's brave Jamie Fairlie, he's there late and early,
 Better curlers than him or Tam Conn canna be;
 Wi' the lads frae Kilwinnin' they'll send the stanes spinnin',
 Wi' a *whirr* and a *curr*, till they sib round the tee.
 Then hurrah, &c.

"It's an unco-like story, that baith Whig and Tory
 Maun aye collieshangie like dogs ower a bane,
 And a' denominations are wantin' in patience,
 For nae kirk will thole to let ithers alane;
 But in fine frosty weather, let a' meet thegither
 Wi' a broom in their haun', and a stane by the tee,
 And then, by my certies! ye'll see how a' pairties
 Like brithers will love, and like brithers agree.
 Then hurrah, &c."

We have not yet spoken of one article of the curler's equipment, which is a *sine quâ non* in the game. We refer to his broom. No delicacy of hand would enable him to judge with the accuracy requisite in a well-played game, the exact amount of force necessary to throw his stone to a certain spot on the ice, and no farther. To aid him in this he relies on the brooms of the rest of the players on his own side of the game. A dexterous sweeper is often of great use to his party, and as often in-

flicts great damage on his adversaries. The rule on this point, is, that the player's party may sweep the ice anywhere from the centre line to the tee, and behind it—the adverse party are entitled to sweep only behind the tee, and in front of any of their own stones, when moved by another. No one unacquainted with the game can imagine the addition that can be made to the length of a shot lacking force by active use of the broom, till he hears the excited shouts which rise when a laggard

stone has to be brought up in this way. "Sweep, sweep!" "Gie him heels!" "Bring him down;" "Polish;" "Kittle him with the broom-cow," and similar calls to activity among the sweepers, arise with a noise like Babel from the stentorian lungs of the player's skip and his comrades, and it is no uncommon result to bring the stone a good half-dozen yards farther than it would otherwise have gone. Once

past the tee the stone becomes the property of the enemy, so far as sweeping is concerned, and the cry is then, "Sweep him away!" "Sweep him out!"

So important a weapon is the broom to curlers that they have followed the example of the Plantagenets in adopting it as their badge, and of it they have sung in not the least melodious of their verses:—

"O! sweet is the broom in its tassell'd gold
On the mossy bank and brae;
Where the lintie's love-lilt softly blends
Wi the blackbird's meltin' lay:
But the *buskie* broom in the winter-tide
Has a greater charm to me,
When sweepin' the rink that the lagyard stane
May rest by the magic tee!"

The custom of "busking" or decorating the brooms used in the game on occasions of importance is

again referred to in the following lines from "Winter's Wreath:"—

"Winter! we hail thy steps, our brooms are braided
Brighter than those that late the summer wore."

Once in each year, when weather permits, the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, which we observe from its latest *Annual* now consists of 441 local societies scattered over the country, and which has branches as far distant as Canada and Russia, holds its national match or *bonspiel* at its pond at Carsebreck, near Stirling, a spot almost unknown to benighted tourists, but dear as his "little native home" to the curler. There, on the curling gala day, the "pick and wale" of Scottish curlers assemble, the contest being between the players of the north and those of the south of the River Forth. Soon after dawn, special trains arriving in rapid succession change the desolate and cheerless moorland lake into a scene of strange animation. Kilted Highlanders, from hyperborean districts, whose names none but Gaelic scholars may essay to pronounce; limbs of the law

from Edinburgh; purse-proud Glasgow "bodies," whose names are "good at the Bank" though their owners may have difficulty in spelling or writing them; every curler who can, is at Carsebreck. Curling friendships of previous years are renewed. Mysterious performances are effected with articles strongly resembling drinking-flasks, though charity forbids us to suppose that the national vice is indulged in at so early an hour of the day. Confusion reigns till noon; then, at a signal given by a cannon-shot from beside the tent, the several groups fall into "rinks," and the day's game immediately commences, the roar of the curling-stones for a time overpowering the roar of voices. The game continues till a similar signal at three o'clock declares that time is up, and the enthusiastic players crowd round the markers to ascertain the result;

which is received, whatever it may be, with hearty cheers from all. In an hour afterwards Carsebreck is again a mountain solitude, and the moonlight whitens the silent slopes of Benvoirlich. *Sic Scoti, alii non aequae felices.*

How truly national the sport of curling is in Scotland; how keenly it is pursued by all classes; how

hearty is the goodwill towards one another exhibited by the brethren of the broom; and how much kindness and charity are promoted by meetings under the banner of King Frost, we shall leave our readers to gather from the verses we have quoted and the anecdotes we have gathered for their amusement.

LATHONTES ANGELOI.

THERE are graceful forms around us,
 Passing swiftly from our sight:
 And the unseen wings are rustling,
 Ere they plume themselves for flight;
 Eyes, whose holy fires are kindled
 At no flame of mortal birth:
 Lips, whose utterances are tuneful
 With a music not of earth.

Pale hands working, never weary,
 Patient hearts of sterling gold:
 Calm white brows, so still and placid,
 That we rashly term them cold,
 Drooping shoulders, carrying meekly,
 Daily cross, of heaviest weight:
 Daily, like the Master, giving
 Deeds of love for causeless hate.

And they walk unknown among us,
 Oft, through paths of toil and pain,
 Keeping still the pure robes round them,
 All unsoiled by earthly stain:
 Yet we let them pass unheeded,
 With no word of help or praise,
 Only conscious of their brightness
 As they vanish from our gaze.

Only see the radiant white wings,
 As they soar into the skies;
 Learn too late that we have harboured
 Heaven's own angels in disguise.
 Then, in bitter, vain contrition,
 Our own sightlessness condemn
 Own, with tears, we were not worthy,
 To have kissed their garment's hem.

Oh! for clearer, truer vision,
 Oh! for loving hands to clasp
 In our own, those hands celestial,
 Ere they vanish from our grasp:
 Oh! to catch the falling mantle,
 As they wing their flight above,
 Catch with it their patient spirit,
 And their meek unwearying love.

REBECCA SCOTT.

LAW OF PROCEDURE.

It is scarcely supposable that in the time of the existing generation the mode of procedure, civil and criminal, in the United Kingdom will be reduced to uniformity. The English Judicature Act, with its fusion of law and equity, is an approach to the civil mode of proceeding in Scotland, but whether or not it may lead ultimately to an amalgamation of the northern and southern adjective laws is a matter of doubt. As far as civil procedure is concerned the consequences of a difference of system are not so fatal as in other branches of jurisprudence: but surely it may be talked of by generations yet unborn, that in a community, boasting of its extreme civilization, in a territory not the size of almost the smallest provinces of the Roman empire, there never existed a code of legislation, a uniform mode of procedure, or a systematized means of justice: that in one portion of the country civil law prevailed, that in another portion civil and common law operated in an unequal degree. Roman legislation was diffused and felt through all the conquered provinces of the empire -- through Spain, Italy, Britain, Gaul -- through the provinces protected by the Rhine and the Danube; through Greece, through Asia Minor, Syria, Phœnicia, and Palestine, Egypt, Africa, and the whole extent of the Mediterranean Sea. An empire above 2,000 miles in breadth, above 3,000 miles in length, and containing above 1,600,000 square miles of fertile land; that in this empire law should have been consolidated and codified, its principles operating

and controlling through varied peoples, amid different nations, and yet, in our limited region of Great Britain and Ireland, in a period of refined civilization, there is nothing like a simplicity of code -- a uniformity of procedure.

In the early part of an autumn, some few years ago, I was meditating where a professional vacation was to be spent, and in the momentary independence of freedom from toil I was suggesting to myself a month or so of variety in, to me, unknown regions, when I was apprised of the presence in my chambers of two inquiring individuals asking if I were the person named in a document then presented to me. On looking at the missive I affirmatively answered; then I was told they were of the detective police force of the city of Dublin, but as I was not cognizant of the commission of any crime that entailed on me their superintendence, I somewhat anxiously read the missive. "By virtue of letters of diligence raised at the instance of Her Majesty's Advocate for Her Majesty's interest against Peter Smith," I was requested "to compeer before the Lords Justice, General Justice Clerk, and Commissioners of Justiciary, to be holden by them within the Criminal Court-house of Glasgow upon the -- day of -- in the hour of cause -- half-past eight o'clock in the forenoon--there to bear leal and soothfast witnessing in so far as you know or shall be asked of you anent the accused's guilt of the crime mentioned in the said letters of diligence."

Involuntarily I felt compelled to

yield to the missive a ready obedience. But what did I know of Peter Smith? Till I read the summons I of him knew nothing. He might have been a model of virtue — he might have been the greatest rogue unhung. But all at once there arose a faint memory of having given an opinion, some time previously, as to the validity of a marriage contract, and so it was that in reference to this I was wanted in the city of Glasgow. Smith was an uxorious man, he had united himself in the bonds of true matrimony in the Celtic county of Donegal to a young Irishwoman professing Episcopalian sympathies, and his migrations landing him on the banks of the Clyde, in the unromantic town of Greenock, he went through another ceremony of marriage with a Scottish Lowlander professing the Roman Catholic faith.

Smith was basking in the charms of the latter lady, when the apparition of Mrs. Smith number one somewhat disturbed his equanimity. To a bachelor it may appear a selfish proceeding, but, at the instance of his first love, Smith was brought under the notice of the procurator fiscal. This is a functionary in Scotland who is put in motion by information made to him that a supposed crime has been committed, and that a certain person has become amenable to the law. His duty then is to make immediate inquiry, and if a person be suspected, the procurator applies to the sheriff for a warrant for his arrest; if apprehended he is taken before the sheriff for examination, and then what is called the declaration is taken, which is the statement made by the accused in answer to questions put by the sheriff.

The apprehended person is told he need not speak unless he like; but in the presence of the sheriff he is asked, by him or the procu-

rator fiscal, the questions which seem material, and his answers are taken down and are used against him on his trial. If the grounds be sufficient he is at once committed, but the ordinary course is to commit him for further examination. The procurator fiscal then takes what is called a precognition, that is, he examines the witnesses privately, in the absence of the prisoner, who sign their statements; and this precognition he sends to the Crown agent of the advocate depute of the district, the representative of the Lord Advocate, and with him rests whether the accused shall be committed until liberated in due form of law, or whether any further proceedings should be taken. If the crime be trifling, it is tried before the sheriff, and the procurator fiscal prosecutes; if serious, the prisoner is tried before the High Court of Justiciary. The office of procurator fiscal is something like that of crown solicitor in Ireland, but in England there is no analogous official. There the evidence of alleged criminality is taken down by the clerk of the magistrates, and they direct the proceedings. Now Smith's crime was of the serious kind, he was accused of bigamy; and so to the High Court of Justiciary he was assigned.

Still, what had I to do with Smith? I had never seen him in the flesh, had never spent with him an hour withal, had never cast eyes on Mrs. Smith number one or number two, and therefore with them could have no special sympathies, and yet I was required by stern justice "to bear leal and soothfast witnessing." Was I then to be a moral or social reformer and testify against his Mormon proclivities? What had I to say against this Blue Beard, even if he had married ladies bearing the names of all the primitive colours

(the name of the one being White, and of the other Yellowlegs)? was it my duty to restrain his *prava ardor*, or aid in placing him in a pillory? Might it not be supposed Smith was sufficiently punished by having given two ladies claims on him, or was it to be suggested that married life was so delicious that it was envious bachelorhood which would not tolerate this Edenick pleasure?

To get married is, however, one thing, to be examined as a witness as to the validity of the marriage contract is another thing; and it was in this latter capacity I was required to be before the Commissioners of Justiciary in the Court-house of Glasgow in the hour of cause. For owing to the varieties of judicature, owing to the intricacies of legislation on the law of marriage in different countries, when any question arises as to the validity of a marriage in a foreign country, it becomes essential to prove, as a matter of fact, that the ceremony was duly had according to the law of the country in which it was celebrated; and to prove this law a witness or witnesses must be examined, supposed to be conversant with the subject, and to testify that the ceremony so had was in accordance with the law of the country in which it was celebrated. The English and Irish law on the subject is the creature of statute; the Scotch law originates with and is in accordance with the civil law of continental Europe. In Scotland a mere consent of the parties before witnesses followed by cohabitation, to take on another as husband and wife, is what is necessary to constitute the marriage; whereas in England and Ireland it is cohabitation, and other formalities prescribed by statute must be gone through. Smith's Irish marriage was, in my opinion, perfectly valid, and the Scotch ceremony was, of course, to be

established by other evidence than mine.

On arriving at the Court-house, I found by a placard hanging at the entrance the names of the prisoners who were on that day to be tried, and, amid others, the name of Peter Smith. So, addressing myself to an official, I ascertained that it was the practice to have all the witnesses called in each case before the trial takes place in court; and having complied with this requisite by answering to my name, I was then informed no witness could now leave the precincts of the Court-house till the case was heard. This is a great advantage in Scotch procedure, because it gets rid of all that delay in producing witnesses in court which one daily sees in criminal tribunals in England or Ireland, but it has the disadvantage that the witnesses are all shut up in a room until the prisoner is arraigned, and they, therefore, have not the choice of their company. But it has this additional advantage that one witness is called and examined in court in the absence of the other witnesses, and therefore does not know what testimony another witness has given, and thus there can be no tampering with or modifying of evidence. However, I mildly suggested to the official that I did not come within the ordinary rule as to witnesses, as my evidence rested on law not on facts. In this view he concurred, and I was allowed to wander up and down Glasgow Green for about an hour.

What changes time effects! I was old enough to remember the days when the Green was the scene of Reform gatherings and of Democratic utterances; when the accomplished Sir D. K. Sandford, then a Professor, was wont, in silvery tones, to exclaim, "The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill," when Radicals of the ex-

treme type there denounced the Crown and the Lords; and when trade processions commingled, vowing destruction to all quiet movements. Now it is the resting-place for wearied workers to and from their daily toil, and accordingly I availed myself of its resources to occupy the interval allowed me. I returned within the specified time, and was startled to hear an announcement in one of the Court-house passages that the witnesses in Smith's case might leave, as their further attendance was not required. What had happened? Had Smith been tried and sentenced? Had I been called and declared contumacious for not attending? Were my valuable services lost? What calamity had happened the man who did not imitate Joseph? Sudden thoughts of this kind flashed across my mind, till suspense was ended by an official telling me Smith had pleaded guilty.

He was, therefore, sentenced and imprisoned without aid or connivance of mine, and on the termination of his imprisonment I had but the one hope that Smith might return to his true and lawful wife, a wiser and a better man. Before parting with Smith's accusation, it may be mentioned that the law of Western Europe before the Council of Trent as to marriage was, that the mutual consent of competent persons to take each other for husband and wife was the sole consideration necessary to constitute true matrimony. But clandestine marriages having become very numerous, that Council interfered to prevent their further increase, and so was required the presence of a priest at the ceremony. In England this was enjoined by the Marriage Act of Lord Hardwick in the reign of George the Second, but up to that period it was believed the law was in England and Ireland as it still is in Scotland, that

a contract by present words or a contract to marry *in futuro*, followed by cohabitation, was sufficient to constitute the ceremony of marriage, and it was not necessary to have any religious ceremony performed in a church before witnesses. The law, however, in England and Ireland was decided to require the presence of a priest in holy orders at the ceremony by a celebrated case of *Regina v. Millis* in the House of Lords.

The conduct of a criminal trial in Scotland is more impressive than in England or Ireland. The judge himself swears the witnesses, and the oath so administered is not the stereotyped—"The evidence which you shall give on this trial shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," but an appeal more solemn in its phraseology—"As you will answer to God at the dread day of judgment you will speak the truth," &c. The bullying of witnesses, again, is not practised in Scotland as at the Old Bailey or other familiar localities, but a quiet style of questioning is resorted to and the truth eviscerated in a more unimpassioned manner. The jury consists of fifteen, the majority of whom decide the case; not as in England or Ireland the magic number of twelve, who, besides, must be unanimous. Again, in Scotland the verdict is not "Guilty, or Not Guilty," the accusation against the prisoner may be declared to be "Not Proven." The origin of this is interesting; the old form in Scotland for "Guilty" was "Culpable or convict," and for "Not Guilty" was "Clean, or free and innocent," which was the form of verdict down to the seventeenth century. It then was ascertained that juries dealt with the case as though they were the expounders of the law, not judges of the evidence, and acquitted prisoners on the ground that the charge in the in-

dictment did not constitute a legal offence, instead of simply applying themselves to the questions of fact brought before them. Thereupon it became necessary in drawing indictments to set out the entire facts, which being done, the court pronounced what is termed an interlocutor as to its relevancy, that is, the court pronounced on the sufficiency of the indictment in point of law, as constituting the legal offence intended to be proved. In England this formerly was tested by what is known as a demurrer. The relevancy being thus established, it was then referred to the judge to ascertain the facts and find them proven or not proven. But the judges then did what the juries were blamed for doing, namely, going beyond their jurisdiction: they directed the juries to bring in special verdicts, finding as proven circumstances that were alleged, and then the judges decided if the circumstances so found established the charge. In fact, the judges drew the inferences from the circumstances, which should have been the peculiar privilege of the juries. Thus there came to be given verdicts of "Cleared" and "Not Guilty," in respect of no probation, and in respect of presumptions, the prisoner was remitted to the court, and hence "Proven" and "Not Proven" became the established terms. Mr. Forsyth, M.P., in his "Collected Essays," p. 57, mentions the case of one Marian Lawson, tried for child-murder in 1662, when the verdict was as above, "Not Guilty in respect of no probation," and yet by reason of remitting the case to the judges, the court sentenced her to be whipped through the High Street of Edinburgh, and then banished, for an offence of which she was by the jury acquitted. In 1726, it appears, on the occasion of a trial, the jury, for the first time, returned "Not Guilty," and about

the same period, on a trial for the murder of the then Earl of Strathmore, the jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty." The legal effect, however, of "Not Proven" is the same as that of "Not Guilty," as the accused person cannot again be tried.

The objection to the verdict of "Not Guilty," is, that jurymen feel coerced in many cases to sign such a finding because of a defect of evidence or a technicality, and this, too, when they are satisfied that the accused person was in fact the perpetrator of the offence; and it has been argued that this feeling is a mistaken one, because "Not Guilty" implies no more than that the legal evidence is not sufficient to convict the prisoner. However, the Scotch people have evaded any such scruples by the finding of "Not Proven," which simply intimates that whether the prisoner be guilty or innocent, the evidence as to the complicity in his crime is not sufficient to satisfy the conscience of the jurors.

But a reasonable objection to "Not Proven," is, that it throws suspicion on the accused, it has the effect of injuring him; whereas if the evidence against him be insufficient to prove guilt, the presumption of law being in favour of innocence, the accused person is entitled to be acquitted. However, a notion once taking possession of the Scotch mind is not readily displaced, and the Scotch people are unanimous on the point that their procedure is the better system. We have mentioned that the procurator fiscal is the official in Scotland who first intervenes in a criminal trial. In the counties he is appointed by the sheriff, in the boroughs he is appointed by the Town Council, but he acts under the direction of the Lord Advocate. After the procurator fiscal has examined witnesses, which examination is, as we

have said, taken privately, he forwards the examination to the Agent for the Crown; from him it is sent to the Deputy of the Lord Advocate of the district where the crime has been committed. Then the prisoner is indicted and tried according to the magnitude of the offence, either in the High Court of Justiciary or in the Sheriff's Court.

The system of having all prosecutions undertaken by public legal functionaries is analogous to the system pursued in Ireland under the Attorney-General, by the Crown Counsel, with Sessional and Assizes Crown Solicitors. In England and Wales the system has not been adopted, and the Public Prosecutor in England, in 1873, appeared in only 168 cases, these being chiefly offences against the coinage, and in 32 other cases, whereas the private prosecutions amounted to 13,461. A tolerably just conclusion has been reached as to the superiority of the Irish system over the English in this, that out of 4,875 persons apprehended in Ireland for crime, 1,194 were discharged for want of evidence or want of prosecutors; whereas in England and Wales, out of the same number apprehended, 1,462 were discharged for want of evidence or want of prosecutors. Twenty-four per cent. in the former, thirty in the latter.

This is, in truth, one of the strongest arguments on which the appointment of a Public Prosecutor is rested for England and Wales. This appointment was recommended by a Royal Commission in 1844, by a Parliamentary Committee in 1856, and in 1870 and in 1873 a Bill was introduced by the Government on the subject, but it fell through. In a speech of Mr. Walpole's on the subject, on the 19th of June, 1872, he says—"that it was really a disgrace, and he used the word advisedly, that England was the only country in the world

where prosecutions for crime should be mostly left at the mercy of private individuals, who might or might not proceed with them as they thought fit. Lord Campbell, before a Committee in 1855, specified as the grievance—"at present there is this great evil from the want of a Public Prosecutor in England, that the criminal law is often most shamefully perverted to mere private purposes."

Another distinction in Criminal Procedure is, that in Scotland there are no coroner's inquests, so that, in case of murder, the inquiry into sudden death must be carried on by the procurator fiscal, whereas in England and Wales and Ireland the coroners' inquests become of some importance. They prevent anything like a compromise of a felony. This, no doubt, was the origin of their institution, which dates before Magna Charta; but it must be admitted the mode of holding inquests in many cases defeats justice. In Ireland a practice had grown up of having the accused person, who had been committed by a magistrate, brought before the Coroner's Court on a request from that official. But now, whenever a case of sudden death is taken up by the Crown authorities, the prisoner will not be produced at the inquest unless by coercion of a writ of Habeas Corpus issued for that purpose. This, in fact, is adopting the Scotch procedure; for, by the operation of its system of Procurators, the office of Coroner has there ceased to exist: though we believe it is to Scotland we owe the vulgarism "crownor's quest." In Scotland, again, the prisoner has a great advantage in this, that the names of the witnesses and of the jury are furnished to him fifteen days before the trial; and whereas in England and Ireland a witness may be produced at the trial, even during its procedure, of whom the prisoner may know no-

thing, in Scotland this cannot be done, no matter how important that untaken evidence may be. In England and Ireland, however, in cases of high treason, the accused is entitled to a list of the witnesses and of the jury, and practically this advantage is conferred by statute, enacting that copies of the depositions on which a prisoner has been committed may be supplied to an accused person on payment for same of a sum not exceeding three half-pence for a folio of ninety words, so that, in point of fact, the result is much the same in the three countries in this respect. There are other differences in the criminal procedure of the United Kingdom with which we cannot now deal. For instance, there is no such thing as a grand jury in Scotland, and perhaps the uselessness of this tribunal in England and Ireland, at least for criminal purposes, is being recognized. It is not, however, to be forgotten that a grand jury is a sort of protection to an accused person, as he cannot be sent before

a petty jury before his case has been canvassed and a bill found against him.

The inconsistencies of the jurisprudence of the United Kingdom have been often alluded to; men like Lord Brougham, in his speeches on law reform, have commented on the spectacle; judges before whom questions arise as to its complexity, have spoken of it; writers on the science of law have dwelt upon it; and yet there still remains a law for the North, another law for the South. We cannot further specify instances, but a striking illustration of inconsistency is furnished by the law of marriage to which we have referred. A man may be legitimate heir in Scotland to an estate, though his father and mother did not intermarry till after his birth; in England and Ireland, the same man cannot inherit a rood. Again, till recently, an entail in Scotland could be broken only by Act of Parliament; in England and Ireland this may be effected by the shortest of deeds.

W. H. F.

GRATTAN.

IN the palmy days of ancient Greece, the granting of a public statue to any citizen was an affair managed with so much scrupulosity as to bring it within the range of a sort of religious duty. This enthusiasm towards heroes acted as an effectual preventive to the worship of mere fantastic greatness. We can, by no difficult effort of the imagination, picture to ourselves the joyful assent which would beam from the intelligent brow of the Athenian who should be told that one occupying the same position in Greek as Grattan holds in our national annals, and in the history of that great art of oratory in Ireland, was to have a marble effigy erected to his memory. The statue, therefore, of the illustrious Irish orator and patriot unveiled last month in Dublin, in sight of the old House of Commons, the scene of some of Grattan's earliest triumphs, comes as a recognition of real merit, strictly under the good old rule—"Honour to whom honour is due."

Dublin, however, has, by right, a large share of pride in the great orator, as not only was he born in the Irish metropolis, but his father had been for many years recorder of and member for the city. The date of Grattan's birth was somewhere about half a century before the rebellion of 1798, as appears from the following entry in the baptismal registry of St. John's church, Fishamble Street: "Henry, son of James and Mary Grattan, 3rd of July, 1746." Through the

maternal line he was connected with the Marlays, a very ancient family of French extraction (De Merly) which came over to England with William the Conqueror. Henry Grattan successively went to two of the most celebrated, in those days, of the Dublin schools, namely, Mr. Ball's in Great Ship Street, and Mr. Young's in Abbey Street. Amongst some notables attending these schools were Lord Clare, the great Irish Chancellor, and Mr. Canning, uncle to the celebrated George Canning. In 1763 Grattan entered the University of Dublin, where he formed the acquaintance, with other celebrities, of Speaker Foster and Lord Clare, and highly distinguished himself, like Fitzgibbon, at college. In 1767 he went to London, and was entered, in Michaelmas Term, as student of the Middle Temple. If the fires of revolution were slumbering in Ireland, Mr. Grattan took up his residence in London at a time when political excitement was at its height—a fact which served to elicit the colossal powers which he afterwards displayed on the theatre of Irish politics.

Many proud memories, domestic, social, and constitutional, twine themselves round Grattan's life, but these we pass over, as at present we are concerned only with the traits of his eloquence, and those of other orators who, about the same period, pour a golden stream of lustre around the Emerald Isle. Majestically eminent in this grand con-

stellation stands forth Henry Grattan, a star, with his friend Flood, of the first magnitude. The eloquence of Grattan falls but little short of actual perfection. Slightly tinged with the exaggerated faults of Irish rhetoric, his oratory has won the *imprimatur* of men who have tested it by the severest critical rules. In terseness and epigram he surpasses even many who, after prolonged recension, have committed their writings to print: and in the distinctive marks of true eloquence, far excels any speaker of any age, Demosthenes excepted. The mighty Greek he seems to have proposed as his model, though, perhaps, he was less wordy. The absence of verbosity is a striking peculiarity, remembering the vigour of his imagination, in Grattan's orations, delivered, too, as they were, under the impulse of high and just excitement. He invariably said the right word in the right place, and that word was winged forth and left by its own inherent force to strike the mind of others. Thus his language was so suitable, so adequate for the enunciation of the idea intended that, springing forth in solitary grandeur, it needed the aid of those expletives which, too often, are the disguise of indelicacy of style. The practical effect of all this was to impart a singular pointedness to all his periods, which arrayed them in the semblance of a collection of profound political apophthegms: though, occasionally, there was an apparent disconnection in the sentences which illustrates the risk of adhering too exclusively to any particular form of oration.

After all, however, *Vita non sine macula*, and we cannot therefore expect to find faultlessness in Grattan any more than other beings of mortal mould. But making due allowance for minor blemishes, we believe, as already stated, that his

oratory approximated closely to perfection. His fancy was rich and lively, but ever under control of the intellect—his feelings were strong, frequently tumultuous and enthusiastic, and yet the chain of argument was preserved throughout, even in the midst of perfect torrents of declamation. Difficulties which would damp the energies of most orators only infused into him fresh nerve, as he always thoroughly mastered the details of every question on which he spoke in public. Endowed with a rare combination of powers, including a most telling countenance, and with that keen moral discernment and sense of compassion which recoil so vehemently from slavery and oppression, and sigh so deeply for the freedom of nations, it is not by any means surprising that Henry Grattan discovered in the circumstances of Ireland a theme calculated to stir the current of his soul into the crest of an agitated wave. Being likewise a true-born son of the soil, and employing that method of oratory so congenial to popular taste in his own land, his eloquence touched a silver cord in every breast, and made the heart of Old Ireland vibrate with sweet concord. Even a dull and servile senate, Grattan's signal powers momentarily galvanized with love of liberty; while, single-handed, by pure genius, venting itself in bursts of indignant eloquence, he achieved, without clash of arms, one of the most remarkable political revolutions recorded in history.

One quality in Grattan's oratory remains to be mentioned, its sarcasm, in which he was a great proficient. His satirical powers must not be thought coarse at a time when outrageous personalities were freely indulged in and permitted in the Irish House of Commons. His philippic on Flood and that on Corry are well known; the latter, more

especially, must always be accounted a most brilliant instance of rhetorical invective. If, however, asked to specify his ablest speech, we would name the first on Irish Rights, which, taken in its entirety, we believe has never been surpassed. Next to this we should be inclined to rank the speech delivered, towards the close of his life, in the British Parliament, on the motion of war with France. His denunciation of the Napoleonic policy is, to our mind, extremely fine, and he closed his speech with this thrilling and, so far as the year 1875 is concerned, prophetic—sentence: “The name you (Englishmen) have established, the deeds you have achieved, and the part you have sustained, preclude you from a second place among nations; and when you cease to be the first you are nothing.”

The statue now erected on College Green, Dublin, and unveiled on the Festival of the Epiphany, thus revives brightly the recollection of one associated with the most noticeable period in the annals of Ireland. The sculptor's work will give the busy citizen and tourist reason to bestow a passing thought upon Henry Grattan, but his name will for ever glitter on history's page with undimmed brightness. We must not, however, forget that this is not the initiatory honour shown by his countrymen to Grattan. Ireland had already, with princely munificence, testified appreciation of his worth and services, and Grattan, though made to feel, like many others who have exerted all their energy to benefit their country, the insecurity of popular favour, yet his fall in public esteem, if such it can be called, was only of short duration, as the fickle multitude speedily discovered their mistake, and as quickly made honourable amends. This was only as it ought to be, where one like Henry Grattan

was concerned, for it is impossible to think too highly of a man so gifted and so high-minded. An eminent authority, Sir James Mackintosh, in describing the great Irish orator's character adopts the portraiture of a Latin historian—*Vita innocentissimus, ingenio florentissimus, proposito fortissimus*. In a word, Henry Grattan was the ablest of orators, the purest of patriots, and the best of men.

But while the star of Grattan's eloquence shone conspicuously in the sky of Ireland's hope, there were other luminaries which emitted scarcely less splendour, and may be called his “satellites.” First in this aggregate of splendour is the celebrated Henry Flood, a man of transcendent talents and varied accomplishments. His early accession to a wealthy independence enabled him to devote his leisure hours to the study of his favourite art. He quickly attracted notice, so that his oratorical effusions in the Irish Parliament soon elevated him to a pinnacle of fame. Flood possessed a ready command of language, and considerable skill in the marshalling of facts. He was quite an adept in political casuistry and senatorial tactics generally, while gifted with reasoning faculties which combined vigour with ingenuity. His eloquence doubtless lacked those coruscations of genius and flights of fancy which illuminate the speeches of Curran, or, more recently, of Sheil and White-side; and yet they could not be styled either prosaic or tame. At a time when vituperative language was freely uttered by public men, and sometimes subsequent to the debate settled by an appeal other than the tongue, we find Flood resorting to a rough-hewn sarcasm which invariably crushed an adversary. The sword of ridicule was not, however, wielded by him with supremacy; as he had in Henry

Grattan, his junior, an antagonist competent to wrench the palm from his grasp. Flood's success as a speaker was greatly enhanced by nature's liberality, as he was favoured with an imposing figure and a good voice, added to which theatrical skill contributed to deck his eloquence with the ornaments of studied gesture and intonation. Latterly, like Curran, he parted with the eloquence of his earlier years, owing probably, in the first instance, to the decline of his reputation on the acceptance of office under the Crown; and to the growing effulgence of Grattan's genius. If, however, we are to judge a rhetorician by his best instead of his worst efforts, Flood must always rank as a first-rate public speaker, fluent, dignified, and effective.

Another star was Edmund Burke; but, alike in the kind and degree of his light, he stands by himself, though he scarcely deserves the name of orator, as we apply it to Grattan. It was not that Burke was destitute of the elements of eloquence, as technically understood, but his House of Commons harangues were really spoken dissertations. Now and then, when strongly excited by a momentous issue, he would rouse up into an oratorical elevation, and utter words which dazzled an audience, and sent a vibratory shock into the core of every heart; yet this was the exception and not the rule. Hence this great man, the unapproachable political philosopher, frequently addressed empty benches. As Goldsmith said of him, he—

Took up for his hearers, still went
on talking.

And thought of saying so, while
they thought of dining.

To enhance his shortcomings his voice was bad, his gestures worse, while his imperious tone and manner, the legitimate consequence of

felt mental fibre, was not likely to propitiate an independent assembly like the British House of Commons. And yet how much gigantic power is displayed in Burke's speeches and writings generally—the extensive erudition properly applied to the subject in hand, the wide and lofty principles enunciated, the caution and moderation which adopt experience as guide, the horror of dealing in mere guess-work, the smooth and balanced periods where reasoning was employed on events with logical precision, the gorgeous flowers of rhetoric—as with the good Bishop Taylor—scattered about in lavish profusion—in fact, everything except that indefinable torrent-like power, which Wilberforce and Brougham possessed, of sweeping an audience before them; and which, after all, may be called the purple and fine linen of genuine eloquence.

But if Edmund Burke, with superior talents as a classical and thoughtful writer of the highest order, cannot be quoted as a success in what is known popularly as ‘a speech,’ this cannot be said of another of Grattan's oratorical satellites, Charles Kendal Bushe, a name illustrious in the annals of his country, and fit to take its place beside the very best masters of Irish eloquence. In certain particulars he is surpassed by Plunket, Grattan, and Curran; and yet he possessed an excellence undiscoverable in these three great men. Bushe's future fame had been early predicted; and the first occasion upon which Grattan heard him speak, he was charmed with the grace of his method, and the beauty and transparency of his diction. In after-life, whenever he chose to put forth his full compass, the result was a speech of marvellous power, every word was exactly the expres-

sion that ought to have been used, and was employed at the right time and in the right place. By no means disdaining rhetorical floriture, there was yet no excess of ornamentation. Qualifying words were freely resorted to; but never occurred a superabundant epithet. Bushe systematically shunned pleonasm, so that his most imaginative passages were the farthest removed from vulgar rant. Thus it was that he attained that simplicity in the construction of his periods which never was more apparent than, as Lord Brougham says of him, in the narrative of facts. With such antecedents, it was no wonder that Charles Kendal Bushe could sway, at pleasure, the passions of an audience. He could dissolve the heart in tears as surely and as much to the purpose as Chief Justice Whiteside when at the bar, or ignite the moral sense with indignation; he could make men who heard his burning words view with detestation some detailed instance of vice, or blast whoever fell under the lightning of his scorn. In all this he was greatly aided by good Mother Nature—his voice, though devoid of the sonorous volume of other vocal organs on record, was rich and flexible; his gestures, replete as he was with histrionic instinct, were highly artistic, though at the same time unconstrained, and were recommended by his person, which was dignity itself.

Bushe, therefore, we call one of Grattan's most radiant satellites, because in every sphere he acquitted himself with complete success. Thus, like Grattan and Plunket, he awakened an apathetic senate with patriotic bursts, and elicited the highest admiration at the bar by his forensic eloquence, which had been early foreshadowed in the College Historical Society—that cradle of Irish oratory where

Bushe, during his undergraduate course, produced quite a sensation by his debating powers.

William Conyngham Plunket may naturally be mentioned after Bushe, since circumstances in professional life brought them much together. They were, likewise, early associated in the Irish House of Commons on the Opposition benches. Plunket's amazing abilities as a speaker were soon recognized in those never-to-be-forgotten orations which he delivered in Parliament against the Union. These, and subsequent displays, soon elevated him to the very summit of fame in his own country. His language was classical, and always the very index of the idea designed for communication. Words from the greatest of Irish Chancellors gushed from his lips in a stream of unbroken continuity. His diction, simple but masculine, was occasionally rugged if not abrupt. His capacity for severe reasoning resembled Aristotle's, while he would scarcely be five minutes on his legs till he was seen to be one of the Titans with a mind of comprehensive grasp. His style was somewhat that of the famous Erskine. In debate, if displaying less originality and genius than Grattan, and less brilliancy and finish than Canning, Plunket was as powerful—a sort of sledge-hammer—in argument, as happy in illustration, and as pointed in language, as any orator of his own or other days. The expressions he selected were used not to entrap the imaginative by false glare, but to inform and convince the judgment by means of truth. Plunket's eloquence, however, was not entirely shorn of ornament, nor did he neglect indiscriminately all appeals to the human fancy. Whenever he deigned to introduce a figure of speech it was the finest conceivable; inasmuch as, like the

present Bishop of Peterborough, it was made to discharge the twofold function of argument and illustration. What a master, too, of sarcasm! His invective, when his blood was up, would deal out destruction in every direction, and hurl aside stupendous obstacles from his path. His success at his profession was prodigious. He was not, we believe, profoundly learned in black-letter law, but he argued the point, like Richard Moore in our own time, with the native energies of a vast intellect. Plunket, therefore, could not be said to be over familiar with previous decisions and precedents, though it was wonderful to observe how, by the subtle resources of his unrivalled skill in argument, he would convert a case cited against him into a fortification of his own position. In the same way, by a sort of intuition, he could almost instantaneously apprehend all the salient points of a case, while others were stumbling upon them by slow and gradual deduction. His capacity of taking in facts was portentous; and often, having a few hours before hastily learned particulars, he would be down at the sitting of the court, and open the case, perhaps first in the list, in such a concise, clear, and luminous manner, as would lead one to suppose that days had been spent in its preparation. His most elaborate forensic displays were in the Irish Court of Chancery, where his conduct of cases has been equalled by Eldon and Romilly, but never has been surpassed, except, perhaps, by the lawyer that has distanced all comers—Sturgeson.

The last glittering gem on this crown of diamonds which we shall specify is a host in himself—John Philip Curran; a man of first-rate powers and whose poetic temperament imparted a glow to his

speeches, while his exhaustless rhetorical resources beautified his impassioned eloquence. There was the stamp of genius in Curran's oratory. He had wit and railery and invective in abundance. His ornamental language was not tinsel, nor was it ever in excess. His easy transition from one mood to another was simply astonishing. He could pass at a bound

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

and back again. He possessed, perhaps, more than any of the Irish orators, except O'Connell, the faculty of improvisation. A counterpart of this is found with Richard Lalor Sheil, who slavishly wrote out every word, and one of whose speeches appeared by mistake in the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*, though never actually delivered. But one of Curran's ablest orations, with its magnificent outburst on national liberty, was that delivered in the famous newspaper case, where Rowan Hamilton was concerned, and yet a brief had been handed to the defendant's counsel only a few minutes before the commencement of the trial. His eloquence, always excellent, sometimes became superb, and soared to heights seldom scaled by orators. Strange to say, his Parliamentary speeches were, all points considered, unworthy of Curran; but he does not appear to have had any ambition to achieve a unique Parliamentary success, and used to allege as an excuse for such a declension the fatigues of court business. On the other hand, an enormous *Nisi Prius* business had no such lassitude for O'Connell, who after incessant toil in the four Courts, seemed fresher than ever in the afternoon at popular meetings.

The mention of O'Connell suggests that we should say a word about him, but we forbear, as at present we have in view only the group of orators around Grattan. We have also omitted Richard Brinsley Sheridan, as, though an Irishman, his life was entirely an English one, taking no part in our national struggles, and rather, like the Duke of Wellington,

turning his back on poor Ireland. One cannot, however, but quote with pride what Pitt said of Sheridan's speech in the Hastings trial at Westminster. He declared of that celebrated oration that it "surpassed all the eloquence of ancient or modern times, and possessed everything that genius or art could furnish to agitate or control the human mind."

OUR CRESCENT.

A VERY pleasant place is "Our Crescent." Coming out of a fine spring or summer's morning it has a bright cheery look, which somehow puts you in good humour with life and its surroundings. As you walk gaily along, you stop for a moment to take in the beauty of the view which lies before you. An extensive one it is, commanding the country for miles round; and stretching out like a panorama. Hills and green valleys, church-steeple and village homes, bits of shady plantations, whose dark foliage gives a background to the landscape, and through which comes winding, like a silver thread, the cool refreshing river. While far down below, at your feet, as it were, lies the crowded city, with the closely-packed roofs of the houses, and the tall masts of the shipping in the harbour—for we are very near to a large trading town, of great commercial importance, and the smoke of its factory chimneys reaches almost to our suburb.

"Our Crescent" was built at the

beginning of the present century, when the crescent and circus style in building was all the fashion. Its early history is a little obscure: it was originally chosen as an appropriate site for a cavalry barrack, and the soldiers' quarters were actually begun, when, by a sudden freak, the idea was abandoned. After an interval of some years an enterprising individual bought the land and built upon it "Our Crescent." There are about forty-five houses, matching exactly in height and colour; there is not a particle of difference between them. Seen from a distance, and with the mid-day sun lighting them up, they look like a regiment of Austrian cuirassiers, so tall, and straight, and white are they—of course, here and there one is a little smirched and battered—but, on the whole, the ranks are very even. Balconies with green verandahs run down the whole length of the Crescent, with the same similarity as to form and colour.

In days long ago, military bands used to play on the terrace, while

the beaux and belles walked up and down, and the invalids in Bath chairs were drawn up against the railings. There is nothing of the sort now. But, still, "Our Crescent" enjoys a consideration not accorded to its brethren—it is dignified with the title of "Royal," and we of it come in for a share of its honours. There is a certain aristocratic flavour belonging to us which ensures respect; and when we give our address it is with a slight elevation of the head and an unctuous roll of the tongue that we say, "No. 27, the Crescent." No. 27 is where my sister Matilda and I live, and have lived for years.

Mr. and Miss Oldspy are as well known as the Crescent itself; it just suits us, being a dry, healthy winter place, and in the summer we go to the German baths. We have a pleasant little coterie of our own, of which Old Lady Tumbletowers is the centre. We revolve round her, and she gives the *ton* to our set. Our Crescent is considered rather exclusive. I do confess that it is rather difficult to get into our inner circle. Once the *entrée* is got, nothing can be less formal; in fact, we pride ourselves upon having quite the foreign *laissez aller* in our relations. We run in and out of one another's houses and have pleasant little social *réunions* for whist and music, quite in the French way. Of course, as in all such places, the society is more or less variable. It is like playing a game of cards; you shuffle the pack periodically, and chance, as the case may be, on a good or bad lot. But I flatter myself that very few of the latter come to "Our Crescent." And, if they do, Lady Tumbletowers and my sister Matilda, know how to keep them at a distance. But, on the whole, we are very free from anything frisky or fast. The nearest approach to it has come lately, since the Montague Sparrows let their

house, next door to us. Colonel Ellis took it, and, I grant you, Jemima Ellis is fast. She is quite of the new school; and Lady Tumbletowers says she ought to be whipped. Her hair is the colour of hay, and all cut on her forehead. Her hat is on the back of her head. She is the highest of the high, not with ritualistic fervour, but with French heels. In the matter of petticoats she is a perfect mystery to me, for how can she manage to walk, girthed and swathed as she is like an Egyptian mummy; and with every step she takes, the chains and trinkets at her waist clink and rattle like the fetters of a galley-slave. But with all this nonsense, the creature is pretty; and when she comes out on the balcony, and says, with her soft voice, and row of little white teeth glistening, "Good morning, Mr. Oldspy," I feel my elderly heart give a twitter.

Matilda, who is as full of fears as she was twenty years ago, that I will make a fool of myself, can't bear the girl; she says she is a disgraceful flirt and a designing mix. Matilda, for a religious woman, is very severe in her judgments; and so I told her the other day, when she had been pitching into the unfortunate Jemima for half-an-hour, declaring she was sold to the devil, and what not. All the same, I cannot defend Jemima on the score of flirting. I wouldn't tell Matilda for the world how she makes up to me. She gave me a rosebud over the balcony the other day, and told me to look out in the language of flowers what *that* meant. She is always on the balcony; it is there she principally "carries on" with her two admirers. I don't know their names, but I have christened them Captain Long and Mr. Short, because one is a tall, sponey-looking man, the other a little, sharp, wiry fellow, the picture of my terrier "Dusky," all eyes and teeth. They .

don't belong to the Crescent, that's certain, and they neither of them belong to the town, because I know every one in it; therefore, I fancy Short is a City man, and Long comes from Hotham, about six miles off, where a cavalry regiment is stationed. The little minx manages them cleverly enough, never letting them meet. I don't know which is the favourite; Long is musical, and that gives him a pull; he can stay much longer at a sitting. Sometimes he stays to dinner; last night he did, and when he was going away she came out with him, and walked up and down the Crescent in the moonlight, although she must have known every head in the place was peeping at her from behind the Venetian blinds. She had a white lace shawl or cloud thrown over her straw-coloured hair, and a long trailing skirt of white silk or muslin, and she looked exactly like Millais' picture of the girl and her Huguenot lover. Long didn't cut a bad figure either. After all, they might be engaged; and so I said to Matilda. We had quite a tiff about it before going to bed. She would have it he kissed her. She could see better from her side of the blind than I could from mine; but, anyway, I think it is a shame to hunt down a motherless girl, the way she and Lady Tumbletowers are hunting down Jemima.

After the words that passed last night, my sister was in one of her sulky fits all day, and didn't speak a word till after luncheon, when she came bursting into my private sitting room, with triumph in her face, to ask me to go and look at "my pet," as she called her, now; and there on the balcony who should I see but Jemima and Short!—with their heads close together, whispering and flirting just the same as Long had done at the same time yesterday afternoon,—and Short has

stayed to dinner. I may add that, at the time I am writing this, 11 o'clock P.M., he and Jemima are walking up and down the Crescent, while every soul is peeping at them from behind the Venetian blinds. I don't know if she can have seen my shadow, but just as they passed our house she looked up and said something to Short, upon which he burst into a loud guffaw.

After this I give her up.

I rather agree with Lady Tumbletowers and my sister Matilda, in thinking that the Montague Sparlows must be cautioned that if they persist in letting their house to objectionable people, the Crescent will feel obliged to cut them. The Montague Sparlows are a melancholy instance of the infatuation with which young people will run their heads into the fatal noose of matrimony. Mrs. Montague Sparlow was one of the Tollhashers, that is to say her mother was a Tollhasher, her father was Haslett Browne; but the feather in her cap was her mother's connections, for the Tollhashers are a powerful family, having intermarried with most of the aristocracy. Lady Tumbletowers was a Tollhasher, and so was Lady Snarehooks up at the Court, and between them they hooked young Montague Sparlow, who was dazzled by the connections, certainly it could not have been by the beauty of Miss Haslett Browne. He is a nice young fellow, with a nice little Government place worth some hundreds a year; Miss Browne had something of her own, and her mother, the Honourable Mrs. Tollhasher, lives with them, so that when they took "No. 26" on our Crescent, they started pretty fairly, and I am sure would have done very well only for "the connection;" but they had to furnish their house, live and dress up to the family mark, and that

was a tolerably expensive one. I happened, by accident, to be at Bigelow's the upholsterers, when Montague Sparlow was buying his furniture, and I could easily interpret the sniffs and snorts of his mother-in-law. "My daughter is a Tollhasher," she said, "and accustomed to the best of everything," for which reason, I suppose, she required a French maid and a German man-servant.

I must say nothing could be in better taste than the whole thing, and their little dinners were "the best" given on "the Crescent." Everything just in season, the wines good, and always one or two of "the connection;" but after the second year there came a change. Baby number one made its appearance, and baby number two was expected; first the foreign man-servant went, and was replaced by a page-boy; then the French maid; and when we came back last autumn from the German baths, the Montague Sparlows and their Honourable parent were flown, and the Ellises in their place. Lady Tumbletowers was very angry at their doing such a thing; she said it was quite beneath a Tollhasher, which struck me to be very unreasonable; and as I said before, she and Matilda are to speak to them when they return, as her ladyship says the least they can do is "to protect her against the consequences of their low acts," although what harm Jemima Ellis and her flirtations can do to an old woman like Lady Tumbletowers, I am sure I cannot for the life of me see.

At No. 28 on our Crescent, a little domestic drama is going on which interests me deeply. A poor delicate young thing, wife and mother before she has strength to be either, has been brought home to die. Sometimes, I think, happily

for her her path towards the inevitable is smoothed by such tender, loving hands. The great event of the day is her airing in the Bath chair. The father—a pleasant, hearty old man, fidgety about his darling, has been up and down the Crescent at least forty times this morning to see if there is as much as a capful of wind. He has taken a lazy cabman, the Bath-chair man, and myself, into his confidence, and we have all decided it is a south-west wind. Then issues forth the confidential maid, with a pile of cloaks and shawls. She looks anxious, and in answer to my inquiry shakes her head. "A bad night," she says, and gives me a warning look, for here comes the mother with a little basket of restoratives on her arm. Oh what a depth of anxiety, what a world of sorrow there is in that poor pale face! How her hands tremble as she settles the cloaks; and how her lips quiver as she turns with an attempt at cheerfulness to the sick girl, who comes out leaning on her husband, a fine handsome young fellow, full of life and spirits; but even he looks a little cast down to-day, for it needs no prophet to tell that the end is drawing very near. I cannot help a dimness coming to my eyes as the poor thing looks up at me, and with her wistful smile tries to thank me for the flowers I had sent her. Dear, dear! it seems only the other day that she went out of that house such a pretty, joyous bride.

Well, these things reconcile me to having no wife to pour out my coffee, and no fresh young voices to fill my house with glee. Sometimes I am very sorry that I never married, it is dull work going down to the grave with only Matilda beside me. I have been two or three times on the eve of committing matrimony—the last time I was nearly caught,

when a mere accident prevented my making the plunge.

Before going further, I must mention that "Our Crescent" has one defect, there is no approach to it except by flights of steps, which lead up from the road below, this makes it very healthy, but inconvenient for those who come in carriages or cabs; for them there is an entrance on the lower road, and they are introduced into the house by means of a long and rather dark passage which runs through that part of the area usually consecrated to coals, and highly suggestive of rats; past the cellars, pantries, and all subterraneous offices; past the kitchen, and its mysterious occupants, up a very narrow break-neck staircase, into the hall. This burglarious mode of entrance has its disadvantages; late dinner guests getting glimpses of the saturnalia which, in the best regulated families, reigns below on "company days." It is the custom, too, to leave this "illegitimate door" always open; and this habit, although highly favourable to your housemaid's flirtations, is very unpleasant as to the surreptitious admission of visitors, who make an entrance when they please, and are to be found standing on staircases and landings at inconvenient moments; and this brings me to my own adventures.

Henrietta Manders was a perfect specimen of a bright-eyed pleasant-spoken Irish widow; she had two children and a snug little jointure. I own she fairly captivated me, even her brogue was deliciously fascinating. Matilda said she was too "flouncy," but Matilda has an ill word to say of any one I admire. I particularly liked Henrietta's style of dress; there was a certain recollection of the departed Major Manders, which I thought in good taste; I could have wished a little

more particularly in the matter of feet. I am as rigid as a Frenchman, as to a woman being well *chaussée*, and I never could manage to see Henrietta's feet, her dresses were so confoundedly long. She had, too, that shambling, floundering way of walking peculiar to many of her countrywomen; however, even that did not trouble me much. I was fast getting to that pitch of love when even a man's pet prejudice goes to sleep.

Mrs. Manders lived at No. 8 on "Our Crescent," and there every day, at the magic hour of five, I was to be found sitting opposite to her, drinking a cup of what seemed simple bohea, but was in reality intoxicating love. Nothing could be more elegant than her surroundings, nothing more refined than her toilette, nothing more spiritual than her conversation. I was sinking deeper and deeper, and not even Matilda's jibes had any power over me. One day, I remember it well, I had wandered far into the country communing with myself, and, as I came towards home, I took a grand resolution. Now or never would I dare my fate; set my all upon a venture, to win or lose. It was an evening in the latter end of May, and I had walked so far that it was long past my usual hour for visiting the widow. I thought to myself that perhaps her tender heart had been wounded by this unusual neglect. At this moment she might have sent away an untasted dinner, nay, even tears might be on those soft cheeks. I was on the lower road, and passing by No. 8 as these thoughts occurred to me, and on the moment it struck me how delightful if I were to steal in and surprise her, in tears, ask the cause, and then!— A strange courage possessed me—the door of No. 8 was, as usual, open—I entered—rushed by the chattering maids, in the

kitchen, stumbled up the staircase, and crept on tiptoe towards the drawing-room.

Descending with a tray in his hand, I met Feenie, the Irish manservant, who at once recognized me.

"Hush!" I said, "not a word;" and as he tried to speak, I pressed my hand over his mouth, while at the same time I pressed into his open palm half-a-sovereign.

"It is as much as my place is worth," he muttered, but let me go on. I came in by the back drawing-room, and peeped through the folding-door. Good heavens! who was that creature on the sofa, in a tumbled dressing-gown, with dishevelled hair and feet as large as mine encased in a slipper that must have belonged to the late Major Manders. It couldn't be my fair widow, the trim, neat Henrietta—impossible!—but soon came the crushing certainty, for in accents only too familiar she said, addressing a lay figure of an aunt, who did the office of sheepdog in the establishment,—

"I wonder what happened that

old Bundoon Oldspy this afternoon——"

She yawned as she spoke, and half turned on her side, disarranging her charming draperies, and showing further glimpses of an ankle suited to a charwoman more than a lady—it was enough—my cure was complete. I turned, and softly made my way downstairs again. At the "legitimate" door, I met Feenie, grinning; as he quietly opened it, and let me out, he whispered, confidentially, and with a backward motion of his thumb,—

"That's always the way with her, she's either a pig or a paycock."

I left the next day for the German baths, and when I came back, Henrietta Manders had quitted "Our Crescent," and I have never seen or heard of her since. No one has ever known how near I was to committing an irretrievable error, and it was my last matrimonial adventure. The word "old Bundoon" rankles in my mind, and since that fatal night, I have paid no attention to either widows or maids who have come to "OUR CRESCENT."

AUSTRALIAN WINE.

AUSTRALIAN wines are fast becoming an item of importance in the produce markets of the world.

All the colonies of the Australian continent are more or less wine-producing districts, but none, except those of New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia, are known to any extent as such beyond the limits of the colonies.

The climate of the several colonies differs considerably, and hence the wines differ much in quality and commercial value.

New South Wales is the hottest of the three, and enjoys the most equable climate; there being but little, if any, winter weather.

South Victoria is warm in summer, but the winters are damp and occasionally frosty.

In Victoria the summer is cooler and the winter more severe, although not so damp as in South Australia; the climate closely resembling that of Languedoc and the more southern portions of France.

The alcoholic strength of the wines of New South Wales ranges as high as thirty-four: of those of Victoria and South Australia, as high as twenty-nine per cent.

South Australia produces wines of excellent quality; those of the Gawler district in the south, and Stanley, in which Sevenhills, some eighty miles north of Adelaide, is situated, being the most esteemed.

At Sevenhills there is an establishment of Fathers, belonging to the German province of the Society of Jesus, who make capital wines, some of which obtained honourable mention at the recent Vienna Exhibition.

Their Frontignac and Muscat are particularly deserving of notice, as also a sweet white wine closely resembling Cyprus in bouquet and flavour. They also make large quantities of light red wine, resembling Burgundy in colour and body; but, as is the case with most such wines in that district, having a peculiar roughness and after-taste, which reminds one rather of the wines of the North of Spain, and to which it takes some time for the palate to become accustomed. This roughness is not due to want of maturity, as ten-year old wines possess it. It is owing, probably, rather to some peculiarity in the grape, or to a want of care in the manufacture.

This district also produces wine of a hock character, quite indistinguishable, in fact, from those grown on the slopes of the Rhine and the Moselle.

The soil of Sevenhills is argillaceous slate, and well adapted to the cultivation of the grape. But much of it is, as yet, so imperfectly drained, that the grapes grown, although of large size and heavy in the cluster, are more fitted for the table than the press.

A little attention to surface-drainage, which might be easily effected, as the vineyards are mostly planted on the slopes of hills, would soon remedy this, and make the produce of better quality and more marketable value, as the growing of grapes for the table in a climate such as South Australia, where in the season they can scarcely be kept from one day to another, and where the cultivation is so common that

not more than threepence or fourpence per pound can be obtained for them in the markets, is decidedly not a paying investment.

The soil of the Gawler district is more sandy and drier than that of Stanley, and its wines, though possessing much the same characteristics, are of higher alcoholic strength, of more delicate flavour, and with none of the peculiar roughness of which we have spoken.

It is to be regretted that in this district, as is unfortunately the case throughout both South Australia and Victoria, the number of small growers is large, and therefore much inferior wine is made, which prevents the Gawler wines from being as much in favour as they ought to be.

Mr. McEwin, of Glen Ewin, Houghton, in the same colony, an experienced vigneron and extensive grower and manufacturer, produces some excellent sweet wines, white and red, of great richness, and with good body and flavour.

These wines, and others of a similar character, would be invaluable for use in the sick-room, and if they become widely known in Europe would speedily, it is to be hoped, banish from our hospitals and homes the horrible decoction of brandy and elderberries, known as "Invalid Port."

In South Australia there are 3,236 acres of land under wine cultivation, according to the statistics published at the close of 1874. The number of vines in bearing amounted to 3,319,777. The quantity of wine made was 500,832 gallons.

While on the subject of South Australian wines, we may here speak of what has been noticed by Mr. Anthony Trollope and other writers, viz. their extreme headiness as compared with those of similar character in Europe: it re-

quiring a much smaller quantity, for example, of Australian Burgundy to produce intoxication than of the same wine made in France. Having drunk Australian wines, both in England and in the colonies, we have come to the conclusion that this apparent headiness is not due to the quality of the wine, but to the nature of the climate. The air, in summer especially, is so dry and exciting, that a much smaller quantity of any stimulating liquor takes effect upon the system than would be required in the damp, foggy, and depressing atmosphere of England. Some idea may be formed of the importance of the vintage in Victoria, when we state that at the beginning of this season there were 3,510 acres planted with vines in that colony, the number of vines being 8,515,364. The quantity of wine produced last year was 577,403 gallons.

In Victoria the wines of the Murray are justly celebrated, and are quite equal to those of Burgundy and Bordeaux, which they resemble in character; the white Vin de Grave and Sauterne being particularly good.

We have also tested wines from this district which it was almost impossible to distinguish from the well-known Roscola and Lachrymæ Christi, of Italy.

Mr. Fallon, of Aibury, in the same colony, has recently commenced the manufacture of sparkling wines, which, if it succeeds, will mark an era in the history of Australian wines. Some of these bear a striking resemblance in colour and flavour to L'Éclat de Perdreux and other sparkling Burgundies, but the greater portion are of a Champagne or Moselle character. Mr. Fallon had eight hundred dozen bottled in his cellars at the end of last September, and when these wines are exported they will, without doubt, form a new and interest-

ing feature in this now rapidly increasing trade.

Much of what has been said of the wines of South Australia and Victoria will apply to those of New South Wales. The latter have unfortunately acquired an evil reputation in the foreign market from the circumstance that large quantities of new and unmaturing wines have been exported. These, as a matter of course, did not keep properly, and suffered much injury from the sea voyage. This has given so bad a character to Australian wines generally in Singapore and India, where those mentioned were chiefly sent, that they are now almost unsaleable in those places, and it will be a long time before the markets recover the disastrous effects of the mistake which has been committed.

As might be expected from their high alcoholic strength, Australian wines are well adapted for the production of brandy.

The distillation of spirit is carried on to a large extent in all the colonies, principally for home consumption.

The statistics of last year show that in the colony of South Australia alone upwards of 600 persons held distillers' licences, and nearly 100,000 gallons of spirit were produced.

As at present made, colonial brandy, though pure and fairly good, will never find much acceptance in European markets. It is for the most part deficient in strength, flavourless, and too pale in colour, closely resembling in this latter respect the brandy commonly to be seen as an accompaniment to *caf   noir* in the restaurants of Paris.

A French gentleman, however, has recently opened a distillery in Melbourne for the manufacture of Cognac brandy. He is accompanied by a staff of skilled workmen from

one of the most noted Cognac houses of France, and he confidently expects to produce an article which will equal that of the best European distillers.

Two great difficulties have to be contended against before colonial wines will ever gain the reputation at home that they deserve.

One is the immense number of small growers, many of whom are but indifferently acquainted with the science of wine making, and do not possess the appliances necessary for carrying it on with success. Living, also, as they necessarily do, from hand to mouth, they are unable to keep their wines until they are properly matured, and hence the markets are glutted with wines badly manufactured and insufficiently aged, to the prejudice of really good articles. Each of these small growers, moreover, acquires a fixed delusion that his particular vineyard is to produce the Johannisberg or the Tokay of the Southern Hemisphere, and this frequently prevents him from taking the advice of other and more competent judges than himself.

This difficulty will probably soon be got over if a scheme now on foot for establishing a large central wine d  p  t in Melbourne be carried out.

The company to be formed for this object proposes to purchase wines of approved growths and manufacture, and to store them until properly matured for exportation.

But little of the colonial wine is fit for drinking until it is five years old, and none should be exported before the seventh or tenth year.

It will go on steadily improving in flavour and body until the twentieth year, when it may be said to have attained its perfection.

The other difficulty is the unfortunate propensity all the growers and manufacturers have of naming

their wines after the well-known vintages of Europe.

Thus we have Australian Sherry, Australian Port, Tokay, Hock, Burgundy, and so on.

This is very foolish, inasmuch as it causes the wines to be looked on in England with more than suspicion, and as bad imitations, if not actually fraudulent manufactures, in place of the really genuine articles they are. Thus people are perpetually saying, "We have been bitten by Cape Port and Cape Sherry, and we are not going to be taken in now by Australian."

It would be much better if the Australians followed the sensible American custom of giving their productions characteristic native names.

Thus in America we have Catawba, Scuppernong, and Mustang wines. Why similarly should we not have in Australia red, white, and sparkling Murray or Seven-hills, as the case may be? or, if purely native names be preferred, why not have red and white Narracort, Warrnambool, or Koorcoonda?

This is a hint we would commend to the attention of our Australian friends. These wines, then, may fairly base their claim to public attention in Europe on their delicate flavour, their comparative cheapness, and their great natural

alcoholic strength, which renders fortification hardly necessary, and makes them invaluable to invalids, for whom a natural wine of full body is desired.

No doubt an immense amount of prejudice has as yet to be got over before they come into anything like general use. The wine-merchant and the consumer alike regard with suspicion anything that savours of the *outré* or uncommon in wines, and naturally prefer to keep to the long-known and well-tried brands of Europe; but still a good article will always obtain favour, and always bear its price; and much of the success or failure of the Australian wine trade depends upon the Australians themselves.

Let the exporters and the merchants only remember that honesty is the best policy, and that in the end the consumer will buy a really good and genuine article, under whatever name it may present itself to him, and from whatever quarter of the globe it may come; and, above all, it is to be hoped we shall hear no more stories of bottles being extensively sold in London bearing the mark and the name of well-known European vintages, but the contents of which were made from grapes grown on the hills of South Australia or the banks of the Murray.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Lectures on Dramatic Literature. By James Sheridan Knowles. London: Francis Harvey.—It is strange that these admirable lectures, which were received with enthusiastic approbation when delivered more than forty years ago, should have remained unpublished to the present day. We are told, and can well believe, that the MS. was very carelessly preserved in mere memorandum-books, consequently “the lectures are very fragmentary and piecemeal, skipping from book to book. Sometimes one book, serving also as a diary or pocket-tablet, contains portions of two or three different lectures, with only the subject matter to distinguish them. Mr. Sydney Wells Abbott, of the British Museum, has deciphered and made a sequence of their contents.”

Since the glorious reign of Shakspeare, no one has appeared so highly qualified to inherit his mantle and reflect his genius as James Sheridan Knowles. Of all

“Those who ran
Their course round Shakspeare's golden
sun,”

there was no one at all comparable with him. Individual dramas have been produced since then, which may compare critically, perhaps, with the best that Knowles has produced, but no single dramatist since Shakspeare's day has evinced such a luxuriance of dramatic power, a mastery of the art so unbounded, and at the same time a genius so amenable to the critical guidance of classical taste and sound judgment. When the grand tragedy of *Virginius*

appeared, Charles Lamb addressed Knowles in this eulogistic strain:—

“Twelve years ago I knew thee,
Knowles, and then
Esteemed you a perfect specimen
Of those fine spirits, warm-soul'd
Ireland sends
To teach us, colder English, how a
friend's
Quick pulse should beat. I know you
brave and plain,
Strong-sensed, rough-witted, above
fear or gain;
But nothing further had the gift to
espy.
Sudden ye re-appear—with wonder I
Hear my old friend (turned Shak-
speare) read a scene,
Only to *his* inferior in the clean
Passes of pathos, with such fence-
like art.
Ere we can see the steel, 'tis in our
heart.”

But it is not Knowles as a dramatist who is now before us, but Knowles as a dramatic critic and lecturer. In this capacity he was deservedly successful. He surpassed Hazlitt, and that is saying a great deal. In the justly celebrated *Noctes Ambrosianæ* we have the opinion of Knowles by one of the first critics of his day:—

“*Shepherd.* . . . Heard ye ever Knowles's lectures on dramatic poetry?

“*North.* I have; they are admirable, full of matter, elegantly written, and eloquently delivered. Knowles is a delightful fellow, and a man of true genius.”

Such praise from Christopher North was quite sufficient to establish a reputation for the time being, no matter how ephemeral; but in

the case of Knowles he had a sterling basis for his praise. Knowles was by far the superior of the two. Knowles could have been all that Christopher North was, but North never could have produced what Knowles did.

The present publication deals only with the tragedy of *Macbeth*, and a more masterly criticism was never written. *Macbeth* is properly described as one of the most felicitous in plot and execution of all Shakspeare's plays; and it is analyzed throughout with a marvellous power of critical discrimination. Take the witch scene in the first act:—

"The great aim of the dramatist, so far as the success of the acting dramatic poem is concerned, should be to excite expectation, and to keep it up throughout. To effect the latter, every new stage of his action should present some new object of interest. His subject should be proposed as soon as possible, and from that moment he should never allow his plot to stand still. I have witnessed plays so wretchedly deficient in this respect, that a whole act has passed without the audience having any idea what the author was about. How different is Shakspeare's management in this admirable play. Scarcely has the curtain risen when the story begins to unfold itself:

1st Witch—When shall we three meet again,

In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2d Witch—When the hurly burly's done,

When the battles lost and won,

3d Witch—That will be ere set of sun.

1st Witch—Where the place?

2d Witch—Upon the heath.

3d Witch—There to meet with Macbeth.

1st Witch—I come, Graymalkin

2d Witch—Paddock calls

3d Witch—Aon

Enter P. as foul, and foul is fair
Hover thr'ugh the fog and filthy air

Here is the hand of the incomparable master. Here, by a scene composed of about half a dozen lines is our interest

already strongly excited. There is not in the whole course of the drama beside, ancient or modern, an instance where so much is effected in so narrow a compass. We are at once upon the tip-toe of definite expectation. We exclaim to ourselves, 'There's matter here!' Such personages do not busy themselves about nothing, nor can he have a common part to act who is the theme of their conversation, the subject of their solicitude."

We will only give one more extract from this lecture, which will show Knowles's estimation of the glorious Mrs. Siddons:—

"The Lady Macbeth of Mrs. Siddons was the Genius of guilty ambition personified, express in form, in feature, motion, speech. An awe invested her. You felt as if there was a consciousness in the very atmosphere that surrounded her, which communicated its thrill to you. There was something absolutely subduing in her presence—an overpowering something, that commanded silence; or if you spoke, prevented you from speaking above your breath. It was a thing, once witnessed, never to be forgotten, more to be remembered than the most gorgeous pageant that ever signalized the triumph of human pride, or fulfilled the imaginings of human admiration."

We hope the publisher will be so well rewarded by his present venture, that he will be emboldened to give the whole of Knowles's Lectures to the public.

A Trip up the Volga to the Fair of Nijni-Novgorod. By H. A. Munro-Butler. Johnstone, M.P. James Parker and Co., Oxford and London. — An exceedingly attractive volume, containing a great deal of agreeable and instructive reading descriptive of what the author declares to be "the most interesting portion of the Russian Empire." This portion embraces the route by the Volga

from Astrakhan to Nijni-Novgorod, and provided the traveller allows himself sufficient time to visit the different settlements on the banks of the Volga, Mr. Johnstone considers this route "will afford more varied entertainment than would probably any journey of equal duration in the world." It is this route that is described in the little volume before us, and we have seldom met with a work of the kind in which such an amount of varied information is so pleasantly conveyed in so small a compass. The author has the happy faculty of keen observation combined with graphic felicity; he perceives clearly and conveys his impressions with directness and effect.

Along the course of the Volga are to be found no less than thirty-six different races — Fins (Ugrians), Tartars, Kalmucks, not to speak of Teutons and Slaves—collected in batches, observes Mr. Johnstone, as if for the special convenience of the ethnological student. In this respect he says that Russia "is the most picturesque of countries—picturesque, not certainly in its natural scenery, which consists for the most part of monotonous and endless plains, but in the races which people them." The most interesting of these varieties of the human species he says are to be seen :—

"Not in a state of fusion with others, but each living a life of its own, intermarrying only among its own, preserving its own peculiar institutions, manners, customs, language, and religion, apparently absolutely unaffected by the civilization of the country in the midst of which it has pitched its camp. It is a common complaint that civilization is improving varieties off the face of the earth—that one variety after another is dying out, one province after another losing its peculiar characteristics, and fashioning itself after some common type of the national character. Everywhere in Europe,

except perhaps in Spain, is this levelling process at work. It is essentially so in France; it is rapidly becoming the case in Germany; it is more or less so even in Italy; and England has for a long time past been exhibiting the same phenomenon. But in Russia, and for an obvious cause, it is less the case than anywhere in Europe. The obvious cause is that Russia is not a nation, but a continent, and, measuring civilization by the progress of the steam-engine, only a half-civilized continent.

"But whatever Russia may lose in this way she undoubtedly gains in picturesqueness. With her the assimilation of her numerous races proceeds by far slower and more measured steps than elsewhere, if indeed it can be said to proceed at all. The German colonist of a century ago is still the German colonist, with his Teuton ways uncontaminated by Slavonic manners, and his German tongue innocent of the Russian language. The wild Nomad Kirghis, if somewhat less wild, is still the Nomad Kirghis; his occupation is still that of a herdsman, his home the saddle and the tent. The Tartar, together with his peculiar dress, preserves his ancient religion and the manners and customs of his ancestors. The tradition of having once been the conquering race, and of having belonged to one of the great Khanates founded by the successors of the conquering Timur, is not yet dead amongst them. And, wildest and most picturesque of all, the stout and hideous Kalmuck presents on the Steppes of Russia an exact reflection of the manners and customs of his brethren in Dzungaria. Nor is it among the so-called Tartar races alone that these conservative tendencies are to be found. The Mordvins, the Tschheremis, and the Tchuvashes exhibit to us the faithful representation of uncontaminated primitive Ugrian (Fin) life. All these different races can be passed as it were in review in the course of a trip up the Volga to Nijni-Novgorod."

Of these different races we are presented with a series of animated sketches, descriptive of their mode of life, habits, and manners. The Kirghes are represented as afford-

ing a good type of all the other nomads:—

"The tents are oval-shaped, like bee hives, with a hole at the top, serving indifferently as a window or a chimney. This is covered up if necessary, by a piece of felt, with which material the whole tent is covered. The framework of the tent is composed of birch twigs of the thickness of a little finger, and presents, when stripped of its felt covering, very much the appearance, on a large scale, of those cages or crinolines one sees dangling in the windows of a provincial shop. This wooden framework, as well as the felt covering, takes into four or five pieces, and is packed, together with the women and furniture, on the backs of the camels, the men following some hours afterwards on horseback, when the encampment strikes its tents and moves to other quarters: when necessary, this *déménagement* takes place in an incredibly short space of time, five minutes is as much as is required to pack up and be on the way.

"The tent door consists of an opening at the side, at the top of which a rush matting is rolled up and let down when necessary. One's first impression on entering a tent is an impression of gross gaudiness, the exact opposite of the *simpliciter munditia* of Horace: everything in it is of red and glaring colours, small carpets or mats of bright Persian pattern are thrown about the ground, on them are strewn cushions of various sizes covered with similarly coloured cotton prints: a curtain of similar material and design divides off a segment of the tent—that apportioned to the women. Although his creed admits of a plurality of wives, the wise Kirghis does not venture on the experiment within the precincts of his tent. Fancy the consequences, if he did!

From the roof, so to speak, of the tent—that is, from its upper concave sides—are occasionally suspended bright red and yellow ribbons, like the pendants of hammocks. The Kirghis by no means despises ornamentation only he has his own ideas about ornamentation. A chest or wooden box, painted red, and relieved with yellow birds or griffins, completes the inventory of a tent, in this box are packed the more valuable goods, such as the women's

ornaments, as well as their crockery and other implements of domesticity. A Kirghis tent always contains this *coffre fort*.

"No description, however, would convey a faithful picture of the interior of these tents which omitted to give to it its last touch of colouring. This consists of a strong coating of nomad dust and soot; which is by no means remarkable, considering that the fireplace is constructed by a few stones piled in the centre, from which the smoke is allowed to wend its way as it listeth to the little aperture which I have described at the top of the tent. An inevitable consequence of this is that great numbers of the Kirghes suffer from sore eyes: the same thing, and for the same reason, obtains among the Tschouvashes. Another consequence is that every Kirghis looks smoked: it is not that they are simply dirty, the dirt is ineradicably ingrained.

"The dress of the men is not very unlike that of the Russian peasant. A felt hat of a wideawake cut is the familiar headgear, whilst some few wear what is evidently their winter covering, a nightcap shaped looking bonnet the outer rim of which, about 4 inches wide, forms a flap which is lined with wool, and can be pulled down, if necessary, over the back of the neck and ears, thus affording great warmth. Enormously wide leathern trousers in contrast to the English jockey's are tucked into short butcher boots, a loose coat *khalat* worn over the shirt, open at the neck and wide at the sleeves, with a belt round the waist, completes the costume. In the winter a short pelisse made of sheep's wool, and called *poloshusha*, is worn under the *khalat*, the wool inwards, which by being tucked into the trousers secures a capital protection for the loins against the wet and cold. They seem for the most part a strong and broad-shouldered race of men: a peculiarity which is observable is that they are all bow-legged, the children not excepted. I commend this fact relative to a race of horsemen to the attention of Mr. Darwin."

The Kirghes, like most savage and semi-civilized races, cultivate

the virtue of hospitality, and carry it in practice to rather an unpleasant extent in some respects :—

“Should you happen to visit an encampment whilst a meal is going on, the following ceremony will take place; you will be invited in by the elder of the tent; you will be placed in the seat of honour, farthest away from and opposite to the door, on a pile of cushions heaped on one another on one of the mats or small carpets: the elder will himself squat, Turkish fashion, sitting on his feet turned inwards, near, but still at a more or less deferential distance from you; the young men and old women (the latter the only representatives of their sex) squatting in different parts of the tent. They do not sit formally in a circle.

“Out of a large iron cauldron which has been simmering on the fireplace, the elder drags, sometimes literally by the tail, a huge piece of boiled mutton, which he puts on a large platter: off it he cuts with a knife, which every Kirghis wears suspended in a leather scabbard from his belt, what he no doubt considers a tit-bit; this he will take between his thumb and fore and middle finger, and deliberately present it to your mouth: if properly trained beforehand, you will allow him to place it in your mouth, and you will take a similar piece between your own fingers and do the same with him; the rest of the company will then set to with their knives and help themselves.

“The savoury odour, and the smoke issuing from the chimney, will allure other Kirghes to the tent: these will come up to the door like lean and hungry dogs, and will probably be invited in; by their joint exertions the huge lump of mutton, let me rather call it boiled sheep, will quickly disappear: when this takes place, the broth in which the sheep has been boiled is poured into a large wooden bowl, and the elder will again perform his duties as master of the feast: holding the bowl daintily by the edge between his two palms, and twisting it slowly right and left with a kind of serpentine motion as he approaches you, he will present it to your lips: you will have to drink out of the prof-

fered bowl with the best grace you can, as long as you can, and with signs of apparent relish: after which the inevitable koumis will appear; this will be poured out of the leather skin in which it is kept into the same bowl, which served for the mutton broth, and the same ceremony will be repeated, preceded by the same dainty serpentine motion; when the koumis is disposed of, the equally inevitable tchai will follow. The feast ends as it was begun by a short and solemn prayer, after the invariable practice of all the faithful.”

All along the banks of the Volga from Tzaritzin to its mouth, and away westward to the Don, the Kalmuck or Mongol wanders. His mode of life is described as very similar to that of the Kirghes:—

“The two do not even differ immensely in personal appearance; they are both grimy, but the Kalmuck is the more grimy and glabrous of the two. He is proud of his yellow skin; he has a saying, ‘Yellow is gold, yellow is the sun, and yellow is the skin of the Kalmuck.’ Comparing him to the Kirghis, his eyes are smaller and further apart, he has less or rather no eyebrows, his nose is flatter and his nasals wider, his cheek-bones are higher and his chin smaller, and his ears are truly tremendous. A Kalmuck, in fact, is a Kirghis exaggerated; a Kirghis a Kalmuck ‘diminished.’

“On the other hand, books, writing materials, and other signs of culture, of which the Kirghis is wholly innocent, are to be found in the Kalmuck tent. They have schools, too, for the children: for boys long since, for the girls they have lately established some. The Kalmuck children are precocious and sharp in the extreme; but it has been remarked that if they fail to catch the sense of anything at once, it can never be dinned into their heads. They must learn, as it were, by the ‘first intention,’ or not at all.

“The Kalmuck dress consists of a long shirt, with a loose coat over it fastened with a belt; his boots, when he does not borrow the comfortable high Russian boot, is a shorter red morocco boot with very high heels (but

not turned up at the toes), which, whilst it gives him the appearance of being much taller than he is, altogether spoils his walk. The head dress is pretty and picturesque: it consists of a round Astrakhan woollen hat, like that ordinarily worn by Tartars, with a square piece of yellow cloth stitched at the top, and surmounted with an overhanging red tassel. The women dress very much the same as the men. The children do not dress at all. In the bitterest cold they toddle about stark naked.

In Russia the religions and superstitions are nearly as numerous and diversified as the different races. The Kieghes are represented as rather lax religionists. They are mostly Mohammedans, but some deny the prophet of Mecca and are Pagans. The Kalmycks are for the most part Buddhists, while some are Pagans:—

They have no objection to admit strangers to their religious services. These are remarkable, as they resemble nothing one has seen before. In two rows the worshippers are assembled—the priests and deacons squatting in front of a chief priest leaning on a low chair. The service begins in a monotonous droning voice, and during its continuance, the two rows of officiating deacons keep swinging backwards and forwards in unison, with a lateral movement from the hips, a long string connected with two iron wheels which stand on either side of the altar, and which are thereby kept spinning at a tremendous rate round and round on their axes, evolving all the time prayers written on scrolls of parchment. This is praying by machinery with a vengeance. Then the service of a thanksgiving is heard, and then a trumpet, then a leader trummet, and the whole choir join, and then, louder and louder, on to the flare of all the trumpet's sounds is raised, the chief priest and deacons beating the time with cymbals, and then with fury on a drum, and at last on a horn. With this climax the service concludes. What does it signify? Is it the fervour of devotion, and the assistance of prayer?

Kasan is the "Holy City" of the Russian Tartar, who has been wedded to the interest of the Empire by a wise policy of conciliation. The Tartars are Mohammedans, and—

"Have no objection to strangers visiting their mosques even during the hours of service: they will even offer them chairs, that they may be seated during its continuance. The interior of a mosque at Kasan is very simple: it consists of a large square hall, not unlike a mosque hall: there is a window with coloured glass in the south corner, and a lamp burning on either side of it, a kind of pulpit stands in the south-west corner, beyond this there is no furniture nor decoration of any kind. The floor is covered with matting, and on entering the sacred building the Tartar takes off the goshies (*goshis*) which cover his soleless leather boots (*chuk*), and leaves them in the vestibule, he puts them on again on leaving the building. The service is equally simple: clothed in their long silken schaks, the congregation, which, as is well known, consists only of men, marches slowly and ceremoniously, headed by their mullah, to the end of the mosque.

"The ceremony of the service may be divided into three parts. For some moments they stand up in a single row, apparently absorbed in silent meditation; a few words are then uttered in a low chanting tone the congregation occasionally raising the palms of their hands to their heads, the thumbs touching the ears, and occasionally bowing their bodies slowly down—still standing—with their heads on their thighs, and then rising slowly up again, they then kneel down sitting on their feet turned towards, the right toe pointing to Mecca. In this position they bend their bodies down, touching the floor three times with their foreheads, they then rise to their feet, and a kind of military evolution takes place, they take up in order in two rows, half their number standing in the rear rank: and much the same ceremony takes place as before. Then another and a final evolution. They all kneel in the same fashion in a circle, with the mullah in the group, and an apparently silent conference takes place, after

which they all rise to their feet, and the service is concluded. They walk out in the same grave and solemn manner that they entered. It was impossible not to be favourably impressed with the general character of the service and the demeanour of the men. An air of earnestness and of faith pervaded the whole atmosphere of the place."

We cannot say that the Greek form of Christianity and its observances, as preached in Russia, contrasts at all favourably with the rites and ceremonies of the Pagan, Buddhist, or Moham-medan. If anything, indeed, the superstitions connected with a corrupt and debased Christianity are infinitely more revolting than those which a supercilious, bigoted, and ignorant egotism is pleased to consider as alone characteristic of "Paganism," a term used by a certain class of minds to embrace indiscriminately all who dissent from Christianity. If a devotion to idols, and a blind unreasoning belief in accredited superstitions, no matter how gross, be a characteristic of the Pagan mind, we certainly cannot see that there is any very creditable distinction between the low forms of Greek or Papal Christianity and the most revolting superstitions of the hundreds of millions that go to make up the population of this world and yet are outside the profession of the Christian faith. The "cross," and ridiculous images of pretended "saints" are the idols alike of the unenlightened Greek and Papist:—

"One of the things which strikes one most on first coming to Russia is the outwards signs of devotion of the people; the lower the class, certainly the more devout. There is nothing to beat the Russian moujik in this respect: no matter what his business may be, nor however great his hurry, he will never pass a sacred shrine or image—and there are sacred shrines or images at the corner of every street—without

stopping, bowing, and reverently crossing himself all over.

"In the large towns you may at any time see the top of an omnibus crowded with a score of men, who at a given moment, as if by word of command, all take off their hats, and begin to cross themselves violently, as if seized by a common epidemic.

"At the corners of the principal thoroughfares there are invariably found little chapels, like this one at Nijni, consecrated to some popular saint, before whose image the devout burn candles, and men and women will be seen crowding at the threshold, throwing themselves down, and striking their foreheads threetimes on the ground before it.

"One gets accustomed to the sight, but for some time you think you are among a nation of *dérots*: I don't think we have any word in English exactly to express this meaning, nor is the type common amongst us. On one side of the chapel a quack dentist has set up with a specific to cure tooth-ache; on the other a quack doctor with the pretension to cure habitual drunkenness.

"Connected with the same class of ideas are the images of Greek saints, to which I have already referred as invariably found in the corners of all rooms in Russia. They are in a great measure manufactured at a place called Sousdal, in Vladimir, by a class of people called Ofeni, who use an esoteric language in their trade, supposed to have come from Constantinople with their ancestors who first introduced these images into Russia. Not that they have a monopoly of the manufacture; it was too good a trade to escape the attention of the colonists at Sarapta, and these liberal Lutherans supply them in large quantities to their orthodox neighbours.

"When I remember that most of the African idols are manufactured at Birmingham, I confess I have no sarcasms in store for the German industrial. I hope I need not say that I do not for a moment wish to compare a Greek saint with an African idol. Perhaps the most remarkable thing connected with the images of Greek saints is that they are the only objects in Russia which are not made the

subject of bargaining. Everything else is made the subject of long diplomatic negotiations before you can come to any practical result: it is the custom of the country, and considerably hampers business; but it is impiety to make a Greek saint the subject of huckstering. I must add, that it is considered equally impious (which it certainly is not in anything else) to ask an extravagant and unreasonable price for it. These images have only the head and hands painted; the rest of the body is covered over with thin plates of brass, the whole inclosed in a wooden frame; in the churches they are often brilliantly set with diamonds and precious stones, the offerings of the devout. The sight of these is sometimes too much for the cupidity of the wicked, and on more than one occasion people have been taken up for trying to wrench these stones out of their settings with their teeth, whilst apparently devoutly embracing the image of the saint. The sacristans and deacons of the church have generally a sharp eye on them.

We certainly cannot appreciate Mr Johnstone's declaration that he would "not for a moment wish to compare a *Greek saint* with an *African idol*." If persons, while professing Christianity, make idols and worship them, we confess our inability to see in what more creditable plight they are than the benighted African. On the contrary, we consider them worse, for they have had advantages the poor African never enjoyed. And then this must be taken into account, that the idols made and worshipped by so-called Christians are considered, as a whole, more disgusting and revolting than those of Paganism. We can understand the untutored Pagan mind offering worship to the glorious sun, and the resplendent firmament above him, but we certainly cannot understand a Christian who with any pretensions to intelligence and common sense, worships a spurious, filthy, and revolting relic, and makes an idol

out of a notoriously supposititious fibre that Rome sells as a mite of the "true cross!"—mites of fibres which if all were put together—so astoundingly vast has been the impious and degrading trade carried on by Rome in particles of this mythical "true cross"—the aggregate would nearly go to build all the wooden navies in the world! What is "African" idolatry in comparison with this?

We have marked a great many interesting passages for quotation, and we must hurry over them. Quackery, like superstition, is the same all the world over. We have our panaceas that delude tens of thousands annually, and the most disreputable portion of our national revenue is derived from this polluted source. In France we have the famous "Grape cure," which is popular for the time being, and somewhat analogous to it in Russia is the "Koumis cure:"—

"Koumis is fermented mare's milk. an element of fermentation is consequently required for its manufacture. This is supplied by koumis itself; a certain proportion one-third of koumis is poured together with two-thirds of fresh mare's milk into a clean wooden vessel, resembling an ordinary English churn, and there left for from six to eighteen hours, according to the degree of alcoholic strength that is required. During this period it is from time to time subjected to a churning process, with the object of keeping up and stimulating the process of fermentation: herein consists the chief art, and whatever secret there may be in koumis-making is to know the exact amount of churning required. For, although a certain amount is requisite, it must be suspended at the point where curds or butter would be formed. habit and practice alone teach this to the koumis-maker.

"After this fermenting process, stimulated by the occasional churning, has lasted a certain time, say six hours, a portion of the contents of the churn is drawn off, and this constitutes the

weakest kind of koumis, say koumis of the first degree of strength. The remainder in the churn is subjected to a further period of similar fermentation and churning, say for another six hours, and then the churn is again tapped, and koumis of the second degree of strength is the result. Then another period of say six hours of a similar process for what still remains in the churn, and this, when drawn off, constitutes koumis of the third degree of strength. It will be observed that the difference in the degree of strength of the koumis consists in the different amount of fermentation to which it has been subjected. The strength of the koumis ought to be graduated according to the requirements of different patients, and this is a matter of some importance in the case of invalids. As soon as it is drawn off it is poured into ordinary quart bottles, made with extra strong necks, corked down, and tightly strung; for, containing as it does large quantities of carbonic acid gas, it is subject to the explosive accidents of all such liquors.

Several establishments have been opened in Russia for the application of the "Koumis cure," somewhat similar to our Hydropathic establishments without their sterling merit, and of course good profit has been made out of the credulous dupes who ignorantly flock to any delusion of the kind.

With respect to that wonderful little animal the Tartar horse, Mr. Johnstone says:—

"Is the most insignificant-looking brute dignified with the name of horse I ever saw. He exactly corresponds to the pictures one has seen, and the descriptions one has read, of the nondescript animals upon which the Cossacks were mounted during the invasion of France in 1814. Small, shaggy, and impoverished-looking, he hasn't the devilry in his eye which distinguishes the little Shetland pony. It is only when he is in action that he gives you a taste of his quality: he then bristles up, buckles to his work, and you begin to perceive, when you have already been half-a-day's journey,

the enduring qualities of the little animal you have been contemning. Many days' continuous travelling at the rate of a 150 versts (a 100 miles) a day will give you some idea of his powers."

The linen trade is the glory of Ulster, and it is the only unique manufacture of which Ireland can boast. Yet the material for that trade we import from Belgium, Holland, and largely from Russia, and convert their seed or flax into linen, and, after all extraneous charges, are able to undersell them at a profit. Why is this? Our author says:—

"There are several reasons for Russian linen being inferior to the foreign; in the first place, the Russian peasant is eminently conservative in his modes of agriculture. The Tschou-vash custom, which I referred to in a former chapter, of abstaining from cutting the hay till Elias' day, is only a slightly exaggerated form of the spirit which governs the cultivation of the soil in Russia. The flax crop suffers from this spirit. The peasant who is in the habit on fast-days, which are very numerous in Russia, of mixing a vegetable oil (animal oil being, of course, prohibited), made from the grain of the flax, with his grit-porridge (*kascha*), persists in cultivating the grain of the flax at the expense of the stem, which for purposes of linen manufacture ought properly to be cut before the grain is full. Nothing will put out of his head that the bigger the flax the better; the consequence, of course, of this is, that the linen suffers in the first instance in the inferior quality of its raw material; in the next place, it is almost impossible to introduce new and improved methods of fabrication among the peasant families, who are to so great an extent the makers of linen in Russia.

"Among other prejudices, they persist in the use of calcium, which everywhere else has been superseded for the cleansing processes by chlorine: for these several reasons the linen manufacture has remained in Russia in the condition it was in the

time of Peter the Great, who first started it; indeed, it has actually gone back, for in his time Russia began to export linen in the Baltic, which she has long ceased to do. A protective tariff saves the trade from the penalty, and at the same time the remedy, for the state of things.

There is another element that retards Russia—machinery, and its use. In this Ulster is unrivalled, and we may safely conclude that as long as linen is a profitable article

of manufacture, Ulster will be the centre—the capital of the trade.

Mr. Johnstone is hopeful as regards the future of Russia. He regards the Crimean war as having contributed to the ruin of Turkey, while it regenerated Russia, and in this view we are to a large extent inclined to coincide.

But we cannot dwell longer on this interesting volume, which embraces a map and twelve illustrations.

Indian Wisdom: or, Examples of the Religious, Philosophical, and Ethical Doctrines of the Hindūs; with a Brief History of the Chief Departments of Sanskrit Literature, and some Account of the Past and Present Condition of India, Moral and Intellectual. By Monier Williams, M.A., Boden Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Oxford. W. H. Allen and Co.—One great object of the Prince of Wales's visit to India is to gain some knowledge of the teeming population over whom he may hereafter have to bear sway. It is highly desirable that their future ruler should learn by personal observation and intercourse more than can possibly be derived from hearing or reading of their mode of life, their habits of thought, their inward sentiments, and general character. Nor ought Englishmen generally to neglect whatever means of obtaining such knowledge as may be within their reach. The Hindūs belong, like ourselves, to the great Aryan or noble family of mankind which, in divided streams and successive waves, poured from the region near the sources of the Oxus, over India, Persia, and Europe, at a period anterior to that of the earliest history.

The present population of India amounts to no less than 240 millions, and they have a civilization and literature of the highest antiquity, which will well repay careful study. Though they now speak as many as twenty different dialects, these are all directly or indirectly derived from one ancient language, the Sanskrit, in which all their literature of any importance is enshrined. From this we may get the truest insight into their past history, and their present tone of thought, their religion, philosophy, laws, and institutions. The religious views embodied in this sacred literature are of a much higher and purer type than can be found in any classical writings of Greece or Rome; the philosophy more subtle and profound, and the poetry rich in imagery and luxuriant in description, though less artistic in form. Hence there is abundant reason why all who agree with Pope that "the proper study of mankind is man," should turn their attention to the ancient and numerous people of India, who have a further claim to the consideration of Englishmen, as being, with them, part and parcel of the same great empire. As Mr. Williams well observes —

It cannot be too forcibly impressed upon our minds, that good laws may be enacted, justice administered, the rights of property secured, railroads and electric telegraphs laid down, the stupendous forces of Nature controlled and

regulated for the public good, the three great scourges of war, pestilence, and famine—averted or mitigated: all this may be done, and more than this, the truths of our religion may be powerfully preached; translations of the Bible lavishly distributed; but if, after all, we neglect to study the mind and character of those we are seeking to govern and influence for good, no mutual confidence will be enjoyed; no real sympathy felt or inspired. Imbued with the conciliatory spirit which such a study must impart, *all* Englishmen, whether resident in England or India—whether clergymen or laymen—may aid the cause of Christianity and good government more than by controversial discussions or cold donations of guineas and rupees."

No better introduction to this important study can be had, or need be desired, than this volume, in which Mr. Williams, who has long made Sanskrit his special pursuit, furnishes a comprehensive and sufficiently detailed account of that literature, which is the best key to the mind and character of the Hindūs of the present day. Various portions of this literature have been edited and translated in previous works, but in no other is so complete a survey of the whole to be found. Those who have not time to pursue the subject farther, may here obtain all the information they want; while those who intend to go more deeply into the study, cannot make a better beginning than by carefully perusing these instructive pages.

After an introductory sketch of the past and present condition of India, its religions and languages, the author proceeds to a description of the earliest literature, which he illustrates by extracts from the hymns of the Veda. He cautions the reader against supposing the Veda to be to Hindūs what the Bible is to Christians, or the Koran to Mohammedans. The word Veda, which means knowledge, is employed to denote "divine *unwritten* knowledge," communicated by inspiration from the Self-existent to a class of men called Rishis, or inspired sages, and transmitted by oral repetition through a succession of Brahmans, who kept it as much as possible to themselves. Of the five principal collections of hymns the Rig-Veda, containing one thousand and seventeen hymns, is the most ancient and important, and the Alharva-Veda the most interesting. Hence it is from these alone that Mr. Williams takes his illustrations. It is impossible not to be struck with the exalted views expressed in some of them, which very nearly approach, and are, in fact, occasionally identical with, those of our own Scriptures. For instance, the following invocation to Varuna, "The Investing Sky," taken from the Alharva-Veda, closely resembles in some parts the 139th Psalm:—

"The mighty Varuna, who rules above, looks down
Upon these worlds, his kingdom, as if close at hand.
When men imagine they do aught by stealth, he knows it.
No one can stand or walk, or softly glide along,
Or hide in dark recess, or lurk in secret cell,
But Varuna detects him and his movements spies.
Two persons may devise some plot, together sitting
In private and alone, but he, the king, is there,
A spirit, and sees it all. This boundless earth is his,
His the vast sky, whose depth no mortal ear can fathom.
Both oceans find a place within his body, yet
In that small pool he lies contained. Whoe'er should flee
Far, far beyond the sky, would not escape the grasp
Of Varuna, the king. His messengers descend
Countless from his abode; for ever traversing

This world and scanning, with a thousand eyes, its inmates.
 Whatever exists within this earth and all within the sky;
 Yet, all that is beyond, King Varuna perceives;
 The winking of men's eyes are numbered all by him;
 He wields the universe as gamblers handle dice.
 May thy destroying snares cast sevenfold round the wicked,
 Entangle liars, but the truthful spare, O King!"

Mr. Williams is quite right in saying it is time for thoughtful Christians to take account of other religions than their own, and give some attention to the sacred books of Eastern nations. Next to Judaism and Christianity, no religion is so well worth studying as Brahmanism. The beneficial effects of such a study on the mind is very apparent in the liberal and enlightened tone which pervades this work. Without bating one jot of his attachment to Christianity, the author is eager to detect and glad to recognize whatever portion of truth Brahmanism contains. Nothing could be better calculated than his work to get rid of that narrow insularity of sentiment to which we are so proverbially liable, especially in religious matters. One must be blinded by bigotry not to perceive the beauty and majesty of this passage from the "Rig-Veda":—

"What god shall we adore with sacrifice?
 Him let us praise, the golden child that rose
 In the beginning, who was born the lord—
 The one sole lord—of all that is, who made
 The earth, and formed the sky, who giveth life,
 Who giveth strength, whose bidding gods revere!
 Whose hiding-place is immortality;
 Whose shadow, death, who, by his might is king
 Of all the breathing, sleeping, waking world,
 Who governs men and beasts, whose majesty
 These snowy hills, this ocean, with its rivers,
 Declare, of whom these spreading regions form
 The arms, by whom the firmament is strong,
 Earth firmly planted, and the highest heavens
 Supported, and the clouds that fill the air
 Distributed and measured out, to whom
 Both earth and heaven, established by his will,
 Look up with trembling mind, in whom revealed
 The rising sun shines forth above the world
 Where'er let loose in space, the mighty waters
 Have gone, depositing a fruitful seed
 And generating fire, there he arose,
 Who is the breath and life of all the gods;
 Whose mighty glance looks round the vast expanse
 Of watery vapour—source of energy,
 Cause of the sacrifice—the only God
 Above the gods—May he not injure us!
 He the Creator of the earth—the righteous
 Creator of the sky—Creator, too,
 Of ocean's bright, and far extending waters."

Next to the hymns of the Veda come portions containing ritualistic precepts, illustrated by legends and stories. From the third division of the Veda, in which the philosophical doctrines of Hindūism are to be found, and which is the Veda of thoughtful Hindūs at the present day, we quote a passage quite in the Platonic vein:—

" The good, the pleasant, these are separate ends,
 The one or other all mankind pursue ;
 But those who seek the good alone are blest ;
 Who choose the pleasant miss man's highest aim.
 The sage the truth discerns, not so the fool :
 But thou, my son, with wisdom hast abandoned
 The fatal road of wealth that leads to death.
 Two other roads there are, all wide apart,
 Ending in widely different goals—the one
 Called ignorance, the other knowledge ; this,
 O Naciketas, thou dost well to choose.
 The foolish follow ignorance, but think
 They tread the road of wisdom, circling round
 With erring steps, like blind men led by blind.
 The careless youth, by lust of gain deceived,
 Knows but one world, one life ; to him the Now
 Alone exists, the Future is a dream.
 The highest aim of knowledge is the soul ;
 This is a miracle, beyond the ken
 Of common mortals, thought of though it be,
 And variously explained by skilful teachers.
 Who gains this knowledge is a marvel too ;
 He lives above the cares—the griefs and joys
 Of time and sense—seeking to penetrate
 The fathomless unborn eternal essence.
 The slayer thinks he slays, the slain
 Believes himself destroyed ; the thoughts of both
 Are false, the soul survives, nor kills nor dies ;
 'Tis subtler than the subtlest, greater than
 The greatest, infinitely small, yet vast ;
 Asleep, yet restless, moving everywhere
 Among the bodies—ever bodiless !
 Think not to grasp it by the reasoning mind ;
 The wicked ne'er can know it ; soul alone
 Knows soul, to none but soul is soul revealed."

From this division of the Veda sprang six systems of philosophy, delivered in the form of aphorisms. After briefly describing and illustrating these systems, Mr. Williams passes to the second great head of Sanskrit literature, consisting of tradition, or the recollection of what has been handed down by the Brahmans. There are six main subjects or departments under this head, to an account of which the remainder of the volume is devoted. Among other things are collections of rules relating to domestic ceremonies and every-day life, including regulations to be observed at funerals, which show no less affectionate regard for the departed, and faith in their personal existence after death, than is cherished among us, but give no countenance—and, indeed, make no allusion—to the burning of the widow on the funeral pile of her husband. Mr. Williams gives an interesting account of the funeral rites performed at a burial, and a translation of the hymn recited as the body was laid in the grave :—

" Open thy arms, O earth, receive the dead
 With gentle pressure and with loving welcome ;
 Enshroud him tenderly, e'en as a mother
 Folds her soft vestment round the child she loves.
 Soul of the dead, depart ! take thou the path—
 The ancient path—by which our ancestors

Have gone before thee : thou shalt look upon
 The two kings, mighty Varuna and Yama,
 Delighting in oblations : thou shalt meet
 The fathers and receive the recompense
 Of all thy stored-up offerings above.
 Leave thou thy sin and imperfection here :
 Return unto thy home once more : assume
 A glorious form."

The code of Manu, which is probably the oldest as well as the most interesting of post-Vedic writings, naturally receives a considerable share of Mr. Williams's attention. He says it is "perhaps one of the most remarkable books that the literature of the whole world can offer, and some of its moral precepts are worthy of Christianity itself."

The two great epic poems, the "*Rāmāyana*" and "*Mahābhārata*," which bear comparison with the "*Iliad*" and the "*Odyssey*," are also very fully discussed, the origin and growth of the mythology on which they are founded being clearly explained, and the plan of each sketched. In both there is an excess of episodes, especially in the "*Mahābhārata*," which is probably the largest epic poem ever composed, and might be more fitly described as a cyclopædia of mythological lore, ethics, and philosophy. One of the episodes in the "*Rāmāyana*," in which the father of Rāma, the hero of the poem, recounts an incident of his former life, surpasses in tenderness Homer's parting of Hector and Andromache, or the visit of Priam to the tent of Achilles. It is thus closely translated by Mr. Williams in the sixteen-syllable verse of the original:—

"One day when rains refreshed the earth, and caused my heart to swell with joy,
 When, after scorching with his rays the parched ground, the summer sun
 Had passed towards the south, when cooling breezes chased away the heat,
 And grateful clouds arose, when frogs and pen-fowl sported, and the deer
 Seemed drunk with glee, and all the winged creation, dripping as if drowned,
 Flung their dark feathers on the tops of wind-rocked trees, and falling
 showers
 Covered the mountains till they looked like watery heaps, and torrents poured
 Down from their sides, filled with loose stones, and red as dawn with mineral
 earth.
 Winding like serpents in their course : then at that charming season I,
 Longing to breathe the air, went forth, with bow and arrow in my hand,
 To seek for game : if haply by the river-side a buffalo
 Or elephant or other animal might cross, or e'er my path,
 Coming to drink. Then in the dusk I heard the sound of gurgling water :
 Quickly I took my bow, and aiming toward the sound, shot off the dart.
 A cry of mortal agony came from the spot—a human voice
 Was heard, and a poor hermit's son fell pierced and bleeding in the stream.
 'Ah ! wherefore then,' he cried, 'am I a harmless hermit's son struck down ?
 Hither to this lone brook I came at eve to fill my water jar.
 For whom have I been stationing ? whom have I offended ? Oh ! I grieve,
 Not for myself or my own fate, but for my parents, old and blind,
 Who perish with me both. Ah ! what will be the end of that loved pair,
 For I guided and supported by my hand' this barbed dart has pierced
 Both me and them.' Hearing that piteous voice, I, Dasaratha,
 Who could do harm to any human creature, young or old, became
 Palsied with fear—my bow and arrows dropped from my senseless hands,
 And I approached the place in horror : there with dismay I saw,
 Stretched on the bank, an innocent hermit boy, writhing in pain and uncare
 With fast and blood, his knotted hair dishevelled, and a broken jar

Lying beside him. I stood petrified and speechless. He on me
 Fixed full his eyes, and then, as if to burn my inmost soul, he said.
 'How have I wronged thee, monarch? that thy cruel hand has smitten me—
 Me a poor hermit's son, born in the forest: father, mother, child
 Hast thou transfixed with this one arrow: they, my parents, sit at home
 Expecting my return, and long will cherish hope—a prey to thirst
 And agonizing fears. Go to my father—tell him of my fate,
 Lest his dread curse consume thee, as the flame devours the withered wood.
 But first in pity draw thou forth the shaft that pierces to my heart,
 And checks the gushing life-blood, as the bank obstructs the bounding stream.'
 He ceased, and as he rolled his eyes in agony, and quivering writhed
 Upon the ground, I slowly drew the arrow from the poor boy's side
 Then with a piteous look, his features set in terror, he expired.
 Distracted at the grievous crime, wrought by my hand unwittingly
 Sadly I thought within myself, how best I might repair the wrong.
 Then took the way he had directed me towards the hermitage.
 There I beheld his parents, old and blind: like two clipped wingless birds
 Sitting forlorn, without their guide, awaiting his arrival anxiously,
 And, to beguile their weariness, conversing of him tenderly.
 Quickly they caught the sound of footsteps, and I heard the old man say,
 With chiding voice, 'Why hast thou lingered, child? Quick give us both to
 drink

A little water. Long forgetful of us, in the cooling stream
 Hast thou disported: come in—for thy mother yearneth for her son,
 If she or I in aught have caused thee pain, or spoken hasty words.
 Think on thy hermit's duty of forgiveness; bear them not in mind.
 Thou art the refuge of us refugeless—the eyes of thy blind sire.
 Why art thou silent? Speak! Bound up in thee are both thy parents' lives.
 He ceased, and I stood paralyzed—till by an effort, resolutely
 Collecting all my powers of utterance, with faltering voice, I said:
 'Pious and noble hermit; I am not thy son; I am the king;
 Wandering with bow and arrow by a stream, seeking for game, I pierced
 Unknowingly thy child. The rest I need not tell. Be gracious to me?'
 Hearing my pitiless words, announcing his bereavement, he remained
 Senseless awhile; then drawing a deep sigh, his face all bathed in tears,
 He spake to me as I approached him suppliantly, and slowly said,
 'Hadst thou not come thyself, to tell the awful tale, its load of guilt
 Had crushed thy head into ten thousand fragments. This ill-fated deed
 Was wrought by thee unwittingly, O king, else hadst thou not been spared,
 And all the race of Rāhavas had perished. Lead us to the place:
 All bloody though he be, and lifeless, we must look* upon our son
 For the last time, and clasp him in our arms.' Then weeping bitterly,
 The pair, led by my hand, came to the spot and fell upon their son.
 Thrilled by the touch, the father cried, 'My child, hast thou no greeting
 for us?

No word of recognition; wherefore liest thou here upon the ground?
 Art thou offended? or am I no longer loved by thee, my son?
 See here thy mother. Thou wast ever dutiful towards us both.
 Why wilt thou not embrace me? Speak one tender word. Whom shall I
 hear

Reading again the sacred Sastra in the early morning hours?
 Who now will bring me roots and fruits to feed me like a cherished guest?
 How, weak and blind, can I support thy aged mother, pining for her son?
 Stay! go not yet to Death's abode—stay with thy parents yet one day,
 To-morrow we will both go with thee on the dreary way. Forlorn
 And sad, deserted by our child, without protector in the wood,

* This is literally translated. It is well known that blind people commonly talk of themselves as if able to see.

Soon shall we both depart toward the mansions of the King of Death? ' Thus bitterly lamenting, he performed the funeral rites ; then turning Towards me thus addressed me, standing reverently near : ' I had But this one child, and thou hast made me childless. Now strike down The father : I shall feel no pain in death. But thy requital be That sorrow for a child shall one day bring thee also to the grave.' "

No sooner has the king completed his affecting story than, smitten with remorse, he is taken ill, and dies, thus fulfilling the hermit's curse. Of the whole poem Mr. Williams says :—

" The classical purity, clearness and simplicity of its style, the exquisite touches of true poetic feeling with which it abounds, its graphic descriptions of heroic incidents and nature's grandest scenes, the deep acquaintance it displays with the conflicting workings and most refined emotions of the human heart, all entitle it to rank among the most beautiful compositions that have appeared at any period or in any country. It is like a spacious and delightful garden ; here and there allowed to run wild, but teeming with fruits and flowers, watered by perennial streams, and even in its most tangled thickets intersected with delightful pathways."

Mr. Williams's comparison of both epics with those of Homer is full of interest and instruction, and displays profound scholarship in combination with critical acumen. Equal learning and ability distinguish his account of the dramas, traditional stories, and fables, which form the later Sanskrit literature. To prevent misunderstanding, he warns the reader that this volume is confined to the favourable features of that literature, and is, therefore, not a perfect likeness.

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ST. PATRICK.

UPON some subjects men desire to know the truth, and are then shocked and displeased if their minds are imposed upon by even the most fascinating falsehoods. Persons deeply interested in a particular branch of science, who come together to listen to a lecturer, would consider themselves insulted if, instead of true facts and just theories, the lecturer were to supply them with statements which he knew to be false, and theories which he knew to be unfounded.

On the other hand, should a poet or a novelist publish an epic or romance, dealing with Wat Tyler, the average reader does not require historic truth so much as a good poem or an interesting tale. The plays of *Macbeth* and *King Lear* have little, if any, historic truth. The reader would, indeed, be displeased, if, in dealing with Wat Tyler, the artist were to commit some gross historic blunder or anachronism. He desires that the artist shall not so far depart from facts as to shock the understanding. He will not permit Wat Tyler to

be represented as a Gaulish hero, or as smiting down one of Julius Cæsar's tax-gatherers.

Very few are intimately acquainted with the character and life of Dean Swift. We attach certain conventional ideas to the sound of his name, and when anything is told us concerning him we desire that it shall chime in with these ideas. We require that an anecdote of the Dean shall conform to the conventional notion of the Dean's character. It must possess a peculiar and eccentric vein of wit, and a spice of rudeness, impiety, or impurity. If it satisfies these requirements, we demand no more. But these are essential.

On the other hand, it is so far from being essential that the anecdote shall be true, that it does not occur to us whether it is or not. On hearing a Swiftian story, we never remark, "That story has an appearance of improbability;" or ask, "How do you know this to be true? What are the sources from which you received it? Through what channels has it come down to

our times?" Under the circumstances, to do this would be neither good sense nor good manners.

Again, a biographer, engaged upon the life of the Dean, would sift, with the utmost care the evidence of every anecdote which might be repeated to him. He would inquire closely concerning its origin, and its truth or its falsehood would be to him the essential matter, provided, of course, that it was also sufficiently characteristic to be worth investigating. Now, as very few indeed make it their prime object to know and retain in their minds nothing relating to the Dean but what is strictly true and satisfactorily proved and attested, while every one is willing to be pleased by a good story of the conventional type, we may conclude that all the current stories about Dean Swift are untrue. For stories which shall be racy and amusing, there is an abundant demand; for stories which are merely true, we may safely say there is none. The usual consequences of such a condition of the small-talk market are, therefore, certain to result. The supply will keep pace with the demand in both cases. Many racy stories will be hawked about, but few true ones. In the London market there is a great demand for lettuce leaves, but none for leaves of the lotus. Accordingly, the former fill every stall, while the latter are nowhere.

But it may be objected, that a story may be at the same time racy and true. Dean Swift was once dining out, and as he took his place at the table noticed a hole in the part of the table cloth which hung down on his knees. The moment he began to eat he drew the table cloth towards him, and every time that he carried his fork to his mouth passed it under the cloth, and up through the rent though his host, an honest country gentleman, was

red with wrath, and his hostess was on the point of shedding tears. This story is as Swiftian as it can be, which accounts for its preservation, and there is no reason why it should not be true.

To this objection it may be replied, Doubtless, while Swift was alive, amongst many false or highly coloured stories current concerning him, there were also some which were true. But those which were not true must have been far racier than the rest, and even those which were at the same time both racy and true, could be easily beaten out of the field by others resembling them, but constructed with a finer edge and incidents still more ludicrous. When there was no demand for truth, and a large demand for amusement, on this head, any stories which were true would be quickly jostled out of the way, or forgotten, or reformed and recoloured; the one custodian who could protect them, love of truth and desire for accurate information, not being at hand. It may, therefore, be fairly contended that very few of the current stories about Dean Swift are true, and, at all events, the odds are so greatly against any single story being true, that the possibility of such a thing is reduced almost to nothing.

Thus, around a person who really lived, and in his day did and said many things, grows up a rank and luxurious crop of popular biographical matter which is all but pure fiction.

The critical and philosophical spirit is a plant of slow and late growth. In the development of nations, in the progress of civilization, it never precedes the artistic, the creative spirit, but if it comes at all, succeeds it generally with a long interval. To the critical spirit the first question is—Is this true? To the artistic—Is it beautiful? Does it satisfy the imagination?

For this reason, those personages whom we see in the fore-front of every history must be unreal. Even when they have had a real historical existence, their figures, as they have come down to us, are strangely magnified and altered. The same law which compels us to reject as untrue the numerous Swiftiana current in the modern world, compels us also to reject the colour and form assumed, even in the works of grave chroniclers, by personages who lived before the dawn of the critical spirit. In Irish history and literature that bright dry light never shone, and, as a consequence, the whole of the national narrative teems with splendid but unreal shapes of kings, and warriors, and saints, who, at the first ray, vanish and are gone. Some melt away utterly, and leave not a wrack behind, while of others we find only remaining the name, the parentage, and two or three cardinal facts of their lives.

Ancient Irish history, like that of all other peoples, does not consist of mere chronicles. Nearly all the ancient kings exhibit a clear determinate form and characteristic behaviour. One is brooding, meditative, wise; another, a coarse and furious warrior; another, gallant, chivalrous, beautiful; another, magnificent, a lover of splendour and luxury. This definiteness, naturalness, and show of reality are, in themselves, no proof of the historical existence of these persons. Genius can at will conjure a real-seeming shape out of a mere name in the ancient annals, or out of pure air; and either, or both, becoming widely popular, and as it were classical, might be incorporated into subsequent histories. No Scottish thane had ever half the naturalness of Macbeth; Arthur and Launcelot stand out clearly against the scenery of Camelot. We can see King Arthur's placid face and bright

hair; Launcelot's furrowed countenance and sweet smile. But for the prevalence of the critical spirit and the wide and exact knowledge which it has accumulated and diffused, we may be certain that in the English history of the twentieth century, the Arthurian heroes would assume as important a part as that which in Irish history is filled by the Red Branch Knights of the Clanna Ir.

Again, that there once lived a Danish prince named Hamlet is probably true; yet, notwithstanding, we say that Shakspeare's play of *Hamlet* is not history. Similarly a romancer of the tenth century, looking over the ancient annals, might light upon the name of a battle fought by a certain king, and out of this construct a fine spirit-stirring tale, revolving upon the conduct of a single hero, who exhibits a clear determinate shape and a characteristic behaviour. This, too, would be unhistorical, in spite of the genuineness of the king's name and of the battle which he fought.

But, on the other hand, it is possible that many of the figures with which ancient Irish history teems are yet, in spite of all that may be advanced against such a supposition, genuine and truthful representations of the real personages for whom they stand. The stories and recorded incidents which give to those figures their determinateness and dramatic reality we must, according to the reasoning which I have applied to the modern Swiftiana, reject as untrue. But though the stories be false, the conception which the stories go to sustain may be true. All the stories which are told about Dean Swift presuppose a character such as we know Dean Swift had. The stories represent him as habitually transgressing the line which separates wit from insolence, as being

humorous with solemn irony, as delighting in the shock which he caused to small and delicate minds, and as being generally unclerical, in conversation and behaviour irreverent and impure. All this, we know, Swift was. The popular tradition preserved concerning him in Ireland, and embalmed in these curious stories, is now, after the lapse of nearly 200 years, perfectly correct and true to the original; not, indeed, comprehensive, just, or discriminating, but, on the whole, true. A conventional idea reigns in the public mind with regard to Swift, and this idea seems permanent, unchanging, and unchangeable.

Similarly we may reject as false the story of King Alfred and the neat-herd's wife; but the conventional idea of the illiterate and uncritical age in which he lived, which found expression in that beautiful story, we now know to be historically true. King Alfred was a contemplative, studious king, apt in his studies and meditations to forget the small requirements which circumstances might at times demand.

We may be certain that Solon, the Athenian law-giver, did not run in pretended frenzy into the marketplace and bawl out his ode about Salamis; but we may be quite certain that the moral of the tale is true—that Solon was an impassioned and uncompromising patriot, and that probably, in his youth, at least, he wrote poetry.

If the whole body of accurate information on the subject of Dean Swift should by some accident happen to be destroyed, it would be possible to reconstruct his character, in its main features, from the loose floating stories which abound concerning him in modern Irish society.

In the third century there flourished a king of Tara, who

exercised considerable influence over all the other kings and chieftains in the island. Many tales are told concerning him, all of which presuppose a high and kingly nature. All the chroniclers pause as they come to the reign of Cormac Mac Art, as if to enjoy the aroma of magnificence, splendour, and wisdom that floats around the name of this ancient monarch. There is an unity and consistency in the tales recorded of him which leave in the mind a clear and definite conception. It is highly probable that these tales embody the actual character of Cormac. His reign was long and eventful. The allegiance which his grandsire, Conn of the hundred battles, had compelled the remaining chieftains to yield to the King of Tara, was beginning to become now a reality and a source of profit. The colonization of Britain by the Romans was probably affecting the policy and style of a king whose seaports were only a day's sail from Mona. At all events, he filled a large place in the mind of the country. Under the circumstances, it is probable that from the moment of his death, if not long before, there was formed a certain conventional idea of the person and character of Cormac Mac Art in the main true.

It is also probable that this idea, though supported by fictitious and untrustworthy anecdotes, would be itself permanent and unchangeable. In the unphilosophical stage of a nation's development, history is not the dry and barren study which it becomes in later times. It is full of life, and colour, and movement. It teems with splendid shapes of kings, warriors, and saints. These are not mere names; they are living real denizens of the imaginative world, as real as are to us Macbeth and Hamlet. To us the idea of history being an amusement seems absurd; but in Greece in the heroic

age, in Ireland in the seventh century, history was the great intellectual entertainment of the day. There was little private life. The king dined with his chiefs and fighting men. The recitation of historic tales, interspersed with suitable songs, formed the regular amusement of the evening. Thus all the past was either revived or kept alive. Tara, Emain Macha, Cruachan, all the kingly dwelling-places in the island, were peopled in the imagination of the times with the kings of past days, who, though perished, lived on in the mind of the tale-maker and of his audience. The whole past of the country, both the historic and the mythical, was dense with forms. Among these that of Cormac Mac Art rises pre-eminent in size and clearness. Among a people who regarded their history with a fancy so vivid, an idea once conceived concerning that monarch would not easily pass away or be altered. Now, as during a long reign he was the first personage in the island, this conventional idea would be formed during his lifetime or shortly after his death; and once formed, would probably, in spite of untruthful and changing personal anecdotes, remain unaltered for centuries, like that of Dean Swift in modern Ireland. We may be certain that even if the art of writing were never practised by the Hebrews or by the Greeks, the characters of Solomon and Achilles would have endured in the imagination of both peoples until the day of national extinction.

Accordingly, where it is certain that a particular person existed, that he occupied a prominent position in society, and was the theme of frequent comment and remark, and where a clear determinate personality is embodied in anecdotes of very ancient origin, and all this in a country and amongst a people whose history assumed in their eyes

an epic and pictorial character, it is probable that those anecdotes give a reasonably fair view of his character and of the general complexion of his life.

All these conditions, however, must be fulfilled, and if we find in a nation's literature, produced before the maturity of the critical spirit, a personality represented as having existed at a period beyond the reach of history, or outside the scope of history, we are justified in rejecting the whole as fiction, however valuable it may be towards determining the character of the age in which that fiction may have been elaborated. If we follow the dictum of Tighemach, that Irish Niebuhr of the middle ages, and agree that *omnia monumenta Scotorum ante Cimbay incerta sunt*, we must reject as pure fiction all those characters of Irish historic literature whose *locus* in time is prior to that reign, no matter how vivid, determinate, and natural those characters may appear. If located in the ages to which the annals do not extend, they can only be classed with Hamlet and Launcelot. They cannot be historical. The reasoning which we have applied to the stories about Swift will apply here in full force. No matter how vividly the early historian may bring Milesius or Ir before our minds, we are yet bound to relegate them to the world of fancy—pure creations of the artistic spirit of a later time.

But events and persons may lie beyond the scope of history as well as outside its reach. Events may have happened and persons existed long within the historical epoch, and yet not belong to that class with which the annalists of the day concerned themselves. In the reign of Cormac Mac Art all the events which concerned the King of Tara were recorded, and the names, &c., of the contemporary kings; but we may be sure that the history of the small

chieftains of that day has not come down to us, nor of the farmers and craftsmen, nor of the stray Christian exiles or missionaries who were beginning to gather in from Britain and Gaul.

In the year A.D. 60, Tacitus wrote that the ports of Hibernia were more frequented by the merchants of the Continent than those of Britain. From the annals we see that the general condition of the country must have enormously progressed from the first to the fifth century. During that period the central authority grew steadily, so much so, that in the fifth century the king paramount was able to join in the descent of the Picts upon the British Roman colony. With the growth of the central authority at Tara, civil wars grew less frequent, the general prosperity of the inhabitants greater, and, as a necessary consequence, the communication with the Continent—remarked by Tacitus in the first century as then considerable—must have been largely increased in the third. Moreover, the proximity of a Roman colony so flourishing as that of Britain must have largely helped to introduce into Erin the culture and ideas current in the Roman world.

Now, if in the third century we find Britain and Gaul almost completely Christianized, surely it is natural to suppose that, with ships perpetually passing and repassing to Hibernia, missionary zeal must have planted itself on her shoals long ere the third century was completed. But whenever the rising tide of Christianity began to sap the foundations of Paganism in ancient Erin, the crash did not take place till the fifth. In the year A.D. 431, the King of Erin, Leairé, together with his principal sub-kings, were baptized, and Christianity established by law. The Christian revolution culminated in that year—

culminated at a time in which Christianity had been completely blotted out in Britain, and submerged and overwhelmed for a season in Gaul.

We do not generally find a whole people giving up one form of religion and adopting another with acclamation and a rush. The conquered Gauls, another Celtic race, although the Roman Senate treated their religion with the utmost respect and affected to regard Gaulish Druidism as but another form of the Imperial faith, resisted the innovating tendency for many years, although they were conquered and ruled by Rome, and the choice was but between two forms of Paganism.

The whole spirit of Christianity was, on the other hand, adverse and inimical to Paganism. The worship of a Creator, the deification of a meek and crucified man, the denunciation of war, and of all the strong instincts of a barbarous and untamed people, would render Christianity of very slow acceptance amongst a race such as we know the Scots to have been. To pass from the one frame of mind and habit of life into the other implies an enormous revolution, especially when we remember that a numerous and powerful class, named the Druids, were interested in the support of the ancient system. If the Christian revolution culminated in the middle of the fifth century, it is highly probable that it commenced two or three centuries before.

As to the mode of its commencement it is likely that it began here as everywhere else, among the common people. The nobles, the Druids, the annalists, like the upper orders universally, were conservative. Their dignity, their pleasure, were more intimately bound up with existing rites and ideas, and, certainly, it is not in the court

of the Ard-Ri, the chief king at Tara, the summit of the pyramid of pagan conservatism, that we would find such a revolution commencing. I should suppose that the upper orders and the Ard-Ri would be the last to give way.

On the other hand, Christianity, from first to last, appeared more suitable to those whose lot was cast in obscurity, than for the great and the proud and those who basked in the sunshine of prosperity and occupied the lofty places of life. Slaves, and poor persons, and women would hear with pleasure the record of Christ's sufferings and cruel death. In ancient Erin, as everywhere else, it is reasonable to suppose that Christianity must have endured for a while the scorn of the great, and been forced to abide a while with the poor and the base.

This being the case, we may safely conclude that the first missionary must have led an obscure and wandering life ; must have suffered insults and injuries, and, perhaps, martyrdom, unless he was content to pay great respect to the powers that then were, and was content to labour amongst those for whose welfare the chiefs and Druids cared little. Now the ancient annals of the country take no note of the common people, and are completely filled with the names and doings of the kings alone. Moreover, in this distant period we learn little about any even of the chieftains. The great battles and the histories of the higher kings have alone come down to us from those times. It is not to be supposed that the annalists, having so many important things to relate, would put down the gossip of each village and small district. Indeed, we know as a fact that they did not. Why, then, should we suppose that the name

of the first missionary who landed in the island preaching Christ should be noted down by the chroniclers of the provincial and Teamairian* kings of the country.

In the third century, although Tara was, to a certain extent, the metropolis of Ireland, although its king enjoyed the title of King of all Erin, yet it was only as chief amongst his peers. There was no such centralization upon Tara as the title of King of Erin might lead us to suppose. The people of the country were divided into many hostile and inimical nations. Free unrestrained intercourse between the different parts of the country did not yet exist, or the idea that all together formed a single nation. If a missionary, landed in Munster and preached Christ amongst the people, it is, in the first place, impossible that in such a time a deliberate note of the event would have been taken by the Munster annalists at Cashel, or, in the second, that it would have been noted in other and hostile parts of the country, which regarded each other as the territories of foreign and inimical peoples.

Christianity did not come with a rush. It did not come in might and splendour, boasting great things ; it came like its founder to Jerusalem, meek and lowly. Everything was against it, and it could not afford to set the higher powers against itself by attracting the attention of the hostile who were also strong. There is no reason to suppose the advent of eloquent and energetic missionaries. There is no need to suppose that Christianity in Ireland was commenced by missionaries at all. With ships perpetually passing to and fro between Erin and the Continent, as well as to Britain, many

* Adjective form of Tara.

exiles from other countries must have passed into Erin bringing their religion along with them. Many exiles from Erin, dwelling a while in Christian lands, would return themselves Christians. Young men of the literary class would pass over to Britain and Gaul to learn the civilization of those countries, and return imbued with Christian ideas. The superior civilization and manners of those countries would create amongst the more independent and discerning a desire to imitate the Gauls and Britains, and so the work would go on. By degrees little communities would be formed, meeting first in private houses, and at last, where the conservative classes offered no opposition, building a modest little church of wattles, plastered and whitewashed. All along the coasts, as is most reasonable, the first little Christian communities would be formed, and thence the religion would creep gradually into the interior.

Under such circumstances, and in a country like Ireland, in which there was no literature properly so-called, and no national record save the annals, no contemporary account could have been either taken or preserved of the first introduction of Christianity into the island. We cannot tell where and when the first missionary or Christian landed, or where and when the first congregation assembled or the first church was built.

By degrees, the pressure of the influence of surrounding and more civilized countries, together with the intrinsic force of the new faith, subdued and annihilated the paganism of the country. When the movement became so important as to force attention from the annalists, the mode in which Christianity had entered the country was lost. The critical exacting spirit of modern times did not then el-

ling the bard and the chronicler to search closely and jealously into the origin of the revolution, even if it was possible for them, after the lapse of centuries, to discover it. On the other hand, the artistic creative spirit was in full flow. The people knew that they had not been always Christian; that now they were. Beautiful bardic tales, therefore, were in great request in their halls and assemblies. We may be certain that hundreds of these bardic tales were in the fifth and sixth centuries said and sung, each bard treating the subject in his own style.

In the fourth century Ireland was not a nation, but a nation of nations; each tribe had its own septal system, its own history and peculiar tribal ideas. By degrees were elaborated the figures of many saints, who in different parts of Ireland, and by different tribes, were canonized in the imagination of the people, and were credited with having been in those localities the introducers of Christianity. But in each province of Ireland there was at least one ruling tribe which took precedence of the rest and supplied the province with its kings. Now the patron saint of this tribe must have been held in a certain degree of honour over the whole province, in consequence of the superior political importance of the tribe who claimed him as their patron. As the banner of the leading tribe would with the gradual consolidation of the provincial system, and the extension of the authority of that tribe over the country, eventually become the banner of the province, so the patron saint of the ruling tribe would also become the patron saint of a territory co-extensive with the growth of the chief tribe; and with the consolidation of the tribes of Munster under the Eoghan-achta of Cashel, all the other saints of the

province retired into comparative obscurity before the lustre and greatness of St. Benignus.

In the same way the Bishop of Rome established his spiritual predominance over all the bishops of Western Europe, and Peter, the patron saint of Rome, was exalted over the heads of all the other saints. The saintly precedence of Benignus in Southern Erin, is no more to be attributed to his superior excellence as a saint, supposing him to have really existed, than the mediæval fame of Peter proves him to have been greater than St. John. Political and military causes having determined that St. Benignus shall be the patron saint of Southern Erin, the whole body of bardic literature relating to this part of the island and dealing with him is coloured accordingly. It was Benignus that worked all the miracles, that confuted the Druids, that founded the churches, and baptized the thousands. The remaining patron saints of Leth Moona* were shorn of their glory in order that Benignus might shine with tenfold lustre.

Now Cashel, the stronghold of the Eoghan-achts, and the great political centre of Southern Erin, was far inland. As has been already explained, it must have been Christianized later than places along the coast. Accordingly, if St. Benignus was a historical personage, it is highly improbable that he was the first missionary of Southern Erin. Yet the bardic tales ascribe the Christianization of Munster and Leinster to him. It would not be tolerated that any of the minor saints should have brought Christianity to Leth Moona before him.

It will be thus seen that the elevation of Benignus, and the general features of his supposed career, were brought about, not by

intrinsic but extrinsic and adventitious causes.

Now Tara was the centre of Northern Erin, and the Hy Neill the ruling tribe. The same causes which in the south elevated Benignus to his lofty position, in the north elevated Patricius. The patron saint of the Eoghan-achts and the patron saint of the Hy Neill thus became the two great saints of the country. In the south of Ireland men declared that *Beneen* was the apostle of Ireland, in the north men declared the same of *Patrick*. Which of these would eventually become the patron saint of Ireland depended upon the relative power and solidarity of the two confederacies of tribes, that whose centre was Tara and that whose centre was Cashel. Eventually the north triumphed. The north succeeded in maintaining the predominance which it had won in early times until its ideas became accepted over the whole country. The Ard-Riship of Ireland, held by northern kings during the fourth, fifth, and succeeding centuries, elevated Patricius above Benignus. As the King of Kincora and the King of Cashel and the King of Naas, through the lapse of several centuries, acknowledged the suzerainty of the Hy Neill chieftains the patron saint of Leth Moona fell steadily before the rise of the northern saint, and, eventually, Patrick became accepted over the whole country as the patron saint of Ireland. Had the south triumphed, had King Cormac of Cashel defeated Flann Siona, the northern monarch, and established the Ard-Riship in the line of the Eoghan-achts, the present paper would have borne the title of St. Beneen instead of St. Patrick!

When the Irish began first to feel themselves a nation, and to look

* Southern Erin.

beyond the bounds of their several tribal territories, they found four great septs which had reduced the others to subjection. The feeling that the Irish were not a mere aggregate of nations, but a homogeneous race, speaking one language, and owing a certain limited obedience to a single monarch, produced a desire for the gratification of the sentiment thus engendered in the form of bardic history. Accordingly, the notion of the Milesian invasion was gradually elaborated to suit the want. Four sons of Milesius invaded the country from Spain, conquered the whole island, and divided it between themselves. That unity was being gradually brought about by the growing political importance of Tara craved to see an imaginative resemblance of itself cast upon the unsullied background of the past, magnified and glorified by the hues of bardic genius.

Similarly, when men looked round, and saw the country Christian, which they knew to have been pagan, they listened delightedly to every good tale which gave imaginative expression to the mixture of feelings with which they thought of the introduction of Christianity. A complex origin does not please the uneducated mind. It delights to group many events together, and fuse them into one. It desires simplicity, suddenness, and, above all, a hero. The tale must revolve upon one man, and he must be great, and sustain upon his shoulders the whole burthen of the event. The barbarous mind is much more devoted to hero-worship than the educated. As Ireland was peopled at a single invasion, conducted under the command of four brothers, sons of a single great chieftain, so its Christianization could not be contemplated save as the mighty labour of a single great spiritual champion. As there were many

forms of the Milesian legend before that which has come down to us was fully elaborated and made as it were classical, so the bardic accounts of the introduction of Christianity were many and various before the Patrician legend was fully completed. Each tribe had its own saint. Which of these would eventually become the patron saint, and be hailed as the first Christian missionary to a benighted country, would depend altogether on another question—viz, which of these tribes would extend its predominance over the rest. Many tales relative to the introduction of Christianity were told in all parts of the country, most of them mutually conflicting, and expressing only the prepossessions, aspirations, and longings of those districts and tribes for which they were composed.

With a numerous, wealthy, and leisured class of bards the composition of these tales went on apace. How many saintly heroes struggled with one another in the early imagination of the Gael for the honour of having Christianized the country it would now be impossible to say; but from what we know of human nature and the then social condition of Ireland, we must conclude that St. Patrick was but one out of a host, and that at one time there were many names which promised as fairly as his to arrive at the spiritual pre-eminence.

There are three compositions still in existence, which are attributed to St. Patrick. One is called "St. Patrick's Hymn," a second, "The Letter to Coroticus," and the third generally known by the name of "St. Patrick's Confession." The prime Druid, like the prime cleric, wrote or dictated compositions which remain to this day. There are four curious pagan hymns, which are ascribed to Amergin, who entered Erin along with the sons of Milesius; and several others

attributed to various pre-historic personages. Nearly all the remnants of very ancient Irish literature have an impersonal character. They might have been written by one person as well as by another. A traditional mode, both of expression and of thinking, was invariably followed. The literature that seemed to bear a pagan origin was by the literati of later ages distributed between the various celebrated Druids and bards, according to a standard which they determined themselves. To Amergin, being the first Druid of the Milesians, the most ancient were ascribed, and the remainder to subsequent personages, historic and unhistoric.

The same course has been adopted in the distribution of the Christian literature. Here, however, as these were written in Latin, the same mode of distribution could not well be followed. Latin remained the same; Gædhilic altered. The more ancient Gædhilic compositions could be rudely determined. In the distribution of Latin compositions of a Christian character those whose authorship was not known, and which were also excellent, were attributed to St. Patrick. Only one of those has come down to us, "St. Patrick's Hymn," which is a beautiful and fervid piece of religious poetry.

The remaining compositions attributed to St. Patrick purport in themselves to have proceeded from his hand; so that if they were not written by him they must be considered either a deliberate forgery or a sort of dramatic exercise.

This last description of literary exercise is exceedingly common in the remnants of ancient Irish literature. It was a common artifice of the versifying chroniclers. In order to make more vivid and forcible their accounts of certain periods in the historical narrative, they affected the sentiments and manner

of some distinguished bard of the period.

A good example of this is given by a fine historical poem, affecting to have been uttered by the chief Druid of Leairé, the king to whom Patrick preached at Tara. In the midst of the poem the author breaks out, "Duvach, am I poetic fully?—subtle it was by me an oratory and stone cross were first erected." The language of this poem rebuts the assumption that it could have been composed in the fifth century; moreover, it treats as true the legend of the preaching of St. Patrick before the court of Leairé. Again, it would have been impossible for Duvach to say with truth that he was the first to erect an oratory and cross in Erin, for St. Patrick's predecessor, Palladius, had been ordained and sent by the Pope *ad Scotos credentes in Christo*. To pretend to speak in the person of an ancient worthy was a common artifice. The mere fact, therefore, that they have been attributed to St. Patrick, and even their purporting in themselves to have proceeded from him, are worthless in the endeavour to determine their origin.

Besides St. Patrick, there were several other saints who are supposed to have flourished in the fifth century. Not one of these has left anything in the form of composition. Even the sixth and seventh centuries, during which Erin excelled the surrounding nations in piety and Christian learning, did not produce any compositions of a monkish character which have lasted down to the present day. Irish patristic literature, if we except the two compositions whose authenticity we are considering, was *nil*. Which is it more reasonable to suppose—that the Confession and the Epistle to Coroticus were composed in St. Patrick's name, at a late period in the history of the country, or that they were

genuine and the sole literary outcome of the Irish Church for a period of four centuries, especially when we remember that the literary artifice of writing in the name of another person was common in Ireland?

In looking into these compositions, we find that they are both written in very bad Latin, and that in both St. Patrick laments his scholastic deficiencies at great length. This alone gives a suspicious look to the compositions. If St. Patrick existed, and influenced the mind of his generation, he must have been too great and too simple-minded to have apologized at all for writing inferior Latin, and certainly he would not have taken up such space. A great proportion of that which he wrote in accounting for his want of Latinity, and calling himself *imperitus* and other hard, selfaccusing names, especially as, according to the legend, he was the Christianizer of the country, and was addressing a people who spoke the Gædhilic tongue, and amongst whom an audience of continental and Latin-speaking persons could not have been already collected. If St. Patrick wrote anything at all, we would expect to find it in the language of the country, and not in a foreign one. It is, indeed, highly probable that the loss of nearly all the literary outcome of the ancient Irish Church was caused by its having been composed in the vernacular. The circumstances of the country cutting it off from connection with Rome would throw the monks upon the indigenous spiritual and intellectual resources of the country. The Gædhilic compositions of their predecessors would probably not be preserved with care by the Romanizing Latin-speaking monks of later times.

If St. Patrick was, as he stated, of Roman origin, of a distinguished ecclesiastical family, and born in

Britain at a time when Britain was a Roman colony; if he lived in Gaul with his relations, and, after his escape from Ireland, lived again upon the Continent, it is reasonable to suppose that Latin would have been his native language, and that he would have spoken and written it correctly. But if it be urged that the spoken Latin of the day was not classical, then St. Patrick, writing the usual spoken Latin of the day, would not have entered into a long apology about his Latin style. He would not have seen, and certainly would not have felt, its defects.

Now let us suppose that all the rest is genuine, but that the apologies in both compositions were interpolations of later times. Let us suppose that some monk, jealous of St. Patrick's reputation, and desiring to vindicate him, yet afraid to correct a composition so sacred, introduced the apology.

In the Epistle to Coroticus, St. Patrick denounces the Roman general in strong language for having sold Irish children to the accursed Picts and Scots, and ties both names together more than once under the ban of a common opprobrium. Now, from the earliest times, and down to the Norman invasion, Ireland was Scotia, and her inhabitants Scoti. Brian Boromh signed himself *imperator Scotum*, and although the signature in the book of Armagh be not genuine, it at all events must have been penned in or after the eleventh century. True, there were Scoti in Caledonia in the time of St. Patrick; but the Caledonian Scoti of that day were not numerous or powerful. They were but an unimportant Irish colony, altogether dependent on the parent country, and sustained by the Irish against the Picts. Whenever the Latin writers allude to the Scoti, it is the inhabitants of Hibernia whom they mean by the appella-

tion. Therefore, to represent St. Patrick speaking of the accursed Scoti is absurd. He would not speak in opprobrious terms of the people amongst whom he was labouring, and on whose behalf he wrote the Epistle to Coroticus. It is plain from this that the composition in question must have been written by some ignorant person, who, living at a time in which the only Scoti known were the inhabitants of Caledonia, and familiar with those all but indissolubly united brethren, Scoti Pictique, transferred his own ideas to the time of St. Patrick, thus introducing a most easily distinguished foreign alloy into the forged metal of his Patrician epistle.

Coroticus seems to have been a Roman general commanding in Britain, who made a descent upon the shores of Hibernia, and carried off Christian boys and girls, whom he sold to the accursed pagans, the Picts and Scots. Now, St. Patrick must have written this epistle somewhere in the middle of the fifth century, for he landed in Ireland in the year 431. Yet in the epistle, a Roman general in Britain is represented as being sufficiently powerful to invade Ireland. As a fact, the Roman colony in Britain was completely blotted out at the close of the fourth century; the Scoti, the un-Latinized Britons, or the Picts and the Saxons, had taken complete possession of the island, and if any fragment of the Roman colony still sustained itself, we may be certain it had enough to occupy itself with in Britain without fitting out naval piratical expeditions against Hibernia.

According to the Confession, and the other accounts of St. Patrick's origin with which all the Confession is in harmony, the saint was born in North Britain, in Strath Clyde; but while still a boy paid a visit to his relatives, the Britons of Gaul. Now,

let us suppose that the descent of the Picts, which for a while wiped out Christianity and Latin names from the north of Britain, had not yet taken place. Still there remains the difficulty that Brittany was not yet formed. It was by the expulsion of the Romans from Britain that Gaulish Brittany was formed, and to render credible the account of St. Patrick having been born a Christian, and of Latin parents in Strath Clyde, at the close of the fourth century, we have supposed that the Roman dominion lasted longer in Britain than it did. Either St. Patrick was not born in Strath Clyde, or he did not go to see his relatives in Armorica Letha.

The real fact undoubtedly is, that the details of the Patrician legend were elaborated at a time long after the expulsion of the Romans from Britain. The Britons along the western coast of England, having been Christianized, were in close connection and sympathy with the Irish Church, and also with their kindred in Armorica. The Welsh were Christianized by the Irish, and not *vice versa*. The details of Patrick's birth and early life were determined by the close connection subsisting between the churches of West Britain and the Cymric peoples of France, with both of whom the ancient Irish Church kept up friendly relations. The monastery of Glastonbury was an Irish foundation. Kil Patrick in North Britain testifies to their community with Ireland of ideas and feelings, and friendly allusions to Armorica Letha occur in ancient Irish literature.

The two compositions, it is clear, were written at a late age, and founded upon the then current ideas concerning St. Patrick. The writer being an imperfect Latin scholar, the apologies for defective Latinity were either introduced by the author, or in later times by one who considered

them genuine, but interpolated the apologies written also in inferior Latin.

There is an air of genuineness, simplicity, and piety about these compositions which leaves on the uncritical an impression of their authenticity. It would be so pleasant to believe that this humility, piety, and goodness were the genuine utterances of the great father of the Irish Church.

The "Confession" contradicts the orthodox narrative of St. Patrick's life. According to the Tripartite and the other lives, St. Patrick's career in Ireland was like a triumphal progress. He passed through all the country, founding churches, blessing wells, and baptizing the inhabitants in thousands. All the Scoti rose up joyfully to meet him, like the birds of the forest at the ascent of the sun. The writer of the "Confession" knew better, his experience amongst the Saxons and Franks as a missionary, perhaps, taught him that the conversion of a nation was no easy matter. He makes St. Patrick speak of himself as imprisoned and as having been threatened with death; as being surrounded by perils and miseries, and looking forward to the death of a martyr. Of course he is made to allude to his successes too, but of these he speaks with moderation.

If we deduct from all that is told of St. Patrick whatever is clearly incredible, the result will be very attenuated indeed. Again, if St. Patrick came at the time which all the authorities mention, he was not the Christianizer of Ireland, for he arrived at the culmination of the Christian revolution. He was merely a distinguished priest of the Irish Church. Now, under these circumstances, it is highly improbable that a well known priest, living in the full light of publicity and general attention, could ever, contrary to the fact, have been credited with

being the Christianizer of the country. Besides, when Christianity had reached such success in the country that Paganism was on the verge of its overthrow, we may be sure that many accounts of its introduction, and of the first bringers of the blessed news of Christ and immortality, were floating around the island. One of these magnified prehistoric figures would be already subduing, as it were, the rest, and concentrating upon himself the glory of having Christianized Ireland. From these considerations alone, it is reasonable to suppose that if a man named Patricius landed in Ireland, in the fifth century, his name would not be connected with the Christianization of the country nor magnified into the mythic proportions which it assumes in the Tripartite.

On the other hand, if we believe that St. Patrick did really Christianize the country, and place his arrival in the third century, we must reject as untrue or doubtful everything that is told concerning him. Almost every portion of the Patrician narrative is so closely connected with the fifth century, that if we deduct both the incredible and that which belongs to the fifth century, there is hardly a tack left.

If St. Patrick came in the third century, he would certainly have been one of the early Christian missionaries; but the annalists would not have noticed him. Without their notice he would not be remembered in later times any more than the throngs of Christian exiles and clerics who, during the third, fourth, and fifth centuries must have sought the shores of Erin.

The real fact with regard to the Patrician legend seems to be this: Patrick was but one of many prehistoric figures, floating in the imagination of the people, deriving

name, life, colour, movement, from the bards, the ever-ready exponents of the dumb wishes and desires of the people. Political and military causes gave precedence to the Teamairian legends of the Christianization of the country, and the genius of its bard, or some other cause, made the Patrician to triumph over the other Teamairian legends. The commencement of Christianity was lost in those phases of Gædhilic life upon which the annalists did not shed light, it was hid in the extra-historic obscurity. The Christianization of Erin was complex and gradual, and approached from a thousand points, working slowly, feeling its way from the coast inland. In the mind of the bard whose tale was to be repeated in a single evening, and which was intended to gratify the imagination, not satisfy the critical faculty of learned and sceptical antiquarians, the long-drawn metamorphosis by which Paganism fell into desuetude and the worship of God arose, concentrated itself in a sudden and spirit-stirring revolution, starting into life around the

great words and great deeds of a mighty spiritual hero.

Once the Patrician legend was formed and generally recognized, successive bards would add to the achievements of its hero. Eventually the bardic tales would themselves grow old and perish, and their bones and dust collected in such cineraries as Jocelyn's Life and the Tripartite.

Once more an attempt of later times might be made to exorcise into life the mouldering relics. A monk would, as a literary exercise, take a few facts from the Lives, and around these wind such discourses as, in his mind, the great apostle of Ireland would have composed. The "Epistle to Coroticus" and the "Confession" have been written with such peculiar skill, and indicate such an exquisite, pure, and fervid type of antique Gædhilic piety, that the writer of the present article is as grieved as any person who may read his words, that he cannot believe them to have been composed by the chief of the first missionaries to Ireland.

ARTHUR CLIVE.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 26.

DR. RICHARD ROBERT MADDEN, F.R.C.S.E., L.A. LOND.,
M.R.I.A., &c., &c.

WE enrich our gallery this month with the portrait of a true "son of the soil," Dr. Madden, who, during an eventful public career, found intervals of leisure to wield a prolific and useful pen.

The subject of our memoir bears a name inseparably linked with the remote annals of Ireland. Several Irish MSS. of antiquity furnish the pedigree of this family, under the denomination of the race of Madudan of Sil Anmchadha. This powerful Irish sept had large territorial possessions, their country, Sil Anmchadha, being co-extensive with the barony of Longford in the county of Galway, and the parish of Lusmagh in the King's county on the east side of the Shannon, formerly included within the county of the city of the tribes.

The ancient records of the West are rich in praise of the virtues and bravery of different members of the Madden clan. Some of the O'Maddens seem, as in modern times, to have intermarried with natives of England. One hero of the family is in particular depicted in glowing colours by two of the Irish bards, who describe Dr. Madden's ancestor as a soldier with the courage of a true lion, the Lion of Birra (Birr), with the venom of the serpent, the Hawk of the Shannon, a Tower which defends the frontiers, a Chieftain of the race of Conn of the hundred battles, a large man of slender person with a skin like the blossom of the apple-trees, with brown eyebrows, black curling hair, long fingers, and a cheek like the cherries.

This ancient family, of which there appears likewise to be an English branch, formed alliances with some of the greatest names in ancient Ireland, such as the De Burgos, Clanricardes, O'Kellys, Fords, and Lyons. The two last ancestral names unite, through Dr. Madden's sister, Elizabeth, in the person of William Henry Ford Cogan, Esq., of Tinode, county of Wicklow, an English Privy Councillor, who has represented in Parliament the county of Kildare for many years.

For three generations the name of Madden has been conspicuous in the county and city of Dublin. Dr. Madden's grandfather, a man of opulence at one period of his life, was the owner of extensive mills at



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*Yours faithfully
R. R. Madden*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY T. CRANFIELD, DUBLIN.

Enniskerry. Like the true Irish gentleman of those eventful days, Mr. John Madden of Enniskerry was a sportsman of the real Hibernian type; but, alas! with the customary consequence, that he often left his business to follow the hounds. His large trade continually called him to the counting-house, an imperative summons which he too frequently disobeyed in favour of the saddle, one of his mottoes being—

“No joy can compare
With the hunting of the hare
In fresh and pleasant weather.”

It is a rule, however, that those who leave business soon find that business leaves them. So that John Madden left Enniskerry for Clonskeagh, where he continued to follow the same avocation, but with not very plentiful results. Before bidding adieu to the romantic Wicklow village, Mr. Madden's son Edward was born, whose son Richard is the subject of our memoir.

At an early age, accompanied by his brother Joseph, Edward Madden was sent to England to the relatives of his mother, the Lees of Macclesfield, who were extensive manufacturers. Here, having acquired a thorough knowledge of the silk and mohair manufacture, he returned to Ireland and set up on his own account. He opened an establishment on Merchant's Quay, and was the first who engaged in the silk trade in the Irish metropolis.

In 1768, we find Edward Madden resident at Wormwood Gate, and, unlike his father, so highly prosperous in trade, that he was soon obliged to enlarge his premises, where, for the long space of fifty-three years, he laboured sedulously and well. The entire period in which he was engaged in promoting Irish industry reached the large figure of sixty-five years. He died at the patriarchal age of ninety-one, having been blessed in his day with no less than twenty-one children, and never having had “pain or ache” till he took his first and last illness in 1830. Born on the 1st of November, 1739, and having died the 20th of November, 1830, he had all but completed the rare hundred years.

Richard Madden, the subject of our memoir, was born in Dublin in the memorable year for Ireland, 1798. He was educated chiefly under Dr. Farrell, of Coldblow Lane, Donnybrook, and subsequently under the Rev. Edward Martin, of Trinity College, who then resided in York Street, Dublin. On leaving school, he entered upon the study of medicine, and in due course obtained the customary degrees and diplomas. In 1829 he became a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, and in 1855 was made a Fellow of that distinguished body. He afterwards attained to equal rank in similar continental institutions.

At the outset of his professional career, Dr. Madden married Harriet, youngest daughter of the late John Elmslie, Esq., of Berners Street, London. He devoted, however, the energies of his active and richly-

stored mind rather to literature than to his profession. Authors of ability have sometimes been deficient in active usefulness, but not so with him, for he has led a most busy and laborious public life. The numerous appointments he held under Government required unflinching firmness and integrity in the discharge of their onerous duties, and he always proved himself worthy of the trust reposed in him. Unmindful of his own ease, personal advantage, or even life itself, Dr. Madden uniformly prized humanity, and made truth and justice between man and man the guiding principles of his conduct.

In one particular sphere of philanthropy, Dr. Madden has worked with such fellow-labourers as Wilberforce, Buxton, and Clarkson—we mean the abolition of Slavery. The prelude to his vigorous exertions in this noble cause was his appointment, in 1833, as special magistrate in Jamaica. He no sooner set foot on the island than, with rigid and scrupulous straightforwardness, he spread a protecting arm around the poor negroes, whom he thenceforward did his best to guard from the miseries of hateful serfdom.

Three years after this, Dr. Madden was nominated Superintendent of Liberated Africans at Havannah, under the British Colonial Office, and in 1839, Acting Judge Advocate, in the Mixed Commission Court, under the Foreign Office.

In these situations he found abundant scope for the exercise of his philanthropy, inasmuch as considerable discretionary authority was vested in him, if not actually for slave emancipation, at least for diminishing the bitterness of thralldom. All such intrepid hostility towards tyranny made Dr. Madden quite obnoxious to rich slavers and slave-owners; and on one occasion a mere accident averted the assassin's dagger.

Such services were not forgotten, and in 1841 Dr. Madden was chosen by Lord John Russell a Commissioner of Inquiry on the Western Coast of Africa. Here he laboured devotedly in the cause of humanity, and discovered that under the name of "the Pawn System" an absolute state of slavery existed, and that, too, under the very eye of the authorities at the forts and posts established by the English Government for the protection of the negroes.* During this appointment Dr. Madden's surveillance included, among other territories in Africa, the West Coast, Gambia, and Cape Coast Castle.

In 1847 Dr. Madden was appointed to the Colonial Secretaryship of Western Australia, and three years afterwards he became secretary to the

* This system, practically, is only one step removed from actual slavery. Dr. Madden described it in one of his pamphlets on slavery as follows:—"Slaves are either purchased for life or sold by others for debt—in the latter case, being themselves sometimes indebted, they sell themselves to their creditors till the debt is satisfied. In both cases the labour of the slaves is the property of the holder of their persons—in fact, the thing is the person of the man in debt. The man never ceases to be a slave in the eyes of the law till the very last farthing of the debt is discha

Loan Fund Board of Ireland, a situation which he at present fills with credit to the country.

If Dr. Madden had never written a line, his services in connection with the abolition and mitigation of the slave trade would alone entitle him to public gratitude. But he has also made his mark as a man of letters. He became first favourably known as the author of several careful and able anti-slavery pamphlets. He led off with a series of circumstantial letters in the *London Morning Chronicle*, which were followed up by other contributions, equally effective, on the same subject. More particularly of supreme interest just now are his investigations and arguments, as contained in his papers on the Cuban slave traffic.

Here is a sample of the tale of misery as told by Dr. Madden from authentic sources: From the year 1523 to 1765, 60,000 slaves were brought into Cuba; from 1766 to 1789 the number was close upon 31,000; from 1790 to 1821 the number was about 400,000; from 1821 to 1840 we find the prodigious number of 754,776.

Such figures speak for themselves, and, combined with a vast quantity of other facts and statistics that came to his knowledge in his official capacity abroad, inspirited him to devote his utmost exertions on behalf of the slave. This he did so fearlessly as to spare nobody, though others were neither so candid nor so outspoken. Thus, in those admirable reports of his, printed by order of Parliament, and which now, as Blue Books, form part of the national history of England, the portions of Dr. Madden's evidence which implicated leading British merchants in the detestable slave traffic were omitted by direction of the then Secretary of State for the Colonies. However, these important portions of his reports have been preserved. It is gratifying to know that if, in the fearless discharge of his duty, Dr. Madden excited the enmity of the slave interest, he also won golden opinions from those who were really the negroes' friends. Not only abroad, but in his own country, men of the very highest eminence were foremost in recognizing his signal abilities and services. It is seldom that a man succeeds in winning the unreserved approbation of such men as Lords Glenelg, Palmerston, Russell, Derby, and Normanby, as well as eliciting admiration of such members of his own profession as Gregory, Cooper, Brodie, Johnson, Crampton, Kirby, and O'Reilly. But, perhaps, the most valuable tribute came from the lips of Buxton and Clarkson, two of the finest champions ever furnished by humanity to the oppressed coloured race. With these men, as also with William Wilberforce, must be linked the name of our distinguished countryman.

Notwithstanding the absorbing nature of his public duties, Dr. Madden found time to cultivate his literary tastes, and acquire distinction as an author. In looking over his writings, besides admiring their quality and texture, one is amazed at their quantity—the more so considering his other avocations. He has written largely and excellently in the depart-

ments of politics, sociology, history, travels, and *belles lettres*. His works are so varied and numerous that we cannot refer to them in detail, but must content ourselves with briefly indicating some of the most important. No one who peruses Dr. Madden's books can fail to appreciate their research, eloquence, and love of Fatherland, however much he may dissent from some of his opinions and conclusions. He traces the account of his country's vicissitudes with power and beauty, and leaves on record a great deal of valuable historic lore. During all the eventful struggles which have distracted this country, events have happened which ought to be a warning to all who now, or in years to come, may mingle in Irish affairs, or undertake to direct and mould public opinion. The same weary story crops up from century to century, in the midst of sciolism and misrule, and it is this—while political pedlars have been periodically displaying their deceptive wares to the gaze of popular credulity, and while legislative quacks of all kinds have propounded various panaceas, the people have been forced, in various ways, to drink the cup of misery. The sad events of our history constitute in themselves a terrible routine which scarcely has a parallel! the worst of all being that the wisest heads failed to account for, or sound the depths of, all this recurrent desolation. The practical operation of these and similar causes told, in the long run, upon the Irish peasant, who too soon learned to see in the violation of law, or what he scornfully called "British law," no culpability; and in its chastisements no retribution. Irishmen in the flower of manhood, some of them in the zenith of a cultivated intellect, with alacrity mounted the scaffold steps, surrounded by sympathizing crowds, and died, not with the remorse of the outlaw, but the undisguised joy of the patriot. Such morbid opinion and perverted sentiment found a natural outlet in agrarian outrages and more daring insurrections. This has been the chronic condition of Ireland for centuries. In our own day, the Young Ireland rebellion of '48 was but a miserable travesty on that of '98, while a still greater burlesque was the wretched Fenian cut-throat. Bad government makes disaffected subjects, and with shame we confess that, since the connection with England, the government of Ireland has never been consistently regular, enlightened, wise, and good. Thus Ireland has been the prey of incendiary agitators and mercenary demagogues, who trade on inflaming the passions and stimulating the discontents of an excitable, impulsive, and credulous people.

Dr. Madden has not been unmindful of these social and political phenomena, and has written his two most remarkable books on such phases of Irish life. We allude to his "History of the Penal Laws," and his volumes on the "United Irishmen."

The "History of the Penal Laws," as regards historical truth, should be pitched in a much lower key; yet, while it challenges criticism, the work, as a whole, is exhaustive and masterly. From Dr. Madden's standpoint, it is, no doubt, all plain sailing, and he establishes a case of

tyrannical and wanton oppression that appears irresistibly conclusive. But his facts and reasoning will not bear examination. He fails where many able men have failed before him.

The philosophy of history eschews a partisan spirit, and has no sympathy with the warping prejudice so begotten. No greater or more unjust blunder ever was committed than in supposing that "The Penal Laws" were mere gratuitous enactments, devised in a spirit of barbarous cruelty to oppress and torture Roman Catholics simply as such. All the truths of history are a protest against such an outrageous falsehood. The "Penal Laws" were never designed as a means wherewith to oppress conscience, and war against the manifestation of a form of religious opinion. *They were solely devised as political safeguards against Popish plots to overthrow the Monarchy and liberties of England!* This was the great object contemplated by the Penal Laws in their inception. We do not say the means employed were the best adapted to secure the end aimed at, but they were in accord with the light of the time; and in those rough-and-ready days, when a sense of common danger inspired prompt and energetic action, no one imagined that incendiary conspiracies were to be extinguished by a morbid sentimentality squirting rose-water on them, as in our time.

The "Lives and Times of the United Irishmen" make up a series of seven volumes, the publication of which commenced in 1842 and terminated in 1846. With Dr. Madden this work was evidently a "labour of love." He has undoubtedly displayed great ability, industry, and research in depicting the eventful and tragic career of the leading spirits who inspired the insurrections of '98 and 1803—men of whom it may be truly said, that if they loved their country, "not wisely but too well," their patriotism was, at least, unselfish and devoted, and so unlike the wretched travesty of our day, it had no mercenary tinge.

Perhaps Dr. Madden's best work is "The Life and Martyrdom of Savonarola." It affords evidence of high descriptive power, and is valuable, not only as a most interesting biography, but also as embracing the history of events that exercised a powerful influence on the future of the Church. Dr. Madden writes with freedom and judgment, and his views are generally impartial and enlightened. He does full justice to the mission and genius of the great pioneer of ecclesiastical reform, and this is accomplished in a manner which leaves nothing to be desired. In fulfilling his task, he draws aside the curtain and paints with terrible accuracy, while reprimanding with emphasis the irregularity and vice into which ecclesiastics and their system had fallen in Savonarola's time. For his zeal in attempting to promote reformation, Savonarola paid the penalty of his life. That life, let foes say what they will, was one of purity and self-renunciation.

Among Dr. Madden's other principal works we may mention—"Travels in Turkey and Egypt," "The Mussulman," "The Infirmities of Genius,"

(a most agreeable and readable volume), "Travels in the West Indies," "Egypt and Mahommed Ali; and Condition of his Slaves and Subjects," "Connection of the Kingdom of Ireland with the Crown of England," "The Island of Cuba," &c., "Shrines and Sepulchres of the Old and New World," "The Memoirs of the Countess of Blessington," "Illusions and Fanaticisms of an Epidemic Character," and "The History of Irish Periodical Literature." The last work constitutes, of its class, a most valuable addition to the national history of Ireland.

Thus, while discharging with distinguished ability and fidelity the varied and onerous duties of a long official life, at home and abroad, Dr. Madden found time to establish by his voluminous writings a deservedly high literary reputation.

In a memoir of this kind it is sufficient to say that Dr. Madden's public career has been throughout alike honourable and useful. With his opinions and views, as expressed in his works, we certainly are not always in accord, but that does not blind us to their merits, and we cheerfully bear our testimony to his indefatigable industry and high literary aptitude. He has given us works of intense national interest, and although they undoubtedly evince an imperfect historical philosophy, and are largely impregnated with errors of judgment, still, with all their shortcomings, we would not willingly part with them, for they fill what would otherwise be a void in our National History, and are unique of their kind.

HISTORY OF THE MUNSTER CIRCUIT.

BY J. RODERICK O'FLANAGAN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

CHAPTER I.

THE Munster Circuit! What proud memories are associated with that name? What splendid eloquence, high courage, intrepid advocacy, skilful pleadings, are connected with its history! To one born within the province—a member of its bar—enjoying for many years the friendly intercourse of the distinguished body of practitioners attending each assizes, tracing its history will, assuredly, be a labour of love.

I make no invidious comparisons between the Munster and other circuits; but my esteemed friend, the late Mr. Daniel Owen Madden, has left in print this estimate of the Munster bar:—"The Munster bar has always ranked the first in Ireland. Its circuit takes rank, like the Northern in England. Many barristers, without Southern connections, have joined it, from the opportunities it presents of finding amusement, political connections, or the means of professional advancement. In Ireland, one has said everything for its favour, when he reminds the listener that 'it was Curran's circuit.' " *

It is not easy to determine the precise period when Judges of Assize first went the Munster circuit. We find, from the State Papers, that the Brehon laws were observed in most country districts of Ireland in 1537; but in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Munster was placed under the charge of a Lord President, with very ample judicial powers. He had authority to hear and determine all complaints throughout the province, as well guildable, as belonging to the franchises of corporations, and might send for and punish any officer against whom such complaint was made. The Presidents had commission of Oyer and Terminer, as well as of gaol delivery of the whole province, and might hold their courts when and where they thought proper, with power to execute martial law upon all persons who had not £5 of freehold, or goods to the value of £10, and could prosecute any rebel with fire and sword, and for this purpose might array any number of the Queen's loyal subjects. They could hear and determine all complaints against magistrates and officers, civil and military, throughout the province of Munster, and the crosses

* "Revelations of Ireland," p. 3.

and liberties of Tipperary and Kerry, and might punish the offenders at discretion. They had, also, authority to put persons accused of high treason to the torture, and to reprieve condemned persons. They were entitled to issue proclamations tending to the regulation of the Queen's subjects.

Besides this very extensive jurisdiction in criminal cases, I find the President had as much in civil. He could entertain all suits, could confer knight-hood, and was, in fact, a provincial Viceroy, just as the Lord Lieutenant was for the entire kingdom.

The Lord President had his sergeant-at-arms, with his mace and his retinue, or escort, of thirty horse and twenty foot. He had his captain, and gunner, and trumpeter. His court was presided over by a chief justice and second justice. He had his attorney, clerk of the council, clerk of the crown, sergeant-at-arms, and provost marshal. The cost of the establishment of Lord President of Munster in 1594 was £1,951 16s. 8d.—a liberal sum in those days.

Yet the office does not seem to have been a pleasant one. Sir John Perrott—appointed Lord President at the close of 1570—had a troublesome time of it, and for his reward incurred the enmity of the fair sex as well as the male. Writing to Cecil, the Lord President of Munster says:—"Among the rest of my doings here, I have caused all the Irishry in this province to forego their glibbes; and have waded into a further danger, as in banishing the great rolls from the wearing of ladies, gentlewomen, and all others of these parts, by which means I am assured to have no wyfe in these places."

The ungallant Lord President must have been the "cold-hearted Saxon" our national bard had in his thoughts when he wrote:—

"And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as
graceful it wreathes,
And hang on thy soft harp, as wildly
it breathes;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted
Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one
lock from that hair."

Whether the Deputy, Sir Henry Sidney, thought the Lord President, Sir John Perrott, somewhat deficient in his duties, or of attending to trivial matters—as in the case of the glibber—I know not; but that high functionary arrived in Cork in 1575, and, according to his own account, lost no time in executing the laws. He says:—"I caused daily session to be held in the city from the morrow after twelfth day to the last of January, in which appeared very honest and good juries, sound and good trials made by them. A number of civil causes heard, and determined, and about twenty-four notable malefactors condemned and executed. Condon attainted and adjudged to die, yet stayed from execution, for, as the word goeth here, his fault was only small."

Munster at this period was the property of several noble families, chiefly Anglo-Normans, others of Irish descent. The O'Briens ruled over Thomond, which comprised nearly the whole of Clare, with portion of Limerick. The puissant house of Ormond, the greater parts of Waterford and Tipperary. The Earl of Desmond had vast estates in the counties of Cork, Limerick, Tipperary, and Waterford. The Earl of Clanear ruled over the west of Cork and most of Kerry; while the Lords Barry, Roche, De Courcy, and Dunboyne were intermarried with the Irish races of MacCarthy, O'Sullivan, O'Callaghan, MacDonogh, O'Loughlen, Macnamara, and other Celtic chiefs of the province.

The Munster circuit—then pro-

vincial — comprehends now the counties of Clare, Limerick, Kerry, and Cork. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the status of Clare was unsettled. In reply to a letter from the Queen, dated 4th July, 1562, recommending the then Viceroy, the Earl of Sussex, to establish provincial courts for the presidencies of Connaught, Ulster, and Munster, the Viceroy recommended—"That Clare should not be within the presidencies of either Connaught or Munster, but that the Earl of Thomond, Chief of Clare, should be as the person lying between both presidencies, and should be a member of both councils, ready to assist either as circumstances might require." *

The first attempt to hold a court in the county of Clare seems to have been attended with danger to the President of Connaught. The Earl of Thomond refused to attend, and, though the President, Sir Edward Fitton, held the court in the Franciscan Abbey at Ennis, in 1570, the sacredness of the place, or of the nature of his office, formed no protection to the Lord President, for he was so unpopular he was obliged to place himself under the protection of the Sheriff of Thomond, who conducted him back to Galway without delay.

In 1576 Clare was joined to Munster; but, in the year 1579, again restored to the jurisdiction of the Court of the President of Connaught.† This arrangement, however, was not found satisfactory to the Earl of Thomond, for, I find, that in A.D. 1602, on the petition of that nobleman, the county of Clare was once more detached from the jurisdiction of the President's Court of Connaught, and united to Munster, to which it now belongs.

I find that Sir John Perrott,

when removed from the office of President of Munster, and made Lord Deputy, as the Viceroy was then called, went from the frying-pan into the fire. He petitioned the Queen to relieve him of an office "which the perverseness of her subjects in Ireland of the English race had rendered intolerable. I find I can please your Majesty's Irish subjects better than the English, who, I fear, will shortly learn the Irish customs sooner than the Jews did those of the Hebrews." If the Lord Deputy had many altercations like that related in Gibson's "History of Cork,"‡ his life cannot have been a very tranquil one. "It is not," says the reverend historian, "surpassed in the Southern States of America. The 15th of May, 1587, very angry words passed between the Lord Deputy and Sir Nicholas Bagnal, Marshal, in the presence of the Chief Justice, the Master of the Rolls, and the Secretary of State, upon occasion that one Patrick Cullan (who used to go into England in the name of O'Neal, with complaints to her Majesty against the Lord Deputy) was ordered to be examined before the Council. The Marshal requested that the Lord Deputy should not be present at the examination; upon which the Lord Deputy, taking it ill to be directed by him, told him, 'that though he would not be present at it he would do what he thought fit!'

"The Marshal replied: 'He mistrusted false measures would be used.'

"The Deputy said: 'He defy'd him, or any other man, who should think any false measure should come by him.'

"The Marshal said: 'He defy'd him also.'

* Carew MSS., 329.

† "Lib. Mumerum Hib."

‡ Vol. i., p. 216.

"Hereupon, the Deputy, with the flat of his hand, touched his cheek once or twice, and laying his other hand on his right shoulder, said: 'Well, well, Marshal, if you defy'd a man in my place in another country, he would have hanged you.'

"The Marshal hereat held up his staff, as if he would have struck the Deputy, but Mr. Fenton, the secretary, and Sir Nicholas White, Master of the Rolls, interposing themselves, the Marshal fell back, and, rising up, said: 'It will be proved you have done ill in this matter.'

"The Lord Deputy: 'You lye, if you say I have done ill in this matter.'

"Marshal: 'You lie'—and, correcting himself, 'If you were not Lord Deputy I would say you lie; but I care not for Sir John Perrott.'

"The Deputy replied: 'If I were but Sir John Perrott I would teach you to use me thus; and if you did not dote I would commit you to prison.'

"'If you do,' answered the Marshal, 'I would come out whether you would or no.'

"The Lord Deputy said: 'Get you hence, for 'tis no reason to talk with you; for a man would think you were drunk.'

"'You are drunk,' reply'd the Marshal.'

"What was the end of this discourse is not known, nor the cause of it, only to believe that the Marshal was a great friend to Cullan."*

The quondam Lord President of Munster had incurred the enmity of several of the high officials, and often used strong words in reference to the Queen, his reputed half-

sister, for he was an illegitimate son of Henry VIII. These words formed a ground of impeachment for high treason, on which he was found guilty and sentenced to death. He attributed his conviction to the enmity of Sir Christopher Hatton, whom he styled a carpet knight; and when he heard his sentence, exclaimed, "God's death! will my sister sacrifice her brother to his frisking adversaries?" When she heard these words, so like what she would have used herself, she refused to sign his death-warrant, saying, "They be all knaves who condemned him." And when pressed with his saying of herself, "That fiddling woman troubles me out of measure; it is not safe for her Majesty to break such sour bread to her servants"—remembered the rescript of the Emperor Theodosius, which, she said, should rule this case. "If any man speak ill of the Emperor through a foolish rashness or inadvertency it is to be despised; if out of madness it deserves pity; if from malice it calls for mercy."† Her mercy did not avail the condemned knight, for Sir John Perrott died in the Tower.

The next Munster circuit, I find on record, was that of Sir William Drury, who, in 1576, like Sir Henry Sydney, took a circuit of all the great towns in Munster, to confirm laws and regulations. He destroyed malefactors and robbers, and put to death Barrett, of Cork, and two noble and distinguished young constables, of the tribe of Maolmurry, or MacSweeney. He proceeded thence to Limerick, where he hung a number of chiefs and of the common people.

The Rev. Mr. Gibson considers it was during this tour the Earl of Desmond invited Sir William to pay

* Gibson's "History of Cork," vol. i., p. 216.

† Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Lord Chancellors of England," vol. ii., p. 168.

him a visit at his castle at Tralee, intending to make him prisoner. The Deputy went, escorted by 120 men. The earl's retinue was a trifle more numerous, if not so warlike, numbering 800 Galloglasses, or heavy armed soldiers, and Kerns, as the light infantry were called. It would appear as if the Earl of Desmond was not present with his men, for when the Lord President, not liking their array in his path, charged through the Irish forces and reached the castle, he was received, not by the lord, but by his lady.

The Deputy demanded, "Why so many armed bands guarded the approach to the castle?"

The lady seemed amused at his trepidation, and assured him that what he mistook for hostile forces was only a hunting party, and that instead of intending to dispute his approach, they only meant to welcome him to Kerry.

This explanation satisfied, or, at least, was deemed sufficiently satisfactory by the Deputy. But that official had too much knowledge of the disaffection of the Desmond race to be easily imposed upon. Ere long, they raised the standard of revolt, and James Fitzmaurice, the earl's cousin, brought over Spanish and Italian forces, who ravaged Munster. Thereupon, Captain Malby, President of Connaught, was sent as Vice-President into Munster to assist Sir William Drury during the war. This was A.D. 1579.

Sir William suffered some reverses, which naturally preyed upon his mind. A fierce engagement took place between his troops and those of the Geraldines at Springfield, in which he was defeated, nearly all his band of 400 men cut to pieces, and three of his captains (Herbert, Eustace, and Price) slain. He left Kilmallock ill, and, surrendering the command to Captain

Malby, was conveyed in a carriage to Waterford, where he died.

For several years Munster was a battle-field, the forces of the Geraldines making a desperate resistance against the troops of Queen Elizabeth; but in 1584, when Sir John Norris was President, the Earl of Desmond was slain in a battle in the county of Kerry, his adherents dead or scattered, and a general peace was proclaimed throughout Ireland in general, and the two provinces of Munster in particular—that is to say, the part of Munster south of the Blackwater, and Middle Munster, between the Blackwater and Limerick. Of these provinces a large portion was, by the attainder of the Earl of Desmond, forfeited to the Crown. His territory extended from Duncasin, in Kerry, to the meeting of the Suir, here, and Barrow, in Waterford, and from the Great Island—now the site of Queenstown, county of Cork—to Limerick; a country containing a million of acres, of which 574,628 were, by special Act of Parliament, passed in 1583, declared confiscated to the Crown.

Among those Englishmen who, as undertakers, obtained large grants of the forfeited estates of the Earl of Desmond, two are especially renowned in literature—Sir Walter Raleigh and Edmund Spenser. Raleigh also distinguished himself by dashing exploits during the Desmond wars. His escape from the seneschal of Imokilly, and his capture of Lord Roche, are deeds worthy the fame of a knight-errant. He obtained an enormous tract of the Desmond country, along the valley of the Blackwater, from Lisimore to Youghal, in which town he occupied a residence, still in excellent preservation, called Myrtle Grove, and which, I understand, has lately become the property, by purchase, of Mr. Pope Hennessy, who is engaged in collecting curiosities

for a museum, I presume, to illustrate the remarkable career of Sir Walter Raleigh.

Edmund Spenser was also one of the undertakers. He came to Ireland as secretary to Lord Gray in 1590, and having made himself useful to the Government, obtained a grant of 3,000 acres of the forfeited estates of the Earl of Desmond. His grant was situated on the north part of the county of Cork. Here he occupied the Castle of Kileolman, about midway between the town of Doneraile and Buttevant—now a picturesque ivy-mantled ruin, on the lands of Ballyvonere. Here he composed his great work, the "*Faerie Queene*," and a number of minor poems. He was visited here by his friend Sir Walter Raleigh, on which occasion he composed the poem, "*Colin Clout's come Home again*," a work of much interest from its accurate description of the topography and scenery of the neighbourhood. Had Spenser confined his writing to poetry it had been better for his fame, but he did not. He wrote a treatise called "*A View of the State of Ireland*," which lay in manuscript from 1596 until published by Sir James Ware in 1633. The horrible mode he advocated for civilizing the country by getting rid of the inhabitants, does little credit to his head or heart. If he allowed such visions to escape him, and they were disclosed to the Irish people, we cease to wonder at the terrible fate which ended his residence at Kileolman. This is very graphically described by a valued reverend friend of mine, in former years a frequent contributor to the *DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE*, so I prefer giving his account to my own:—

"Kileolman Castle is now a ruin, and a fast perishing one. There are

no signs about it of past glories in architecture or gardener's skill, and the very traces of fire have been washed by the elements, and the memorials of the poet's ruin have passed away along with the tokens of his joy. But Mulla* flows past it now as it did then, and the everlasting hills still keep their watch over the stern old building. The slippery staircase of stone is yet perfect, which Raleigh and Spenser often trod up and down together; and there is a deep recessed window, with a stone seat on each side, and a view from it of a wide-spreading tract of champaign country, and we could fancy the poet (as old Aubrey in his "*Lives*" has painted him), a little man wearing short hair, with laced shirt collar and cuffs, seated on one of these seats; and opposite to him his Elizabeth, with those *sayre* golden tresses he so much loved.

"It was a lovely evening in the autumn of the year, and the sun was westering his course towards the remote hills, and that young couple sat together, watching, with unspeakable rapture, the magnificent sun's going down, and the declining rays glistened on the surface of a small, calm lake near them, and, farther off, were multiplied in the waters of the Mulla, which sparkled in them like burnished silver. Then, like a dark curtain, darkness was slowly drawn over the prospect, and, after a little while, were heard tones of the evening hymn, and a low, calm voice pleaded humbly in prayer; and soon after all sounds ceased, and the inmates of the castle were hushed in repose. Then succeeded an hour or two of stillness, and, after that, was borne on the night wind the tramp of a thousand feet; louder they grew, and yet louder, as they

* The river Aaleg is poetically called the "Mulla" by Spenser.

drew near that lonely building. And rude knocking was heard at the gate, and the passage was forced in, and lights flared up on all sides; and there were shrieks, and groans, and commingling cries of men engaged in fierce battle. Savage numbers prevailed, and applications for mercy were met by the sweep of the broadsword or the thrust of the skein, or the low, short laugh of derision. And the tumult grew less and the cries died away, and then all was hushed in the silence of death.

"Then came a vision of a rough and stormy ocean, and a struggling bark was wildly contending on it with the mad tempest. And there were terrified fugitives crouching low on her deck, and looking with eager eyes towards a blue, low-lying shore they were, with difficulty, approaching. And then the scene changed to a plainly-furnished room, in an inferior street; and the wanderers were there, and knew of their safety; but the strong man's cheek was flushed with disease, the fever was feeding upon his strength, his head was sick, and his heart was broken.

"And then, in a gorgeous aisle of a reverend Minster, we saw a crowd assemble, and a grave was dug, and a long procession issued from a low arched door near at hand, and proceeded towards the grave. And the nobles of the land were there, and poets read their eulogies of the deceased, and cast the verses, and the pens that wrote them, into the pit. And then there was the rumbling of earth upon the coffin-lid and the hollow thumping of the sexton's spade, and suppressed sobs and tears, the dying away of departing footsteps—dust and ashes—and the earthly clay of what was Edmund Spenser remained—to wait the trumpet of the Resurrection day."

Spenser's widow, who regained

the Kilcolman estate, married, in 1603, Mr. Roger Seckerstone. Sylvanus, the poet's eldest son, obtained an inquisition, which was taken at Mallow, on the Munster circuit, on the 7th of August, 1611. By a copy of the finding of the jury now before me, I observe the jurors presented—"that portions of the seignory, granted by patent by the late Queen Elizabeth, unto Edmund Spenser, late of Kilcolman, in the county of Cork, Esq., deceased, after his death descended unto Sylvanus Spenser, his son and heir, who doth now possess the same—viz., the Castle of Kilcolman, with ccc acres of land p. ell of the said seignory, being the demesne lands of the same." It then goes on to recite the various other denominations of land, and their acreage, tenants' names, rents, &c., with any particulars of which it is unnecessary to load our pages.

It may, however, be interesting to learn, that Sylvanus Spenser married the eldest daughter of David Nagle, of Monanimy Castle, on the banks of the Blackwater, county of Cork, and her grand-niece was the mother of the Right Honourable Edmund Burke. The Rev. Mr. Gibson suggests that the great statesman was called *Edmund* after the Poet. For a full account of the poet Spenser's descendants, *vide* Rev. Mr. Gibson's "History of Cork," vol. 1, chapter xvi.

Sir Thomas Norris, President of the two provinces of Munster, and his brother, Sir John Norris, made a raid into Ulster in 1595. They marched to Newry, and passed from thence towards Armagh. When they had proceeded about half-way, they were met by the Irish forces, who proceeded to annoy, shoot, pierce and spear them. The General, Sir John, and Sir Thomas, were wounded upon that occasion.

Soon after this, Sir Thomas Norris returned to Cork, and held a court,

when, in 1596, Conor O'Brien was convicted of stealing cattle, in the great wood near Charleville, and hung. The President fell in battle in 1599. Thomas Burke, of Castle-moell, who was then in rebellion, met the President within two miles of Pallas Green, in the county of Limerick. The President fell mortally wounded from the thrust of a pike, where the jawbone joins the upper part of the neck.*

In 1600, Sir Warham St. Leger, President of Munster, met his death as he and some other officers were riding for recreation near Cork. Within a mile of the city, Sir Warham St. Leger and one of his servants, straggling from his company, were suddenly charged upon by Hugh Maguire, Lord of Fermanagh, a commander of cavalry, under O'Neill. "Sir Warham discharged his pistol, and shot the traitor, and hee (St. Leger) was stricken with the other (Maguire's) horseman's staff in the head, of which wound hee dyed, but none else on either side was slain." †

The next President of Munster was the cautious and crafty statesman, Sir George Carew. His policy was to set the Irish chiefs against each other, and thus weaken them, so they could be easily dealt with. He caused James Fitzgerald, Earl of Desmond, who had been for sixteen years a prisoner in the Tower, to be released and brought to Ireland. On his arrival at Kilmallock, long the chief seat of the Desmonds, and at this day displaying traces of its great magnificence in lofty castles and stately mansions, he was welcomed with enthusiasm. The tenants and adherents of this puissant family flocked to hail his coming—the young men and maidens, the old followers and their families, met him on the out-

skirts of the town. The windows of the houses which overlooked the streets, the tops of the roofs were thronged with eager spectators, and shouts of wishes for his prosperity, greeted the approach to his ancestral halls of the young Earl of Desmond.

Short-lived was the welcome to the earl. The next day was Sunday, and, instead of proceeding, as his ancestors had done, to the Catholic church, where they always heard Mass, he went to the Protestant church. The joy of the people at his coming was turned into grief, for his forsaking the creed of his family. They could not restrain their manifestations of anger and disgust. On his way back from the Protestant church, accompanied by the Archbishop of Cashel, both he and the Archbishop were hooted, hissed, and insulted.‡

This terminated the earl's career in Ireland. He had failed to win the people. The President sent him back to Queen Elizabeth, who re-committed him to the Tower, where he died in a few months.

The fate of the remaining Earl of Desmond, commonly called the Sungan Earl, was little less bitter. Hunted from house to house—outlawed as a traitor, he sought refuge in a mountain cave in the territory of FitzGibbon, commonly called the "White Knight" from the colour of his armour. The President, who was made acquainted with this circumstance of the outlawed earl's place of shelter, which was unknown to the White Knight, sent for him to Cork, and reproached him with his negligence. FitzGibbon returned to the shadow of the Galtees in a depressed state of mind at the loss of the President's good opinion. This

* Gibson's "History of Cork," vol. I., p. 317.

† *Pacata Hibernia*.

‡ *Ibid.*

was noticed by his retainers, and one of them, who was greatly attached to him, and who was acquainted with the outlawed earl's hiding-place, on hearing the cause of the White Knight's sorrow, said—"Follow me, and I will bring you to where he is." FitzGibbon did so, accompanied by Redmond Burke, and six of his men. They reached the cave in the rugged passes of the Galtee mountains, called the "Cave of the Grey Sheep," in the Glen of Aherlow, county of Tipperary. Here FitzGibbon called aloud "James FitzThomas, come out and render yourself a prisoner!" The earl did so, and called on Burke to seize FitzGibbon. He did not comply with this order, but falling upon the earl, and his only companion, his foster-brother, who would not desert him, bound them. They were sent captives to the Lord President, at Shandon Castle, Cork, who forwarded the earl to London. He, too, died in the Tower, and was buried alongside his cousin, the Parliamentary earl.

During the Presidency of Sir George Carew, the Presidential Court of the province of Munster was presided over by two able judges, Sir Nicholas Walshe, Chief Justice, and Gerald Comerford, Second Justice. I hope the legal profession was then better supplied with practitioners than the medical profession, as appears from the following:—The President, when ill, and in want of a physician, writing to the Queen from Cork on September 29, 1602, states:—"Ireland is destitute of learned men of English birth, and with Irish physicians, —*knowing the good will they beare me*—if they were learned, I dare not venture."

Munster, under the Presidency of Sir George Carew, knew little of law or order save the conquering arm of I tower. He was

seldom out of the field of strife. He left Sir Charles Wilmot and Sir George Thornton, joint commissioners for the government of the province, on leaving Cork, in February 1603, for England, learning the Queen was very unwell. He was not in time to find the Queen alive. She died before he reached Chester, but he was in time to assist in proclaiming James VI. of Scotland as the King of England, by whom he was created Lord Totnes.

During his absence from Munster, Sir George Thornton, one of the two commissioners of Munster, applied to Thomas Sarsfield, then Mayor, to have the new King proclaimed. The Mayor, who from some cause or other had not made up his mind to proclaim James, replied,—“The Charter of Cork allowed his taking time to consider of it.” Sir George replied “that the King, who had a just right to the Crown, had been proclaimed in Dublin, and that a delay would be taken ill.”

To this the Mayor shortly rejoined that “Perkin Warbeck had also been proclaimed in Dublin; and that much damage had come of their precipitation.” The Chief Justice of Munster, Saxey, who was present, said “they should be committed if they refused.” This seems to have excited the resentment of the Corporation, for William Mead, the Recorder, replied, “There was no one there with authority to commit them.” The Corporation of Cork had resolved not to do things in a hurry. They retired to the court-house and left Sir George Thornton and his party out in the cold.

They remained pacing up and down the street outside the court-house for an hour, when, growing impatient, Sir George sent to the Mayor, to know “if they had made up their mind what to do.”

The answer was "No."

Another hour elapsed, and again the Commissioner sent to hear the decision of the Corporation. The Recorder, not very civilly, told the messenger "he could have no answer until next day, if even then." Whereon Sir George and his suite went in person, and the Recorder gave them scant courtesy. Sir Richard Boyle, afterwards the great Earl of Cork, was then Clerk of the Presidential Court of Munster, and he reproved the learned Recorder for his conduct, desiring him "not to break out in so unreasonable and choleric a fashion."

Mead at once said, "Though I do not break out, there are thousands ready to do so."

Sir George instantly requested the Recorder "to explain what he meant by those words."

"Very well," replied Mead, "but the city must have three or four days time to consult about the ceremony."

The delay was spent in preparing for civil war.

For some time the city was in open rebellion, but when matters were looking serious, the Mayor and Corporation, knowing the very decided character of the then Viceroy, Lord Mountjoy, wrote by way of excuse to that nobleman, to say, "they had received the King's proclamation only on the 11th of April, and put off the ceremony until the 16th, in order that it might be done with more solemnity." The Commissioners of Munster, we may be assured, gave the Viceroy a very different account of the state of affairs.

Cork was not the only city on the Munster circuit that became rebellious to proclaim the King of Scots King of Ireland—Waterford was also in revolt, so that the Lord Deputy, judging the situation of affairs in the provinces required his immediate present attention, pro-

ceeded with a numerous army into Munster. On the 5th of May, 1603, Lord Mountjoy summoned the Mayor of Waterford to open the gates of that city, and receive him and his army. The spirit of rebellion immediately appeared. The gate was shut against the Lord Deputy and his troops, and the citizens pleaded "that by a Charter of King John, they were exempted from quartering soldiers."

While the parties were thus engaged, we learn from Dr. Ryland's "History of Waterford," two ecclesiastics, Dr. White and a young Dominican friar, came into the camp. They were habited in the dress of their order. When they entered the Lord Deputy's tent, Dr. White commenced a violent religious controversy, "all of which," we are told, "his lordship did most learnedly confute." He then severely reprehended the conduct of the citizens, "*threatened to draw King James's sword, and cut the Charter of King John to pieces*," and declared his intention, "if they persisted in their obstinacy, to level their city, and strew it with salt." This resolute language was effectual. The citizens, awed into submission, opened the gates, and the Viceroy and his troops entered. The citizens took the oath of allegiance, and, in order that they should keep it, a strong garrison was placed in the city.

The Lord Deputy next visited Cork, prepared to punish any resistance to his authority. The Mayor was apprised of his coming, and it was debated if he should be allowed to enter. There were great numbers of the citizens of the capital of Munster who were opposed to it; but wiser counsels prevailed, and the Viceroy entered Cork on the 11th of May, 1603. Ploughshares were placed by the citizens along his route through the city, to intimate that the destruction of the crops by the soldiers had

caused so many ploughs to be idle. This gave the Lord Deputy a solution of the cause for popular discontent.

Several of those who took part in the late rebellion were ordered to be tried. A grand jury, consisting of only fifteen members, found bills against Mead the Recorder, Mr. Gould, and others. They were tried before the two Commissioners, the Chief Justice, and William Saxey and Gerald Comerford, justices Mead, who is described as having been the ringleader of the revolt, was acquitted, though it is hard to learn on what grounds. Gould pleaded in justification, that "goods he sold the wife of the late President—Sir George Carew—and for which he paid good coin, was paid for by Lady Carew's steward in mixed money." Whereon the Cork jury, regarding such conduct as good grounds for rebellion in the honest trader, acquitted him.

The Recorder having thought it prudent after his discharge from custody to visit the Continent, when at Naples wrote a treasonable book called "Advice to the Catholics of Munster," a copy of which is preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. He did not return to Ireland, but died at Naples.*

CHAPTER II.

SIR HENRY BECHER was appointed Lord President of Munster in 1604. He comes next after Sir George Carew in the list of Presidents—Sir George Thornton and Sir Charles Wilmot being only Commissioners. I do not find any account of circuits during the six years Sir Henry Becher held the office of President. He died in 1610, and was succeeded by Lord Danvers, who had been a commander of cavalry to Lord

Mountjoy. Several changes of Presidents quickly followed each other. Sir Oliver St. John was President of Munster in 1611. He nominated Sir Richard Moryson Vice-President, and was replaced in 1616 by the Earl of Thomond. This nobleman dying the same year, Sir Edward Villiers became Lord President.

The Clerk of the Council of Munster, from 1602, for several years, was Richard Boyle, the celebrated first Earl of Cork. The salary was only £20 per annum, but the fees of office were very remunerative. Together with filling the office of Clerk of the Council, Boyle was also a magistrate for the whole province of Munster, and was constantly in attendance upon the Lord President, who employed him in various duties requiring ability and despatch. The following incident in his life, related by himself, is an instance:—

"As Clerk of the Council, I attended the Lord President in all his employments, and waited on him during all the siege of Kinsale, and was employed by his Lordship to her Majesty, with the news of that happy victory, in which employment I made a speedy expedition to the Court, for I left my Lord President at Shandon Castle, near Cork, on the Monday morning, near two o'clock, and next day being Tuesday, I delivered my packet, and supped with Sir Robert Cecil, being then principal Secretary of State, at his house in the Strand; who, after supper, held me in discourse until two o'clock in the morning, and by seven that morning called upon me to attend him to the Court, where he presented me to her Majesty, in her bed-chamber, who remembered me, calling me by my name, and giving me her hand to

* Gibson's "History of Cork," vol. ii., p. 27.

kiss, and telling me that she was glad that I was the happy man to bring the first news of that glorious victory. And after her Majesty had interrogated me upon sundry questions, very punctually; and that therein I had given her full satisfaction in every particular, she again gave me her hand to kiss, and recommended my despatch for Ireland, and so dismissed me with grace and favour."*

When the ill-fated Lord Wentworth, afterwards Lord Strafford, became Lord Deputy of Ireland in January, 1631, Sir William St. Leger was President of Munster. He was appointed President of Munster in 1627. During the civil strife which desolated Ireland from 1641 to 1650, the circuits of the judges seem to have been suspended. The unhappy contests which prevailed during these disastrous years belong to the general history of the kingdom, and I have no desire to mark any of the blood-stained details into my peaceful narrative of events upon the Munster circuit.

St. Leger, the Lord President of Munster, died at Doneraile on the 2nd of July, 1642. It is supposed the dissensions between the King and the Parliament so affected his health as to have hastened his dissolution. The Lord Inchiquin, who had married St. Leger's daughter, was appointed by the Lords' Justices to the vacant office of President of Munster. During his presidency there was, according to the Rev. Mr. Gibson, historian of Cork, a daring and decided measure adopted for turning the native Irish out of Cork, Youghal, and Kinsale, and to justify this, a plot was said to have been discovered.

A tract, published in London in 1644, entitled "A Plot Discovered in Ireland, and prevented without

the Shedding of Blood," bears the name of Jane Coe. The following extracts show the terrible rancorous spirit of these fearful times:—"I know you have heard how my Lord Inchiquin hath put the Irish out of Cork in July last, and not without much cause, for there was a most horrid, damnable, and bloody plot of conspiracy invented and practised by the Popish priests and bloodthirsty Jesuits, and the same of a sudden to be put in execution by the townsmen of Cork, who were confederates with that bloody arch-rebel, the Lord of Muskerry."

The tract describes the nature of the plot, the discovery, and execution of the priests, and thus continues:—"For the rest of the townsmen they had engaged themselves in this inhuman conspiracy, they were so many in number, and being at least six to one of our English, they could not so well be taken, or apprehended without great danger and much effusion of blood on both sides. But the Governor of Cork and the rest of the chief commanders, for the better prevention of so great a danger, devised a remarkable counter-plot (for the taking and apprehending the town conspirators rather by policy than by violence), and for that purpose caused Captain Muschamp, Governor of the Great Fort of Cork, to feign to be drunk. And so, as it were, in a merry humour, invited himself to Master Major (Mayor) his house to dinner; and, accordingly he dined there, and after the Irish fashion, was kindly entertained, and diverse cups passed around of sack, claret, and usquebaugh, in friendly manner, to welcome him, and make him the more merrily disposed. And sitting at dinner they discourse of divers matters

* "Autobiography of the Earl of Cork."

concerning the present distractions of these times, and divers propositions were made, and every one gave their opinions according to their own apprehensions; and, amongst other discourses, Captain Muschamp, seeming to be in merry humour, did speak these, or such like words:—

“ ‘ Well, Master Major, if that it should please God that the Parliament ships were in the harbour of Cork, if you and the rest would not take the covenant to be true to the *King and Parliament*, I protest I would, with the great ordnance in the fort, beat down all the houses in Cork about your ears.’ ”

“ With that, the Major and the rest of the company rose up in a great fury, and said ‘ that he had spoken treason, and he should answer it; ’ and so they brought him before the Governor, and repeated the words he had spoken, desiring that he might be proceeded against according to law, in such cases provided.

“ Whereupon the Governor gave many thanks to Master Major in shewing himself so good a subject in discovering such a treason as that was, saying, ‘ it was time to look about, as when we shall have the chief officers that are put in trust with matters of such concernment as he was, being Governor of the King’s forts, should speak such treasonable words. And therefore, Master Major, you shall have my best assistance, and such punishment shall be inflicted upon him as martial law will permit.’ ”

“ So the Major, for the present, departed, and the martial law was called. And the Council of War met, and sat upon his trial. The business examined, the witnesses produced, the words were proved against him, and being found guilty he was condemned by the Council of War, and had his sentence given—to be hanged next day.

“ And at the time appointed, the sheriffs and the greatest part of the city came to see the execution; and the prisoner was brought out of the city, well guarded, with a company of musqueteers; and when they perceived that the chiefest and most dangerous men of the city were come out of the gates, the word was given, and the prisoner, Captain Muschamp, being set at liberty, did command his officers to lay hold on all the chiefest of the citizens, and carry them prisoners to the fort whereof he was captain and governor. And as soon as they were taken, the chiefest aldermen and others in the city were taken, and kept prisoners as hostages to secure the English as well within as without the gates, which were at that instant shut up, and the draw-bridge taken up, so that none could come in or go out, till all the matters were pacified.

“ And in the meantime there was a proclamation made, that if the Irish resisted the English, the soldiers should shoot them; and if any English were killed in that broil the chiefest of the city should be hanged over their walls; which proclamation did so terrify the Irish that they were all glad to be quiet, and so there was no great hurt done, which was much to be admired, that a matter of so dangerous a consequence should be effected without any further trouble, and the projectors thereof highly to be commended in devising such a stratagem of mercy in time of such troubles and rebellion to prevent the shedding of guileless blood.”

The comments of the reverend historian of Cork on this transaction, are not very complimentary to the participators:—

“ The affair described by Jane Coe, was, no doubt, very clever, but very disgraceful, especially to men of authority. This anti-Popish plot was worthy of a pot-house. The

governor of an important fort feigns drunkenness, staggers, uninvited, to the mayor's house, broaches treason, is arrested, has a sham trial—his judge being in the plot—and is condemned to be executed. The principal inhabitants go out to see him hanged, and, at a given signal, are seized and turned out of the city to wander as vagabonds up and down the country." * Lord Inchiquin, the instigator of this scheme, was confirmed in the office of President by the English Parliament. But the records of the Munster circuit are a blank for some years. The civil authority ceased in Cork on the 28th of July, 1644, and was not renewed till the year 1655, when John Hodder was elected Mayor.

Cromwell, during his sojourn in Ireland, went the Munster circuit. He had his own method of general gaol delivery, and, from the way he treated the ill-fated inhabitants of Drogheda, few towns offered resistance to his entrance—of these, however, Waterford was one. He could not take the *urbs intacta* for a long period. As few witty sayings of the grim-visaged Protector have reached us, I give one he made while on the Munster circuit.

Being in want of ordnance, he ordered the church bells of Cork to be cast into siege guns. Some of his fanatical officers remonstrated with him upon the sacrilegious use he was making of these appurtenances to places devoted to the worship of the Most High. Cromwell replied, "Since gunpowder was invented by a monk, surely it is not wrong to promote church bells into cannons."

Another specimen of Cromwell's humour is this. Mr. Magner, of Castle-Magner, near Malinow, went

to Cork to pay his respects to the Lord Protector, possibly with a view to remove impressions of the hostility of Mr. Magner to the Puritans. Cromwell was told he was a Malignant, and had given much trouble to the Parliamentary adherents during the civil war. Cromwell received him with apparent friendliness—expressed the pleasure he felt at Mr. Magner's visit, and on his taking leave Cromwell entrusted him with a letter for Colonel Phair, then commanding the Parliamentary forces in Munster.

Mr. Magner, possibly distrusting the cordial reception he received from Cromwell, thought it prudent to ascertain the contents of the letter he was to deliver to Colonel Phair. His sagacity was rewarded by discovering it was a warrant for his death, couched in the laconic words, "*Execute the Bearer.*"

Richard Magner then and there resolved he would not be the victim of Oliver's vengeance, but he would allow some one else to carry the fatal order. Now, there was in command of the garrison of Malinow an officer who incurred Magner's enmity by seizing his flocks and damaging his property. He therefore called upon this officer, and, handing him the letter, carefully revealed, said, "the Lieutenant-General requested it should be delivered to Colonel Phair in person, without delay."

Proud of his mission, the officer prepared to deliver it at once, and Magner went to his home. When Colonel Phair read the letter, knowing the character of the stern Roundhead who brought it, and conscious there was a mistake somewhere, he hesitated to carry out the contents until he communicated with Cromwell. This saved the officer's life. Cromwell then knew

* O'Brien's "History of Cork," vol. ii., p. 22.

he had been out-generaled; and, we may be sure, Mr. Richard Magner took good care to give him no other opportunity of ordering his execution.

Among those adherents of Cromwell who obtained grants of land in Munster, was Sir William Penn. He first got the castle of Macroom, and resided there in 1656, which caused the belief that his celebrated son, William Penn, of Quaker celebrity, was born in Macroom Castle; but he was born in London on the 11th of October, 1644—twelve years before the admiral, his father, went to Macroom.

When Cromwell was appointing commissioners for civil affairs in Ireland, he appointed Miles Corbet—one of the regicides who sat upon the trial of King Charles I.—Commissioner for Munster. This barrister was afterwards Chief Baron of the Irish Court of Exchequer, and obtained a grant of the Condon property on the river Funcheon, which was divided between him and the Lord Deputy Fleetwood. This property was then called Cloghleagh, from the stately castle of the Condons, built on a lofty ledge of rock, rising from the brink of the river, and now forming a striking and picturesque feature in Moor Park, the demesne of the Earl of Mountcashel. The Lord Deputy wished to change the Irish name of Cloghleagh for Kilworth, a place in Leicestershire near which he was born. Corbet would have retained the old name; but being the less powerful of the grantees, had to yield, and thus the Leicestershire name is given to the Irish post-town. Kilworth, we shall see later on, produced another Irish Chief Baron, a very much abler lawyer than Chief Baron Corbet—the late Right Honourable David R. Pigot, for many years one of the leaders and ornaments of the Munster circuit.

Through Cromwell's influence, Ireton, his son-in-law and one of his ablest generals, became Lord President of Munster. Ireton appointed Cook, who had been, unhappily for himself, solicitor-general during the trial of King Charles I., Judge of the Provincial Court. He also had grants of land in the county of Cork, whence Castle Cook—long the seat of the respectable county of Cork family of Cook-Collis—bears its name.

This provincial judge was not allowed to end his days tranquilly. Shortly after the restoration of Charles II., diligent search was made for all the surviving regicides, and Cook was arrested. In those days, when men's tempers were boiling over with loyalty for the son of the martyred king, conviction and execution rapidly followed on trial, and the Munster Provincial Court lost its judge by his execution. Ireton was dead, and his judge, Cook, was executed, and Lord Orrery, son of the celebrated Earl of Cork, was Lord President of Munster after the restoration. Among the papers of Sir John Henry Butler, of the Ormond family, I find the following charge to the grand jury, showing that law and order was being re-established:—

“Gentlemen,—In obedience to this command, and in pursuance of the trust reposed in us by this commission, which you have heard, we are thus publicly and openly assembled here to-day—a day which, to us, is a calm after a tempest; a sunshine after a fog; a time of peace and tranquillity after the horror and confusion of an intestine war, and the distraction of an unsettled Commonwealth.

“It were but the loss of much time and labour, to discant on the present state of things, or to cast into the balance the advantages and emoluments of a peaceable and orderly Government, with the spoils, rapines, and innumerable calamities of a rebellious and

domestic war. You all that are now partakers of the benefit of the one, can give a more ample and judicious account, having a more distinct remembrance, and some of you a woeful experience of the effects of the other. Religion, the mother of Peace; Plenty, the daughter; and Law, the guardian; how often, how long have they been obscured, estranged, and ravished from us; and, in their stead, heresy had misguided us, famine diseased us, and the lawless arbitrary humours of evil men undone us! But now, through the great goodness of God, and the prudent care of Him that governs us we begin to recover from our miseries, and return to our pristine establishment. Religion is preserved to us in so many shapes, and preached to us by so many mouths of all sects, that unless we be blind and deaf, we cannot miss it. Plenty was never more generally, more sensibly, known to this nation. The windows of Heaven are largely opened, and the fertile womb of the earth hath prodigally delivered her burthen to our comfort and refreshment; inasmuch that I might well say, there is a cornucopia among you.

"The laws, which the loud clamour of war had so long silenced, do now speak aloud in our ears; the courts are re-erected, and the law books are thrown open before us, and being translated into our mother tongue, we can now, without relying on the weak crutches of human learning, pry into those secrets which were hidden from our forefathers, and speak our minds in plain English. A ready instance and confirmation hereof, is our free and unmolested meeting here this day; where, according to the several articles empowering us to sit here, I will briefly inform you and put you in mind, such as know already their duty and business in this place.

Having detailed the usual bills to go before the grand jury, he referred to the following, which, being now nearly all obsolete, may be considered curious. I accordingly enumerate them. They show the care and regard paid to the morality of the people, which, probably, was enjoined by Oliver Crom-

well and the Puritans. The grand jury were to inquire as to parties for—

- " 1. Profaning the Sabbath by keeping fairs or markets, by manual labour, by plays, haunting taverns and ale-houses.
- " 2. Cursers and common swearers.
- " 3. Common turbulent drunkards.
- " 4. Common adulterers.
- " 5. Fornicators.
- " 6. Keepers of common gaming-houses, and common gamesters.
- " 7. Alehouse keepers that keep disorder in their houses.
- " 8. Plowing by the tail.
- " 9. Pulling the wool of living sheep.
- " 10. Burning of corn in the straw.
- " 11. Selling of wine, ale, or any other liquor, in any town franchised, by measure not sealed.
- " 12. Cosherers and idle wanderers."

Having carefully enumerated these offences, the learned judge added:—

"I have now only one thing to mind you of, as a general caution to you in presentments—that in those you make you set down, to a certainty of the person presented, with the time and place, with the manner of the fact; otherwise let the matter be what it will, for which you do present any man, the presentment may become void and of no effect, for defect in the manner of making it and setting it down will make it void.

"Now, gentlemen proceed to your business; and let your skill and better judgment supply in your presentments, whatever defects you have discovered in the charge, and in the deliverer of it, whom my brother has desired to perform the task, though being the least able and only a probationer in this place."

The judges found great difficulty in restraining the violence of the nobility. Donough, Earl of Clan-carty, was entrusted by Lord Tyrconnell, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—while James II. was king—with the command of the cavalry

of Munster. Finding himself without horses and arms for his men, he resolved to procure both. He attacked Castlemartyr, the seat of Colonel Boyle (now the splendid mansion of the Earl of Shannon), and took horses and arms to mount and equip 150 troopers. He was also successful in obtaining a large supply in Cork, and in the towns of the county. He spared neither rich or poor. At Mallow, he took the horse of a butcher, who complained to the judge of assize. The judge ordered the earl to make restitution. The noble lord promised compliance, and sent his troopers to perform it; but they tossed the poor butcher in a blanket so violently, they broke every bone in his body, and he died from the effects of this practical joke. His family obtained compensation from King William III., and the lands they acquired from the MacCarthy family were called "the estate of the Butcher of Conscience."*

It appears that between provincial courts and manor courts a great deal of money was expended at this time in litigation on the Munster circuit. Thus, in the memoir of Sir Richard Cox, I find that, previous to his going to the bar, he had a lucrative practice as an attorney in the manor court of Bandon, whereof his uncle was seneschal. His practice extended throughout a good part of the Munster circuit, and his ability was so conspicuous he was advised to go to the bar. He did so, and was called by the benchers of Gray's Inn, on the 9th of August, 1673. The Monday before his call, he argued the *Readers* case, on short warning, so much to the satisfaction of a numerous and distinguished legal audience, that Sir Francis Ratcliffe—afterwards Earl of Derwentwater—

offered him £100 a year and other great advantages, if he would settle near him in the north of England. Fortunately he declined this offer. He rose from rank to rank—was knighted, then created a baronet, Judge of the Common Pleas, Lord Chief Justice, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, and several times Lord Justice.

That he was possessed of much sagacity, the mode in which he tested the accuracy, or rather the inaccuracy, of a deserter from the camp of James II., may be quoted as a proof. When the forces of William and James were encamped upon opposite banks of the river Boyne, Mr. Cox was then secretary to Sir Robert Southwell, a minister in attendance on King William. Sir Robert, on Mr. Cox's information, informed King William of the strength of the Jacobite forces. An officer was brought before the king who had lately deserted from the Irish camp, and he stated the number and position of James's troops with such confidence that he quite startled the commander of the allied army, for they were nearly double the number given by Mr. Cox. The king, in much trepidation, sent for Sir Robert Southwell, and told him he must have been misinformed, for the forces of the Irish were far more numerous than he was led to believe.

Sir Robert, much chagrined, spoke to Mr. Cox, asking how "he could have made so serious a blunder." Mr. Cox bade him "not be in the least alarmed, for he made his report, not upon mere conjecture, but on undoubted authority."

"Let us, sir," he said, "test the accuracy of this fellow."

"How can this be done now?" inquired Sir Robert Southwell.

"Let him pass through our camp," replied Mr. Cox. "Let him survey it at his leisure, and then, when he has completed his survey, let him report to his Majesty what he computes the number of our army to be."

This excellent suggestion greatly pleased the king, and it was at once adopted. The Irish deserter was brought through the various portions of the camp, and allowed every opportunity of making a careful scrutiny. When he had finished he returned to King William's tent, and confidently asserted that his army was more than double the strength William actually knew them to consist of. He dismissed the deserter with a stinging reproof as a "conceited ill-guesser," and highly commended the sagacity of Mr. Cox, who so cleverly discovered the falsehood of the statement.*

Mr. Cox, native of the county of Cork, most probably went the Munster circuit, and had for co-circuiters Sir Richard Nagle, born at Anakessey, near Mallow, in the county of Cork, Sir Stephen Rice, and Sir Theobald Butler, also Munster men, very eminent lawyers and contemporaries.

When King William had places to bestow, Sir Richard Cox was sure not to be forgotten. He was made Recorder of Waterford, on the Munster circuit, but this post not being deemed sufficient reward for his services, and a seat on the Irish Common Pleas Bench being vacant, he exchanged the Recordership of Waterford for the Court of Common Pleas. Here he was not allowed to remain long absent from Munster. He was sent to Cork in rather a singular capacity for a common law judge—military governor. A brief correspond-

ence between him and Sir James Cotter, an adherent of King James II., is so creditable to both writers, that I think it merits preservation here. Sir Richard Cox, under date of 1691, thus addresses his old friend:—

"Cork, July 6, 1691.

"Sir,—Upon the score of our former acquaintance, and the civility you have used to our friends whilst you were governor here, and since, I think myself obliged to let you know that I have both station and inclination to serve you. If it should happen that you threw yourself upon me without capitulation (for your party is certainly ruined, and will every minute decay), you shall, undoubtedly, be used as a man of honour: but, if you are of this opinion, bring off as many as you can, and their arms, because your terms will be so much the better. This will seem odd if you don't apprehend the case desperate, but because I am sure it is so, therefore you have this friendly advertisement from, sir,

"Your very faithful

"Friend and servant,

"RICHARD COX.

"To the Hon. Sir James Cotter."

Sir James Cotter thus replied:—

"Sir,—Notwithstanding our former acquaintance, it seems you do not know me. Whatever I might have done with sitting still, when laid aside in civilities—which for justice sake I distributed without distinction—I am now convinced, and will, I doubt not, be in a condition to return your kindness: for really your case is so desperate that you will soon have an occasion for it, and be confident, in anything that is just, you find me, sir,

"Your very affectionate

"Friend and servant,

"JAMES COTTER."

Notwithstanding the hardihood of Sir James Cotter's letter, his belief in the strength of his cause,

* Harris's "Life of Cox," p. 210.

and the desperate nature of his friend's, Sir Richard Cox's, proved fallacies, he was obliged to sue for grace from Sir Richard, which was promptly given.

It seems not very creditable that the judges of assize were allowed to sell protections. In the "Autobiography of Sir Richard Cox" * is the following entry:—

"In March (1692) the Lord Chief Justice and I went judges of assize to Cork and Waterford, and, by order of the Government, we gave printed protections to the Irish, for which we had sixpence a piece, so that we got 300 li a piece that journey."

GRAFFITI D'ITALIA.

I.

SAN MINIATO.

(JUNE 15.)

I.

SEE, I have climbed the mountain-side
Up to this holy house of God,
Where that Angelic Monk once trod,
Who saw the heavens opened wide,

And throned upon the crescent moon
The Queen of heaven and of grace—
Mary, could I but see thy face,
Death could not come at all too soon.

O! crowned by God with thorns and pain,
Mother of Christ, O! mystic wife,
My heart is weary of this life,
And over-sad to sing again.

O! crowned by God with love and flame,
O! crowned by Christ the holy one,
O! listen, ere the searching sun
Show to the world my sin and shame.

* Edited by Richard Caulfield, Esq., p. 13.

II.

The oleander on the wall
Grows crimson in the dawning light,
Though the grey shadows of the night
Lie yet on Florence as a pall.

The dew is bright upon the hill,
And bright the blossoms overhead,
But, ah! the luccioli are fled,
The grilli's merry song is still.

Only the leaves are gently stirred
By the soft blowing of the gale,
And in the almond-scented vale
The lonely nightingale is heard.

III.

The day will make thee silent soon
O! nightingale sing on for love,
While yet upon the shadowy grove
Fall the bright arrows of the moon.

Before across the silent lawn
In golden mist the morning steals,
And to love's wearied eyes reveals
The long white fingers of the dawn

Fast climbing up the eastern sky,
To grasp and slay the shuddering night,
All careless of my heart's delight,
Or if the nightingale should die.

OSCAR O'F. WILLS WILDE.

Magdalen College, Oxford.

AGAINST ALL ODDS.

BY F. W. CURREY.

AUTHOR OF "HER GOOD NAME."

CHAPTER VIII.

"FANCY EVER NEW."

THE 1st of January following his father's death, found Charlie Prendergast quartered with a detachment of his regiment at the very gates of Glenriveen. Ireland was in a very disturbed state in the winter of '66-'67. Even strangers could not fail to be struck by the sullen demeanour of the people who were soon to break out into open, if not very fierce rebellion. Men slouched past their employers or superiors without yielding them the kindly greeting that had been a matter of custom. Knots of persons were always to be seen whispering at the street corners. Meetings and drillings were held all over the country, but almost openly in places where no military were near at hand. Robberies of arms were frequent, and the gentry throughout the island were ill at ease, for they had no guarantee how long the Fenians would maintain their moderate attitude. Old men began to hunt up their rather rusty pistols, while the younger generation went after revolvers and systems of house defence, and many warlike preparations were made, which, thank God, turned out useless in the end.

During those troublesome times a great deal devolved on Mr. Prendergast. He was Lieutenant of

his county, and a warm friend to the Government in office, so his request that troops might be quartered in his village to protect him from a neighbouring mountainous region, the population of which had the name of being dangerous and deeply tainted with Fenianism, was granted with very little hesitation, and a troop of Dragoons from the neighbouring garrison town of Rathmellick were ordered to take up their quarters in a disused mill just outside the gates of Glenriveen. Charlie Prendergast, at his own request, was sent in command, but he had for his subaltern a young man whose company he would gladly have dispensed with on detachment duty—a Mr. Singleton, son and heir to a viscount of the same name. They were not to be left *tête-à-tête* very long, however, for Bob Varley's worldly prospects having improved, Mr. Donald Prendergast had made no objection to his undertaking a voyage to Ireland to see his cousin Janet, and ascertain if she were of the same mind with regard to him. This being the case, Bob had written to propose himself as Charlie's guest at the mill.

The cause of Charlie's dislike to Mr. Singleton was not far to seek. Their colonel had a very pretty niece, for whose favour both the young men had striven. Charlie had much the best of the rivalry, so far as the young lady herself

and her uncle's approval were concerned, but Mr. Singleton had all the interest of the colonel's wife; and so matters stood when Charlie left Rathmellick for the mill. Colonel Dillon looked upon him already as a nephew, but Mrs. Dillon opposed the idea in every way, wishing to secure a coronet for her niece.

On the evening before the detachment set out, Dr. Quineen met Mr. Singleton in the street, and congratulated him on his good fortune in being located near Glen-riveen. But the young man did not seem to see his luck.

"I call it a great bore being sent off to live in an old mill, in the depth of winter too. I'm always nervous about my chest, an aunt of mine died of consumption the other day."

"That's a direct warning to you to be careful," sneered the doctor, with professional contempt for a malingerer.

"Exactly what I thought," returned the other, "and I was thinking of asking you to try my chest. A very small thing would make the colonel let me off——"

"Mrs. Dillon, you mean."

"Don't chaff, doctor. I don't want a sick certificate, or anything of that sort—only just a friendly hint that Rathmellick barracks would be better for me than a damp old mill."

"Oh I dare say there would be no great difficulty about it, but I should have thought you'd have liked to be sent off there. Nothing to do but scour the country a bit, dine with Mr. Prendergast, drink the best of wine, and shoot good coverts. And on wet days try your luck with the old man's niece, who is to have all his money, they say."

"I don't think that would be much in my line," returned Mr. Singleton, "but the shooting and

claret might be worth chancing a cough for."

"I thought you never shot?" inquired the doctor, slyly.

"No more I do—in a general way—in this country, where you have to walk ten miles over a bog for one jack snipe. Flat, you know, after Norfolk. But I suppose Mr. Prendergast could give one a bit of a battue."

"No mistake about it. The pheasants are so thick in the place, they're roosting on the roof and windows."

"By Jove!"

"And as for cock—there isn't such a glen in all Ireland for them as the back avenue. And you'll shoot twenty brace of snipe to your own gun on the mountain any day."

"By Jove!" again ejaculated the delighted subaltern.

"How does your chest feel now?" asked the doctor, with a grin of contempt.

"Oh, ever so much stronger," replied the young man. "I will take my chance at the mill. Soldiers can't pick and choose so much as all that."

"Then I needn't drop the colonel a hint. Are you quite sure? for there's nothing easier, and I'm sure any of the other young fellows would be glad to go to the mill and try their luck with the heiress. Doesn't it sound queer to be talking of sending a fellow to the mill to make his fortune? I'll bet five pounds this detachment will end in some fellow getting on to the treadmill of matrimony; and that's a life sentence, anyhow."

"Ay, and the deuce of a grind it turns out sometimes," rejoined the experienced youth. "So the time to look out is before not after you get sent to it."

"True enough," observed the doctor, "but I've great faith in a fortune. It's a deal more sub-

stantial than sentiment ; is more full of *nutriment*, and lasts a deal longer."

When young Singleton returned to the solitude of his barrack-room he found plenty of food for reflection. In fact, he never could at any time be at a loss for something to think of. His person and his fortune were topics on which at all times his fancy loved to dwell ; he never tired of them, and had the happy knack of contemplating self from so many points of view, that the subject never became monotonous. Sometimes, as on the present occasion, other people were mixed up with such personal reflections. Indeed, considerations as to his own advantage were about the only things that ever made the Honourable William Singleton ever trouble himself much about his neighbours.

One of the persons he was at present contemplating from this subjective point of view was an utter stranger to him. Until Dr. Quineen at a fortunate moment had mentioned her to him, he scarcely remembered to have so much as heard Janet Prendergast's name. He had been absorbed in laying a not very successful siege to the heart of Christine Dillon, the colonel's niece, and had not troubled his head about other women. But now with shame he confessed to himself that his late conduct had been a great deviation from the sensible line he had laid down for himself in life. If his errors were to be atoned for, he must at once apply the freezing mixture of worldly wisdom to the unpleasantly warm emotion that had sprung up in the subdued corner of his anatomy where his heart lay. Christine's soft brown eyes and light-hearted gaiety, with many other only too powerful fascinations, had disturbed his peace of mind long enough. She was penniless—that was enough to make it imperative on him to

think of her no longer as one whom he might hope one day to call his wife. He had only to conjure up in his mind a few *tableaux* of what would happen if he informed his family he was going to give the needy house of Singleton a viscountess from the ranks of penniless beauties. He pictured easily to himself his father's indignation, his mother's withering scorn, and the nasty things he should hear from his sisters. The Singletons were a poor family, who would rather die than give up appearances. They *would* entertain in the country, they *would not* give up their house in town, though to do these things they paid the penalty of never spending a shilling without a struggle to get the worth of two. But for the good sense which had prompted successive generations of Singletons to marry from prudence rather than inclination, the family must long ago have gone to ruin—that is, fallen into insignificance. For to fall away from fashionable society every true-bred Singleton looked upon as ruin.

The end of all his reflections brought young Singleton to confess with a sigh that Christine must be given up, and a bid made for the heiress. Inclination must suffer violence for the sacred cause of principle. In pursuance of which manly determination, he made various inquiries as to Mr. Prendergast's wealth and its future disposition. Of course a couple of hundred thousand pounds was tacked on to the real amount by rumour, but, allowing for exaggeration, the sum that remained was enough to make a fortune-hunter's mouth water. And as every one assured him that *at least* a hundred and fifty thousand pounds would come to Janet on the old man's death, Mr. Singleton determined to see at once what he could do to carry out the traditions of his race

by marrying an heiress. But at the same time it gave him a sharp pang to relinquish Christine Dillon—the more so, as for him to do so meant the removal of the last obstacle to Charlie Prendergast's success. And since their rivalry the subaltern had grown to hate his captain.

The day of their arrival at the mill, Charlie handed Singleton an invitation he had received from his uncle for them to dine that evening at Glenriveen. The proposal was received in the best possible manner, much to Charlie's surprise, for he too had heard a long story about consumptive tendencies and a delicate chest, and was at a loss to understand the sudden change in his brother officer's humour. But a change there was undoubtedly. The lieutenant seemed pleased with everything. There was a splendid view from their windows,—the rooms were capital, much better than he had expected, and not at all cold,—it would be great fun hunting Fenians, and so on.

Dinner hour that evening found the social atmosphere at Glenriveen less serene than usual. Not a small part of Mr. Alexander Prendergast's hatred of his brother had descended to his nephew, and it was only after repeated entreaties and expostulations that Janet was able to persuade him not to ignore his heir altogether. In the morning it had not seemed so very great a thing to ask the young man to dinner, but as the time grew near for their meeting he became nervous and fidgety. And yet it was not his first time of seeing Charlie. He had once before been quartered at Rathmellick, and had then seen the inside of Glenriveen once or twice.

"They're late," the old gentleman grumbled, as he stood with his back to the drawing-room fire, and his watch in his hand. "Punctuality seems now-a-days no part of

young men's politeness. I shan't wait for them any longer—it's five-and-twenty minutes to eight."

"Here they are," said Janet, whose quick ears heard a ring at the hall-door bell.

"Bother them, I wish they hadn't come," muttered their host.

A minute later, Charlie and Mr. Singleton came into the room and explained the cause of their delay. They had walked up to the house, and taken a wrong turn at one place in the avenue.

"Never mind," said Mr. Prendergast, doing his best to look civil, "we'll have dinner now. I hope the Glenriveen air has given you a good appetite."

"Will you take my niece into dinner, Mr. Singleton?" he added, a moment later, when an abnormally fat butler had thrown open the door that led to the dining-room.

Mr. Singleton was only too happy. He had just finished his first superficial examination of Janet's appearance, and found it tolerably satisfactory. He could have wished she were taller, and her nose more squiline, for he knew that a commanding appearance carried with it a certain advantage in London, where shortness of stature and insignificance of person might give to those anxious not to see his wife an excuse for convenient short-sightedness. A tall woman with pronounced features is not likely to be overlooked even in a crowd, where little people have a bad chance of notice. If Janet turned out very attractive, the drawback of her diminutive size might not signify much. And if she had a hundred and fifty thousand pounds it would not matter if she were only four feet high. As soon as ever they sat down to table, the young man said to himself, "Now, I'll try and draw

her out." Accordingly, putting on that confidential and somewhat intimate manner that disgusts some women and prevails with others, he began the process of drawing her out on this wise:—

"Awful pause there is always at dinner when the soup is going on."

This remark probably referred to the fact that, as yet, neither Mr. Prendergast nor his nephew, who sat side by side, had addressed one word to each other.

"Don't you remember the picture in *Punch*? Girl says, 'Soup's very hot,' and deaf old gentleman wants to have the remark repeated. It's something or other like that."

Here Singleton grew a little confused, fearing the words "deaf old gentleman" might have an unpleasant personal application to one of the company; but he quickly recovered himself by the very intelligent idea that if Mr. Prendergast was deaf he couldn't hear himself called deaf. But to this consoling notion followed the less pleasant thought that Mr. Prendergast, without being in the least deaf, might take the allusion to himself all the same, and fancy that his guest had assumed him to be hard of hearing. And the sharp glance of the old gentleman's keen grey eyes, which, for a moment, rested on his guest's face, somewhat confirmed the uncomfortable impression. He hastened, however, to atone for his possible indiscretion.

"Awfully charming place this seems to be, Miss Prendergast. I suppose you're awfully fond of it too?"

"Of course I am," replied Janet, who thought her neighbour a most amusing, cheerful person, while she wondered what made her cousin Charlie so silent.

"You needn't say you're fond of Glenriveen, unless you are, Janet," interrupted Mr. Prendergast; "my own opinion is, that it must be a

very dull place for a young girl fond of balls and parties and every kind of nonsense."

"Confound the old bore!" thought the subaltern, "I wish he'd talk to his nephew instead of listening to every word we say, and making one shiver with his horrid piercing grey eyes. I suppose he's doing dragon to his heiress."

"I am fond of Glenriveen," said Janet, looking pained at her uncle's speech, "and if you are not tired of me, I am very happy here."

Mr. Prendergast did not like public displays of affection, so the only way in which he showed his appreciation of Janet's remark was by a grunt, after which he turned round and talked to Charlie about some grievances he had against the War Department. He soon became so engrossed in these that Singleton was free to carry on his operations with Janet. "She seems a weak little thing," said the young soldier to himself; "I think I shall carry her by a *coup-de-main*. Assume that a thing is done very often, and one finds it is done."

"Do you sing, Miss Prendergast?" he asked softly, adjusting his eye-glass for the better study of her face and an *entrée* on his own plate.

"A little—I'm very fond of it."

"Ah, I knew that," he replied, confidently.

"How?" asked Janet, in surprise.

"It's a point I'm hardly ever mistaken in," he continued, looking up sideways at her, while the eye-glass, and the slight screw it gave his features, lent considerable force to their flattering expression. "There's a something or other in the voice—an intonation—a—a—roundness and tone that I can always detect at once."

Janet looked pleased at hearing her little treble thus praised. Perhaps it was the memory of her

voice that had awakened in Bob Varley's heart a boyish affection,—by the way how very seldom Bob wrote to her. No doubt he was very busy trying to win a home for her, but still it would have been pleasant to hear from him a little oftener, all the same.

"You're very fond of reading too, I dare say?" continued Singleton, feeling he was getting on.

"Oh, very. I read a great deal myself, besides which my uncle likes being read aloud to."

"That's the penalty you pay for having a musical voice."

Janet blushed at this suggestion, and the eye-glass let her new admirer see that she could really look rather pretty. At this discovery he smiled, and then she in turn reflected that he was a remarkably good-looking young man. There was nothing particularly noble about Janet at that moment.

Dinner over, Janet retreated to the drawing-room. As soon as she was gone her uncle and Charlie fell to discussing politics, which soon made Singleton wish to retire. The claret kept him in his place for a while, however, after which he slipped out of the room after Janet, whom he surprised kneeling on the hearth-rug feeding a very old little terrier with biscuit.

"Fond of dogs?" he asked, as she scrambled to her feet, ashamed without a cause.

"I don't care much for this one," she replied, "it belonged to an old servant of my uncle's, and after her death he promised to let it end its days here in peace."

"Would you like a small smooth-haired fox-terrier? I've got three, and I want to get rid of one."

"Oh, but I'm sure you'd rather give it to some one else," said Janet, hesitatingly, "one of your brother-officers."

"If I wanted to give him to any one else I could have done so

before this. I have now offered him to you."

Janet was not quite sure, in the innocence of her heart, whether or not she had committed an offence in hesitating to accept the dog. Mr. Singleton seemed to lay some stress upon her taking him, so with a smile of thanks, she said she would.

"I only ask one thing," he said, "if, at any time, you part with 'Guess,' send him back to me. But I hope you never will part with him," he added, fixing his eyes earnestly upon her.

"I hope not, too," said Janet, blushing without exactly knowing why, though perhaps if she had tried very hard she might have found out the reason.

"He's such an awfully nice little dog, and I'm sure he'll be awfully fond of you in no time. And he won't leave a rat in the place," said the youth, enthusiastically, as he buried himself in Mr. Prendergast's particular armchair, and proceeded to lay something like a very deliberate siege to Janet's heart, until interrupted by his host's entrance.

"I feel bound to remark, Janet, that my opinion of that young man is improved," said Mr. Prendergast, at the end of the evening, when they were alone again.

"Which young man?" asked Janet, colouring.

"My nephew, of course," replied her uncle, looking sharply at her, as he recollected some scraps of the conversation he had heard between her and the strange officer.

Next morning Mr. Singleton paid Janet a visit and gave her the dog, observing to her uncle that he was glad to be rid of it, and should probably have drowned it if Miss Prendergast had not cared to have it. Mr. Prendergast, not being a judge of fox terriers, saw nothing unlikely in the statement,

and the dog accordingly became an inmate of the house; and that day Janet thought less of Bob Varley than she had done any day since they had parted with so many sighs and mutual promises.

Meanwhile Bob Varley was counting the hours till he was to see her again. He had been working with all his heart and strength, urged on by thoughts of her, and his intelligence had reaped a reward. His employers having found out the value of his services, made no secret of their approval, and in the office he was universally considered to be on the high road to fortune. A short time before he wrote to Charlie announcing his intended visit to Ireland, he had been able to render the great Anglo-American firm of Smith, Watkins and Smith, a signal service. They had been about to enter into dealings with a Virginian merchant to the extent of about £10,000, and though Bob had nothing to do with the decisions arrived at in the transaction, the correspondence relating to it passed through his hands, and he imagined more than once that he detected something wrong. Unable at last to keep his doubts to himself any longer, he walked into the office of Mr. Smith, the senior partner, one morning, and told him all he suspected. Mr. Smith had felt a doubt in the matter himself, but as the transaction had been a special hobby of Mr. Watkins's, he had not interfered very decidedly in the matter. Bob Varley's ideas on the subject, however, were so clear and disquieting that Mr. Watkins was at once summoned to discuss the matter. Mr. Watkins lost his temper on the trying occasion, but the young clerk kept his, and pressed his arguments home till Mr. Smith was perfectly convinced of their soundness, and his partner was unable to oppose them further. The negotiations with the Virginian

merchant were accordingly broken off, but Mr. Watkins looked sulky. Ten days later, however, his countenance changed when he found out that he had very nearly been the victim of an egregious swindle; then his resentment against the young clerk who had ventured to express his opinions so boldly and confidently, changed into something like admiration, and the upshot of the affair, so far as Bob Varley was concerned, was that he received a summons into the senior partner's office one fine morning, and after being complimented in a manner that made him blush a good deal, and feel as he used to do in childhood when his mother was pleased with him, a cheque for £300 was put into his trembling hands. It was not the money that made him tremble, neither was it the praise exactly—it was his thankfulness that the turn of the tide seemed to have come at last, and that the dreary time during which he had never earned anything but the names of "rolling stone" and "ne'er-do-well" seemed passing away with their disheartening reproach. And then, when to these reflections succeeded a thought of Janet, his hands that held the cheque seemed to grow weak, and his head hung down as if he had been reprimanded, and he was glad to escape out of his principal's room, where the atmosphere suddenly seemed about to choke him.

After the affair of the Virginian merchant, Bob's request for a fortnight's holiday was met most graciously, the more so as he would soon have to go to America on important business connected with the firm.

The day before that fixed for his arrival at the mill, Charlie walked up to Glenriveen to tell Janet of his coming. He had only just begun to suspect her of fickleness, but hoped the news of which he was the bearer might fix her uncertain

mind. To his disappointment he found her *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Singleton.

Singleton was not altogether sorry for the interruption. He had been exerting himself very much, and his stock of conversation was nearly at an end. He was just concluding a dissertation on friendship when Charlie appeared.

"There's nothing like a friend," he had been remarking—"a real friend, who will stick up for you through thick and thin. A fellow's no good if he'll only back you up when you're right; any fool can do that for you. Time you want a real good friend is when you're gone just a bit close to the wind, and want to be set right again. I always say, if you're lucky enough to get one, there's no friend like a woman—and it's such confounded nonsense saying men and women can't be friends without people's talking——" But when Singleton had got thus far, Charlie's appearance made his eloquence collapse suddenly. With great tact he changed the subject at once, and, stroking Guess's back, remarked, "He's an awfully nice little dog, isn't he?"

"Delightful," said Janet.

Charlie was rather tired of these little interludes of dog conversation which always greeted his appearance whenever he interrupted a *tête-à-tête*. He came quickly to the point, in consequence.

"Janet, I am expecting a visitor at the mill to-morrow."

"Oh," replied his cousin, looking anything but interested; "a brother officer, I suppose? I hope he'll like it."

"No, it's not a brother officer. It's some one you know."

"Oh," in a colder tone than before.

"Some one you know very well," continued Charlie, even more emphatically.

"Some of the relations, I suppose," said Janet smiling, in reply to a glance of Mr. Singleton's, and stooping down to caress Guess, who lay at her feet curled up in her gown.

"Yes, you're right there. It's Bob Varley."

Lucky it was for Janet that her head was bent. The shame-faced flush that reddened her cheeks was unseen, or passed for the rush of blood to the face that a stooping position brings. Singleton saw nothing, yawned, and stroked his moustache; but Charlie thought Janet's silence expressed a good deal.

"I wonder what has brought him over?" she said, half to herself, at last.

"I'm sure I can't say," replied Charlie, with a very doubtful expression of countenance.

"And, pray, who is Mr. Varley when he's at home?" asked Singleton, languidly.

"He is a cousin of ours," replied Janet, shortly, looking rather annoyed at her admirer's way of speaking. If she had forgotten Bob a little, she was not yet prepared to turn him into ridicule. Singleton was beginning something about what a bore it must be to have a lot of cousins, when the door opened, and the servant announced "Mr. Varley."

Instead of blushing this time, Janet turned very pale, as she stood up hastily and moved forward across the large room to meet her lover. Bob was a very sensitive young man, and his eager eyes, that had so longed to rest on her face, were not quite satisfied by this first glance. There was something new in her expression, and it had also lost something that it used to have. He dropped her hand silently, and walked over to the window where Charlie was standing a short way off. Janet, with a look of vexation,

returned to her armchair near the fire, opposite Mr. Singleton.

Bob began by apologizing to Charlie for having come a day before his time, keeping his eyes fixed very attentively on the stranger and Janet the while. Singleton was evidently trying to get some information from her about her cousin, and she was as evidently very uncomfortable; for his efforts to reduce the tone of his voice only resulted in what is called a stage whisper. Apologies and explanations over, Bob turned his back to the couple in front of the fire, and muttered,—

“Who is that ass, Charlie?”

“Singleton—one of my subs.”

“Is he going to stay here all day? I want to see my cousin, but I could do without the pleasure of his company.”

“I am afraid I can’t do much to get him away, but I’ll go myself; perhaps he’ll take the hint, though he is not generally sensitive to such things. It seems to me we’ve paid you a long visitation, Janet,” he added, moving over to the fire; “but I’m going now. Good-bye.”

“Good-bye, Charlie,” said Janet, but Singleton never stirred. As Bob followed Charlie, Janet thought he was going away too, and held out her hand, but he did not take it, and said coolly, “I’ve not been here very long. I think I may stay a few minutes more.”

Singleton looked cross, and leaned back in his chair.

Then there began between the two men a trial of patience that might have been amusing to an uninterested spectator, but that made Janet thoroughly uncomfortable. While the dragoon scarcely spoke, Bob, bending forwards in his chair, and with his eyes fixed on the ground, droned forth family news as if he would never stop. He described Mr. James Prendergast’s death with a slow minuteness that

killed a good five-and-twenty minutes of time, and then proceeded to give Janet news of almost every one of the relations who had been assembled at Glenriveen a few months before.

Singleton was yawning miserably, and Bob felt his indignant eyes upon him. Guess had been petted and coaxed first of all, but that amusement palling, his former master took to teasing him, pulling his ears and tail, till at last the animal got so excited that he rushed thrice round the room in full cry, making Janet put her fingers to her ears to deaden the sound of his piercing barks; his race over, he returned with canine fidelity to his master, to be petted or teased again. The barks had made a break in Bob’s narrative, so his rival tried to put in his oar for a bit, and began as usual about the dog.

“Awfully nice little dog, isn’t he?”

“Charming,” replied Janet—also as usual.

“There’s nothing like a dog for your friend. He’s always the same—doesn’t mind if your people give you the cold shoulder—always the same—always jolly—nothing like a dog for a real friend.”

“H—m,” said Bob, drily, with a satirical ring in his voice, “if a dog can fill that ‘aching void’ we hear so much about, no one ought to be long uncomfortable. There are plenty of faithful curs about, and if people can be satisfied with a dog’s appreciation, it’s a pity they shouldn’t have it.”

“Oh, one doesn’t mean these things literally,” said the insulted dragoon, with a toss of his head and an attempt to look like a fire-eater with whom it would be dangerous to quarrel.

“Talking of dogs,” continued Bob, bestowing no further notice on his rival, “Mary Prendergast

has set up a Skye—George gave it to her the other day."

"Confound this fellow, with his family yarns," thought the angry Singleton.

"Confound that dragoon, with his heavy head. I wonder if he fancies he's going to sit me out?" thought Bob, at the same moment.

Between the two men Janet had a bad time of it. There was no doubt about it, she had been flirting with the dragoon, but the sight of Bob was renewing her former love. And, certainly, compared with the other, he had the best of the situation, as he talked calmly on, never at a loss for something to say, and snuffing out his rival whenever he ventured to open his lips.

"You're quartered in the mill also, ain't you?" asked Bob of the sulky soldier. "How do you like it?"

"Beastly hole," scowled the sub, "—I mean it's very jolly for a time," he added quickly, seeing Janet looked surprised. He had always spoken of the mill to her as a sort of paradise.

"In war time one has to put up with much quarer quarters than that," said Bob. And then, having broken fresh ground, he treated the sole hope of the house of Singleton to a long account of the perils he would run in real warfare, winding up by a declaration that the Fenians would be nice easy foes to meet.

"Much the same sort you had cut in America, by all accounts," sneered the other.

"We had a good many of them on our side," replied Bob; "but they were disciplined and led. Under those conditions Irishmen fight well all the world over, as every British officer knows. Here, in Ireland, they are only filibustering; they have no good officers, and still less means."

How long this trial of each other's powers of endurance might have

lasted, it would be hard to say. In spite of Janet's evident uneasiness—she was pale and looked tired, and a dark shade was coming under her eyes—neither man gave any sign of yielding, though the soldier showed most symptoms of distress. Fortunately, however, before matters came to a crisis, Singleton was called away. A dragoon was seen to trot past the windows to the hall-door, and a few moments later Singleton was reading a letter from the colonel, which Charlie had received at the mill a few minutes before.

"Very sorry," he muttered; "but I must say good-bye, Miss Prendergast. There is some Fenian leader skulking about here. He was seen last night, the colonel says, and we are to turn out and scour the country. Would you like to come with us?" he asked, addressing Bob Varley. "I'll give you a mount."

"No, thank you," replied Bob; "because my fighting days are over. I don't care to turn policeman."

"Common brute!" muttered Singleton, as he left the house; "he's coming to look after my heiress, is he? Devil take him! I say."

"What a blessing he is gone at last!" said Bob, when he found himself alone with Janet. "I hope the Fenians will keep him busy. Perhaps they'll knock him on the head," he added, with a vicious glance at the figures retreating down a long avenue of elms. "How long has he been here?"

"About ten days."

"Who gave you that dog, Janet?" This was said suddenly.

"He did," replied Janet, looking a little confused.

Bob hated the terrier. Had not kindness to animals been an instinct of his nature he could have kicked it, as it sat shivering on its haunches before him, astonished at his rejection of its friendly advances.

"I want to ask you something, Janet," Bob continued, after a few moments' uncomfortable silence. His voice was rather husky; neither was it quite steady. "Before I say anything more, I should like to know whether we still stand in the same position towards one another as we did three months ago?"

"Of course we do," whispered Janet, looking down and colouring, and feeling somehow or other rather inclined to cry, "unless you wish it otherwise."

"I certainly don't wish it otherwise," said Bob, "but I was not quite so sure of your mind. But, as you say it's all right, what would you think of sending this dog back to his owner?" and Bob fixed an unfriendly gaze on the terrier, which, after the manner of his kind, being incommoded by the stare, shivered and shook its head as if it had the palsy.

"Why should I send it back, Bob?" asked Janet, the tears now fairly glistening in her eyes. But though Bob saw them he remained perfectly firm.

"How long has the dog been here?"

"Only a few days," said Janet, a little sullenly.

"Then you can't be so very fond of it as all that, and it won't be very hard on you to send it back."

"I really don't see why you should want to deprive me of Guess," said Janet, whimpering a little like Guess himself, who, unable any longer to bear Bob's cold fixed gaze, had crept under the sofa and hidden his misery in darkness. "Is it possible you can grudge me the pleasure of a little dog?"

"Not in the least," replied Bob, quietly; "and if you'll send that cowering cur back to the gentleman who gave it to you, I'll get you another in a week so like him, shivers and all, that you'll fancy it is the same one come back again."

But still Janet was not pleased.

"Very well," she said, colouring with vexation, "if you are so foolish as to insist upon my parting with my dog, I suppose I must be sensible enough to yield. But I don't like it, and I can't think what makes you like this."

"Is that perfectly true, Janet?" asked Bob, turning rather white as he looked her straight in the face.

"It is," she replied defiantly.

"You can't guess why I want you to give back the dog?" he continued; "I know the thing in itself is a mere trifle, but its results would be of some consequence—to me at least."

If Janet was angry with herself, she was also very angry with Bob. She said to herself that if he had "taken her kindly," she would have sent Guess off without a word of objection; but she considered he was dictating to her, and a decidedly active little demon of temper entered into her heart with the thought, and stirred her suddenly into rebellion.

"You are jealous," she said angrily, "and jealousy is a very mean thing, and I should be wrong to give in to you—it would only be encouraging you in all sorts of suspicions and crotchets. I won't send Guess back."

"I thought you didn't know why I wanted you to part with the dog?" said Bob, coolly. "Have you really made up your mind to keep him? Please don't act hastily, Janet—I am jealous, but I have tried not to be ill-tempered about this affair."

"I'm sure I'm immensely obliged to you," said Janet, satirically, while she longed—she really longed—to give in, but the little demon wouldn't let her, so she didn't. "I have made up my mind not to part with Guess. Guess, Guess, little man, where are you—come here Guessy," she cried, whistling and trying to look perfectly happy and

unconcerned. Guess crawled out from under the sofa; encountered Bob's unfriendly gaze, and retired into the darkness again faster than he had emerged from it. Nor would any calling or whistling induce him to show his head again.

"All right," said Varley, standing up, "but I am afraid I must look upon your keeping the dog as my dismissal."

"Of course you can if you like," said Janet, coldly.

"If I like!" repeated Bob, reproachfully; "I don't think I look as if I liked it."

This was so true that Janet longed even more than before to make peace. They were standing up face to face. It would have been so easy to have taken his hand and just said something gentle. But she did not; on the contrary, when he held out his hand to bid her good-bye, she scarcely touched it. With a sigh Bob turned away and left the room.

CHAPTER IX.

BOB VARLEY BECOMES A HERO.

LATE in the evening only did Charlie and Mr. Singleton return to the mill after an unsuccessful and tiring day.

"There mayn't be much of the parade of war about this sort of thing," said the lieutenant, throwing himself into an armchair after dinner, "but there's a good lot of the danger. Did you see those fellows' faces in the ploughed field, Prendergast, when our men were making their way through that big oak wood? Upon my soul I thought I saw one old fellow fingerin' a revolver in his coat-tail pocket, and I picked out my own pretty fast,

and gave him a look that brought his hand away pretty sharp."

"With only a red pocket handkerchief in it?" suggested Bob, while Charlie laughed and Singleton pretended not to have heard anything.

Next morning the lieutenant said he had promised to let Miss Prendergast know the result of their day's work, and disappeared accordingly.

"Well, did you capture many Fenians?" asked Janet, trying to look happy. She had been crying a few minutes before.

"H—m, no. This fellow, Macnamara, that we're looking for is too sharp a card to let us get near him."

"Who in the world is this queer fellow, Varley?" he continued, after concluding a long account of the Fenian hunt.

"A cousin of ours who was some time in America," said Janet, colouring.

"Do you like him?"

"No—pretty well," replied the faithless girl, hesitatingly, and feeling she deserved almost to lose the use of her tongue for employing it so falsely. "Do you like Americans?" she asked, to change the conversation.

"Don't know that I ever spoke to one," drawled Singleton; "awful snobs most of them, ain't they? Something like this fellow—full of swagger. Whenever one opens one's mouth he crams that American war down one's throat. I don't believe he ever did a day's fighting in his life."

"He was very badly wounded in the war," replied Janet. "He has almost completely lost the use of his left arm."

"That reminds me he gave me a note for you," said Singleton, handing it to her. Janet, without looking at it, threw it into her work-basket.

"Why don't you read it?" asked the dragoon.

"It will keep I dare say," she replied, with just the least little tremor in her voice.

"I always think it has a suspicious look when a lady puts a letter away without reading it;—the letter then is either nothing, or—*something*."

"And which do you think this is?" she asked carelessly.

"Nothing—I hope."

"You are right, I am sure," she said, opening the envelope. Without a word she threw the letter into the fire after glancing at it, but her lips were compressed and her eyes glistened feverishly. The note had only contained a formal declaration from Bob that, as she wished it so, she was free.

A more friendly glance almost than any she had yet bestowed on him, made Singleton think of striking a decisive blow at her heart within that very hour. But for all his self-confidence it cost him dear to "work round" towards offering her his heart. He knew how false the offer was, and for a moment heartily cursed the fate that forbid him to use similar words where they would have been true. But, all the same, he made the same sacrifice as his father had done before him. Perhaps it would be hard to find a stronger example of the power of early training than his conduct at that trying moment. One bitter thought of Christine and the rival to whom he abandoned her—one inward protest against the traditional sacrifice of his family—and then implicit obedience to the lessons of prudence he had begun to learn when, as a tiresome selfish child, he had clung to the skirts of his worldly mamma. Little by little he worked up to his point, telling her of his home, and prospects in life, till at last, growing very red the while, he said the fatal words.

"I know one has no business to come out with these things abruptly," he began, speaking very nervously, and in a husky tone—at ordinary times he had rather a pleasant voice and manner—"but I am not a good hand at keeping back such feelings—I mean what I feel now—and I've been so awfully anxious lately—and I shall be so cut up if you send me about my business now, just when I was beginning to hope——"

Janet said nothing. But a very disgraceful little feeling of satisfaction found its way into her heart as she thought how soon a suppliant had appeared to crave what Bob had flung away so hastily. And there could be no doubt about poor Mr. Singleton's affection, she also thought, as she felt rather than saw his agitation. His hands were shaking, and his head was bent down as he leaned forward and faltered out such words of passion as he could gather together. It would only be serving Bob right if she were to accept this love, which, moreover, had broken the barriers of caste, and come to place a coronet on little Janet Prendergast's brow.

To the dragoon's broken prayers she returned no answer but troubled looks and blushes. His voice grew pathetic—his shame-facedness looked like the homage of timidity. His not very clear words were the result of deep feeling that paralyzed the tongue. And as she looked into her heart, she found only worldly thoughts. She asked herself whether, indeed, there were any such things as marriages of inclination; and whether—Bob having thrown her over—she would not be doing a foolish thing if she were to spurn the new suitor who loved her so truly?

"Do you think you can ever care for me?" he pleaded.

With a gambler's excited look she answered him,—

"I think I could."

The treacherous words were no sooner spoken than all the good feelings that had been kept down so sternly in the girl's breast cried "shame!" upon her. A storm of self-reproach arose within her, and made her heart beat as if it would burst. But it was too late for retreat now. Singleton's arm was around her, and he was calling her his "own Janet." His! She was Bob's, and would never have been any one else's if he had only been faithful to her. But he had changed, and taken the first excuse he could find for casting her off; and she was obliged to follow the usual fate of woman, and marry, not the man she cared for, but one who cared for her only.

All this time, though he was heartily disgusted at Janet's fickleness, Charlie Prendergast could not be insensible to some of its results. Singleton no longer persecuted Miss Dillon with attentions that she disliked. His ingenuity was no longer exerted in thwarting his superior officer, and a new face seemed to have effaced all previous tender recollections. Here, however, appearances were deceitful. As long as there was any doubt of his success with Janet, Singleton had been a little excited—at any rate, sufficiently so to prevent his mind from dwelling overmuch on Christine Dillon and the triumph of his former rival. Once, however, his conquest of the heiress was assured, envy and jealousy began to gnaw at his heart. He had made Janet promise not to let their engagement be known for a little while, and to this, as may be imagined, she had her own reasons for cordially assenting. Under the circumstances, the honourable idea of continuing to try to captivate Christine Dillon at once suggested itself to his

imagination, so that almost at once after his engagement to Janet, he again placed himself in Charlie's path.

He soon, however, found that his charms were displayed in vain. It was almost certain that Charlie's constancy had been rewarded at last, and that he and Miss Dillon were engaged. Her conduct to him one afternoon at Rathmellick sent the lieutenant back in a very evil humour to the mill, where Charlie followed him, happy and confident, an hour or two later.

"Where is Mr. Singleton?" asked Charlie of his servant, as soon as he came into the little apartment that did duty as their mess-room. The man replied that he had gone up to Glenriveen. This was not the fact, however, unluckily. At that moment young Singleton was in the adjoining room, sitting sulkily before his fire in an armchair. There was no light in the room, and the door was closed only, not shut.

As soon as the servant left the room, Charlie asked Bob Varley to sit down and listen to something he had to tell him.

"It is a puzzling thing," said Charlie, "and I want your opinion."

Then in a few words he told him how his father had been guardian to the daughter of an old friend, but that after his death he had been unable to find anything relating to the girl among his papers, except receipted school accounts, and such like. He afterwards mentioned his father's wish that he should marry the girl, and his own refusal. Finally he said that, as soon as the most pressing business that came upon him after his father's death was settled, he wrote to the girl's schoolmistress, asking if she knew of any other friends of hers who would assist him in making some

arrangements for her future. The only reply to this request was a letter which he had received that evening only, and which briefly mentioned the fact of Violet's flight from school, at the same time insinuating that he himself was in some way connected with her disappearance.

"Isn't it absurd, and very strange, too?" asked Charlie, after he had read the letter aloud to Varley. "It is not a pleasant sort of accusation, even though it is so utterly undeserved. Besides which, I am very anxious about the girl. She was far too pretty and inexperienced to be able to roam the world in safety."

While Charlie was speaking, eager ears were drinking in his words, and a mischievous mind was thinking how they might be turned to his disadvantage. Singleton had crept over to the door on tiptoe, and was listening with all his might. With the proverbial luck of eavesdroppers, when, after some time, his own name came to be mentioned, he heard no good of himself.

"We all have our troubles, Charlie," said Bob, with a sigh. "I've been jilted. At any rate, you've had no troubles of that kind. The girl you're going to marry really cares for you, and wouldn't give you up—at any rate for a fool like Singleton. It may be mean of me, but somehow I think I shouldn't feel so bad if she had thrown me over for a better fellow; but for that conceited young donkey—ugh——"

Bob's wrath had no words to carry him further; but, after a few minutes, he left the room, saying he would find some means of showing Janet which of them was the better man before he was a week older.

Early next morning, Charlie appeared in Bob's room and informed

him that they were off on another Fenian-hunting expedition.

"We're not to have a day among the woodlands this time," grumbled the captain; "we're to knock our horse's legs to pieces among some mountain glens. Are you going up to Glenriveen this morning?"

Bob shook his head.

"Well, that's as you think best, of course; but I think you're giving in a deal too easily. However, if you won't go where you ought, perhaps you'd like to have a look at the fox-hounds. Lord Hurlingford's pack meets to-day about four miles from this, and I'll give you a mount on that chestnut mare you were admiring so much. You ride, don't you?"

"Well, I've had more experience of mules than of horses; but I can get along all right, I've no doubt."

"You won't be able to put the mare down, anyway," said Charlie, laughing, "wherever you may go to yourself. And it's a very fair country—good big grass banks, and no stones. You needn't leave this till half-past ten."

At half-past ten accordingly, Bob mounted the chestnut mare, and rode slowly in the direction of the meet, in company with a red-coated sportsman who overtook him on the road.

The meet was at a place called Carey's Cross, where four roads met; but the field gathered together that morning was a very small one. It was not a favourite meet of the hounds. The country round about was full of big woods, from which it was very hard to make foxes break. Sometimes, however, about once in a season, those who hunted at Carey's Cross had a tale to tell in the evening.

When Bob arrived at the cross roads, he found the hounds there, and a few countrymen standing on the fences round about; but not more than half a dozen horsemen

besides himself. The master had taken the opportunity to visit a neighbouring country and see a rival pack hunt, and of the country gentlemen who generally did their best to over-ride his hounds, only two had put in an appearance. During the quarter of an hour's law allowed by the huntsman, only a few farmers and outsiders, mounted on sorry hacks, joined the small knot of riders already assembled.

Some four fields below the road, and on the near side of a long awkward-looking stretch of bog, there were a couple of small fields pretty thickly covered with gorse. It was not a regular covert, but tradition reported that it sometimes held a fox, and the day's proceedings at Carey's Cross generally began by drawing it—blank.

Bob had never been out fox-hunting before in his life, and his slender knowledge of the sport, derived from books, faded from his memory before the absorbing interest of the reality. He took up his position with the rest of the field at a corner of the gorse, and sitting well down in his saddle, with his stirrups so long that his legs were perfectly straight, and a huge freshly-lighted cigar in his mouth, he watched the hounds drawing the covert with breathless anxiety.

"There's a fox there to-day, I'm full sure," said a farmer on his right. "I could tell that by the way they're drawing."

"I've seen this bit of gorse drawn for the last two years, and it never held a fox, Magrath," remarked the former speaker's landlord, who was just behind Bob.

"Well, maybe so, sir," acquiesced the farmer; but just as he spoke, not thirty yards from them, a fox broke, and without casting as much as a glance to right or left, faced the bog, and, thanks to his knowledge of the intricacies of the

ground, succeeded in making his way across nearly a quarter of a mile of about as nasty-looking going as the surface of Ireland could show.

Then there was fine dismay among the field of riders. If the bog was a quarter of a mile broad, it was a good two miles and a half long, and the fox had crossed at its very centre. Nor was there much chance of catching hounds again in the fine scenting country that lay beyond. The bog had often been tried by man and beast, but as far as all present knew, never with success; so almost paralyzed by disgust and perplexity, they watched the fox's untoward course.

One man, however, knew neither fear nor danger at this trying moment. Scarcely had the fox gone five yards across the bog when Bob Varley, with his cigar still between his teeth, his reins firmly grasped in his right hand—the left hanging almost powerless by his side—and his long legs sticking out straight on each side of the horse, charged the bog right in the fox's wake, and at full gallop, in spite of frantic cries to "hold hard" from the spectators of his mad attempt. But to hold on was more Bob's endeavour, as their distant shouts reached his ears. Floundering, falling, getting on her legs again, watching for firmer oases among the pitfalls and deep sloughs on every side, and struggling on through treacherous ground as only an Irish horse can, the gallant little mare made her way slowly across the morass, and at last, with a couple of shakes and grunts, began to canter along beside the hounds on the springy turf beyond. It was lucky for Bob, as he was to get across the bog, that he had started almost at the same time as the fox, for the hounds made their way over the bad ground so fast, that but for a delay in getting out of covert, they would have been

six fields ahead of him by the time he had crossed the bog.

The feelings of the people who watched his extraordinary attempt, and its apparently miraculous success, can be more easily imagined than described.

"My God!" cried the most veteran sportsman of the astonished band as they saw him at last reach *terra firma* and disappear with the hounds over the ridge of a low hill, "he must be stark, staring mad. But he's over, anyhow, and I'll bet fifty pounds he hasn't as much as an overreach to show for his folly. They're gone to Drumore Wood—we'll be there nearly as soon as them—it isn't more than three miles and a half by the Glenriveen road."

Off clattered this leading authority, followed by the rest of the field. Standing in their irons, they galloped along the road till they reached Drumore Wood, where they were disappointed to find no traces of the hounds.

"Who is the fellow?" asked one red-faced sportsman, while a warm discussion as to the line of the hunt occupied those who fancied they knew something of the line of a fox.

"I don't know who on earth he is, but the chestnut mare belongs to Captain Prendergast. He hasn't been out hunting since his father's death, and faith, if the mare was short of work, she'll get enough to-day to steady her."

"With the cigar in his mouth, and sitting like this, he rode straight at it?" cried a third individual, only failing to give a good idea of Bob's appearance while facing the bog because his legs were not half long enough. "I wouldn't have missed the sight for fifty pounds."

"Where are they now? that's the question. I think they're at Glenriveen."

But another man believed they were at Scarthbeg, and two others

that they had been checked on the way and might turn up at Drumore any moment. But the afore-mentioned veteran fox-hunter declared they were at a place called Kilbeggan—the biggest woodland in the county; and to Kilbeggan accordingly the mystified sportsmen trotted off at a brisk pace.

Into Kilbeggan, sure enough, the hounds had been seen to run, but the wood was so big, and difficult to get through, owing to rocks and undergrowth, that it was some time before the pack was discovered encamped before an unstopped earth where the fox had gone to ground.

But though the hounds were there, Bob was nowhere to be seen.

"I wonder what in the world has become of him," said the veteran sportsman, anxiously.

"Upon my honour I believe he's mad," suggested another; "I think we ought to go and look for him."

A couple of hounds were missing, and as the huntsman's orders were to draw Carey's Wood, not half a mile from the gorse where they had found, the country traversed in the run would have to be crossed again. So making inquiries as to Bob from every one they met, the sporting train set out in the direction of Carey's Wood.

Meantime Bob had met with an adventure. When he found himself alone with the hounds he was very much puzzled by the situation, and would no doubt have hampered their movements had they given him the opportunity. Whether he rode before them, to either side, or behind them, seemed to his ignorance merely a matter of taste, and he would probably have consulted this only had the hounds not raced over the grass fields at such a pace that it gave him enough to do to keep them in sight at all. But he was excited, and the mare knew her work, and for about two miles

and a half, after crossing many a break-neck place, utterly ignorant of its danger, they pulled up at one end of a big wood—not Drumore, however, for the hounds had turned suddenly to the left about half a mile from the bog, just as the last of the pack had dashed into it.

It was not a nice place to follow them over, but had it been worse even, Bob could not have stopped them. In the open the hounds had been running perfectly mute, but now, as they forced their way through fern and briar, the crash of their music made the wood ring. In his excitement and fear of losing the hunt, Bob turned the mare at the fence, as usual with a slack rein but stout heart. The bank was by no means high, but along its top there was a nasty row of stakes with wattles twisted in and out, and though the mare did her best, it was not a true Irish fence, and she failed at it; leaping on to the bank and trying to haunch over the wattles, her hind legs slipped, and she fell, first on the wattles and then over them into the wood, while Bob performed a summersault in the air and finally landed in a clump of briars, only a few scratches the worse for his misfortune. Luckily the damp climate of Ireland had produced its usual effect upon the wattles; they had been up a long time and were pretty rotten, so they had yielded to the mare's weight and let her off without a cut.

After looking her over to see if she were hurt, Bob jumped on her back again and hurried as well as he could through the wood in the direction the hounds had taken; but though he strained his eyes and ears with all his might, he could neither see nor hear them. They had only gone a very short distance through the wood. The fox, on finding the earth stopped, had very quickly quitted the unfriendly covert and started for Kilbeggan in

hopes of getting comfortably to ground there. Almost before Bob had finished picking himself up, the hounds were scrambling over the wattles again out into the open country.

Bob, however, continued to wander disconsolately up and down a couple of rough rides, and among narrow foot-tracks, in hopes of finding the hounds somewhere about. He hurt his face with the thong-like twigs of the larch-trees, and narrowly escaped destruction among rabbit-holes and treacherous stumps of trees, but all in vain—no hounds met his disappointed gaze; and at last he began to think of retiring from the hopeless search.

He proceeded accordingly to make his way down to the bottom of the wood, where his entrance had broken a gap among the wattles, and as he moved slowly along he looked sharply round on every side, unwilling even yet to give up all hopes. Instead of the hounds, however, as the mare was creeping cautiously down a very steep and slippery bit of path, Bob's sharp eyes fancied they saw something very like the figure of a man crouching down behind a scraggy laurel bush, scarcely twelve yards ahead, and just to the right of the rough path he was following. He pulled up at once, and, shading his eyes with his hand, looked very hard at the bush to see whether he was mistaken or not. A moment later his doubts were all set at rest in an unpleasantly abrupt manner.

"You'd better clear out of this pretty smart," said a sharp nasal voice. "I should like to know what the deuce you're up to here."

At first Bob was too much astonished to make any reply to this strange address, but as soon as he gathered its unfriendly meaning, he intimated to the mare by his heels that she was to move forward.

"Go back, I say!" cried the voice from the bush.

Of this order also Bob took no notice, but began to try to hustle the mare on more quickly. The path, however, was very rough and steep.

"By G—, if you don't go back, I'll shoot!" cried the stranger once more, creeping round the corner of the bush and letting Bob see a revolver pointed at him.

Bob was not the man to show the white feather at such a crisis. Shouting at the mare and taking her very short by the head, he charged straight at the laurel bush, which was fortunately very thin and low. When he was not three yards from it a bullet whizzed past his head, but the next moment the enemy was on the flat of his back on the ground, and the revolver, having changed hands, was pointed at its former owner's head by Bob, who knelt over him with flashing eyes and an expression of countenance that boded little good to the vanquished man.

"I know you, you infernal scoundrel," cried Bob, seizing him by the collar and shaking him as he lay like a log before him. "You weren't satisfied with playing me that nice trick at the diggings, but you must come to try and shoot me here. I don't know why I don't put an end to you once for all this very minute. I am sure it could be no crime."

"Don't shake me like that, Varley," groaned the man, "I'm wounded—I only fired at you in self-defence—I thought you were hunting me like those cursed dragoons——"

"No, I wasn't, but I've got you all the same, and you shan't escape now," said Bob. "I'm only afraid I'm doing the Fenians a service by ridding them of such a scoundrel."

"Don't shoot me, Bob," gasped the man, his eyes half starting out

of his head with terror; "remember what pals we used to be—I'll pay you——"

"D'ye think I'd take your money?" asked Bob, scornfully; "you can keep what you've stolen, and I'll give you besides five minutes to say your prayers—you'd better not struggle, if you do you'll only have one second instead of five minutes"—he added, as the other looked wildly around for some chance of escape. But none offered, so the wretched man closed his eyes and lay perfectly still, while Bob watched him with a glance of unpitying hatred.

"Did you know it was I coming down the path?" he asked, after two minutes of the promised five had passed.

"Yes," muttered the prostrate man, "and had I not met you now, you would never have had a chance of hurting me again in all human probability."

"Of hurting you again!" said Bob, scornfully. "I should like to know when I ever hurt you before. I saved your life once, and I let you off when you robbed me of pretty nearly everything I possessed in the world, Tom Huskins, and you thank me by trying to take my life the first time you meet me alone by chance. I like your talking of '*again*' when nothing went *before*."

"Let me off now, Bob, for God's sake, and I swear I'll never rob again or have anything more to do with this Fenian business—I'm sick of the cowardly beggars already. And I'll tell you all about their plans against Glenriveen—let me off, for God's sake—as you may hope for mercy yourself some day," he pleaded, seeing a look of irresolution in Bob's eyes.

Whether this supplication and promised betrayal of his associates were necessary to procure Mr. Huskin's pardon may well be doubted, for already anger and

I suppose, he absconded and gave information to the Government as to my whereabouts and plans. Thanks to our organization, I was soon transported to this part of the country, and was commissioned to organize and command here; but just as I was getting on nicely, and had begun to make settled plans, some other skunk goes and informs again, and I've never had an hour's rest for the last four days, between dragoons and policemen; and the worst of it is, that here, where I thought the people much pluckier than about Marly, I can't get them to rise either. If they'd taken my advice there wouldn't have been many dragoons about now."

"And do you mean to tell me, Tom Huskins, that you're such a fool as to imagine that these ignorant peasants are capable of rising against and overthrowing the mighty British empire?"

"Perhaps not. But there might be a very pretty scrimmage; and they might give the English army more than enough to do for a while, at all events. But they're in such a blue funk they'll do nothing, and, as I say, I'm sick of trying to make 'em. I was all for a night attack on Rathmellick, but they wouldn't have it, and are going in for a paltry attack on Glenriveen and the mill instead."

"On Glenriveen!" repeated Bob, thinking of Janet, while his cheeks grew pale, as they never would have done if it had been only a question of danger to himself.

"Yes, and if they don't change their minds, they'll wake the place up to a pretty tune to-morrow night. So you can get clear away, or stay and defend the place, whichever you like. Prendergast is some relation of yours—I remembered that at once when I came here first—and, as he's rich, I dare say if you put him on his guard he'll do something for you. And you mayn't be

aware of it, but there'll be five hundred pounds reward due to you for nabbing me. So you see, perhaps in the end, when you've cooled down a bit, and come to think it over, you won't be so sorry you didn't polish me off, after all."

"Is that all you've got to tell me? Can't you give me some particulars of the intended attack, at what o'clock will it be made, and how many men do you think will take part in it?" asked Bob, not deigning to notice the other's allusion to the pecuniary advantages that might result to him from his clemency.

"Eleven o'clock at night—to-morrow night—but, as their leader is taken, they'll probably put off the party; and it was expected about three hundred men would join in the movement. They were to call at the mill first, and sack the house afterwards. Now I haven't another word to say that concerns you, on my honour," said Mr. Huskins, very calmly. "Have you got a cigar? I haven't had a smoke for three days, and I'm awfully hungry too."

With a contemptuous glance at his prisoner's brazen face, in which undisguised insolence had been conspicuous ever since he had been relieved from his first fear of vengeance, Bob silently handed him a cigar.

"Got a light?" asked Huskins, with a placid smile.

"Is it true what you told me about your father once?" asked Bob, producing a box of fuzees. "You said he was a respectable clergyman in Canada. Was there a word of truth in that statement?"

"It's just as true as that I'm here."

"Is he alive still?"

"Don't know, I'm sure," replied the other, looking down and puffing hard at his cigar.

"Well, giving advice isn't much in my line," said Bob, slowly and emphatically, "but I feel bound to remark that, if you get out of this present mess, and don't want to die with your boots on, as we used to say out in the West, you'd better go home and try if your father can teach you to be a respectable member of society."

Mr. Huskins made no reply to this counsel of Bob's, but continued to smoke in silence. At last, with evident difficulty and shame-facedness, he stammered out,—

"I suppose it ain't much good telling you so now—and perhaps you'll hardly believe me—but I'm more darned sorry for having made off with your pile that time than for any other blessed thing I ever did in my life—though it wasn't nigh my worst stroke. You took it so quietly—I used to hope sometimes it was from funk you didn't follow me—but I knew you better than that, Bob. You were twice as plucky as me any day."

"And out of gratitude for my forbearance, then, you tried to take my life just now," remarked Bob, coldly. "I don't want to say a word to harden you more, Tom, but I can't quite take in what you say."

"I've grown a deal worse since I came to Ireland; and being hunted about so was turning me quite savage. But I'm precious glad I didn't hit you. How are we to get out of this now. If you're seen hauling me along, you'll soon get knocked on the head; I don't mind telling you that much, now that we're friends."

"I don't know what you mean by friends," said Bob, contemptuously, "I'd rather have a common pick-pocket for a friend than you; and as for getting out of this, you just walk straight out of the wood before me, and if you look to right or left, or speak a word to any one, or make the slightest movement that looks

like an attempt to escape, I'll shoot you dead, as sure as you're alive this moment."

In spite of these hints of the captured man's as to repentance and friendship, Bob, like many another conqueror, was much embarrassed by his prisoner. The weakness of his own left arm made him unable to abandon, even for one moment, the weapon he held in his right hand, so he could not pinion his capture. And not knowing the country, he had no idea in what direction to march him, once they began to move. "The fellow's squinting round every minute," thought Bob, to himself; "no doubt some of his friends know where he is, and he's expecting a rescue. I'll march him straight away somewhere in the direction I came from, and then, perhaps, I'll run him in all right after all."

But just as Bob was about to give his prisoner the order to march, the welcome sound of a horn broke on his ear. Some of the hounds, as has been said, were missing, and on their way back to Carey's Wood the huntsman stopped on a road that ran at a very short distance below the wood in which Bob's hunting had come to an end. 'Too-too-too-too' went the horn, while one of the whips made his way across a couple of small fields into the wood to search for the missing dogs; and, just as he got in at one end, Bob and his prisoner emerged at the other. All this time the mare was grazing among the trees, with the reins entangled round her legs.

A few minutes later Mr. Tom Huskins's hands were securely fastened behind his back with the thong of a hunting whip, and Bob was relating his adventures to an open-mouthed audience. One gentleman had ridden off to the nearest police-barrack for an escort for the prisoner, and a small knot of countrymen were whispering together

with scowling countenances. But the half-dozen fox-hunters who surrounded the prisoner, and the sight of Bob's revolver, overawed them for the moment. One of them tried to make off across the fields, to alarm Mr. Huskins's friends, no doubt, but he was quickly brought back to the road; and after twenty minutes of rather anxious delay, the barrels of the policemen's rifles were seen gleaming down the road; and when they arrived on the scene, Mr. Huskins's wrists soon felt the weight of iron—and not for the first time in his life.

CHAPTER X.

CHECK TO MR. SINGLETON.

A COUPLE of days after the estrangement between Bob Varley and Janet, Dr. Quineen called at the mill on his way to Glenriveen. He asked for Mr. Singleton, and on hearing from Bob that that promising young officer was at Glenriveen, he made various jests about heiresses and poor peers, that resulted in opening Bob's eyes to his rival's designs; the more so, as the doctor, seeing his remarks appreciated, repeated the conversation by which he had so quickly cured the lieutenant's delicacy of chest.

But this conviction of Singleton's mercenary motives did not console Bob much. If Janet was really to inherit a large share of her uncle's wealth, it was very unlikely the dragoon would retire from his pursuit of her affections. To be sure her father, Mr. Donald Prendergast, knew nothing of this good fortune of hers; he had been distinctly informed by his brother that after his death Janet would have eight

thousand pounds—a nice dowry, certainly, but nothing to smell like honey to fortune-hunting flies. But rich old men were notoriously queer about their testamentary dispositions. Mr. Prendergast's declarations of what he was going to do might easily be very different from his real intentions. Janet was gentle and attractive. It was not hard to believe she had wound herself round the lonely old man's heart.

For a while Bob thought about going back to England at once, to recover as best he might from his cruel disappointment. But other counsels soon prevailed, and he determined to wait a little and watch his rival; ready to take advantage of the first opportunity of humiliating him. This resolution made him the hero of the adventures related in the last chapter, and also resulted in Mr. Huskins, *alias* Macnamara, being consigned to the care of the Bridewell keeper at Rathmellick.

On his return from his first and very memorable day's fox-hunting, Bob went at once to see Mr. Prendergast and warn him of the intended attack on Glenriveen. He found the old gentleman in his study, after exchanging a few words with Janet in the hall.

"Oh, I'm so thankful you're safe," she began, forgetting all about their quarrel and her present position with regard to Mr. Singleton, as she clasped her hands together in gratitude for his escape. "I heard the news only an hour ago, but I've been in a fever ever since."

"That was very kind of you," said Bob; and though the light in the hall was very dim, it let Janet see such coldness and resentment in his face, that the tears started to her eyes. To say the truth, they welled up the more readily that she had been crying like a baby for

a good half hour that afternoon already.

"Is Mr. Prendergast in the study?" continued Bob.

"Ye — yes," said Janet, trying very hard to suppress a sob and steady her voice.

Without saying anything more, Bob turned on his heel and walked off in the direction of the study.

"Well," said Mr. Prendergast, with a gratified smile, as he stood up to greet the hero of the hour, "so you've been lucky enough to capture the gentleman who has been giving Mr. Singleton and his dragoons so much trouble of late. And I hear he was armed, and that you were his target for three or four shots——"

"Only one," interposed Bob, "and it was quite enough."

"No doubt — no doubt," said Mr. Prendergast, "but now sit down and tell me the whole story."

This Bob did, omitting nothing — neither his passage of the bog, nor his loss of the hounds, nor his strong inclination to take the law into his own hands when he found Tom Huskins in his power. And, as one thing leads on to another, Mr. Prendergast insisted upon knowing all about Bob's former acquaintance with the Fenian leader, and his life in America. And, lastly, he desired to be informed as to his young relative's present prospects.

"Do you believe they'll attack the mill or this place?" asked the old gentleman, as soon as his curiosity was gratified.

"I have not the slightest expectation of it," said Bob; "but the police have been warned."

"Yes. Sub-inspector Watkins was here a little while ago, and I've settled with him what is to be done. I suppose the military will be on the alert?"

"No doubt," replied Bob; "Mr.

Singleton is fully alive to the danger of his position."

"Oh, nervous, is he?"

"Not a little, I think," said Bob; "but I'm not a very fair witness against him. I dislike him too much."

"He seems harmless," said Mr. Prendergast. "We see a good deal of him here one way or another. He appears to be a great friend of Janet's — though I confess I can't think what she sees to admire in him——"

"Nor I, indeed," thought Bob, with a deep sigh.

"I feel under a very deep obligation to you, young man," said Mr. Prendergast, after making a few remarks upon the defencelessness of country houses in case of sudden attack. "I have gathered together too many things of value in this house not to think a great deal of its safety, and I feel deeply indebted to you for the display of courage by which I have profited so much. I shall feel still more grateful if you will put it in my power to oblige you. If I have not misunderstood you, you are not the sort of person to whom I dare offer a money acknowledgment merely——"

"You have only done me justice, I hope," said Bob, colouring with pleasure, for there was something in Mr. Prendergast's manner towards him that flattered him extremely.

"I wish there was any way in which I could gratify you," continued Mr. Prendergast.

Bob said nothing, but an idea crossed his mind; and then quickly the light of an eager desire shone in his eyes.

"Well, what is it? speak out," said Mr. Prendergast, encouragingly.

"If you would answer me one question, sir, just yes or no, it might serve to help me towards

some peace of mind in the distant future—it might even be the means of relieving me from much present unhappiness—and I give you my word of honour that your confidence will not be abused.”

“If it is anything I can answer, I shall gladly do so.”

“Have you ever thought of making Janet an heiress, sir,” asked Bob, quietly, “beyond what you promised your brother to give her?”

Mr. Prendergast stared with astonishment, and presently frowned. The question was not a nice one, but he had promised to answer it.

“I have never had any such idea—I do not intend to do more for her than I promised.”

“Thank goodness!” sighed Bob, with such an expression of relief that Mr. Prendergast was more puzzled than before.

“I don’t quite understand you, young man, but at any rate I’ve kept my word. You’ve asked your question and had your answer. I’m glad it pleases you.”

“That is easily explained,” said Bob, nervously. “The fact is that—that I—wanted to marry my cousin—your niece, Janet—and we were engaged in a sort of a way, but this soldier has come between us now. As he’s a noted fortune-hunter, it’s my belief he only wants to marry her because he thinks she is to be your heiress—and if he was once cured of the notion, I think we should hear no more of him. But if you had ever thought of really making Janet an heiress, I would have gone straight back to London and borne my disappointment as well as I could. I am very sorry for having to speak of such things—but I could not help taking advantage of your offer.”

“That’s all, is it?” asked Mr. Prendergast, with tightened lips.

“Do you think Janet expects she is going to be an heiress?”

“I am sure she has no idea of the kind.”

“Then who put the idea into Singleton’s head?”

“Dr. Quineen and the gossips of Rathmellick.”

“Dr. Quineen!” repeated Mr. Prendergast, angrily.

“He meant no harm,” said Bob; and then he told how the doctor had been tempted to expose the malingerer.

Mr. Prendergast sat down at his writing table, and scribbled a letter off quickly, which he handed to Bob when it was finished. It was addressed to Dr. Quineen, and ran as follows:—

“DEAR DOCTOR,—It has come to my knowledge that there is a very silly rumour going about to the effect that I intend making my niece Janet, who is living with me, my heiress. Considering the length of time I have known you, I think I shall not be asking too much of your friendship if I beg you to contradict this absurd report whenever you hear it, as I consider it calculated to injure my niece and cause her annoyance.”

With a lighter heart than he had entered it, Bob left the study. Dr. Quineen would have the letter in the morning. He would understand what was expected of him, and very soon Janet’s new suitor would be exposed.

Nor were these expectations deceived. After paying a morning visit at Glenriveen next day, Singleton drove over to Rathmellick, and on his return seemed decidedly out of humour. It was the evening that had been fixed upon for the Fenian attack, and some of the dragoons were to spend the night at Glenriveen with an officer. Singleton had asked to be sent in charge of them, and Charlie had

agreed to his request. He himself would remain with Bob Varley, to defend the mill in case of need. On his return from Rathmellick, however, Singleton asked Charlie to go to Glenriveen in his stead, which, with a glance at Bob Varley, he promised to do.

To Glenriveen Charlie accordingly went with his guard of dragoons, and a few minutes after his arrival, Janet asked him to come into the drawing-room, as she had something particular to say to him.

"Are you and Mr. Singleton great friends, Charlie?" she asked, after a moment.

"Pretty well—nothing very special," replied Charlie.

"What is thought of him in the regiment?" she asked, again, looking restless and uneasy. "Is he popular? Do men think highly of him?"

"Those are questions I should be very indiscreet if I answered."

"Anything you might say would be perfectly safe with me," she said, with a look of disappointment.

"Possibly; but I have found in this world that however imprudent it may be to give your own opinions, even when they are asked, it is sheer madness to make free with other people's ideas, especially in a personal matter."

"Yes, very true," said Janet, with a little gesture of annoyance. "I know that one should never run a risk, even for the sake of a friend—much less for a mere relation."

"I don't quite understand——"

"That is very plain. For reasons of my own—urgent ones—I ask your opinion of a man you know very well, and you refuse to give it to me. Are you surprised, seeing how few opportunities women have for discovering the characters of the men they meet in society, that I should ask such a question?"

"I don't think it is always the want of opportunities that women

suffer from. They appear to me occasionally to shut their eyes to both good and bad in a rather wilful manner. But you've misstated your complaint against me. I never refused to give you my own opinion of Singleton. I only declined to say how he stood with the regiment."

"What is your own private opinion of Mr. Singleton, then?" asked Janet, after a pause.

"That he is a very selfish man, with no particular vice in him; and that he is very anxious to meet with a rich wife. And he is a bit of a coward into the bargain."

"A rich wife!" repeated Janet.

"Yes; he has tried several ladies, young and old, even within the last twelve months; but they have always turned out a failure in the end. He is a stupid fellow, for he hasn't the knack of finding out about the fortune before committing himself. One comfort is, that I don't think he inspires a very incurable passion in his victims' hearts," said Charlie, laughing, while Janet grew scarlet.

"It is a shame of you to sneer at him and his courage behind his back," said Janet, with rising wrath. "You dare not say it before his face."

"I don't know about daring," replied Charlie, sleepily stretching out one arm. "It seems to me, by Jove, that for the matter of that, I could dare a good deal with poor Singleton, unless he should show himself much more formidable with me than with other people who bully him. But I shouldn't like to hurt his feelings by saying anything unpleasant to him, no matter how true it might be. Nor do I wish to annoy you by running him down, so, for Heaven's sake! let us talk of something else. And remember not to ask me my opinion of people if you don't want to hear exactly what I think."

"Well, I hope you are mistaken in this case," said Janet, so wearily, and with such an unusual look of sadness and doubt in her fresh young face, that Charlie's heart smote him for his harshness. "He thinks very well of you, and trusts you, at all events."

"Who is that rashly confiding mortal?" asked Bob Varley, interrupting the *tête-à-tête* just in time to hear Janet's last words.

"Nobody," replied Janet, shortly.

"Oh, then there's no harm done," remarked Bob, coolly.

In vain the soldiers kept watch and ward that night. As Mr. Huskins had prophesied, the Fenians were too disheartened at his loss to carry out their previous intentions. And next morning, on returning to the mill, Charlie was surprised to find his subaltern packing up his things preparatory to a return to Rathmellick. He had obtained an exchange of duty through his friend the colonel's wife.

For two days he never went near Janet, who grew restless and uneasy. At first, in spite of his absence on the night of the threatened danger, and his sudden departure next day, she was sure he would soon return to her. But two days that passed without bringing any tidings made her nervous. Then, with blushing, shame-hot cheeks, she wrote him a little note on some trifling pretext, and received a painful answer. Singleton said his father utterly refused to sanction his engagement, and that under the circumstances, being entirely dependent on the stern parent, he found himself obliged to obey his stern orders and put an end to the affair, even though it caused him the cruellest, &c., &c.

When Janet, having jilted her lover, was jilted again in her turn, her mortification knew no bounds. And her position seemed so hard, too. Though in her heart of hearts she

would have given worlds to fall on her knees and confess her faults, and beg for Bob's forgiveness, her pride kept her back from any exercises of humility. She would cut a sorry figure, said this same pride, if, having been jilted by her new love, she were to try and make it up again with the old one. She tried to flatter herself with the idea that it was only the suddenness of Mr. Singleton's desertion that was to blame for her misfortunes. She fancied if she had only seen him once more, she would have recovered her balance, and all would have been over between them.

On the evening after her receipt of Singleton's note, Charlie found her sitting alone in the drawing-room, deriving such consolation as she could from the thought that her engagement had at least not been made public. And as she reflected on this her eyes were fixed in no very friendly gaze on Guess, the dog, who lay sleeping inside the fender. From her appearance, Charlie fancied she had been crying, and guessing something of her troubles, and giving her credit for even more penitence than she felt, his heart was touched with compassion.

"Charlie," she said, abruptly, as soon as she saw him, "will you do something for me?"

"If I can."

"It is nothing very difficult. I want you to send this dog into Rathmellick."

"You don't mean to say you're going to part with Guess!"

"Yes; he does not suit me. I want to send him back to Mr. Singleton."

"There's nothing easier. When shall he go? to-morrow?"

"Would you mind taking him away to-night?" she asked, with some unsteadiness in her voice.

"What are you doing with that brute?" asked Bob Varley, a little

later, when Charlie appeared at the mill, dragging the unwilling Guess along by the string of his collar.

"He's going back to Singleton in the morning," said Charlie. "Cheer up, Bob, the future viscount has sneaked off. Your turn is coming."

"I don't know about that," replied Bob, gloomily. "I've been thinking there would be something poor and mean in it if I were to go and sneak back into the place that fellow took from me, just when he tired of it, and as if nothing had happened. She shall send for me, if she wants to see me again."

To this rigorous determination Bob steadily adhered, and Charlie grew uncomfortable at the prolonged estrangement. One day, in his good nature, he tried to effect a reconciliation. Bob had gone out for a long walk, so he went up to lunch at his uncle's. "After lunch is a good time for talking things over," he said to himself; "I will try to bring her round then."

After lunch, accordingly, he began, but found the subject not at all so easy to handle as he had expected.

"Janet," he said, "I am so sorry for this — this misunderstanding between you and Varley —"

"Yes," she replied in a low voice, "it is unlucky."

"And don't you think it would be as well to put an end to it?"

No reply from Janet, who was looking very hard at the carpet.

"You could do so by one word," suggested Charlie.

Still no reply from the little pouting lips that were so red and pretty, they seemed made only for saying loving and gentle things.

"Is it possible that I am mistaken in you, Janet?" continued Charlie, looking very grave and reproachful, "and that you are satisfied the quarrel should never be made up—that you have really

changed towards Bob in your heart?"

"I have not changed," she replied, breaking silence with an effort, "and he knows that as well as I do."

"He must be very clever and very hopeful if he does, for I must honestly say you have done your very best to make him think otherwise."

"That was only because he was unreasonable."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied Charlie, coldly. "You must remember, Janet, I have been here some time. I saw the rise of that sudden—I don't know what to call it; if I say flirtation you will be offended, and it would be rank flattery to call it an attachment."

"Call it what you like," interrupted Janet.

"Well, in spite of that flash of your eyes, I will call it a flirtation, for it was nothing else. I say, I saw the ridiculous thing going on before Bob came, and as he is by no means deficient in sentences because he is good-hearted, he saw it very quickly too. And though his easy-going disposition is proverbial, he would have to part with all his self-respect before he could accept the position he found prepared for him. Now I don't know any man in the world whom I think less likely to part with his self-respect than our cousin Bob."

"I think he does not wish for any reconciliation," said Janet, trying, as she had never tried before in her life, not to cry.

"He does not feel inclined to beg for it—you could not expect him to do that," said Charlie, earnestly, "but, unless you have valued him very lightly and judged him very unfairly, you will know that one word of regret for the past, one wish uttered by you that it should be forgotten, will be more

than enough for him. And you ought to speak that word and utter that wish—unless, as I said, you are really changed. In that case, for God's sake say nothing, and let things remain as they are for ever, little cousin Janet," he said, kindly, taking her hand.

This was too much for the little maiden. Her pride fled away and left her defenceless to combat—or rather to yield—to suggestions that were only the echoes of her own desires. And now, too, the tears that had been stemmed by such a great effort of will, could no longer be kept back, and forth they rushed, washing away many a mote and beam that had blinded her before.

"Of course—I will speak to him, Charlie,—if—if you think he doesn't hate me—but indeed, indeed I've been such—a—horrid—wretch—I am afraid he can't forgive me, even if he—wants to."

The only woman's tears of which Charlie had much experience were his sister Mary's outbursts of crying about once a week when thwarted in some desire of her heart. Even these somewhat vulgar displays of sorrow had always made him very uncomfortable; but Janet's childlike wailing and lamentation were a great deal more than he could bear.

"Hush—sh!" he cried, looking at her with the utmost distress and uncertainty as to what he ought to do. "There will be lots of time for crying by-and-by. Now do stop, Janet, or I really must go. You musn't cry, do you hear?" Harsh as these words may seem upon paper, they sounded anything but severe to Janet, who wept on perfectly unchecked, and varied her sobs with bitter self-upbraidings.

"Look here, Janet," said Charlie at last, standing up to go, "do try

and listen to me for one moment. I am sure—I have reason to believe—that if you sent word by me that you wished to see him, Bob would come up here this evening before dinner?"

"Tell him to come, then," said Janet, the words forming a sort of parenthesis between two severely un-complimentary remarks anent herself, in one of which she called herself a fool—in the other a miserable creature.

"All right then, good-bye," said Charlie, beating a hurried retreat, sobs, self-denunciatory remarks, and sighs ringing in his ears all the way from Glenriveen to the mill—just as they would have done had he remained with his cousin, whose repentance did not cease to be outwardly manifested for a good half hour after his departure. But when once the crying was over, a revulsion of feeling came on, and Janet's heart grew wonderfully light, and she began to count the minutes to the time when she had made up her mind Bob would appear.

Not till nearly an hour after the time she had fixed for his coming, did she hear a sound of footsteps in the hall. As she listened then she grew very pale, and her heart began to beat very fast. A moment later the door was opened—but her eyes were dim again—and she dared not look up. Then a voice began to say something—but the voice was not Bob's. With a sharp pang of disappointment she looked up and saw Charlie standing before her, and by his face she guessed that something was amiss.

"I was right," she said, hurriedly, growing even paler than before, "he does not wish to forgive me—he would not come." Her voice sank almost to a whisper, and, clasping her hands together, she sat motionless, looking up into his

face despairingly. "Ob, God, how foolish I have been!"

"No, no," said Charlie. "I know there will be no difficulty of that kind—but the fact is I have not seen him. He has not come in yet, and I came up here thinking I might possibly find him with you."

"No, he has not been here," answered Janet, looking uneasy. "Where did he go this morning, do you know?"

"He said he was going for a long walk—and would try to see something of the hounds; but I have met several fellows who were out hunting, and none of them saw him."

"I hope to Heaven he has not met with an accident," cried Janet, starting from her chair; "do go and speak to uncle Alexander at once—he will know what ought to be done. For Heaven's sake let there be no delay!"

To Mr. Prendergast Charlie went.

"I know the people about feel some sort of grudge against him on account of his having captured Macnamara," said Charlie, "and I warned him of it. It seems they fancied at first that he was a Fenian emissary, because he had been in America, and not all his denials could convince them for ever so long. And now I believe they have taken it into their idiotic heads that he is an informer and spy. I tried to persuade him to carry a revolver with him, but he wouldn't—he said it was the sort of thing that——"

"That what?" asked Mr. Prendergast.

"That Singleton would do," said Charlie, with a glance at Janet.

"Oh, he was given to taking care of himself, wasn't he?" said Mr. Prendergast, getting up, and beginning to walk up and down the room. "The last time I saw

Charlie," he said, after a few moments' reflection, "is to find out whether Varley has come back by this time or not. If he hasn't, you had better give them the alarm at the police barrack, and I'll send a note to the sub-inspector. Did he say what time he'd be back?"

"He said nothing to me, but my batman says he told him he would be back before post time, as he had some letters to write, and he wanted to have his fire lighted and everything ready."

Mr. Prendergast saw that Janet was in a very disturbed state of mind, but he did not attempt to console her in any other way than by preparing to organize an active search if Bob should turn out really to be missing.

In twenty minutes Charlie was back at Glenriveen with the bad news that Bob had not yet returned. It was now nearly half-past seven, and Bob had been away quite nine hours.

"A party of my men are getting ready to turn out," said Charlie; "they'll search with a will, for Bob was a great favourite among them. And as soon as they've got lanterns and torches ready they will set out. But the night is horribly dark."

With great difficulty Mr. Prendergast was dissuaded from joining this expedition, but at last Charlie succeeded in preventing him.

"I cannot leave the mill without an officer, on account of our strict orders," said Charlie, "but I'll go with the party to-night, and Casey will take my place in the morning."

But all night long Charlie and his troopers stumbled about the country, searching and inquiring in every direction, with no success of any kind. The people seemed all blind and dumb with one accord. When asked whether they had seen any one answering to the description of the missing man, instead of re-

plying with native loquacity, a surly negative was their only response.

Next morning, about an hour after Charlie had returned to his quarters, tired out by his night of anxiety and searching, he received a message from Mr. Prendergast, who wished to see him.

"It is disgusting to be obliged to have recourse to such means of obtaining information," said his uncle, "but I thought it the only thing I could do under the circumstances. These fellows, almost all of them, have their price. Perhaps they don't differ much from other men in this—only that their price is so cheap they are more easily bought. At any rate I have got a clue to Varley's whereabouts for a fifty-pound note—neither more nor less. Some of those ruffians on the mountains have kidnapped him, and if I'm not mistaken the hints I

have got are enough to show me whom."

In spite of the remonstrances of Janet and Charlie, Mr. Prendergast insisted upon accompanying the expedition to the mountains. The weather was very bad—wind and storm, without a sign of improvement—and the distance, if not very considerable, would have to be done at night. If they were to set out by day, it would soon be known where they were going, and the alarm given to those whom it concerned.

To mislead any who might be in communication with Bob's captors, Mr. Prendergast announced an expedition in a totally different direction from the real one. And it was only when they were clear of the village of Glenriveen that the police and dragoons who formed the party heard their real destination.

THE POST-OFFICE TELEGRAPH FINANCES.

Among the various subjects that will engage the attention of Parliament this session, not the least important relates to the Postal Telegraph System, which up to the present time has far from realized the great expectations entertained of it by the more sanguine advocates of its establishment. So far the purchase on the part of the Government has been a failure.

In purchasing the telegraph wires of the whole country a debt of £20,000,000 sterling was incurred by the Government, on which, of course, so long as it remains unpaid, there is heavy interest to be paid. Until, therefore, both interest and debt are fully paid off the "telegraphs" cannot be considered a source of profit; this alone, however, would not, of course, constitute the undertaking an absolute failure. But when we find that the Department in question has, as yet, only yielded so much revenue as will *barely pay one per cent per annum of the interest* on the debt, and that, as a sequence, the original debt is yearly being increased by a quarter of a million of pounds, it is quite apparent that the Telegraphic Department, notwithstanding all outward signs of success, is a losing concern.

In consequence of such a most unsatisfactory financial condition, the Government recently deemed it expedient to institute a special inquiry into the causes of the large deficits in Telegraph Revenue, the results of which, embodied in a report, will shortly claim the consideration of Parliament. The

present time is appropriate, therefore, for cursorily looking into the financial affairs of a department which is so popular and successful as far as public accommodation and traffic business are concerned, and yet notorious as, so far, a financial failure.

Since the purchase of the Telegraphs by Government the Telegraph account has always shown, with the exception of the first two months, deficits never amounting to less than nearly £50,000, and sometimes as high as £200,000. The aggregate sum of grants allowed out of the public exchequer from the date of the purchase to the end of the financial year 1873-74, for Telegraph expenditure, amounts to £2,397,990, and the total deficits during the same period reach the sum of £495,918 8s. 5d. These deficits, which are, of course, the result of serious discrepancies between the annual vote for the Telegraphic service and the actual yearly outlay, are to be attributed to a variety of causes. Into the whole of these it would be somewhat dry to enter, but the brief mention of some of the principal ones may not be without interest.

It seems, in the first place, that during the first years of the control of the Telegraph system by the State, the Post Office was unable to frame its estimates for this service with any degree of accuracy, being inexperienced in the proper working of the system. A lump sum was therefore only asked for, which generally proved inadequate to the requirements of the service.

Secondly, it appears that a revision of the salaries of the Telegraph staff in 1872 being authorized, was allowed to date back from various periods in the preceding financial year, a circumstance which gave rise to the payment of a sum of £64,000 for arrears of pay, and which had never been taken into account in preparing the estimates for 1872-73.

Other causes for the discrepancies between the Parliamentary vote and the Telegraphic Expenditure may curtly be mentioned as arising from the transfer of payments to railways for wayleaves, &c., from the capital to the vote account; the payment of sums for works not provided for in the estimate; and from the underrating of the cost of stationery, which in one year amounted to no less a sum than £23,000!

Such being the principal causes of the deficits which appear in the Telegraph accounts, let us now notice the causes which have made the expenses of the Post Office in maintaining the Telegraph system so much greater than those of the old Companies, notwithstanding the prevailing belief that the amalgamation of all the Companies into one Government establishment would be the means of effecting a great reduction in many of the expenses of maintenance. Especially was it thought that such would be the case in regard to the staff necessary to be kept up for the business. But the utter fallacy of such a hope was speedily shown by subsequent experience, inasmuch as it was found necessary, only six months after the purchase, to employ 4,013 clerks, &c., where 1,528 it was thought would have sufficed, and 3,116 messengers, instead of 1,283, as at first calculated. This miscalculation in itself caused, as can be well understood, a wonderful increase in the actual over the estimated expenses. Again, in taking

over numbers of the old Companies' servants, it was necessary to raise considerably their salaries, in order to equalize them somewhat with those given to Post-Office clerks, a proceeding which was considered only fair. This very naturally increased the expenses of the Postal Telegraph Service over those of the late Companies.

The Government also labours under a certain disadvantage in connection with the maintenance of telegraph lines which the old Companies did not; namely, the Companies, as a rule, maintained and worked the Railway Telegraph system, but the Post Office does not. And at the transfer, therefore, it became necessary to dispense with the services of a certain number of linemen, who had been employed by the Companies, and who, under the Telegraph Act, were, of course, entitled to compensation. While receiving such compensation allowances, these men appear to have continued working on the lines under the Railway Companies, and the Government, in order to compete successfully with those Companies for efficient workmen, was, therefore, obliged to pay its linemen wages equal to the full rate paid by the Companies, together with the compensation granted to the discharged linemen.

Besides such reasons as these, it is to be noted that the Government has undeniably afforded the public infinitely greater facilities for telegraphic communication than existed under the *régime* of the old Companies. As an instance of this, there are at present more than 6,000 offices in the United Kingdom from which telegrams can be forwarded, as compared with about a third of the number in the Companies' time; and before the transfer 6,000,000 was the greatest number of messages known to have been sent in one year, while under Post-

Office administration the number has been more than trebled, being at the present period about 21,000,000. It cannot be supposed, therefore, that all this, and much more, has been accomplished without increasing the expenditure in relation to "Telegraphs." The Post Office, solely for public convenience, is at considerable expense in keeping small telegraph offices open which are far from paying their expenses. The number of such offices open at the present time is no less than about 300, and the cost of these, besides the sum required for maintenance, which is not taken into account, it being difficult to ascertain, tends in no small degree to increase Telegraph expenditure.

Having thus briefly mentioned the chief causes of deficit and increased expenditure in the Telegraphic system under the administration of the Government, let us see what remedies it is possible to devise to alter this most unsatisfactory state of affairs. In so doing the present telegraphic rates naturally claim primary attention.

In the first place we consider that the terms conceded to the public by the Government in taking over the "Telegraphs" were much too liberal. In agreeing to adopt an uniform shilling rate for twenty-word messages, the Government should have required from the public some sort of return as an equivalent, which might easily have been done by including the names and addresses of both sender and receiver in the rates. The practice of allowing the words for this purpose to be transmitted free of charge was partially inherited from the old Companies and in continuing it the Government appears to have forgotten that the Companies could well afford to do so, since their rates were very much higher than those fixed by the Post Office. The consequence is, that

upon itself much unnecessary expense, as the boon is sadly abused by many persons, long addresses being inserted where short ones would answer the purpose quite as well. Not only so, but the body of the message itself is also oftentimes spun out to an unnecessary degree, simply because the sender knows he can for one shilling express his message in twenty words where no doubt frequently half the number would meet the purpose perfectly.

But having missed its opportunity in the first instance, it is difficult for Government to make any alteration now, unless in so doing, some *quid pro quo* is offered to the public. A suggested remedy, in this respect, has been put forward by Mr. Weaver, the present Secretary to the Anglo-American Telegraph Company, and one of the members of the recent Inquiry Commission into Telegraph Expenditure. He proposes the introduction of a tariff regulating the charge for telegrams at the rate of sixpence for every ten words, including addresses or, instead of this, a word tariff charging one penny for each word, but, if the system became profitable, lowering it to one halfpenny a word. The system is used on the Atlantic cables with much success, but for inland messages it seems to us that the sixpenny tariff is worthier of consideration. A charge like this, including the addresses of sender and receiver, is only fair, and perhaps in the majority of cases the public would not have to pay more than at present (one shilling for twenty words) for their telegrams, while the Post Office would be saved the expense, time, and labour of the transmission of a number of unnecessary words.

Here let us say a word about a very prevalent opinion that exists, as to the reduction of the present rate of one shilling for twenty words to sixpence being a method by which

Telegraph revenue could be increased. The fallacy of such a belief ought, however, to be obvious. By the means suggested there would, admittedly, be a vast increase *in traffic*; but such an increase does not by any manner mean increase *in revenue*, since with every augmentation of message business there must also be a corresponding increase in the working expenses of the department, which is synonymous with increased expenditure. It should always be clearly borne in mind that the departmental cost of sending a message of twenty words is exactly the same whether it cost one shilling or sixpence. The sequence of the introduction of a sixpenny rate would, therefore, simply be increase of traffic business, with a corresponding increase of expenditure and a large decrease in revenue. That noted financier, Professor Jevons, pronounces it to be his opinion that if a course of this kind were adopted the result would be that instead of, as at present, the annual Telegraph deficits amounting to a quarter of a million they would become half a million; and we are inclined to think that in the event of the sixpenny rate being introduced this opinion would bid fair to be correct. This fallacious idea appears to have arisen from a common mistake that telegraphic results can be compared with those of the penny postal reform of 1840, but a little insight on the subject ought to show how absurd such an idea is. We know that it is just as easy for the Post Office to deal with a hundred letters as it is with one, and that it is no more trouble for railways to convey a ton of mail bags than it is one. With the "Telegraphs," totally the reverse is the case, as every message requires individual treatment three or four times over. It will, therefore, be seen that to make the present telegraphic system yield a

profitable revenue the rates must be raised instead of reduced.

It has been thought by some that the terms which, at the time of the purchase, were conceded to the Press were too liberal, and Mr. Weaver has proposed that they should be altered. On this point, however, our inclination does not tend to agreement, as we hold it to be of very great importance that the Press should be afforded every facility and help for the collection of news so eagerly thirsted after by the public, and the raising in any degree of the rates for Press telegrams, or the alteration of Clause 16 of the Telegraph Act of 1868 relative to the Press, would be an unwise proceeding. We do not deny that these very liberal terms to the Press are an important source of loss to the Telegraph Department; but there are certain cases in which circumstances of this kind cannot be avoided, and this certainly is one. The loss in this particular case might, however, be covered by increasing the rates in other directions, or by a reduction of working expenses, which we are inclined to believe is very possible, both of which courses are to be recommended.

We are glad to notice that the postal authorities have, in the matter of "Telegraphs," already begun to retrench, by the recent issue of an order that for the future all re-direction of messages which necessitates the use of the wires will be charged for at the full rate of the original message. This can only be viewed as perfectly fair, since any re-directed message for which the wires have to be used must be dealt with exactly in the same manner as the original message, thus involving the same amount of labour and expense. There appears, therefore, no reason whatever why the full charge should not be made. We would also venture

to add our own suggestion, that the rates between distant towns should be materially raised, while in towns of commercial importance there should be introduced local rates, which should be much lower than the present uniform charge. By this method we would have charged for a message of twenty words transmitted from one town in England to another in the same country, say 1s. 6d.; for every additional ten words, 9d.; and every additional five words or fraction thereof, 5d. For a message of twenty words from England to Scotland or England to Ireland, and *vice versa* in both cases, 2s.; for every additional ten words, 1s.; and every additional five words, or fraction thereof, 6d. From Scotland to Ireland, or *vice versa*, the charges should be respectively 2s. 6d., 1s. 3d., and 8d.; and for messages transmitted within those two countries themselves, the rates should be precisely the same as those we have laid down for English ones.

It seems reasonable that a message which has to be retransmitted should be charged for higher than a message which undergoes one transmission only. Of course, it is in our mind that to arrive at an *actually* fair method of charging telegrams, each message should be charged for in accordance to the number of transmissions it undergoes, as it should be borne in mind that each such transmission necessitates an extra clerk and extra labour for the Department; but this is not practicable, since it would involve the preparation of a tariff so complicated that it would be enigmatic to the general public. The next best course, therefore, is to adopt an uniform rate for each individual country of the United Kingdom, such as that we have propounded. We also propose that, in the larger cities and towns, such as

Liverpool, Glasgow, Manchester, Leeds, Hull, &c., besides, of course, the metropolis of England, there should be special local rates for the benefit of commerce, suggesting that an uniform charge of 3d. for every ten words would be felt as a boon by those for whom the benefit is designed. Commercial communications, as we know, are as a rule extremely brief, and the 3d. rate would therefore prove extremely useful, and, besides, pay the Post-Office Department. In each of our propositions we would recommend the transmission of both the sender's and addressee's name and address free of charge, provided they did not exceed twelve words. A new tariff, under the conditions we have ventured to point out, we really believe, would not only help the Government to wash out the existing debt, but, in time, to make the Telegraph Department a profitable source of revenue.

Among the remedies which the Inquiry Commission, to which we have referred, have put forward for the reduction of the present Telegraphic expenditure, there are two especially deserving of mention.

The first suggests the extension of the employment of Royal Engineers in maintaining the telegraphic system. Such employment is at present in operation in the London Telegraph Eastern District, having been introduced at the request of the War Office. The total pay and allowances of the Royal Engineers thus employed by the Post Office is so calculated as to be equivalent to the salaries of the civilians similarly employed in the other telegraph districts, which saves the Department that part of the pay provided by the War Office. Besides the advantage of this saving, however, there is also to be considered the facts that the Engineers are entitled to no pension from the Post Office; that

if inefficient or otherwise unsuited for the service they may be removed, whereas it is necessary to retain civilians until their inefficiency or misconduct is of such a character as to justify their dismissal; that when not required they may be sent back to barracks, and again recalled when press of work makes it necessary; and, finally, that as they are subject to military discipline, there can be no fear of any strike. Such reasons as these are sufficiently cogent to make the desirability of extending the employment of the Royal Engineers in the Telegraph service a thing really to be urged. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the recommendation of the Commissioners in this respect may receive the earnest consideration of the Government.

The second proposal is to partly abolish the existing office of Postal Surveyor, and to transfer the duties of that office to the Divisional Engineers. The argument raised in favour of this proposition is that it is a useless expense, employing two officers to traverse the same ground, the one engaged in surveying the general business of both Postal and Telegraph services, and being held responsible for it; the other in looking after and being held responsible for the maintenance of telegraph lines and instruments. Whether the fusion of these two duties into one office would be a beneficial act is a question which requires serious consideration, and is one which should not hastily be decided upon. As, therefore, more discussion is due to it than is desirable or convenient to give to it

here, it will be best to leave the question as it stands.

In conclusion, it is unnecessary to show further how imperative it is that immediate action should be taken to arrest the fast increasing Telegraph debt, and we believe that the various remedies we have noticed are highly deserving of Governmental consideration, since they appear to afford both a practicable and rational means of removing a serious State difficulty. So far as our recommendation to raise the existing rates is concerned, there ought to be no compunction felt in so doing, as it should be remembered that the means of rapid intercourse afforded by telegraphy is an inestimable boon to all who require to use the wires. If a boon, therefore, such persons who desire to avail themselves of it ought to be quite willing to pay commensurately for it. The excellent arrangements of the post which now obtain, convey correspondence swiftly enough, surely, for general purposes. *Express* purposes, in any case, are expected to be paid for *expressly*, and there is no reason that the "Telegraphs" should be an exception to the rule. It is quite certain that until something of the kind is done the Telegraph Department will continue to be a burden upon the Government. But, on the other hand, we are of opinion that, if prompt steps be taken in the right direction, the Department in question can not only be made to pay the interest on the purchase debt, but also in time to redeem that debt, and ultimately become a source of public revenue.

ARCHIBALD GRANGER BOWIE.

LAYS OF THE SAINTLY.

BY THE LONDON HERMIT.

AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF SINGULARITY," "PEEPS AT LIFE," &c

No. 1.—ST. SIMON STYLITES.

O! ye who love o'er dusty tomes to pore,
 To hear strange tales, and stories quaint and olden,
 List to some marvels that were told of yore
 In that black-letter Legend called the Golden,
 Whence Butler's "Lives of Saints"—immortal works—
 Full of that piety called superstition
 By certain readers (unbelieving Turks!)
 Who take the "anti-miracle" position.
 To briefer lays these lengthy yarns I'll squeeze,
 Like floods of wine distilled into a chalice,
 And, whomsoever I may offend or please,
 "Extenuate nought, and set down nought in malice."

I.

Of all the ornaments to Christianity
 Who shone like stars upon the saintly roll,
 By treating earthly joys as sin and vanity,
 Spiting the body to preserve the soul;
 Of all these mortifiers of the flesh,
 Most glorious as a human nature-killer,
 With fame that time can only make more fresh,
 St. SIMON stands—he stands upon a pillar.

II

Son of a shepherd on the Syrian border,
 He had celestial visions when a boy;
 At twelve he join'd some strict monastic order,
 And thence self-torment seem'd his chiefest joy.
 He took to fasting six days in the week,
 And would the seventh, but he was prevented.
 He made himself the humblest of the meek,
 But still this devotee was not contented;
 In holy works yet more he would excel,
 A higher pitch of sanctity arrive at,
 And so he took a rope from out a well,
 And round his body twisted it in private.

III.

So close the saint his penal girdle drew,
 He nearly died a victim to tight-lacing;
 The abbey surgeon had enough to do,
 The torturous cincture with his knife displacing.
 Would this suffice? Oh, no! the monk's devotion
 To greater lengths and deeper channels went;
 Anon he deem'd 'twould be a splendid notion
 To fast throughout the forty days of Lent.
 So to a hermitage he next retired,
 Good Abbot Bassus left him bread and cup,
 And coming to him when the time expired,
 Found that he'd taken neither bite nor sup!
 Most persons would have died of sheer starvation,
 No "fasting girl" could go without so long;
 Yet Simeon lived, altho' in great prostration.
 (Oh! for a constitution half as strong!)

IV.

But, like the Corsair chief described by Byron,
 "His mind seem'd nourish'd by that abstinence,"
 And tho' with woes his life he did environ,
 The spiritual profit was immense.
 "Practice makes perfect," and a fortnight's fast
 Into six weeks may afterwards be stretch'd.
 And Simeon found, as thus his Lents he pass'd,
 The holy happiness of being wretched.
 At first, 'tis said, he stood upright to pray,
 Himself of rest as well as food denying,
 Anon he sat, till, Nature giving way,
 He pray'd—like Pharisaic people—*lying*.

V.

Mortification, and the stern desire
 To quell desire, and stifle human feeling
 Grow with their growth, the zealot did aspire
 To further processes of soul-annealing;
 So, on a mountain near to Antioch,
 In solitary torture next we find him,
 Chain'd up by heavy fetters to a rock,
 Till told that *Will* should be enough to bind him;
 And then he hit upon a novel mode
 Of self-excruciation—'twas no less
 Than taking up his permanent abode
 Upon a pillar in the wilderness.
 How strange to think, by voluntary loss
 Of ev'ry human joy, to serve his Maker!
 And, to gain Heav'n, become a sort of cross
 Between Prometheus and a Hindoo fakir!

VI.

Just think of what the holy man went through ;
 Fancy existing on the stony summit
 Of a high column, where the wild winds blew,
 And overhead, with nought to overcome it,
 No shelter or protection from its rays,
 The fierce and burning Oriental sun,
 And there to linger out the weary days
 With frequent fast, and penance never done !
 An animated Duke of York, or Nelson,
 A Wellington upon a narrow arch,
 Clad in a cloak of skins, with nothing *else* on,
 Tho' rain may drench, or tropic heat may parch.

VII.

To make a trial of the saint's humility,
 The bishops sent him orders to descend
 And close his penance, so, with all facility,
 The martyr 'gan to this command attend ;
 But ere he could step off his sacred perch,
 Again to join the world he had forsaken,
 The much-admiring fathers of the Church
 Sent word that downward step need not be taken.
 His heart, I can't help thinking, *must* have felt
 A shade of disappointment overspread it
 To see so fine a chance for ever melt
 Of quitting such a martyrdom with credit.

VIII.

Four years upon a pillar nine feet high,
 Three on another, rising just eighteen,
 Ten on a third, still nearer to the sky,
 The various seasons had St. Simeon seen ;
 And on the last, when death put in his claim,
 A score of years—in total, thirty-seven !
 After all this, it *would* have been a shame
 Had our Stylites fail'd to get to Heaven :
 You see he mounted thither by degrees,
 Ascending as his high ambition vaulted,
 Yet prideful thoughts he scatter'd to the breeze,
 Humbling himself the more he was exalted.

IX.

Such was his life ; 'twas pray'r, and pray'r, and pray'r,
 One long unwearied round of rapt devotion,
 So oft repeated his prostrations were
 He nearly had attain'd Perpetual Motion.
 One pilgrim had the hardihood to count
 The times the saint with bowing did adore,
 And when 'twas added up, the whole amount
 O'ertopped twelve hundred by just forty-four !

That is, for every minute and a half
 Twice did the martyr bend his spinal column,
 For sixteen hours a day—'twould make us laugh,
 But that the subject is so very solemn.

X.

Oh! our degenerate days!—a modern saint
 (If saints there were) at such an exercise
 Ere noon-day would become so weak and faint,
 He fain must rest him till the morrow's rise;
 And even then, a week or so would kill him:
 But saints of old were made of stouter stuff,
 And heav'nly strength did so sustain and fill him,
 Years pass'd, yet Simeon cried not "Hold, enough!"

XI.

Yet not supreme was his superiority
 To human weakness, flesh at last must fail;
 The Golden Legend, on the best authority,
 Gives all his sufferings in close detail;
 How loathsome sores his tortured limbs afflicted,
 And foul disease within his members sat,
 Till to *one leg* his standing was restricted,
 And, *for a year or more*, he stood on that!
 How many a horrid, noisome, living thing
 Beset him, and how one of these, out-hopping
 In presence of a certain Paynim king,
 To whom the saint was words of wisdom dropping—
 Pick'd up by him, became a gem of price,
 A gratifying change, and wondrous token;
 But such particulars are far from nice,
 And modern bards must not be *too* outspoken.

XII.

Talking of bards, one day a pagan poet
 Approach'd the pillar, and began to sing;
 The blessed Simeon could not choose but know it,
 So high the minstrel pitch'd his voice and string.
 This bard was Greek in sentiment and style;
 A Venus-worshipper—profuse of curses
 On those who deem'd his ethics loose and vile:
 I give you a translation of his verses:—

STYLITES.

Closed eyelids that hide like a shutter,
 Hard eyes that have visions apart,
 The grisly gaunt limbs, and the utter
 And deadly abstraction of heart;
 Whence all that is joyous and bright is
 Expell'd as both vicious and vain,
 O stony and stolid Stylites,
 Our Patron of Pain!

There can be but warfare between us,
 For thine is a spiritual creed,
 And mine is the worship of Venus,
 On "raptures and roses" I feed;
 Self-torture's thine only employment,
 We both feel the bliss and the bane,
 For woe will oft spring from enjoyment,
 Our Patron of Pain!

Can joys be of Martyrdom's giving?
 Men seek them, and change at a breath
 The pleasures and labours of living,
 For the ravings and rackings of death:
 To stand all alone on that height is
 An action unsought and insane,
 O moveless and morbid Stylites,
 Our Patron of Pain!

There are those who still offer to Bacchus,
 There are men who Love's godless still own,
 What right have new faiths to attack us?
 And why are our shrines overthrown?
 There are poets, inspired by Castalia,
 Whose lyres have Anacreon's strain,
 Whose lives are one long saturnalia,
 Our Patron of Pain!

We sing of voluptuous blixes,
 Of all that thy rigour would spurn,
 Of "biting" and "ravenous" kisses,
 Of bosoms that beat and that burn;
 To all that is earthy and carnal,
 Our votaries' souls we would chain,
 We breathe of the chamber and charnel,
 Our Patron of Pain!

Oho! for the days of sweet vices,
 The glory of goddess and Greek!
 (For all that most naughty and nice is
 Most purely and surely antique).
 Oho! for the days when Endymion
 Thro' love o'er Diana did reign!
 These, these were Elysian, St. Simeon,
 Our Patron of Pain!

We'll crown us with myrtle and laurel
 We'll wreathen us in Paphian flowers,
 To be and make others immoral,
 We'll ply our poetical powers;
 Our worship shall be Aphrodite's,
 To Woman the wine we will drain,
 O loveless and lonely Stylites,
 Our Patron of Pain!

By the hunger thine abstinence causes,
 By the thirst of unbearable heat,
 By thy pray'rs which have very few pauses,
 By thy lodging devoid of a seat,

By sleep that so meagre at night is,
 'Twere better awake to remain,
 Come down from thy pillar, Stylites,
 Our Patron of Pain !*

XIII.

The holy man, it need not be remark'd,
 Turn'd as deaf ear to such lascivious singing
 As when a serpent hiss'd, or wild dog bark'd,
 Or raven croak'd around his column winging ;
 Immovable in body as in mind,
 He bore his life's insufferable tedium,
 It seems a pity that he could not find
 'Twixt vice and virtue's height some " happy medium."

XIV.

So guarded was the saint against exposure
 To e'en the shadow of a shade of sin,
 No female foot might tread that blest enclosure—
 Even his mother could not enter in ;
 She came to see him after many years,
 But hallow'd barriers kept them still asunder,
 Maternal grief outpour'd in bitter tears
 Three days, three nights, and then she died (no wonder!).

XV.

In pause of pray'r, the saint would shed his blessing
 On those who flock'd from each adjacent town,
 The throng in pious homilies addressing,
 But as his sermons were not taken down,
 We know not of the nature of his teaching ;
 He *stood so high*, they could not but revere him ;
 And if he *had* a fault, it was in preaching
Over the heads of those who came to hear him.
 Folks used his image as a charm, in Rome ;
 Kings, queens, and princes sought his benediction ;
 Both lay and cleric for advice would come :
 He gave to all who ask'd, without restriction.

XVI.

Goodness on earth, if carried to extremes,
 Will gift a man with superhuman powers
 (At least 'twas thus in olden times, it seems,
 Tho' not so in this sceptic age of ours) :
 A saint was nothing in those saintly days,
 Unless he bade to Nature's laws defiance,
 And acted in a thousand startling ways,
 Quite unexplainable by modern science.

* It is gratifying to find that this minstrel was afterwards converted.

Simeon wrought miracles, like other saints,
 By pray'r he made the desert bring forth water;
 By touch he cured most dangerous complaints;
 By sacred charms a leopard he did slaughter.

XVII.

Here is a miracle, as strange as true:
 A dreaded dragon dwelt in that direction,
 So venomous, no vegetation grew
 Around its cave; whose breath was rank infection.
 This monster ran a stake into its eye
 (How the mischance befell, we are not told),
 It crawled unto the monastery nigh,
 And there its piteous tail it did unfold;
 And, blind and bleeding, moan'd in doleful case,
 But no one help'd it—all were too afraid;
 And harmless lay three days outside the place,
 And then resolved to seek St. Simeon's aid.
 Thus did the dragon, to the column'd pile,
 Drag on its dragonistic length of frame,
 And tell we know not in what tongue or style—
 Its occupant the reason why it came.
 The saint was touch'd, "Anoint the injured feature
 With mud," he said, and pray'd with all his strength;
 They did, and from the optic of the creature
 Pull'd out a spike of eighteen inches' length!

XVIII.

One marvel more: a woman rashly drinking,
 Swallow'd by accident a little snake,
 Hid in the cup, the reptile doubtless thinking
 That it or she had made some grand mistake.
 For years this living incubus possess'd her,
 She tri'd all remedies, but quite in vain,
 And all the while, the burden that oppress'd her
 Each year increased its size, its victim's pain;
 At last she sought the saint, in him confiding,
 Implore'd his aid in righting what was wrong;
 Her lips he did anoint, and out came sliding
 A monstrous serpent of three cubits long!
 Some critics stigmatize as mere inventions
 These deeds which possibilities forbid,
 And say that serpents of such large dimensions
 They cannot swallow, if the woman did.

XIX.

But e'en the miracles in life he wrought
 Were less than those accruing from his death,
 As if the very atmosphere had caught
 Some magic power from his parting breath;

The odour from his body was a strong
 And sweet perfume—a fact most unexpected
 And wonderful, considering how long
 All laws of wholesomeness he had neglected.
 Birds, beasts, and men (and fishes too, no doubt)
 So loudly wail'd to learn the saint was dead,
 Their cries were heard seven miles, or thereabout,
 Hills, fields, grew sad ; a black cloud loom'd o'erhead,
 Wherein a seraph clothed in light appear'd,
 With other visions equally angelic.
 The Pope of Antioch, who seized the beard
 Of Simeon's corpse to keep it as a relic,
 Felt his hand wither'd, pulseless, stiff, and numb ;
 A dozen pray'rs were needful to restore it ;
 The body cured a man both deaf and dumb,
 As to its latest resting-place they bore it.

xx.

Like all great men, St. Simeon set a fashion
 (Carried by monks and masons to great height)
 And pillar-martyrdom was still a passion
 Tho' quench'd was his celestial beacon light,
 His followers were " Stylites," " Pillarists,"
 " Air-martyrs," " Pillar-saints," and " Holy birds."
 They flourish'd long, but now no trace exists
 Of all they did and suffer'd, save the words
 Written in monkish hist'ry's glowing page ;
 But Simeon's name stands prominent and single,
 And e'en in this unsympathetic age,
 His story well befits the poet's jingle.

So runs St. Simeon's tale ; if aught too large
 Therein appears for modern faith to swallow,
 Dear reader, pray don't lay it to the charge
 Of one who humbly seeks the truth to follow ;
 Think, rather, that in long-revolving time,
 Transcribers, vivid in imagination,
 To make their lofty theme still more sublime,
 May have infused some *slight* exaggeration ;
 Ev'n Alban Butler, with a charming candour,
 And simple faith in what he has to state,
 Owns that Stylites' pious deeds were grander
 Than moderns should attempt to imitate ;
 This age would judge that, if indeed he bore
 One tithe the horrors that they say beset him,
 His madness we must pity and deplore,
 And blame the cruelty of those that let him.
 At least our moral no one can mistake—
 'Tis that, to make secure our future bliss,
 To gain the better world, *we ought to make*
Ourselves as wretched as we can in this !

OPHIDIANS.

NO. III.—THEIR EVILS.

AMONG those mysterious and perplexing qualities of serpents which in the infancy of the human race caused them to be invested with supernatural powers, none could have added such force to the belief as the effect of that death-dealing stroke which even now baffles the skill of nineteenth-century science. With an action so instantaneous as to be almost invisible; from a source incomprehensible; like the burning, scathing fluid from the skies, comes a stroke, a "sting," an agony, *death*. Powerless, paralyzed, tortured, the victim lies; awe-struck, and filled with sacred terror are the beholders. Out of the difficulty of treating this death-touch we can conceive the growth of that fatalism which still marks the races where the remnants of serpent-worship are found. The people learned to submit as to the punishment of a deity. To propitiate this dreaded deity, and next to worship it, was only consistent with the beliefs of ancient mythologies.

The nature and cure of snake poison is the most difficult, as well as the most important—*inasmuch* as human life is involved in its solution—of all the debated questions regarding the Ophidians. It has engaged the attention of the disciples of Esculapius from his time to the present day. The subject has revived and subsided again as ages have passed away; ever and anon bringing fresh marvels—"cures," and yet the

of snake poison remains unsolved and an antidote unproved. In England, the question has been one of growing importance for many years; because the safety of our colonists increases professional responsibility and challenges scientific investigation for a remedy. The doctors of Europe became, indeed, as much concerned in experiments upon vipers two hundred years ago as are those of the present time, and the records of the "Philosophical Transactions" of the seventeenth century show us some of the many interesting and important investigations which led to a truer comprehension of Ophidian structure than ever existed previously; but which knowledge has nevertheless been but slowly becoming popular in England. During these two hundred years, ancient prejudices have been only very gradually uprooted and cleared away in the advance of science, and straggling fibres still cling to the mind, entangling the faculties touching this great symbolic family, the *Ophidians*, their virtues and vices. To Sir Hans Sloane we are indebted for a kind of transition from fable to fact in natural history; and in comparing the authors before and after his era, the intermediate region which he occupied between poetry and science is plainly evident. His was an age of great maritime adventure and geographical discovery; each newly explored country bringing to light fresh specimens of *forms* and *forms* to excite the curiosity and stimulate

the taste of the *savants*. A new class of literature in the shape of books of travels resulted; and of these Sir Hans Sloane's "Natural History of Jamaica" (where he spent fifteen months, 1687-8) will be valuable for all time. Quaint and curious is the reading of those old books. On serpents comes Topsell (1608), whose folio pages are embellished with amazing examples of zoology; for instance, a "Dragon," in which a snake is improved upon by wings and claws; and other combinations of saurian, batrachian, and ophidian; drawn from imagination and tradition, but certainly not from nature. Mingled with fable and fancy, these anomalies are gravely described as "Natural Historie!" Enlightened by the many histories of the newly settled colonies in America and the East, a learned divine of the next century undertook another work on snakes, dedicating it to Sir Hans Sloane, the great naturalist of his time.* Though much in advance of Topsell, and quoting "that learned Italian, Redi," our D.D. cannot quite free himself from educational prejudices, and pictures of "winged serpents" still grace the pages; also a crested "Basilisk," a snake with a ducal crown on his head. This book presents a strange mixture of truth and fable, seasoned with moral reflections. Like the scientific naturalists of that age, Dr. Owen makes the one great distinction between "snakes" and "vipers," all the venomous ones being vipers and viviparous. "Serpents" included all "creeping things," from a crocodile to an earwig. "Reptiles" were subsequently separated from scorpions and centipedes; snakes by

right retaining the original name, as they, being limbless, are truly serpents—*creeping things*. Dr. Owen believed firmly in the virtue of vipers to cure their own venom, and reminds his readers that in Tartary, "an uncultivated nation," viper's flesh was esteemed excellent food; and that *Bezoar*, a popular medicine, is a Persian word for counter-poison; alluding to the immunity which certain persons in Oriental countries enjoy from venomous snakes by feeding on them. The rattlesnake he calls the "Mistress of Serpentes;" and records the fact that where the herb penny-royal grows no rattlesnake will come.

Some penny-royal was held to the nose of this animal, "who by turning and wriggling laboured hard to avoid it; and in half an hour's time was killed by it. This was done in July (1657), at which season those creatures are computed to be in the greatest vigour of their poison."

Meanwhile, as it must be confessed, the French and Italians had the start of us in Ophidian lore. Redi, a Florentine, had published his book of vipers (1680), and M. Moyse Charas had written a work which, rendered into modern technical English, would not be a bad textbook, even now.†

This author claims to be the first "who has given to France a Treatise of the Viper in its native language." A few words from his preface show us the task he assigned himself, and the labour by which he was able to produce what was then an entirely original, as well as very valuable work. "If Reflexion be made on the many Wonders that are found in the Body of this Animal" (the

* "An Essay toward a Natural History of Serpents." By Charles Owen, D.D. London, 1742.

† "New Experiments upon Vipers, with Exquisite Remedies that may be drawn from them: as well as Cure for their Bitings, as for that of other Maladies." By M. Charas. (Now rendered English.) 1673.

viper), "it will be easily granted that it cannot be inquir'd into with too much Exactness, and that it is not a Work that can be finish'd at one or two Sittings." Three things he proposes: "I. To examine Observations of the Ancients, counted for true but which are not. II. To give an Account of other Observations unknown to our Predecessors. III. To find in the Viper which causeth so many Mischiefs, specific Remedies against its Bitings, which had not been discover'd before." "The Enterprise certainly is bold," he says; and that "I should never have compass'd it had I not been assisted by some Knowing Physicians whose Light hath been very helpful to me; but whose Modesty permits not to name them." The great point of discussion, then, seems to have been the cause of the venom: whether, "as the Ancients thought," the poison lay in the gall or in the evil spirits of the animal; and M. Charas' experiments led to his conviction that it was neither, but in the "Juyce of the Bag at the root of the Master Teeth," and that "the Bite opens the Door to the *angry Spirits*," as he calls the venom. M. Charas has great respect for Redi, the "Florentine philosopher," who "tasted both the Gall and the Spittle from the Bag," in order to test this great question, and who found "the Gall sharp and the Spittle flat." Whereupon, and after various experiments upon animals with both gall and "spittle," he arrives at the above conclusion. The fangs he calls "Dog Teeth," and in proof of their power to do mischief says: "Snakes have no Dog Teeth, only vipers." A learned and exciting correspondence was passing at that time between the three countries, England, France, and Italy; as now between India, Australia, and

America, on this same perplexing subject. Who some of those "Knowing Physicians" were, we may infer from a letter written from Florence by a Mr. Platt, "concerning some Experiments there made upon Vipers, since M. Charas his Reply to the Letter written by Sig. F. Redi to M. Bourdelet and M. Morus."*

A strange picture these wise men must have presented, gathered day after day round a table covered with vipers' heads; for with heads only were their investigations prosecuted. Not as yet had they quite divested their minds of the idea of that "old serpent;" and in those days, having no Indian jugglers to assist them, they would not trust themselves with the living animal; not they! There seems to have been some sceptics among them; and a Dr. Francini was hard to convince that not a demoniacal spirit, but only a wonderful tooth connected with venomous saliva, could inflict so much mischief. They made "many Experiments on Pigeons, with the Heads of dead Vipers by thrusting the Master Teeth into the Breasts, and which began to stagger immediately and dyed in less than three or four Minutes!" Francini thought the prick alone killed the pigeon; whereupon, to convince that unbeliever, they thrust a rose-thorn and a pin into the fowl, which betrayed no ill effects; but a sharpened splinter of wood, covered with "Spittle from the Bag," killed the pigeon as quickly as the "Master Tooth." Here we have precisely the same class of experiments as those which, somewhat refined upon, have been occupying the attention of the physicians of our own day in various parts of the world. The strong vitality in

* See "Philosophical Transactions." London, 1672.

the reptile, filled M. Charas and his friends with amazement. That the heart should continue to beat when taken from the body, and the body apparently to live without its heart, as also without its brain, nay, and even without its head, long enough to give rise to the belief that the creature was no ordinary mortal. "The Head is able to bite, and its Biting is as dangerous as when the Viper was entire!" In the words of M. Charas—"the Spirits unite themselves so firmly to the Body that 'tis hard for them to quit it. Whence it may be concluded that the Viper, which is composed of Parts so closely united together, and in which are found such perfect Spirits, can impart to Man what it hath most accomplish't and in so great Abundance." It can "renew its Youth" by changing its skin, &c., "so that we need not wonder if we find the Remedies we draw from its Body are of no ordinary Virtue." Among certain of these which obtained favour, and in which faith is still placed by a few, was the supposititious one that "to swallow the Head of a Viper was a most certain Preservative and Remedy for its Bite." That sceptic, Sig. Francini, "smiled at the Phancy, and made a Fowl and a Pigeon eat a Head and then be bitten. But both dyed, the Fowl within a quarter of an hour and the Pigeon in less than four Minutes." This "antidote" was founded on ancient belief, and a fact not even now disproved; viz., that many of the Egyptian and Arabian snake-charmers do so thoroughly assimilate their bodies, as it were, with venomous serpents by swallowing their poison and their flesh that the reptiles will not harm them. The power which the Paylli possessed over vipers was attributed to this. Also the Bushmen of South Africa, who swallow the poison in order to

render themselves proof against its effects; and the Marsi, who were similarly safe from the venom; these tribes having such confidence in their own constitutional immunity that they did not scruple to expose their infants to deadly reptiles.

The learned Arabian physician, Avicenna (A.D. 980-1037), records a similar case, where a man bitten by a viper recovered, though the reptile died, and a daughter, subsequently born, had power over the venomous creatures. On the other hand, a case in India was recorded in the *Lancet* not long since, where a pregnant woman bitten by a snake recovered; but the infant—still-born—presented all the appearance of snake-poisoning. In this case, the unborn babe proved a safety-valve to the mother.

But we have left our "Knowing Physicians" over their vipers' heads at Florence, which city soon became the chief field for such investigations. Mr. Platt, in his letter to the Royal Philosophical Society, ended his account of the Florentine experiments by "hoping to animate the *Virtuosi* here to do something that may not be unworthy your knowledge." The following year M. Charas' work was translated into English.

The staff of *Æsculapius* tells us in how great estimation the serpent was held by the "faculty" of classic days. Vipers abound in volatile salts, M. Charas tells us; and that these salts are good cures for many ills. Viper broth, viper wine, viperine salts, the powder of dried vipers, the slough, the dejecta, the oil, have all enjoyed a high reputation in family recipes of former days. The oil of the boa and of the rattlesnake are still marketable commodities in some parts of America, and the latter is prized as an antidote to the bite. Formerly the *battus*, described in a previous

paper, was as much for the sake of procuring the fat of the rattlesnake as for the mere destruction of the reptile. Pills of the poison are a cure for intoxication. The gall is a much-esteemed medicine among the American Indians; "accounted a noble remedy, and held as a great arcanum," one of the early writers stated, and corroborated by many others since. For cuts and burns, the fat of adders has been in high repute in England; and to bind the temples with the slough, a sovereign remedy for headache.

Livingstone described a poison with which the Bushmen of South Africa prepared their arrows, as being mixed with the entrails of a certain caterpillar, and the wound cured by a mixture of the same caterpillar rubbed up in fat and applied. These kinds of remedies are too revolting for the hands of refined practitioners now, and who, in loyalty to their profession and in deference to science, must attempt more elaborate means. Besides, the native remedies for snake poisons in use among savage tribes are not at hand; and it is the *prompt application* of indigenous plants, or whatever means are used, which effects the cure. We are told that "there is no evil in nature without its antidote;" and of all the marvels connected with Ophiolians, surely the greatest would be if their poison were the sole exception to this rule. It is a question which a lay writer and an unsentient one should not venture to discuss; but these papers would be complete were not Ophiolians vices represented as invariably as Ophiolians virtues, and the remedies follow the evils.

On one point regarding snake poison all doctors agree, and all concerned ever have agreed—namely, the necessity for promptitude in the remedy. Every moment lost increases the danger, and

the success of many of the native cures lies in the fact that they are *at hand*. Should a Red Indian be bitten, his friend is on his knees in an instant sucking the wound, nor does he cease till danger is over. He understands that the circulation must be checked, and with one hand above and another below the wound, he tightly grips the limb, nor once looses his hold while he sucks, spitting the blood from his mouth at intervals. Or, with rough and ready courage, he cuts out the flesh and explodes gunpowder in the wound, or applies a cataplasm of chopped herbs which he has ready, and of which tobacco forms an important part. The natives of all the countries where venomous snakes most abound, are prepared against them, and acquire experience in dealing with them. Should the bite be on a large vein or an artery, they know there is little hope; and it is said by travellers from tropical America, where the most deadly snakes are found, that the Indians there will sometimes lay themselves down to die without attempting a remedy if badly bitten by one of those long-fanged *crotales*. But these must be very exceptional cases, and it is only from South America that we hear of such virulent poison that a man succumbs in a few minutes! They have their remedies, notwithstanding; their famed *huaco*, in which, as Tschudi informs us, they place such faith that healthy men are inoculated with the juice, and it renders snake-poison harmless to them for a very long time. We have the high authority of Humboldt to support the custom; he thinking that the *guaco* or *huaco* may impart to the body an odour which is repugnant to the serpents. The Arabs chew a root which has the same effect; and Forbes tells us that the natives of Dahomey have an infallible cure of

a like nature, and have so little fear of the vipers there, that they walk bare-footed in the long grass, confident of their remedy—a decoction of native plants. How would it be to try inoculation by some of the Hindoo plants on the natives; or, first, on some of the animals which are being tortured by such thousands in the “service of science?” Should it be found successful, inoculation against cobra poison might be made compulsory in India as for small-pox in England. Signor Francini was right in “smiling at the Phancy” that a viper’s head, swallowed *at the time*, would do any good. The poison must have been swallowed long previously and plentifully, so as to have become incorporated, so to speak, with the system. If it be true (and we are not justified in doubting the corroborative testimony of a score of such authorities as Livingstone, Forbes, P. H. Gosse, and Humboldt), that by the use of certain indigenous plants the natives *can* render themselves safer from venomous creatures in other countries, may we not conjecture that Hindûstan must also supply native remedies? Only here superstition and fatalism step in the way! Education must join hands with Science in order to reduce the death-rate from snake-poison. We may, at least, venture to enumerate a few curious facts regarding the effect of certain plants on vipers, as that of the penny-royal before mentioned, and an African *aristolochia*, the smell of which stupefies a snake, a dose causing it to die in convulsions. The white ash of America, *Fraxinus Americanus*, has a rapid and powerful effect on the rattlesnake, similar to that of *aristolochia* on the African vipers. Professor Silliman made several

experiments with the leaves or a spray of the white ash, and was satisfied that it was poison to the reptile; even the smell of it throwing it into convulsions; and it is said that the rattlesnake is never found in the vicinity of this tree.

In the “Philosophical Transactions” of 1763, when everything relating to the *Crotalus* possessed a novel interest in England, there is an account of a cure of rattlesnake bite by a mixture of salt and white ash given by a gentleman in Connecticut. But of all the reputed remedies, none seem to be in such general use as tobacco; various species of which, or its allies, are indigenous in most tropical or semi-tropical countries. E. Nicholson,* previously quoted, describes the rapid effect of tobacco on the cobra. You have but to blow into its mouth a drop or two of the oil from an old tobacco pipe, he tells us, and it is quickly dead. In Africa we find the same effect produced. The Hottentots often kill a puff adder by merely spitting on it. (The inference of course is, that the saliva is saturated with some such drug; and may we not assume that *spittle*, as causing the death of a viper—an ancient belief—might be due to a drug in constant use for chewing in those countries?) “Tobacco kills snakes with extraordinary rapidity, and they are rarely (some species *never*) seen in a tobacco field,” says Dr. C. J. Smith,† who proved this after various experiments. “A pinch of snuff kills them;” but he found neither arsenic, prussic acid, nor opium produce any effect on them. “Man carries more poison in his mouth than a snake;” wrote an old Virginian. “He can poison a venomous serpent more quickly than it can him.” And he describes having

* “Indian Snakes.” By E. Nicholson. Madras, 1870.

† Inspector of Hospitals, Madras Army. See *British Medical*

witnessed two young men who, chopping down trees, saw a rattlesnake, and holding it down with a forked stick, one of them put a quid of tobacco from his own mouth into that of the snake; when, "raising the fork, the poor creature did not crawl more than his own length before he was convulsed; then swelled up and died." The effect on the Copper-head, and others, is the same. Mackeney, Catlin, J. K. Lord, and many other travellers multiply such cases; as they do also the virtue of other native plants which are *cures for poison, but death to the poisoner*. And a curious fact in connection with these plants (many of which are named in the *Materia Medica* of both England and America) is, that they are most of them powerful poisons themselves. "Like cures like, and one poison cures another!" We know that a poison swallowed is not like a poison injected into the veins, and the contrary; as, for instance, snake venom itself; harmless in a sound, healthy stomach, but death in the blood. The hottest countries producing the most venomous serpents are richest in all these poisonous plants. To name them here is needless, as they are too well known to those interested; but among them, *strychnos toxifera*—a principal ingredient of the terrible *cucure, couculi*, or *corari* poison of South America—takes its lead. Dr. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia—one of the ablest of the scientific experimentalists on snake-poison—enumerates some thirty plants which enjoy much local credit among the Indians of various parts of America, as cure for snake bite; though in the hands of Science their efficiency has not been satisfactorily proved. But it has been admitted that by the time a bitten person reaches "the hand of Science," he has often become so thoroughly inoculated with the

venom that he is past recovery. The powerful and rapid effect of strychnine on cobras has been well proved—the smallest taint of it killing them. As a medicine, neither that nor tobacco are named in the "*Thanatophidia*;" though as a subcutaneous injection after a bite several trials with strychnine were made. In one case 45 drops, in doses of 20, 15, and 10 drops each, were hypodermically injected into a dog bitten by a cobra, and which soon died notwithstanding; but not—as is supposed—of cobra in this instance. Dr. Fayrer found cobras so extremely susceptible of the influence of strychnine, that in one of his experiments to test the effect of cobra poison on itself, he attributes the death of the snake merely to the syringe having been previously used for strychnine, though thoroughly cleansed afterwards. One is, however, struck by the fact that the doomed reptile had its blood inoculated by more poison (fifteen drops) than its very biggest and most vicious cousin in its greatest vigour could ever have injected in one bite. The snake "twisted itself up in a rigid series of coils and died." The effect of carbolic acid on the snakes is similar. Even a drop held to the nose caused the reptile instantly to "double itself up in numerous folds, remaining as stiff as if cast in metal," and in this state of convulsion after four days it died. Creosote, an analogous chemical compound, also destroys snakes quickly. The very smell of it they hate; therefore, if good in no other way, these two drugs may be made efficacious in driving or keeping snakes away from houses—and the tastes of many of them are objectionably domestic—in India and the Tropics.

Dr. Weir Mitchell, however, approves highly of carbolic acid for rattlesnake bites, and has found it efficacious "if applied at once to the

wound." He recommends that every backwoodsman should supply himself with a little of this, easily portable and manageable in capillary tubes. In his exhaustive paper on the poison of the rattlesnake,* he appends a table of sixteen cases of snake bite, with such details as are important to professional persons; as, for instance, the position of the bite, age of victim, local symptoms, &c., &c. In several of these cases carbolic acid was used; also olive oil, ammonia, arsenic, and alcoholic stimulants. Out of the sixteen cases only four were fatal. Regarding the use of alcohol, diversity of opinions exist. It is in high favour in the United States, where it sometimes supports the idea that "poison cures poison!" The whisky-loving backwoodsman grows very reckless of rattlesnakes if he have only his "demijohn" at hand. A Southern planter assured the writer, that during cotton-picking time Sambo would sometimes allow himself to get bitten in order to procure liquor and leisure. The overseers were always provided with a supply against snake accidents, when a quart was promptly administered. Sambo soon falls helplessly drunk, and by the time the effects of the whisky have passed away the poison has dispersed. Ammonia was subsequently tried, both subdermally and in doses; and Sambo, not liking this remedy equally well, took more care to avoid rattlesnakes afterwards.

Captain Townshend† informs us that a paste of whisky and soda is also applied to the wound, and renewed every few minutes. A boy bitten was thus treated, and also dosed with whisky, "as much as he could drink, and trotted about till the poison worked off, *which it soon did.*" A supply of soda, pepper,

and whisky was always carried with them. The root of the poek plant,‡ as a poultice, was also used with success; and the rattlesnakes of Florida, as well as the Mocassin snake—almost equally venomous—are something to be feared. It is extraordinary what large potions of alcoholic drinks a poisoned person can take without the intoxicating effects which follow at other times. Dr. Weir Mitchel says: "Quarts of brandy have been taken by delicate females and mere children without injury and almost without effect," when under the influence of snake-poison. One man, within a few hours, took one quart of brandy and half a pint of whisky, and yet was only slightly intoxicated for four hours, and he not an habitual whisky drinker. He recovered gradually in five days. Another man, bitten in the throat, was cured in twenty-four hours, during which he had alcohol and red pepper, "two quarts of whisky in one night, and renewed as the pulse fell." But it is a mistake to suppose that habitual drunkards always enjoy immunity from snake bite, as cases are recorded in which men thoroughly intoxicated at the time have been bitten and died. Their constitution must have been already impaired past remedy. On the same theory assigned by Weir Mitchel, Drs. Halford of Australia, and Shortt of Madras, administer stimulants. "The effect of poison being depressing, stimulants are clearly indicated," he says. "The body minus heat, the blood minus oxygen, and hence the gradual extinction of the vital forces," says Dr. Halford. Anything, therefore, which will help to restore these powers and to rouse the nervous system is advisable. Dr. Halford

* See "Smithsonian Contributions." Washington, 1860.

† "Wild Life in Florida." By F. T. Townshend. London, 1875.

‡ Common pokeweed.—*Phytolacca Lecandra* of Dr. Asa Gray.

describes a case in which two bottles of brandy were drunk without any symptoms of intoxication; and a girl of fourteen, bitten by an Australian snake, drank three bottles without being intoxicated! "Alcohol has powerful attractions for oxygen," says Dr. Halford, "so if it engage the oxygen from the foreign cells which the poison has produced in the blood and absorbed, the cells perish, and recovery ensues." Dr. Halford has written an elaborate pamphlet on the condition of the blood from snake bite,* highly interesting to the scientific reader. Dr. Shortt of Madras, whose experiments on snake-poison have been carried on for many years, says also, "Bring the patient under the influence of intoxication as speedily as possible; make him drunk, and keep him drunk." In forty-five hours one of his patients took eighty-six ounces of brandy and eleven ounces of *liq. potasse*; the latter some by mouth, some by injection. Dr. Shortt claims the originality of using *liq. potasse* for intravenous injections, "based on numerous actual experiments for ten years." He records several successful cures, "not as miraculous, but rational." "*Liq. pot.* possesses the property of neutralizing the poison, and brandy expedites it, by exciting the circulation, and thus carrying it as rapidly as possible through the system."

It is on the theory that the venom is an acid that the Americans make such frequent use of alkalis in snake-bite. If nothing else be at hand they will use *saleratus* (used by every housewife in the compound of her bread and biscuits), soda, or ammonia. It strikes the practical American agriculturalist strangely to hear that

so many scientific brains are racked in vain to find "antidotes" for snake-bites. Accounts of accidents, and how they were cured, find frequent place in local papers in the States, and of which the following is one such, copied verbatim. The family were too well known to admit of doubt:—

"A son of C. M. Clay, while gunning recently, was bitten on the foot by a rattlesnake, and his body immediately exhibited symptoms of the most virulent poison; but he was dosed, until stupefied, with apple brandy, and the next morning was as well as ever. So confident was Mr. Clay of the efficacy of alcoholic spirits in all cases of poison by the bites of snakes and insects, that he did not even send for a physician. *Saleratus* was bound upon the bitten spot, until ammonia could be procured, when the former was moistened with it."

Another popular remedy in America is to apply the inside of a freshly killed fowl warm upon the wound; fowl's liver also. This is on the principle of an absorbent; and under the idea that the venom has more affinity for chicken flesh than human flesh, and is drawn by the former. But quick is the word with the border pioneer. And from the following instructions, taken from a California paper, it may be inferred that the writer's experience had been gained among very vigorous constitutions indeed, and the idea of "exhaustion" had never occurred to him: "When the bite is fresh or recent, the virus may be destroyed by an application of potash or soda-water plentifully applied to the wound on man or beast, and it is well to take inwardly a weak solution of soda-water. This is a good antidote for poisons."

* *Lancet*, 1874, vol. ii., p. 446; and 1870, vol. i., p. 540, &c.

He then proceeds to describe what happened at an Indian lodge opposite his ranch on Kern River. "Seeing a squaw come running down to the river bank, shrieking, with uplifted hands, 'Be-bo-a! be-bo-a!' one of my sons, supposing a rattlesnake—numerous thereabouts—had struck its fangs into some poor Indian, immediately shot a fowl, and, plunging into the deep river, swam across, where he found a young child with a swollen thigh, moaning with pain. He opened the chicken, and bound it with the entrails upon the wound, which relieved the *poose* at once, and he recovered." There is no attempt at "sensation" in these and many similar incidents recounted. They are told rather for the benefit of new settlers, who might not be equal to the emergency, than for any love of the marvellous. The application of fowl's liver is adopted in India and elsewhere.

In snake stones as absorbents, Dr. Fayrer has no belief whatever, and pronounces them perfectly powerless to suck out the poison; but the liver of a chicken "has been sometimes applied with success."

This application of the warm flesh of a dead fowl is a very old remedy among the negroes of America. In the early days, when the many poisonous snakes were subjects of continual wonder to the colonists, the descriptions of them are remarkable for two things—namely, the infrequency of deaths from their bite, and the matter-of-fact way in which remedies were mentioned. In 1733, when the rattlesnake was a novelty in English collections, and when scientific men were first giving attention to the nature of its bite, Sir Hans Sloane contributed a paper to the Royal Philosophical Society, in which, speaking of that serpent, he says, "So certain are the mortal Effects

of the Poison that sometimes in waiting till an Iron can be heated in order to burn the Wound, it is said to prove fatal." He quotes Colonel Beverley's "History of Virginia," 1722. "The Bite of this Viper, without some immediate Application, is certain Death. But Remedies are so well known that none of their Servants are ignorant of them;" and he "never knew any one Kill'd, tho' he had a general Knowledge all over the Country." This, compared with the thousands of deaths annually in India, and the failure of remedies there, can only be accounted for by the fact that the majority of the victims are among the most ignorant, as well as superstitious, of the natives, who lack the intelligence even of the American savage, and the self-reliance of the backwoodsman. Because venomous serpents are not more numerous in Hindûstan than in any other tropical countries. On the contrary, whereas four only, out of the twenty families of snakes in British India, are poisonous, upwards of two-thirds of the Australian snakes are dangerous.

In Africa, too, where are more *viperidæ* than in any other country, the natives learn how to manage or to avoid them, and deaths from vipers are rare. In tropical America, where the largest and most deadly of the *crotalidæ* abound, and in the States, where the Copper-head and the Black-water viper are scarcely less deadly than the rattlesnake, it is now as rare to hear of deaths by these as by a mad dog in England. The American Indian is, as we have seen, ready with his remedy; the hardy pioneer of the West learns, as one of his first lessons, what to do in case of snake-bite, and if the means be of a somewhat reckless nature, they are commonly successful; otherwise statistics would surely record death from snake-

number of persons, apparently dying, recovered by fifteen minims of ammonia being injected; one, a man, described the revivifying sensation as being "like an electric shock passing through his frame." Other means, local applications and stimulants, are used with it; and evidence seems to prove it a most remarkable restorative. That it does not invariably succeed in India is not condemnatory of the method; for it has been demonstrated that a cobra secretes more poison than the Australian snakes; therefore, a person bitten by a tiger-snake (*Hoplocephalus curtus*), might be more easily cured than one bitten by the more deadly kinds. Shall we attempt to describe these much-varying fangs, and the nice distinctions between viper, crotalus, elaps, &c., and why their poison differs so materially in effect? "Master teeth," "dog teeth," "springing teeth," "great teeth," the fangs were variously designated by the older naturalists to distinguish them from the palate and jaw teeth, described in the previous paper. Broadly speaking, the viper proper has only fangs in the upper jaw; and in this respect the *crotalus* is allied to the *viperidæ*.

The length of the upper jaw varies greatly in the different species. In the non-venomous it is long, and furnished with teeth throughout. In the vipers it is extremely short, bearing only the poisonous fang; but is furnished with an especial and peculiar muscle by which the fang is instantaneously erected when the snake is about to strike. Such serpents are, therefore, said to have "movable fangs," on account of the extreme mobility of the short jaws to which they are firmly fixed. The *elapidæ* have a few common teeth as well as fangs. In vipers the natural position of the fang is

recumbent, and enveloped in a fold of the gum; which, as the snake opens its mouth, is puckered up, forcing the secretion into the fang; while the maxillary bone is pushed forward; or, so to speak, it rotates and changes its angle of position, so that the fang points down, or is "erected."

The construction and mechanism of the poison apparatus are among the most astonishing phenomena of animal physiology. The gland lies behind the eye, whence the poison is conveyed by a duct to the base of the tooth, and thence down it or through it into the wound. The excision of the fang does not check the gland in its function of secreting poison; nay, even when the head is off, or after the reptile is dead, there is danger for a considerable time. Dr. Weir Mitchel found that rattlesnakes in confinement remain in vigorous health, though refusing food, for many months. Sometimes, when the snake has a full gland of unexpended poison, you may see it exuding from the end of the fang, and by a forcible expiration the snake can eject it. We may doubt whether a serpent possess sufficient intelligence, or is good marksman enough to take aim with this dangerous projectile; but it has been said, "a viper will spit its poison into the eye of an intruder!" The stupid brute will often dash its head with the intention of striking an object; and, failing to reach it, the ready venom is ejected several feet. Possibly a human eye may have smarted under the accident. Microscopic examination shows that the fang is not a hollow tooth, as often supposed, but a tooth compressed and folded, as one sees a rose-leaf in which a tiny larva has enwrapped itself. In some cases this involution is so complete as to present the appearance of a solid tooth;

except where, near the point, a tiny slit is visible, showing that it is hollow. It is like this in the vipers. It has enamel within and without. In other species the involution leaves a longitudinal groove throughout the tooth; more or less defined in the various families. In the sea snake, *Hydrophidæ*, it is an open channel; in the venomous colubrines it is less developed; and in the *vipéridæ* it is a tube. The size and curvature of the fang vary, also, in different families. In the viper it is very long and sharp, inflicting a deep wound. In the sea snakes it is scarcely longer than the common teeth (a few of which appear on the maxillary bone behind it), but then it has an open groove, and the poison is abundant and active; so that the *Hydrophidæ* are among the most venomous snakes. They belong exclusively to the tropical seas of the Eastern Hemisphere. Some of them attain a length of ten or more feet. Their form differs somewhat from land snakes in having their tail vertically flattened, like an oar, to enable them to propel themselves more easily against the resisting waves. Both they and freshwater snakes have their nostrils on the top of the snout, so that a very slight elevation of their head enables them to take in a supply of air. But the degrees of dentition are endless. Several perfectly harmless snakes have what are apparently fangs; that is, one pair of teeth much longer than the rest, and a bite from these would lead a person to suppose he had been injured by an *elaps*; but the use is merely to hold tough-skinned prey. On the other hand, Dr. Smith* describes a venomous snake with fangs so long that they lie back almost to the throat; but the

serpent has so small and delicate a head and mouth that he thinks it cannot possibly extend its jaws sufficiently to use these fangs except to retain the prey, which, attempting to escape, must necessarily be wounded by them.

The only Australian snake approaching the viper in character is the death adder, *Acanthophis antarcticus*, yet it has fixed fangs like the cobra. In appearance it is therefore a viper; in dentition, an *elaps*. Nicholson says the steps are so numerous in these stages of development that scarcely any marked gap can be found between the venomous and non-venomous; and that even in the natural salivary secretion sometimes resides a toxic principle, though less virulent than that contained in the poison gland. Dr. Günther states that "the degree of danger depends less on the species that has inflicted a wound, than on the bulk and vigour of the individual, the quantity of its poison, the temperature, and the part bitten." As a rule, the larger snakes have larger fangs; but a cobra's and a rattlesnake's bite in winter might do less harm than a smaller snake in the height of summer.

Dr. Fayer made some interesting experiments, by which he ascertained that fangs were replaced by others capable of inflicting injury in from three to four weeks. A snake, whose fangs had been extracted on the 7th of October, inflicted a wound with his new ones on the 31st. Another had fangs ready in thirty-one days; a third, in less time. That is to say, the next partially-developed pair came forward and were firmly fixed to the bone for use by that time. But a fang lost by natural process is replaced in a few days. Poison taken from the gland either before

* "Z. i. g. of South Africa." By Andrew Smith, M.D., 1869.

or after the death of a snake, is as fatal to the blood of animals as if injected by the snake itself.

Sir Bartle Frere, when he was Commissioner of Scinde (1856-62), felt deeply impressed with the terrible death-rate from snake-bite in India, and instituted inquiries, causing police returns to be sent in. Valuable statistics were thus obtained, and rewards were offered for snakes killed. Red-tapeism and an impoverished treasury seem to have fettered the actions of local functionaries, and no very effective measures were taken until Dr. Fayrer again aroused public attention to the matter, urging that the cost would be fully repaid by more vigorous and life-saving measures, and recommending a systematic scale of rewards according to the venomous character of the snake. As many as 1,845 snakes were killed during a year in one division of India, and then, when higher rewards presented additional inducements, 18,423 snakes were killed during three winter months, averaging over 200 a day. Dr. Fayrer's excellent plan is to put the heads of villages, police, and local authorities in possession of such remedies and instructions as shall enable them to administer prompt treatment, after the manner of the Humane Society in England for drowning persons.

He proposes to make the dangerous snakes known by faithful representations and descriptions as to colour and size, as he found by the reports that only in one case out of *ten* the snake was known. "Probably a krait;" "A. or B. bitten, snake unknown;" "Believed to be a *Daboia*;" ran the reports. A glance at the wound will, in the majority of cases, determine whether the bite be by a venomous

snake or not, the two fang marks being distinguishable. Some knowledge of the characteristics of the various species is essential. Nor is such knowledge difficult to acquire. The viperine snakes are, as a rule, distinguished by their broad, flat heads, malevolent aspect, and rougher unpolished scales. But their jaw bones and dentition are certain guides. The form and position of the head shields or plates, too, are easily recognized. In classification, these shields are important in distinguishing genera and species—viz., labial shields, frontal, rostral, super and sub-ciliary, &c., &c. Dr. Günther, of the British Museum, who is our "ablest living authority," describes all these in his work on Indian snakes,* the text-book to most of the other herpetologists.

First, he divides Ophidians into five groups—viz., burrowing snakes, ground snakes, sea snakes, tree snakes, and freshwater snakes. The first and the last, being all innocent, may be dismissed at once. The sea snakes—we do not include "the great sea-serpent!"—are all highly poisonous; but as their bite would occur in salt water, the victim would have no room for doubt, and must resort to instant remedies. Tree snakes include both harmless and venomous. The latter are not large enough to be extremely dangerous, and deaths from them are not frequent. Ground snakes include by far the largest number of species, both venomous and non-venomous, from the large constricting snakes to the smallest viper. All both swim and climb with ease. But the great divisions or three sub-orders are—

1. *Ophidia colubriiformes* (the harmless snakes).
2. *Ophidia colubriiformes vene-*

* "Reptiles of British India." By Dr. A. Günther. London, 1864.

nosi (venomous snakes; but which, not having the broad, viperine-looking head, may be mistaken for innocent ones).

3. *Ophi-tia viperiformes* (the viperish ones).

The second sub-order include the hydrophiæ, most of the Australian thanatophidia, as well as the Indian, and some in America, and which are all the more dangerous for their innocent, graceful, and frequently extremely beautiful exterior. Of vipers, Africa has the largest number—hideous, repulsive, clumsy-looking beasts many of them are. *Vipera nasicornis*, as its name implies, has those singular horny appendages on the head like the cerastes, *Vipera aspis*; whether to entice birds to come for a supposed worm, or what their use is, who shall say? These African vipers are all of a most sluggish nature, and their chief danger lies in their suffering themselves to be trodden on rather than move out of the way. They are all of a very deadly character; yet, happily, we do not hear of much harm by them. India has only two vipers—the *Daboia* and the *Echis*. The former, *Uloo Bora*, is *Vipera elegans*; its markings are handsome, nor has it the repulsive look of most vipers. Two specimens were brought to the Zoological Gardens last year. The *Echis*, also, is a good-looking little snake, but it bears a bad character for activity and spitefulness. Its poison is extremely virulent, which is singular for so small a species. A fowl bitten by an *echis* died in two minutes, and another in seventy seconds. Dr. Fayer diluted a quarter of a drop of *echis* poison in ten drops of water, and injected a fowl, which died in ten minutes. Cobra poison diluted in the same proportions killed a fowl in thirty minutes. An *echis* was brought to the Zoological Gardens last summer, and while there gave birth to three little

viperlings. The mother died the next day. She had eaten nothing, and the little ones did not long survive. They had not their natural food. Dr. Gunther states that he has never found anything but *scelopendra* in the stomach of an *echis*. There is another viper even smaller in South America, the only viper of that continent—*Echidna occelata*—and it is said to be so deadly that a grown man will die of its bite in two minutes. It is called by some “the ten-inch viper,” and it seldom exceeds two feet. Now it would be curious to know what this surprisingly deadly little reptile feeds on; whether, like its Indian cousin, its taste lies for venomous insects, and whether such food strengthens the venom of these two? The *echis* belongs particularly to tropical India, and the death adder of Australia belongs to the tropical part of that continent. It seems as if, like the brilliancy of birds and flowers, intensity of colouring and flavour—and of poison—attain their maximum under tropical suns. The deadly *Per de Lance*, or *Trigonoccephalus lanceolatus* of the Antilles, is a scourge far greater than even the cobra of India. There, also, have rewards been offered for its extermination; and there also is an ignorant, helpless population to deal with—the negro. America is represented chiefly by the *Crotalide* or “Pit vipers,” named from the *crotalus* proper, or rattlesnake, which differs from the viper in having that peculiar pit or depression, like a second nostril; but the use of which is undetermined. Several species of Indian snakes, though minus the rattle, are included in this family, in having the “pit.”

According to the species of snake producing it, the venom is called *Viperine*, *Crotaline*, *Echidnine*, &c.; but it has not been satisfactorily determined in what each materially

differs. The conclusion of Dr. Mitchel's experiments led him to decide that *crotaline* was a septic of "astounding energy," producing rapid decomposition of blood. Drs. Halford, Fayrer, Shortt, and others, have proved the same with the poisons of other snakes. A subtle, malignant, mysterious fluid! Boil it, or freeze it, and it is toxically unaltered. Mix it with strong corrosive acids, mineral alkalis, chlorine, fat, all substances supposed to neutralize poisons, and it remains the same. Dilute it in water, alcohol, what you please, and its potency is uninjured. Keep it for years, and it resists decomposition. Whether through the brain, the heart, or the nerve centres, its effect is equally the rapid destruction of every vital function; and in some cases the blood is rendered uncoagulable even after death. Warm-blooded animals succumb more easily than cold; the feeble and timid more readily than the strong.

Though it is said that poison may be swallowed with impunity, there is always danger that it may be absorbed through the delicate membranes of the throat or stomach, or where the skin is not perfectly sound. Yet it is a remarkable fact that in a healthy stomach snake-poison does no harm. Nor is the flesh of poisoned animals unfit for food. The Coolies and hungry natives eagerly carry off for their dinner the fowls and rabbits which have been experimented upon in India. That such flesh is harmless is all the more astonishing, because the blood of the very fowl they will eat has itself become a poison with which another animal can be inoculated; and so on, through a series of animals, just as a doctor vacci-

nates a person through a series of patients.

The power of one snake to injure several persons was exemplified in the last paper in the anecdote of Titroo. Dr. Fayrer found that no less than nine creatures—viz., a dog, a pigeon, and seven fowls could be affected by one cobra, which struck each in rapid succession. The dog—first bitten—died in thirty-three minutes; a fowl, next bitten, died in three minutes; the third bitten, in ten; the fourth, in eleven; fifth, in seventeen minutes, and so on; each one succumbing more slowly, having a smaller charge of poison, and the ninth fowl recovering after a time.

Space will not permit the many interesting incidents and anecdotes from Dr. Fayrer's splendid book.*

Though many beautifully illustrated scientific works on Herpetology have been recently presented to us, none have for many years excited so much interest as this. Catesby's, Dr. Patrick Russell's, and others, were equally valuable in their time; but there were no Schools of Art in those days, and to the young artists of Calcutta we are indebted for the large coloured plates in Dr. Fayrer's imposing volume, and which bring us face to face with the deadly foe, painted from life, many of the size of life, and almost living and coiling on the pages beneath our gaze. Dr. Smith's snakes of South Africa, and Holbrooke's of America, are scarcely less beautifully portrayed; but Dr. Fayrer's position and experience in India have brought his work at once into popularity, and in it we are introduced to many other scientific experimentalists who, in conjunction with Dr. Fayrer, hope to achieve so much for our colonists there.

* "Thanatophidia of India." By Dr. J. Fayrer.

There have been Conventions held in America, in India, in London, and in Australia, to consider this great question of Ophidian evils, and now it is proposed to hold a great Ophiological Congress, among whom will be numbered many "Knowing Physicians" of modern times, like

those gathered together at Florence 200 years ago for the same purpose. We have these 200 years of research to add to our experience, and the means of EDUCATION too; and this latter, perhaps, more than all the rest, may prove the best tool to work with after all!

C. C. H.

THE EPITAPH OF A LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

TO THE

Honourable and Right Reverend

THE DEAN OF WINDSOR

THIS MEMENTO

OF HIS TWO ILLUSTRIOUS UNCLES

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

Alcmena De Hercule et Iphicle.

Εἴδ' οὐτ', ἰμὰ ξηρότα, γλυκύτεροι καὶ ἐγρίσι μιν ὕπνοι
αἰετ', ἰμὰ ψυχὰ, δι' ἀδελφεῶν, εἴσω τέκνον'
ὧ δ' οὐκ ἐκείνοισθε, καὶ ὧ δ' οὐκ ἀπ' ἐκείνοισθε.

Theocritus, Idyll xxiv. 7.

Etona In Iuvibus suis Filius.

Sleep, Brothers, sleep! brave Spirits of my making,
Pride of my heart in Europe's troubled day!
Sweet be your rest, and blissful your awaking
When the Day dawns and shadows flee away!

An Epitaph in the Chapel of Eton College.

HABO . IN . IPSIVS . MONVMENTO

RELIQVIT . INSCRIBENDA

RICARDVS . CLLEY . MARCHIO . WELLESLEY.

Fortunae rerumque vagis exercitus undis
 In gremium redeo serus, Etona, tuum.
 Magna sequi, et summae mirari culmina famae,
 Et purum antiquae lucis adire iubar,
 Auspice te, didici puer, atque in limine vitae
 Ingenuas verae laudis amare vias.
 Si qua meum vitae decursu gloria nomen
 Auxerit, aut si quis nobilitarit honos,
 Muneris, alma, tui est : altrix, da, terra, sepulchrum,
 Supremam lacrimam da, memoremque mei.

VIXIT . ANNOS . LXXXII . MENSES . III . DIES . VI

DECESSIT . VI . KAL . SEPT . A.S . CIO . D.CCC . XL . II

HOC . MARMOR . IN . EGREGII . VIRI . MEMORIAM . POSUIT

ARTHVRVS . DVX . DE . WELLINGTON

FRATER . SVPERSTES.

A Paraphrase.

Long driv'n by changeful gusts of Time and Fate,
 An old man broken with the storms of state,
 To thy calm haven, all my wanderings past,
 Eton, dear Mother, I return at last.
 Yet yearns my spirit, ere its journey close,
 To tell some part of what to Thee it owes.

To follow greatness with supreme desire ;
 The beckoning peaks of glory to admire ;
 In youth's clear dawn to gaze with sober eye
 On the chaste splendours of the classic sky ;
 True praise to love, false vulgar praise to flee ;—
 Such were the lessons that I learned from Thee.

If laurelled rank, or tributary fame,
 In life's long lists have graced thy nurseling's name ;
 If any tongues in any lands there be
 To vouch my acts not all unworthy Thee ;

Thine, Mother, be the praise: 'twas thine to tend
 The venturous start, be thine to soothe the end.
 Grant, kindly earth—the latest boon I crave—
 Here, on thy fostering breast, a hallowed grave;
 Nor grudge thy Son, if still thy Son be dear,
 A Mother's lingering thought, a Mother's parting tear.

HARROVIENSIS.

December, 1475.

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The admirers of the Latin Epitaph may perhaps not all be aware that the second and third couplets appear also, with a slight difference, in Lord Wellesley's Poem, "*Salix Babylonica*," which bears date "Fern Hill, Windsor, August 22, 1830," and was printed in the "*Primitiæ et Reliquiæ, mccccxi*." The lines are there thus introduced:

Sit mihi primitiasque meas, tennesque triumphos,
 Sit revocare tuos, dulcis Etona, dies.
 Auspice Te, summae mirari culmina famae,
 Et purum antiquae lucis adire iubar,
 Edidici Puer, et iam primo in limine vitae
 Ingenuas verae laudis amare vias.

Here the sequence of thought and expression is perfect, whereas in the Epitaph it may perhaps be felt that the connection between the first and second couplets is hardly close enough. Lord Wellesley's English paraphrase, not known to "Harroviensis" till his own version was completed, runs as follows (see page 16 of "*Reliquiæ*"): :

Come parent Eton! turn the stream of time
 Back to thy sacred fountain crowned with bays!
 Recall my brightest, sweetest days of Prime,
 When all was hope, and triumph, joy and praise.
Guided by Thee I raised my youthful sight
To the steep ridul heights of lasting fame,
And hailed the beams of clear ethereal light
That brighten round the Greek and Roman name.

It ought to be added that there is the best authority for stating that the Epitaph, with the exception of the last line, was composed as far back at least as 1427

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LITERARY NOTICES.

Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury, Vol. XI. By W. F. Hook, D.D., F.R.S. Bentley and Son.—When Dr. Hook, after thirty-five years of active clerical duty, was promoted to the deanery of Chichester, he remarked that, though now approaching old age, he did not mean to be idle, and if he did not find work in his new sphere he would make some for himself. It was characteristic of him, that even amidst his multifarious occupations as Vicar of Leeds, where he laboured with untiring energy and success, he sought his recreation in the study of ecclesiastical history—particularly the history of that national Church of which he was so zealous and able a champion. This study, carried on at Chichester under more favourable circumstances, soon bore fruit in the shape of the first volume of that extensive work, the last volume of which was still in the press at the time of his death.

In his introduction to the first volume he says that, as Hume and his followers have imparted additional interest to the history of England by grouping the facts round the sovereign of each period as a central figure, so he had long thought the history of the English Church might be more effectively narrated in connection with the biography of its successive primates. We think it is hardly correct to say that in our best historians the sovereigns occupy so prominent and central a position, nor would it be consistent with the truth of history that they should,

except in the case of the earlier and more energetic rulers who had greater control over the affairs of State than is possible in modern times. But the archbishops have had still less influence over the history of the Church. It is true Laud, whose biography occupies nearly the whole of the present volume, was entrusted with such extensive authority in various forms, and wielded it with such irrepressible energy that he, more than any other man of his time, controlled the destiny of the Church of England at that period. But this cannot be said of any other archbishop; and Juxon, whose life completes this volume, is as remarkable for his insignificance in the history of the Church as Laud for his importance. It is impossible to include the history of the Church in his time within the limits of his biography; and it is questionable whether in any case it is possible to make history subordinate to biography without losing more in truthfulness than is gained in interest.

But Dr. Hook has another object in his "*Lives of the Archbishops*." He wishes to show that as "the monarchy of England is connected with the past, and preserves its unity through the succession of its sovereigns," in spite of great changes in the constitution, laws, and customs of the country, so the Church of England, with its unbroken line of archbishops, is really one and the same, notwithstanding all the alterations which have been made in its doctrine and discipline by lawful authority.

"Revolutions in opinion or practice are not inconsistent with identity of constitution, and this identity is not renounced when, in looking to the past, we find much to regret or to condemn. In looking back upon his past life and conduct, how bitter were the self-reproaches and how severe the self-condemnation of St. Paul; yet Saul the persecutor and Paul the apostle were one and the self same person. The removal of Naaman's leprosy did not destroy his personal identity. He was the same man after he had washed in the waters of the Jordan as he was before. Although the Church of England now repudiates many opinions which at one time she tolerated, and speaks with indignation of the dictation and oppression of a foreign potentate, to which during a long season she submitted,—the sameness of her institution is preserved in the succession of her prelates, and we admire the innate vigour which, inherited from her British and Anglo-Saxon ancestors, enabled her to avoid self destruction while conducting the painful processes of a long course of reformation."

This is the doctrine which is continually reiterated throughout the present volume, and was preached with unwearied persistency by the author from the commencement to the close of his career. It is curious to observe how completely it coincides with Laud's principles, from whom the illustration about Naaman seems to have been borrowed, which, however convenient a weapon of controversy, will hardly bear the scrutiny of strict impartial logic. The question of identity is not to be settled by off-hand assertion, which cannot be proved without first determining what constitutes the identity of a church. The line of archbishops is rather a slender thread to hang it on, but this does not affect the historical value of Dr. Hook's work, which is the result of great research, and deserves consideration for the general accuracy of its statements, the sobriety of its senti-

ments, and the temperateness of its tone, notwithstanding its decided leaning towards High Church views. Dr. Hook makes no pretensions to impartiality. "It is not possible," he says, "for an earnest writer to be impartial: his mind being imbued with the principles, if not the prejudices, on one side of a question, he cannot be expected to throw himself into the mind of his opponents. The student of history should ascertain the bias of an historian's mind, and then, as in a game of bow's, he must make due allowance for the bias, and in the end he will reach the truth." The sound sense and straightforward honesty of this remark, with its pertinent illustration, appeals to one with irresistible force. Impartial historians are apt to be terribly tame and insipid.

But if Dr. Hook is not impartial he is also not unjust. He does not hesitate to condemn a friend, or omit to make all reasonable allowance for an opponent. Even Laud does not escape his censure. He is continually cautioning the reader against judging the men and actions of the past by the rules of the present. His style is, like himself, straightforward, plain, weighty, and forcible. He gives us no studied effects, no highly-wrought descriptions, no smart antitheses, no sparkling epigrams, no bursts of eloquence, no polished periods. The absence of such attractions is very marked in this last volume, as might be expected from the advanced age of the writer; but even here there are not wanting traces of that vigorous intellect and genial disposition which secured for Dr. Hook such universal respect and admiration as Vicar of Leeds.

Of all the archbishops whose lives Dr. Hook has written, Laud seems to have been his special favourite, partly no doubt on account of his church views, but also

because of his indomitable energy and activity in maintaining and enforcing lawful authority. He represents both Laud and Strafford as simply carrying out the existing law.

"The general opinion is, that Laud represented a party in the Church, and that for upholding his party he was ready to make almost any sacrifice. Such was certainly not the case. Laud's object was plain and simple; it was to enforce the law, as the law then existed, whether in civil affairs or ecclesiastical. What does the law require? was his question: to enforce what the law required was his determination. He was *homo unius sententiæ*. We may condemn him certainly as a most unwise minister, as one wanting in the sagacity to perceive that a modification of the existing constitution was required by the exigencies of the age in which he lived, but although he may thus be justly exposed to censure by politicians, we ought not to forget that the office of sole minister of the Crown had been thrust upon him; and that he thought that he was acting as a conservative patriot, when he stood opposed to those who, in effecting innovations in Church and State, are in these days justly regarded as laying the foundations of English liberty.

"Laud felt it to be his duty to preserve the constitution as he found it. He did not deny that it required reform, but thought that all reform should emanate from the throne. He regarded all attempts at reform from without as an indication of insubordination, if not an act of treason. Why should he be wiser than James I.? James, enraged by the legal independence of Sir Edward Coke, declared it to be treason to affirm that the king was *under* the law. We may credit Laud with greater wisdom than this: but he subscribed to the dictum of Bracton, *Rex non debet esse sub homine sed sub Deo et Lege*. A large margin is here implied; and the whole controversy, during the early part of Charles's reign, was involved in the sense in which the affirmation was to be understood.

"Living as we do under the blessings of a constitution which, through a variety of revolutions, some open

and avowed, and some conducted by a succession of scarcely perceptible events, has become a model to foreign nations when struggling for their freedom, it is very difficult to place ourselves, in our imagination, in the position of a statesman of the seventeenth century. While among the statesmen there were some who considered the monarchical government, in itself, a grievance, there were others, who, acting as conservatives, determined to contend for the royal prerogative, and to support the royal power to the last. Instead of making generous concessions to the wishes of the people, and anticipating their desires, this party only yielded to outward pressure. By first resisting and then complying, they were continually inviting further opposition; *they* saw the weakness of the Crown, and began to suspect the sincerity of the King. The Kings of Spain and of France were despotic, and Charles thought it reflected disgrace upon the King of England if he were less powerful than they. His patriotism led him to place England on the same footing as foreign countries, while his people thought first of establishing their own rights.

"While we censure Laud for a want of foresight and of forethought, as a statesman—and a statesman's education he had not received—justice ought to be done to his administration." He accepted the constitution as he found it. He regarded the will of the king to be law, except when it was limited by Magna Charta, or by Acts of Parliament. He regarded the Acts of Parliament merely as concessions made from time to time by the Crown. The Parliament was looked upon as a council to be consulted, but not to legislate; to grant subsidies, but not to control their expenditure.

"No one can read the history of Henry VIII. and of Queen Elizabeth, without seeing that their notion of Parliament was little removed from that of a great squire in regard to a parish vestry. The vestry was to vote the rate, and then submit to the great man's commands. Until the reign of Charles I. the notion of Parliament was, that it was an institution to tax the subject; and not to suggest measures, but to consider what the Crown

might offer for discussion or debate. To volunteer an address on the part of Parliament was, in the time of the Tudors, resented by the sovereign as an insult. Even in the matter of raising money, although it was admitted that direct taxation depended upon the will of Parliament, there were other means of raising money which, though more than questionable, and after a time denounced by the patriots, were at first regarded as legitimate.

"Ample justice is done to the short reign of Oliver Cromwell, for the prosperity to which he, in a brief space of time, raised the country; let equal justice be done to Laud. His success, before the triumph of faction, was brilliant. Commerce was extended, and the foundation was laid of that commercial aristocracy for which the north of England is still celebrated. Fresh land was brought under cultivation, and, through an increase of rent, yeomen had grown into gentlemen. The abodes of nobles vied in splendour with the palaces of ancient kings. Invested, says M. Guizot, as to civil affairs, with a less extended and less concentrated authority than that of Strafford in Ireland, and less able than his troop, Laud did not fail to pursue the same reforming line of conduct. As Commissioner of the Treasury, he not only repressed all pilferings and illegitimate expenditure, but applied himself to the thorough understanding of the various branches of the public revenue, and to the finding out by what means its collection could be rendered less onerous to the subject. Vexatious impediments, grave abuses, had been introduced into the administration of the customs duties, for the profit of private interests. Laud listened to the complaints and representations of merchants, employed his leisure in conversing with them; informed himself by degrees as to the general interests of commerce, and freed it from trammels which had materially retarded it, with an advantage to the exchequer. In March, 1634, the order of High Treason was given, and his recommendation to the Duke of Buckingham, who was then in London, that he should not be taken by a man, who performed his duties as a soldier, while he had alike been injured by the Crown and by the citizens. To serve as he fancied,

the King and the Church, Laud was capable of oppressing the people, of giving the most iniquitous advice; but where neither King nor Church was in question, he aimed at good, at truth, and upheld them without fear as to himself, without the slightest consideration for other interests."

The statesmen who surrounded Charles might fairly contrast the prosperous state of England with the ruin and bloodshed of the Continent. Any one might be excused for being incredulous, if it were stated that beneath the pastures of peace and plenty a volcano was about to burst, which would render England—though ultimately restored to prosperity—for a long season a byword among the nations for misery, crime, and civil war."

It is certainly quite time justice should be done to Laud, if it has not yet been done, as most reasonable persons acquainted with history will readily admit; and on this account we have extracted the above lengthened passage, including the weighty testimony of the philosophical historian Guizot, who may be considered an impartial witness.

There is no doubt Laud was both misunderstood and wilfully misrepresented. This arose partly from the false position in which he placed himself by attacking and refuting the distinctive doctrines of Romanism, and yet claiming unreserved obedience to his priestly authority. He vainly insisted on having the freedom and independence of Protestantism, without forfeiting the immense power derived from the visible head of the Church, which was, of course, as impossible as for the limbs to live and move after being severed from all communication with the brain. Instead of propitiating either the Papists or the Puritans by his partial agreement with them, it was his fate to be continually insisting on those points in which he differed from them, and thus provoke the bitter

animosity of both. Of the two, the Puritans did him the greatest injustice. Nothing could be farther from the truth than the charge of his leaning towards popery. The Church of Rome never had a more formidable foe. His conference with the Jesuit Fisher is allowed on all hands to be a masterpiece of irresistible argument. The exertions he made to dissuade persons from joining the Romish communion, sometimes not without success—as in the cases of the Duke of Buckingham and Chillingworth—and his resolute boldness in causing the exclusion of two zealous Romanist proselytes from the Court, and thus braving the displeasure of the Queen Henrietta Maria, ought at least to shield him from all imputation of a popish basis.

Many of the reports spread abroad about Laud's public proceedings were undoubtedly the fictions or exaggerations of bitter and unscrupulous enemies. Dr. Hook generally contents himself with simply denying them, or quoting passages from Laud's diary and private prayers as proofs that, however harshly he may have acted, his motives were good. This evidence will not be satisfactory to everybody; but it is generally allowed that Laud was not guilty of avarice or selfish ambition. He is charged with cold-blooded cruelty in the exercise of authority; and it is a poor defence to allege that, in the case of the barbarous sentences on Prynne and Leighton he was only a single member of the court which pronounced them. He could not have been so hated without serious fault.

Laud's endeavours to maintain the dignity and propriety of public worship deserve commendation, and the steps he took with regard to the Communion Table, though offensive to the Puritans, were not

uncalled for, as appears from the following account:—

“The placing of the Holy Table in the body of the church had been an innovation, and while no importance might be attached to the position of it, yet it was evident that divers evils had resulted from the alteration. On the Holy Table the churchwardens now settled their accounts, wrote their minutes, and transacted their other parish business. It was the usual receptacle for hats and cloaks, except when it was cleared in order that the children might learn their writing-lessons upon it. During the sermon it was a convenient seat for any who could not find places to please them in the other parts of the church, and, being central, it was regarded as a post of advantage from which men could both see and hear.

“The Holy Table thus being put to all manner of strange uses, was not even prevented from further profanation. ‘At Taplow,’ writes Laud to the King, ‘there happened a very ill accident by reason of not having the communion table railed in, that it might be kept from profanation. For in the sermon time a dog came to the table and took the loaf of bread prepared for the Holy Sacrament in his mouth, and ran away with it. Some of the parishioners took the same from the dog, and set it again upon the Table. After sermon, the minister could not think fit to consecrate this bread, and other fit for the Sacrament was not to be had in that town, so there was no Communion!’”

The story of Laud's tedious imprisonment, protracted and harassing trial, and heroic death, is told with great simplicity and truthfulness. If the sentences which he concurred in passing upon others were harsh, that passed upon himself was even more cruel and unlawful. That cruelty was not uncommon in those days, even among professing Christians, is too well known to be disputed, and Dr Hook tells us of “one fanatical covenanting minister who, after

witnessing a hundred executions of 'malignants,' remarked, 'This wark gaes bonnie on!'

The life of Juxon, which forms the conclusion of what Dr. Hook calls the Reformation period, occupies little space, and calls for no special remark.

Peeps at Life and Studies in my Cell. By "The London Hermit." Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.—That eccentric Bedfordshire gentleman whom, much to his disgust, the late Mr. Charles Dickens immortalized under the name of Mr. Mopes, saw, after some years spent in congenial solitude, the error of his ways, and, quitting for ever his lowly couch of "soot and cinders," and discarding his "blanket and skewer" for a costume in stricter accordance with the social exigencies of the nineteenth century, walked forth once more into the world thus "clothed," and, it is to be presumed, "in his right mind." Some of Mr. Mopes's views of things in general, as seen through the medium of a back kitchen window, were—according to several of the literary gentlemen who flocked to "interview," on their own account, an individual rendered famous by the great novelist—marked by no slight degree of originality. Had he condescended to jot down his impressions of this mundane sphere on his emergence from cloistral seclusion his notes would doubtless have been piquant and entertaining. The task he thus left unfulfilled has, however, been worthily accomplished by the writer who has adopted the title of "The London Hermit," and who, in the volume now before us, has reprinted the Essays and Sketches

contributed to this Magazine, with sundry additional pieces in every way worthy of their fellows, though for the most part penned in a lighter vein. For our Hermit is, indeed, no self-torturing follower of St. Simeon Stylites—no grim enthusiast of the Thebaid, but is rather distinguished by an appreciation of mankind and their necessities, recalling that shown by the Syrian anachoret with whom the fair Alida sought refuge to learn the mortification of the eternal Enemy. He admits the existence of "family hermits," and sketches the physical and mental attributes of one of these recluses as follows, in the language of his next-door neighbour:—

"He never stirs out of doors, you know; leastways, not till about half-past eleven at night, and then he just walks down the garden. . . . My wife accidentally met him there once, and it give her quite a turn. He begs her pardon most politely, for he's just like a real gentleman to talk to; but—oh! such a object to look at!"

"What is he like?"

"Like? Why he wears a long green baize coat coming down almost to his heels, and his eyes are wild and blood-shot, and his hair all anyhow, and his beard has grown pretty well down to his knees, but what can you expect, he never does nothing to it' and as sure as I'm alive, sir (at this point the narrator lowered his voice more than before, I don't believe that man's washed his face for two years!"

"Bless me! whatever can it be like?"

"Black as jet!" exclaimed Mr. Harris with immense emphasis. . . .

"What has this neighbour of yours been originally?" I asked

"A veterinary surgeon, sir, and wonderful clever at it he was, too. He's been in India ever so many years, attached to a regiment. He had a first-rate situation there—fifty assistants under him. Nobody could do n thing without him. He was quite high up—reglar the top o' the tree. He's got several diplowars from dif-

ferent colleges—beautiful *diploomers* they are—I've seen 'em, framed, in this parlour.' ”

A little further on we learn that this singular individual has a habit of “making night hideous,” and disturbing the repose of his neighbours, by reading aloud to himself:—

“‘He goes right on without stopping, in a perpetual drone or murmur like. He's got a uncommon deep voice, and it sounds regularly awful in the dead of the night, for we can hear it quite plain from our place. It used to make me and my wife quite nervous till we got used to it.’ ”

The writer's interest extends to the brute creation, and the protection accorded by the patron saint of Padua to the pig has been, on our Hermit's part, transferred to the much maligned feline race, concerning whom he discourses feelingly and well in “A Sketch in Pen and Ink,” and one of whom is depicted as sharing the comforts of his hermitage. He draws the line, however, at insects, and records with horror an account given of their ravages in tropical climes:—

“‘Oh, we were almost devoured!’ exclaimed Mrs. Shaddock; ‘the mosquitoes are sometimes enough to drive one mad; and the scorpions too—ugly, loathsome things!—about as big as two blackbeetles, with tails that curl up and give a dangerous sting. You see them running about the place day and night; they carry their young ones on their backs, and the little wretches don't leave the mother until they have eaten her all up; horrible, isn't it? They crawl over one of a night, too, though the mosquito-curtains generally keep them off pretty well. We could hear them dropping to the floor in the dark, with their hard shells, like so many walnuts. Often, when we couldn't sleep on account of the heat, my poor John used to lie and count them as they fell, for sometimes it was as regular as clockwork. They are particularly

fond of getting in among the clean linen; when I went to the wardrobe, I always looked out for them, and guarded against an attack.’ ”

He fully agrees with Captain Burton concerning the “peculiar institution,” holding that—

“‘Abolition was the greatest mistake in the world. I don't care if all the Mrs. Stowes that ever lived, and all the “Uncle Tom's Cabins” that were ever built, declare to the contrary. There is a great deal of nonsense talked about slavery, as if all slavery were alike, and must necessarily mean tyranny and cruelty.’ ‘If the American War had ended in a separation, and slavery had been modified into something like the Turkish system of domestic servitude, instead of being abolished all of a sudden, everybody concerned would have been better off by this time.’ ”

But it is rather in his essays on social topics that the Hermit fully demonstrates the truth of the axiom of Zimmermann, which he has taken for his motto, namely, that “The habits of retirement and tranquillity can alone enable us to make a just estimate of men and things.” His “Peeps at Life” are taken with a double-barrelled opera-glass focussed with mathematical accuracy, and they are photographed upon his pages in sentences as keen and trenchant as those of La Bruyère. There is, too, a “genial cynicism” in some of his writings, recalling those of that “Hermit of the Haymarket,” whom some of us may remember, and whose name was so long connected with the leading comic periodical of this country. Notably in a number of “Scattered Thoughts” collected at the end of the volume, the spirit of the philosophy of the nineteenth century has been crystallized in sentences of La Rochefoucauldian turn, such as—

“To those whose bread is well buttered, the world gives cheese also.”

"Princes can do no wrong, but it is not from the want of trying."

"If 'All the world's a stage,' the really good players are very few."

"Learn to do without friends; in the day of adversity the knowledge may prove useful."

"It is the fashion among men to speak naught but good of the dead, and naught but ill of the living."

"Bad company will never improve by keeping."

"The portion of the Scripture most generally studied is the Gospel according to St. *Lucy*."

"A fish out of water gets more ridicule than pity from the land animals."

"Cats are careful of their 'nine lives.' Man has but one, yet how recklessly he is prone to waste it."

"It is doubtful which there is most of in this world, vanity, or vexation of spirit."

"The current value of a man, as of a commodity, depends greatly upon the condition of the market."

And, surely, Madame Roland's last words were never more sublimely parodied than in the sentence—

"Oh! friendship, what money is borrowed in thy name!"

We may add that the profits arising from the sale of the book are to be devoted to the Byron Memorial Fund, and that it is illustrated, not only with numerous tasteful initials, but with a frontispiece and vignette from the pencil of that distinguished octogenarian artist, George Cruikshank, who in his representation of "A Wild Ride with Herne the Hunter," recalls with undiminished power of design those marvellous etchings with which, some thirty or forty years ago, he adorned the romance of "Windsor Castle."

Physical Geography, or the Terrestrial Globe and its Phenomena. Illustrated with 125 wood engravings, frontispiece, and 12 maps. By W. D. Cooley. Dulau & Co., 1875.—Mr. Cooley's idea of physical geography differs from that adopted by other writers. Taking the literal meaning of the title as their guide, they consider the proper object of the study to be to describe the natural condition of the earth, without reference to its occupation and modification by man. Hence they devote their attention to the broad physical features of the globe's surface, its distribution of land and water, and in a subordinate degree to the chief atmospheric influences which affect both. Mr. Cooley takes a wider range. He makes physical geography equivalent to terrestrial physics in all its various branches—and not merely terrestrial physics, but celestial. Astronomy and meteorology occupy a prominent place in his work. On the other hand, geology, which would appear to be more essential to geography or a description of the earth, is almost entirely ignored, or if referred to at all, treated with something like contempt.

Again, writers on geography, whether physical or political, enter into a detailed description of the land and water composing it—the continents, peninsulas, islands, mountains, plains, deserts, cities, &c.; the seas, gulfs, lakes, rivers, &c. Mr. Cooley treats the earth as a whole, and says little about its several parts, except incidentally and for the purpose of illustrating some general principle. With him geography is strictly science, or rather a combination of sciences. It is no mere description of the earth, but rather an elaborate exposition of the principal physical laws on which all terrestrial phenomena depend. So strictly scientific is he in his aim, he excludes

all account of the distribution of animals and plants on the surface of the earth, as belonging properly to the descriptive study of natural history, rather than being a part of science in the true sense of the term. This is another point of difference between him and previous writers on physical geography.

Mr. Cooley defines physical geography to be "that department of science which embraces the course of physics reigning on the earth's surface, over land, sea, and air, and of which, as it depends to some extent on the feature of that surface, geography is a function." It may be necessary to explain to non-mathematical readers that when Mr. Cooley speaks of geography as a function of the course of nature, he means that it is dependent upon it, and the object of his work is to trace out that dependence—to point out the causes of the phenomena on the earth's surface, rather than simply describe the resulting effects as they present themselves to our observation. Hence this is no mere school-book, still less a book of simple amusement to be read listlessly without any mental effort. It presupposes in the reader a real desire to understand the laws and operations of nature around us, and a certain amount of mathematical knowledge. Those possessed of these qualifications will find it neither devoid of interest nor barren of instruction. The amount of solid matter-of-fact information it contains is considerable, and rendered still more valuable by being connected with general principles which it serves to illustrate and impress upon the mind. Of course the facts are not, strictly speaking, new, but some are not generally known, others striking, and all derived from the best sources and worthy of attentive consideration.

The importance of physical geography is now generally recognized.

It is the foundation of all other geography that is worthy of the name. There can be no sound knowledge of the different countries in the world and their inhabitants without it. The condition, pursuits, customs, and institutions of a people must largely depend upon the nature of the country they occupy—its soil, climate, and configuration—in fact, all those natural features which it is the business of physical geography to explain.

Mr. Cooley's exposition of the facts and principles of terrestrial physics is at once accurate and clear, as a general rule. We have never seen so good an explanation of the nature of parallax and its use in ascertaining the distances of the heavenly bodies. It is startling to be told—what is nevertheless mathematically true—that a star having a parallax of one second must be nearly twenty millions of miles off; that the nearest star yet known has a smaller parallax than this, and is consequently at a greater distance from us, and that, though light travels at the rate of 192,000 miles a second, and reaches us from the sun in eight minutes, it requires 138 years to come from the farthest star visible to the naked eye, and 3,541 to come from the most distant stars seen through Herschel's twenty-foot telescope. Mr. Cooley's account of the radiation of heat and its effect in lowering the temperature is also satisfactory. We extract a portion as containing facts not familiar to most readers:—

"From what precedes it will be evident that under a clear nocturnal sky the warmth of the ground only increases the energy of the radiating process and the consequent refrigeration. Hence the extreme morning cold so often unexpectedly experienced by travellers in hot and dry countries. In many cases the illness ascribed to malaria is in truth only a severe cold

caused by the sudden and excessive fall of temperature at sunset, and rendered fatal by injudicious treatment. Ice is occasionally found on the Nile near Syene, at the southern limit of Egypt, and it is well known to the inhabitants that this phenomenon follows a low Nile or unusually dry year, the increased refrigeration at night being due to the total absence of haze or atmospheric vapour. We are told that the water-skins of caravans in the Sahara, or burning deserts of Africa, have often during the day a temperature exceeding 100° F. and yet are frozen before morning, and M. Rohlfs, the celebrated African traveller, states that at Morzuk in Fezzan (lat. 25° 50' N.), where the heat in the shade during the day is often 100° F., the thermometer in December ordinarily falls, just before daybreak, to 25° F., or 7 degrees below the freezing point.

In the plains of India and China the people have known for ages how to take advantage of radiation to make ice on a great scale. Ice an inch and a half thick is thus made at Benares. But it is made also much nearer to the sea shore and under a more humid atmosphere. A recent account of the production of artificial ice at Hooghly near Calcutta furnishes the following particulars. In level fields fully exposed to the sky are marked out quadrangular beds, 120 feet long, and 20 wide, extending from west to east. These are excavated to a depth of two feet and when perfectly dry are filled with sheaves of rice-straw, over which again is spread a quantity of horse straw. Thus is formed a non-conducting bed of a good radiating substance. Towards evening are arranged in rows on this bed shallow dishes of unglazed clay, about 9 inches in diameter, and so porous that they become moist throughout as soon as water is poured into them, and begin to evaporate. The quantity of water in each dish varies from two to eight ounces according to the state of the sky; the average is perhaps under four ounces. When the dry land wind from NNW blows gently and steadily, the water is sometimes all frozen, but this rarely happens. As soon as congelation is observed taking place in any dish, small tins of ice from it are

dropped into the other dishes, which hastens the process. One bed contains about 4,600 dishes and nearly 240 gallons of water, producing on a favourable night 10 cwt. of ice or about half the weight of the water, much of which is lost by evaporation. So powerful is radiation on clear nights in tropical climates that the thermometer at Hooghly has been seen to fall 13° in four minutes at sunset. At the ice-pits the temperature on the straw is 27° F., while three feet higher it is 18°.

Mr. Cooley effectually refutes the erroneous opinion, not now so prevalent as formerly, that the climate of a place depends simply on its latitude. Though the sun's altitude, the length of the day, and consequently the heat received from the sun, are the same for all places having the same latitude, the effect on the climate is not the same, but varies widely, according as the country is mountainous or level, rocky and barren or covered with vegetation, and the atmosphere cloudy or clear, windy or calm. The most conclusive refutation of the error is supplied by a table, showing the mean temperature for the year, and the extremes of heat and cold at a number of places. From this it appears that places on the coast of Western Europe have a milder climate than others on the continents of Asia and America in the same latitude. Thus Hammerfest, at the extreme north of Norway, is a comfortable town, with a harbour never frozen up; while Ust-Yansk, in Siberia, in almost the same latitude, is built on perpetual ice; Reykjavik, in Iceland, has a mean annual temperature of nearly 40°, though farther north than Yakutsk, where the cold is so intense that it freezes mercury for three months together, and the mean temperature for the year is 11°; while Bergen, in a higher latitude, has a mean temperature of

46·8°. Rochelle is warmer than Quebec in nearly the same latitude, and Lisbon has a much milder and more equal temperature than Philadelphia and Pekin, the latitudes of which are nearly the same. Continental places beyond the tropics have not only a lower average temperature, but also greater extremes of heat and cold.

Mr. Cooley gives a lucid account of the formation and classification of clouds:—

“Water has a visible inclination to imbibe heat, and, combined with it, to evaporate or go off in the gaseous form as invisible vapour. That it is urged to this change by chemical affinity or by an innate elasticity hardly held in check by the pressure of the atmosphere, may be suspected from the fact that evaporation takes place at all temperatures, increasing, however, with the supply of heat and the diminution of pressure. Aqueous vapour in the gaseous form, when once constituted and mixed with permanent gases, acquires in some degree the stability of a true gas, and retains the gaseous form at a temperature much lower than that necessary in the first instance for its formation.

“Aqueous vapour, being lighter than air in the ratio of ·625 to 1·000, ascends at once under the control of two opposite influences—namely heat, which gives its life and elasticity, and atmospheric pressure, which restrains it. As it ascends, the surrounding temperature and also the pressure diminish; and there is reason to believe that in the lower regions of the atmosphere the decrease of pressure fully counterbalances the loss of temperature that attends increased elevation. The gaseous vapour that rises under a clear sky finds the atmosphere drier the higher it ascends, and being rapidly diffused, remains invisible at a great elevation. It forms no cloud nor discernible haze; yet an experienced eye can generally distinguish, even in a perfectly cloudless sky, between a humid and a dry atmosphere. The pure intense blue of the latter is rendered pale by humidity. In the one case we see

a canopy of deep blue strongly illuminated; in the other the colour and effulgence seem to be softened by a delicate white veil. On the evening of a warm summer's day the vapour descends; the blue sky grows paler and less luminous, till at length the indistinct haze gathers into the perfectly defined form of clouds which reflect the rays of the setting sun. This we believe to be the ordinary process of cloud formation. Vapour ascends in its transparent state to the higher regions of the atmosphere, and thence again it descends, charged with the electricity of those regions, to form clouds. These are not transparent, because the vapour in sinking undergoes a change of state; it changes into minute molecules of fluid; and since air and water have different refractive powers, light cannot pass through a cloud formed of their particles mixed together. Clouds, however, do sometimes rise directly from the ground. Morning mists in spring may be often observed as they ascend, till at a certain level they go off as rounded clouds or cumuli. But these probably break up and disappear, or if not, they soon return to their former condition, and fall as nocturnal mists. Clouds and mists are essentially the same; though in the measure and stability of the power that supports them they may possibly differ.

“Clouds often appear shapeless and confused, spread out in the heavens like a screen, or rolling along without order; but very frequently they manifest a tendency to regularity of shape and arrangement, and have perhaps always more of this than is visible from below. They seem to be influenced by an attracting or aggregating principle, which, uniformly diffused throughout, inclines them in calm weather to collect in similar groups, at equal distances and in straight lines. As they gather thickly, the intervals between the groups are filled up, and all seem to melt into a single mass, although from above they might present the appearance of a series of ridges. In dispersing, they offer the same indications of original structure. As the cloud grows thin and breaks up, the widespread uniform mass changes to a series of wave-like lines, often divided

so as to form a mottled sky not without symmetry. This coherence of a body floating in the air implies some inherent principle of attraction and repulsion, feeble and often concealed. Lines of clouds lie generally at right angles to the direction of the wind, and in this case they are often broken into equal patches; but sometimes, after high winds, clouds may be seen apparently swept and drawn out in the direction of the wind. A narrow line of clouds drawn completely across the sky may occasionally be observed marking the contact of the NE. and SW. winds. Clouds in general are level at their under surface, while above they are irregularly piled up, and seen from a balloon present the appearance of hills and mountains pressed together. The general height of the clouds in fine weather is, in middle latitudes, from 4,000 to 9,000 feet. They are higher in summer than in winter. When precipitation takes place they sink, and rain generally falls in temperate latitudes from the height of from 1,200 to 2,500 feet. We know of no limit to the thickness of the clouds. When Messrs Bixio and Barral ascended in a balloon from Paris in 1850, they passed through a cloud two miles thick. But that was probably unusual. The occasionally extreme darkness of the clouds may be caused by their thickness; but it is more frequently due to a number of strata floating at different heights and intercepting the light from those beneath.

"In attempting to describe the clouds, it is impossible to dispense with the simple and expressive nomenclature devised for them by Mr. Luke Howard. He distinguished in them three predominant forms, viz. the Cirrus, the Cumulus, and the Stratus, that is to say, the combed or curled, the heaped or rolled up, and the spread or spread out cloud. The cirrus is the delicate feather-like, perfectly white cloud, commonly called *Mares Tail*, which is seen at great heights, and therefore rarely in bad weather. It has a filamentous appearance, and the regular arrangements of its filaments justifies the application to it of the epithet "*combed*." This regularity has been ascribed by some to electricity, by others to wind, which latter,

however, is more likely to cause irregularity or to destroy a delicate texture. It might, however, be considered, in many cases, as the effect of atmospheric vibration or undulation, which throws the condensed light vapour into lines, just as sea-weed is ranged in parallel lines by the waves of a summer sea. The cirrus belongs to the uppermost current, or, in our quarter of the globe, generally to the SW. wind. Its stem very often extends from SW. to NE., while its petals lie at right angles to that direction. From the great height at which cirrus is sometimes seen, 20,000 to 30,000, or even, in low latitudes, 40,000 feet; and from the optical phenomena, coloured haloes, parhelia, &c., in which it takes a part, there is reason to believe that the vapour composing it must be at times congealed, or that the cloud is composed of minute icicles.

"The cumulus or cloud-heap is in fine weather the most frequent as well as the most cheerful and attractive form of cloud. Its base is perfectly level, but above it is piled up irregularly, exhibiting, in proportion as the weather is settled, rounded and firmly defined edges. The upper borders of the cumulus reflect the sun's light in great abundance, forming in fact the most agreeably luminous portions of the summer sky, while the parts averted from the sun wear a soft purplish neutral tint. The cirrus is under ordinary circumstances uniformly white and colourless, but the cumulus, with great variety of tint, is, when irradiated by the sun, not merely white, but extremely splendid.

"The stratus is the cloud drawn at times like a curtain over the whole sky, so as completely to shut out the bright light of heaven. More frequently it lies very low, and is always featureless and gloomy. Of the numerous subvarieties of clouds, combining in a greater or less degree the characteristics of those already mentioned, it will be sufficient here to mention the cirro-cumulus and the cirro-stratus, or the mottled and mackerel clouds, in which the ordinary cumulus and stratus exhibit at a lower level rude imitations of the symmetrical arrangement that dis-

tinguishes the cirrus in the calm of the upper region. The nimbus or rain-cloud (that is to say, the cloud in the state of dissolution) naturally ends the list. Its characteristic is that it touches the ground. It is a stratus falling and ceasing to exist as a cloud."

While not unfavourably disposed towards the nebular theory of the origin of the solar system, Mr. Cooley objects to the accounts which geologists give of the early history of the globe:—

"Geology starts from a period long subsequent to the creation, and tells us that in the beginning there was land and sea as at present, though otherwise distributed; that the conformation of the earth's surface has been continually undergoing and still undergoes important change, the land being worn down by denudation and swept into the deep, while volcanoes and earthquakes raise new land from the ocean. But it is asserted also that, independently of denudation and volcanic eruption, the work of change is carried on by subsidence of the land and by its emergence again—an unaccountable, irregular, lawless agency, which, however, serves to explain the successive formation of the stratified rocks. This slow and imperceptible sinking and rising of the ground (quite distinct from the violent effects of earthquake and denudation, though frequently confounded with them) forms the most indispensable and at the same time the most incomprehensible article of the geological creed.

"The effects of denudation, we are told, are calculable. The land is worn away, and has been wearing from the beginning, at the uniform rate of at least a foot in 6,000 years. This is deduced from the growth of the deltas of the Mississippi, Ganges, and other great rivers. Then, again, the waves of the sea wear away the sea-coasts. In some places large tracts of sea-shore are annually carried off; but all these instances fail to prove a uniform and indefinite impairment of the land. Rivers wear down their beds; the more deeply these are cut the less is the

waste caused by inundation. The violence of a flood depends on its velocity and the slope of its channel; but it is continually carrying down materials, filling up the lower part of its channel, and thus losing its impetuosity. There are many examples of rivers which have barred up their mouths, and then terminating in marshes are wasted by evaporation. If they carry their sediment to the sea, they form banks or deltas and make additions to the land. Thus the Nile has not washed away Egypt, but has raised and extended it. When the sea ravages a shore, it never carries the detritus to a distance, but spreads it out in front of its former position, and forms a bank or shoal, which ultimately breaks its force and sets a limit to its invasion. Thus the chalk cliffs of Kent are everywhere protected by the sea-formed low ramparts thrown up before them. The beach at Deal has been formed by the sea, and is daily repaired by it. It is obvious that in all these cases there can be no such thing as uniform progress. Denudation of every kind tends to a certain point where the resistance becomes equal to the attacking force. Its power is always decreasing; and however long it may continue, the sum of its effects is strictly limited."

After remarking upon the slender foundation of observed fact on which this statement rests, and the difficulty of reconciling it with the actual state of things, Mr. Cooley thus proceeds:—

"If a man sees a bean grow four inches in as many days, he is not thereby justified in concluding that it will in ten years reach the height of 300 feet. In like manner there is no ground for concluding that the rising shores of Sweden will attain the height of 300 feet in 10,000 years. The doctrine of the rise and the subsidence of land is founded not on actually observed facts, but on arbitrary inferences from supposed, nay even imperceptible, facts; for the geologist dwells much on that slowness of movement that escapes the perception of all but the initiated.

"The ability and industry by which

geology has been raised within little more than half a century to its present rank cannot be overrated: yet in order to give it the appearance of a science, with all things explained, Sir Charles Lyell found it necessary to adopt some provisional hypothesis; but though thus rendered complete according to its first design, geology may possibly be still improved by change of first principles. The doctrine of continual, slow, and imperceptible change discrediting experience conceals much fallacy. Land, forsooth, incessantly sinks into the sea or rises from it: yet the ocean shows no symptom of such disturbance, and mankind have no suspicion of the fact. But what signifies the experience of 3,000 years or the time of history, which is but an incalculably minute fraction of geological time?

"The doctrine of uniformity has an appearance of extreme sobriety and lulls suspicion; but it has also the effect of lengthening immeasurably the traceable periods of the earth's development, and it removes beyond the reach of vision the miracle of creation for creation was a miracle, and confines the view within the bounds chosen by the geologist. It would, however, be a tedious labour to examine in detail the whole fabric of geology, reared as it has been to a great height with admirable perseverance and ingenuity. It will be a more brief, and perhaps a more agreeable, course to sketch now the early history of our globe, and to direct attention to some stages of its development which have hitherto escaped attention, though obviously of the greatest importance.

"The globe when first formed may be naturally supposed, as already stated, to have been a sphere of perfectly uniform surface, solid and dry, its intense heat not allowing any fluid to rest upon it: consequently all the water now on the earth, probably in a lump above 100 millions of square miles, then floated in the atmosphere. But the day came, as the globe cooled, when the water at a temperature just below the boiling-point, began to fall. It immediately settled on the sides, and the sediment

siliceous rocks. As lime is more soluble in cold water, the consolidation of the calcareous rocks took place later. Doubtless the fragmentary mineral surface, not as yet compressed, sank in many places under the water that poured on it: where perfectly uniform in quality, it formed circular pools: into these flowed streams from the surrounding plain: but as the weight of accumulated water increased, the ground beneath it gave way, the pool deepened and became a great lake. It is easy to understand how, by the continuance of this process, the water constantly collecting, the ground sinking beneath it, lakes became seas and seas grew to be great oceans. Let it be considered that the present ocean would suffice to cover the solid globe, were its figure regular, to a depth of nearly three miles, that the rainfall at present just equals the evaporation, but that while the ocean was falling to the ground it increased only by the excess of rain over evaporation, which under all the circumstances must have been immeasurably greater than at present. It is evident, then, that uniformity is here totally out of the question, and that the torrents of rain and the floods rushing in all directions over the earth during the growth of the ocean had a magnitude and force never since approached. As the sea collected, its bed from time to time sank deeper; the level of the sea then fell, but was again raised by fresh influx, and thus the ocean in the course of its formation, which may have lasted for thousands of years, has stood at many levels. It may have been much higher than it is at present.

"The most remarkable and distinguishable period in the early history of the globe was that which embraced the gathering of the waters. That was manifestly the age of denudation. It was then that valleys, miles deep, were dug out by the rushing floods, and that drift and detritus of all kinds were spread far and wide. Nor was this all. The sea bottom, it is now ascertained, sank in some places above five miles. Its cavities are now for the most part concealed by sedimentary deposits: but it can be hardly doubted that this sinking was in many or even most cases attended with fracture of the

earth's crust, so that the flood rushed in to encounter the intense heat of the interior. The overpowering force of steam thus called forth threw up the fractured rocks to a great height; earthquakes changed the face of the earth, and volcanoes arose pouring out melted lavas, and proving that communication still exists between the fires of the interior and the surface of the globe."

Of course a great deal of this is conjectural, but it has, at least, the merit of being in harmony with existing facts, and is not founded on mere gratuitous assumption. There is all the difference in the world between probable conclusions favoured by substantial evidence, and arbitrary assertions, not only unsupported by observed phenomena, but directly at variance with them. Whether Mr. Cooley's theory be accepted or rejected, he has certainly shown that the account given by geologists is open to serious objection, and ought not to be admitted without hesitation.

The Olympian and Pythian Odes of Pindar translated into English Verse. By Rev. F. D. Morice, M.A. H. S. King and Co.—*Pindar in English Rhyme*; being an attempt to render the Epinikian Odes, with the principal remaining fragments, of Pindar, into English rhymed verse. By T. C. Baring, M.A., M.P. H. S. King and Co.—The simultaneous appearance of two translations of Pindar may be taken as an indication that classical studies are still cultivated among us, notwithstanding the persistent and even violent efforts now made to supplant them by science and modern languages. Viewed in this light, these volumes deserve a kindly welcome from every enlightened lover of culture and refinement.

It is well that the masterpieces of antiquity, which have been carefully preserved for thousands of years, should be no less carefully studied. That study, though not, perhaps, productive of such obvious and immediate advantage as the pursuit of practical science or the acquisition of modern foreign languages, is really far more permanently valuable in its influence upon the habits of thought, mode of expression, and general tone of manners and character. Man does not live by bread alone. Bodily health, comfort, and gratification are not the only things worth seeking. Literature and art are no less worthy of study than science; taste should be cultivated as well as knowledge acquired, and beauty—especially intellectual beauty—ought not to be sacrificed at the shrine of practical utility. In literature, as in art, excellence can only be attained by the study of the best models. He who would learn to think correctly, and speak or write with elegance and effect, must familiarize himself with the ancient classics or modern writers who have studied them, and it is obviously better to have an original than a copy as one's model.

On these grounds we cannot but rejoice that scholars should still be found willing, if not to emulate Pindar—which Horace characterizes as Icarian rashness—at least to introduce him to English readers. Whether they will meet with many readers is more than we will venture to predict—still less whether those who do read their translations will derive much benefit from them, unless they are able to compare them with the original. A non-classical reader will be not unfrequently tempted to say they are still Greek to him, while the classical reader will be compelled to add they are living Greek no more. Those who have no ac-

quaintance with classic lore will scarcely be able to understand, much less enjoy, Pindar as represented in these volumes.

Mr. Morice is fully alive to the difficulties under which such readers must labour, but does not consider it his duty to alleviate them. "Between Pindar," he says, "and his English readers there hang, so to speak, many veils: a foreign language, an unwonted diction, a different way of looking at things, a constant and familiar allusion to forgotten ideas and legends, all tend to obscure his poetry. Of these veils, as I have called them, a translator has, I think, to remove the first alone; the removal of the others is the province of the commentator, the critic, and the literary historian."

True enough as this doctrine is, as a general rule, we hold that it is inapplicable to the present case, and that both Mr. Morice and Mr. Baring have made a mistake in not supplying a few explanatory notes for the assistance of unlearned readers. If they expect that in these busy days of hasty reading people will take the trouble to hunt up information which may throw light upon their translations, we feel sure they will be disappointed.

Though Mr. Morice declines going a step beyond the limits of his province as translator, he does not shrink from labour within those limits. He has a high ideal of a translator's duty, which he thus states: "A perfect translation should, if I mistake not, set before its readers, not merely all the original author's *substance*, but very much also of his *form*. The diction and metrical shape of a first-rate Greek or Latin poem are scarcely less essential to the effect which it produces as a whole, than the thoughts to which these surroundings have been given. The

perfectly natural and harmonious adaptation of form to matter is one of the most striking and special characteristics of the best classical literature. We see it in prose and verse alike."

This is true and well put. The only question is, whether it does not prove that perfect translation, even of prose, or at any rate an adequate rendering of such a poet as Pindar in English, is an impossibility. Mr. Morice confesses that Pindar's metrical forms, and almost grotesque audacity of language, cannot be reproduced in our language. And he says, "The poetic form common to *e.g.*, Homer, Pindar, and Sophocles, together with their several peculiarities of rhythm and diction, are no mere accidental veil which a translator may strip away without detriment to the thoughts contained in them. Rather they are the external shape in which those thoughts naturally and spontaneously embody themselves, as appropriate to them as a particular foliage to a particular tree." It is, no doubt, well to aim high, but is there any great advantage in attempting the impossible? Mr. Morice has undoubtedly performed a *tour de force* in adhering so strictly to the structure of Pindar's verse, preserving the metrical correspondence between strophe and antistrophe, the number of lines and their varying lengths, while at the same time reproducing the sense with great fidelity. Nevertheless we are inclined to think he might have often avoided awkward stiffness and obscurity if he had been less anxious to produce a facsimile of the form, and more studious of the spirit of the original. His scholarship is unimpeachable, and his power of versification very considerable. By way of specimen we take his version of the fifth Pythian ode. "To Arcesilas, King of Cyrene, a Greek Colony in Africa,

Victor in the Chariot-Race; a sion to Apollo's Temple at Cy-
Hymn for the Triumphal Proces- rene:"—

STROPHE.

" Power is Wealth's of wide extent,
When mortals from the hand of destiny
Receive her, with unspotted virtue blent,
A loved ally!
Thereto divine Arcesilas,
In triumph mounting—who but he?—
Of glorious life each proud degree,
Yoked with sweet praise doth ever nearer come;
By golden-charioted Castor's grace,
That now with sunshine after storms makes bright his happy home.

ANTISTROPHE.

" Wise men wear with prudence meet
The sovereignty that Powers of heaven bestow;
And great the bliss that rings thy righteous feet:
—First, king art thou
Supreme o'er many a mighty town.
For in that honoured title most
Standeth thy kinsmen's common boast,
(And well therewith thy wisdom's streams combine!)
And next, to fill thy bliss, decked with renown
From Pytho's course, and home arrived, this triumph train is thine,

EPODE.

" Such revel Phoebus loves! Then ne'er forget,
As sounds thy praise round sweet Cyrene's grove,
Before all else the helpful god to set,
And of all friends Carrhotus most to love.
Not he to cloke defeat hath brought
Excuse, the child of Afterthought,
To yon proud halls of Battid kings.
But, by Castalia's springs
" A welcome guest, the chariot's crown Round thy triumphant locks hath thrown.

STROPHE.

" Nor thy harness did he mar
In twelve swift courses round the holy place:
For all unbroken hangs the mighty car.
Each plaited trace,
Wherewith he flew past Crisa's hill,
By hands of skilful workmen wrought
Safe to the sacred vale he brought;
That now its halls of cypress them contain,
Hard by the statue's base, by Cretan skill
Formed of a single tree, and reared in that Parnassian fane.

ANTISTROPHE.

" Who hath done this service rare,
Well may'st thou with thy readiest welcome greet!
O Alexibius' son, the Graces fair
Thy praise repeat.
O favoured soul, that lasting pride,
Albeit through weary toil, hast won!
With calm strong purpose pressing on,
Mid forty fallen guiders of the rein,
Secure through all didst thou thy chariot guide;
And, from the games returned, hast reached thy home

EPODE.

"None is, nor shall be, all exempt from woe :
 But still on Battus Fortune's varied store
 Is shed,—his city's tower, a light whose glow
 Illumes each sojourner. Him with deep roar
 Fierce lions fled, with fear distraught.
 At spells, that o'er the deep he brought.
 Phoebus, the nation's founder, bade
 The monsters cower dismayed ;
 Least aught should fail of all his word, Once plighted to Cyrene's lord.

STROPHE.

"Remedies for every ill
 To mortal men and dames the God imparts ;
 And gave the lyre ; and grants the muse at will.
 He in men's hearts
 Plants Order fair, whom Discord flees ;
 And reigns in his prophetic shrine.
 Thus he in Sparta, and divine
 Pylos, and Argos, bade the heroes dwell
 Born of Aegimius and Hercules.
 From Sparta springs my own ancestral boast, as legends tell.

ANTISTROPHE.

"Sprung from thence, to Thera's land,
 Heroes of Aegid stock, my fathers came.
 Unaided not of Heaven. Fate's guiding hand
 Conveyed the flame
 Of fatal sacrifice (whence we
 Have learnt Apollo, to thy state
 Carneia's feast to celebrate),
 E'en to Cyrene's city proudly placed,
 Home of the mail-clad Antenoridae,
 From Troy that came with Helen, when their fatherland lay waste

EPODE.

"In war. And that chivalrous band to greet
 With sacrifice, forth came—and presents gave—
 The folk that Battus brought, when with swift fleet
 A path he opened over the deep sea wave,
 And wider sanctuaries made,
 And straight across the champaign laid
 The rock paved road, hoof-trampled by the train
 Of Him that shields from pain.—
 Apollo. There, behind the mart, Entombed the Founder lies apart.

STROPHE.

"First with men he sojourned blest,
 Whom as a hero now his folk adore.
 Apart—the toils their portion—others rest.
 Great kings, before
 The palace : their achievements high
 Besprinkled all with dew of song
 Soft streaming from the festal throng.
 These, lapt in earth, the tale of bliss partake
 And share the r kineman's well-won victory :
 Who now Youth's song to Phœbus of the golden lyre must wake,

ANTISTROPHE.

" Pytho's noble strain repays
 His contest's lavished cost, melodious chant
 Of victory. The wise resound his praise ;
 'Tis but the vaunt
 Of all I utter ! Mind and tongue
 Are his of force beyond his years ;
 Bold,—as an eagle, he appears,
 Mid humbler fowls spreading his pinions wide ;
 And, as a fortress, in the lists is strong ;
 From childhood, high he soared in Song ; his skill the car-race tried.

EPODE.

" Bold hath he trod each path of local praise,
 With might made perfect now by Heaven's goodwill,
 And, O blest Cronidae ! in after days
 Such might, in act and counsel, grant him still.
 Lest wintry blasts, that breathe decay,
 Should sweep the fruits of time away.
 With guiding favour Zeus attends
 The fortunes of His friends :
 Oh, in Olympia e'en such grace May He bestow on Battus' race !"

Mr. Baring's rendering of the same ode is as follows :—

TO ARKESILAS OF KYRENE.

" STRONG is the sceptre riches sway,
 When Fortune puts them in the way
 Of mortal man,
 With virtue never soiled by slip
 To dwell in loving fellowship ;
 And since thy childhood 'gan
 Its baby steps, above the rest,
 Arkesilas, thou hast been blest
 With both by lot divine :
 And glory's palm is thy reward
 Through Kastor's aid the golden-carred ,
 Who after winter's tempests dark and drear
 Has bid thy hearth rejoice with happy cheer
 And bright sunshine.

" But even gifts th' immortals send
 The wise apply to better end :
 And on thy road
 Of justice thou art compassed
 With much success ; for thou art head
 Of countries great and broad,—
 Because thy horn nobility,
 This rank most reverend on thee
 Imposing, occupies
 Thy very soul ;—and further still
 Because by Pytho's famous hill
 Thy steeds have had the bliss the prize to gain,
 And from thy people now thou hear'st the strain
 Of triumphs rise,

" Wherein Apollo joys. So ne'er forget,
 Whilst thou art hymned in thy Kyrene's lays
 Round Aphrodite's garden sweet,
 For all success the god to praise.

And in thy friendship let
 Karrhotus hold preëminence of place ;
 For not excuse he brought,
 The child of tardy-minded After-thought,
 Returning to the home of Battus' royal race ;
 But, nigh the stream of Kastaly
 Where rival chariots meet
 Made welcome, with the meed of victory,
 A garland fair,
 Has bound thy kingly hair :
 " Which in that famous course he won
 Where circles twelve are swiftly run :
 Nor, when 'twas o'er,
 Did splintered wood or damaged rein
 Or harness chafed betray the strain ;
 But all the work he bore,
 That dexterous smiths had wrought of old
 With ivory inlaid and gold,
 And crossing Krisa's hill
 In Phoebos' hollow glen he hung :
 Close by the man that bowmen sprung
 From Krete set in Parnassus' temple, hewed
 From one big block, a beam of cypress-wood
 Upholds it still.
 " So must thou one, who heaps on thee
 Renown, receive benignantly
 With willing mind.
 And thee, Alexibiades,
 Those lovely-tressed goddesses,
 The Graces, have combined
 To make illustrious. And blest
 Thou art, from grievous toils to rest,
 And get from poet's hand
 Unequalled song's memorial :
 Because, where forty met their fall,
 Thy dauntless courage drove thy car safe home :
 And thence to Lybia's plain thou now art come,
 Thy fatherland.
 " None is nor has been nor shall ever be
 Without his share of toil — Yet Battus' race
 His old good luck has followed
 In evil as in happy case ;
 A tower of majesty
 To citizens, a light of clearest ray
 To strangers. Him before
 The lions fled for fear with sullen roar,
 When sounds unknown he brought them o'er the salt sea-spray.
 'Twas Phoebos, who his army sent,
 That gave the beasts to dread ;
 Lest for Kyrene's master ill event
 Should falsify
 His gift of prophecy.
 " He from disease's sorest smart
 To men and women can impart
 Relief ; he brought
 The lyre to earth : he grants the Muse
 To choose ;

And wins the bosom strife-distrest
To gentleness and law and rest;
He haunts the mystic cave
Whereby in Lakedaimon's towers,
In Argos, Pylos' heavenly bowers,
He set the stalwart seed of Herakles,
And old Aigimius' sons. The mightiness
Of Sparta's brave

" Engraved upon the roll of fame
Is mine; for thence my fathers came,
For Aigeus called,
To Thera by the god's advice;
And there the festal sacrifice
Some fate anew installed;
And thence we too received the rite,
Karneian Phoibos, who to-night
In this thy festival
Extol well-built Kyrene's charms;
Which strangers clad in brazen arms,
Antenor's Trojans, held, who hither came
With Helen, having seen in smoke and flame
Their country fall

" The prey of Ares. Full of gladness they,
Hasting with sacrifice and offering,
Received the knightly company
Whom Battus guided, opening
The deep sea's pathless way
For his swift-wingèd ships; and first he made
For all the host divine
A wider precinct round a statelier shrine;
And then a straight-out road with level paving laid
For steeds to trample, when men wend
Apollo's surgery
Imploring. There beside the forum-end
In lonely pride
They laid him when he died.

" Long as he lived on earth with men
He lived in happiness, and then
Was worshipped
By all his folk as demi-god.
But, each before his own abode,
The other royal dead
In holy calm apart repose,
And, while the stream of song bestows
Its soft refreshing dew
On deed of wondrous daring, hear
In heart in that their nether sphere
Their common honour and the grace their son
Arkesilas right worthily has won;
Who 'midst the crew

" Of youthful choristers must sing
Praise to the golden-sworded king
Of Pytho, whence
The conqueror's triumphal hymn,
His costs' reward, has come to him.
Him all the folk of sense
Applaud. His mind and tongue excel—
'Tis but the common tale I tell—

His years. In bravery
 A wide-winged eagle 'midst a flight
 Of fowls, a very wall in fight
 Unyielding, on the wings of song he soared
 In childhood; now his wisdom reaps th' award
 Of victory

" In Delphi's chariot-course. Undaunted he
 Has dared each road to reach his people's praise.
 Some kindly god has perfected
 His powers now. In after days,
 Ye blessed Kronidæ,
 Grant him in counsel wise as strong in thews
 To live, that so no blast
 Of Autumn's chilly tempest overcast
 And spoil his later time. The sovereign will of Zeus
 Directs the luck that waits upon
 Those he has cherished.
 And him I pray that great Olympia soon
 May guerdon with
 Her garland Battus' kith.

The superiority of Mr. Morice's versification is at once evident to an English reader unacquainted with Greek; while the classical scholar will perceive that he has also reproduced both the form and the mean-

ing with greater accuracy than Mr. Baring. Still, we cannot help taking exception to the awkward obscurity of the first line; nor is it easy to understand the meaning of the line in the first antistrophe:—

" And great the bliss that rings thy righteous feet."

In the third antistrophe, "Unaided lot of Heaven," though evidently meant for "not unaided of Heaven," is capable of another interpretation, and therefore objectionable. "Not without aid of Heaven," would be clearer. In the last line of the same antistrophe, "From Troy, that came with

Helen," might with advantage have been, "That came from Troy," &c.

If Mr. Baring does not closely follow Pindar in the number and length of his lines, he at least resembles him in the irregularity of verse which Horace ascribes to him when he says—

' Numerisque fertur
 Læge solutis.'

But it is hard to conceive of anything less like Pindar's sublime grandeur than such doggrel as—

" Long as he lived on earth with men
 He lived in happiness, and then
 Was worshipped."

Some of Mr. Baring's rhymes are too good, being identical in sound, as "hymn" with "him," and "bravery" with "victory;" others are too bad, as "with" and "kith," "memorial" and "fall," "divine" and "sunshine." It is needless to

point out other faults in detail. We will simply observe that Mr. Baring's volume, which contains far more of Pindar than Mr. Morice's, is less calculated to give an ordinary reader any approximation to a just of the Theban poet.

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LEGENDS OF PRE-ROMAN BRITAIN.*

"O, happy Britain! region all too fair
For self-delighting fancy to endure,
That silence only should inhabit there."

EARLY history is almost always legendary, and has an ideal beauty of its own. In spite of the searching investigations of Niebuhr, our imagination still believes in the heroes of schoolboy days—Romulus, Remus, and Numa Pompilius. As Dickens actually lived with the characters of his own creation, and found them much more real than many of the people he met in everyday life, so we feel loth to part with Sabrina, King Lear, and Cordelia. We feel this all the more strongly from the fact that, in our own day, many even speak as if there were nothing in God's universe but forces, triangles, and locomotive engines. In spite of them we are actually acquainted with Tom Jones and Sophia, Becky Sharp and Amelia, Pickwick and Sam Weller, Eppie and Silas Marner. We have laughed at or wept with them all in turn; and we refuse to be deprived of our

heritage, or to be told that the whole thing is moonshine. Many need to be taught that there is such a thing as ideal or artistic truth.

Legends have proved perennial fountains of inspiration, bubbling up by the dusty highways of life to the great joy of all literary minds. To them we owe many of the picturesque pages of Livy, and the pure poetry of Schiller's *William Tell*. According to Baring Gould, *William Tell* is a legend.

The reasons why such extraordinary activity was displayed in this field by early English writers, may be said to lie almost on the surface. There is the natural passion that all peoples have for linking their history in a golden chain with the past. Men are impatient of a long tract of unpeopled time stretching away into the vague illimitable; and if facts are not forthcoming, there is all the more room for fancy. And

* See "Six Old English Chronicles," in Bohn's Antiquarian Library.

how powerful is the influence of the story-telling tendency, especially when men are not divided into contending camps by the great scientific and philosophical questions! There was comparatively little speculative unrest in the times of which we speak; hence the number of chronicles, Lives of the Saints, &c. The mythical tendency is a necessary characteristic of human nature, particularly when men are emerging from the dim twilight into the dawn of literature. A ready belief is granted to the supernatural, and all sorts of strange stories float about. A terrible thunderstorm gives rise to Jupiter Tonans; and every strange noise or curious incident is caused by the intervention of a god. This is not the atmosphere in which criticism is reared. When people are stirred to their depths, they embody their feelings in legends, which gradually obtain currency and belief.

There can be no doubt that many tales, originally the property of England, came home again with the arrival of the Normans, after being recast in the vigorous minds of the adventurous sons of the Sea Kings. Nor is it difficult to explain the form the legends of pre-Roman Britain took. The knowledge of classical antiquity derived from the poets, and destitute of chronological accuracy, naturally stirred up a desire in the breasts of our forefathers for linking their fortunes with the general history of the race, particularly in its heroic phases, and, consequently, they adopted the Trojans as their ancestors. Many of the legends evidently spring from the attempt to explain the origin of names of places, or the existence of historical monuments, the true history of which had been forgotten. Thus we have stories accounting for the names—Bath, London, Carlisle, Glamorgan, Humber, Severn, &c. Again, the absence of the power of

conceiving a state of society other than their own led the writers to give contemporary form to the legends of the past. Accordingly the form of government in the stories is monarchical, not republican.

It is interesting to note the salient points of the legends. Geoffrey of Monmouth, with a humour of his own, tells his story with a sobriety becoming history. In the childhood of a nation, when wonder is excited, imagination becomes lively, and does not very nicely regard the restraints which judgment might impose. Authors relate, not what has been, but what they think ought to have been. One of the most delicious things we meet with is the pains-taking accuracy with which dates are given. Thus if any one is anxious to know when Mempricus was devoured by wolves, it is refreshing to be able to tell him, "Then did Saul reign in Judaea, and Eurystheus in Lacedæmonia." And, we are solemnly assured, during the reign of Cunedagius "flourished the prophets Isaiah and Hosea, and Rome was built upon the eleventh before the Kalends of May, by the two brothers, Romulus and Remus." If any one then has a difficulty in settling the chronology of the Old Testament books, what has he to do but to rely implicitly on Geoffrey's statements? At the time of the building of New Troy, "Eli, the priest, governed in Judaea, and the Ark of the Covenant was taken by the Philistines."

Similar episodes to that of Guendolena and Sabrina occur in the legends of almost every nation. I do not mean that the story necessarily takes a similar form; but that a harsh step-mother and cruelly wronged step-daughter generally figure in the early literatures of all nations. In Geoffrey's account, Sabrina is drowned, and gives her name to the river Severn; but Milton, perfectly influenced by classic

association, makes her a river goddess. In the early stages of a nation's growth, all objects, and especially all the mysterious forces of nature, are endowed with life; and it is only through the lapse of time that the abstract is put in place of the real. Hence the river gods, &c., of classic and other mythologies. This illustrates how many supernatural stories arise in the credulous ages of society. Geoffrey supplied the framework on which our poets have spun their beautiful gossamer webs, covered with pearly dew, and sparkling in the sunshine. The enriching influence his book has exerted on our national life and literature will be best seen in the sequel. One or two facts, however, may be mentioned here.

King John Lackland (1199–1216) during an irksome siege, sent for some of the chronicles to while away the time. Thus, although these records were, perhaps, most popular among the common people, the great did not disdain to spend a few leisure hours over their pages.

In addition to the Continental chronicles, there were two very popular French romances dealing with our subject. One is entitled, "*La tres elegante delicieuse meliffue et tres plaisante hystoire du tres victorieux et excellentissime Roy Perceforest Roy de la grant Bretagne.*" Aymes de Varannes, or of Châtillon, wrote the "*Philippe*" to please his sweetheart. How much good literature we owe to this incentive! Our author had been in Greece. He tells, in an odd manner, the story of the birth of Rome; and how Brutus and Corineus left Egypt, their home, and landed in Britain.

Gog and Magog are the names of the noted effigies of giants in Guildhall, London. Allusions to them are not infrequent in several of our dramatists. Gogmagog (Goëmagot in Geoffrey), according to one ac-

count, is one of the giants, and the other is Corineus, who killed him. The two giants have figured in London from time immemorial. They welcomed Henry V. in 1415; Henry VI. in 1432; and Philip and Mary in 1554. In 1558 they graced the Temple Bar, when Elizabeth passed by; but they were burnt in the great London fire. New ones were made in 1708, and were very popular with the Londoners, who had an opportunity of seeing them on the Lord Mayor's Day, when they became symbolical guardians of the civic dignity. Accounts of them are given in several of the old treatises on London. Nor are the giants entirely forgotten in our own day. A new comic journal was recently announced, under the title of "*Gog and Magog.*" And our "*Jack the Giant Killer*" is a modern rendering of the story of Corineus, the companion of Brutus, who ruled over Cornwall, and killed out the native giants there. Perhaps it might be a good thing to get the present Aldermen of London into a room, and to set them a nice little examination paper on the origin and history of the famous Guildhall statues.

A very interesting part of our subject is the consideration of the influence the legends have had on chroniclers and historians; and the extensive modifications the original myths have undergone in their hands.

There are three theories about Geoffrey of Monmouth's (1110?–1154) "*Historia Britonum.*" One is that Walter Map (1196), when in Brittany, discovered a "*History of Britain*," couched in the Cymric tongue, and gave Geoffrey the book. There is a slight difficulty in the way of this supposition; and that is that Map was an infant on his mother's knee at the time the book appeared. Another theory, resting on more satisfactory evidence, holds

that Walter Calenius, Archdeacon of Oxford at the time, gave Geoffrey curious MSS., and that our author translated these into Latin. Others maintain that Geoffrey is the unblushing inventor of almost the whole work himself. I am inclined to think that the sources of the book are three-fold: Calenius's MSS.; stories floating about, and told to Geoffrey by various people; and Geoffrey's own imagination, which, I take it, was especially busy in the legends accounting for the names of places.

I believe that the desire to make a connected whole out of certain crude and isolated materials possessed the man, and that his book is the result. The "*Historia*" (published about 1146) was widely read, and the narrative gave great pleasure, and found translators into English, Welsh, and Anglo-Norman. As it was mainly a work of imagination, accurate students of history by-and-by vehemently protested against it. Thus William of Newbury (1136-1208?) says:

"As in all things we trust Bede, whose wisdom and sincerity are beyond doubt, so that fables (Geoffrey) with his fables shall be straightway spat out by us all." And Girardus Cambrensis (1146-1223) writes in a similar strain.

Nennius's (620?) "*History of Britain*" agrees with Geoffrey's in tracing the origin of the Britons to a Trojan source.

The first modification on Geoffrey's narrative is Alfred (1150) of Bower's abridgement; and then, in the North of England, Geoffrey Gaimar (1154) translated the original tissue of fables into Anglo-Norman verse—a work superseded by Wace's (1150) later translation, entitled "*La Romanse de Brut*." Wace's, however, is not a mere translation. There are some new legends and inventions.

We next reach Layamon's (

"*Brut*," compiled, chiefly from Wace, by a Worcestershire monk, named Layamon. The date of its publication probably falls within the first decade of the thirteenth century. This metrical chronicle is one of the most remarkable instances of Geoffrey's moulding influence. Layamon tells us how he "began the journey Wide over this land and procured the noble books Which he took for pattern. He took the English book That Saint Bede made. Another he took, in Latin, That Saint Albin made And the fair Austin Who brought baptism in hither; The third book he took, Laid there in the midst, That a French clerk made, Who was named Wace, Who well could write. And he gave it to the noble Eleanor that was Henry's queen, The high king's. Layamon laid down those books And turned the leaves. He beheld them lovingly, May the Lord be merciful to him!" What a beautiful picture the last sentence gives us!

Layamon's "*Brut*" is peculiarly interesting, as being the most important early monument of our own English speech, which was afterwards to be used in such wondrous richness, perfection, and "chastity of form" by Bacon, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton.

The next man who arrests our attention is Robert of Gloucester (1278), who wrote a rhymed chronicle founded on Geoffrey; but, as is usual with the bulk of these chronicles, it becomes a trustworthy authority on the events, manners, and customs of the author's own time.

The early part of Roger of Wendover's (1237) "*Flores Historiarum*" is taken from Geoffrey; and, in his "*Historia Major*," Matthew Paris (1259) embodies the result of Roger's labours. The first book of Bartholomew Cotton's (1300?) "*Anglicana*," is taken,

almost verbatim, from Geoffrey; and we have "Flowers of History," from Matthew of Westminster (1310), almost entirely culled—so far as the early history is concerned—from Roger of Wendover. Peter Langtoft (died early in the reign of Edward II.) wrote, in Alexandrines, a French Chronicle of England, from Brut onwards; and his book was shortly after translated into English verse by Robert de Brunne. Ralph Higden (1367) is the author of "Polychronicon," a work noticed in Haslewood's Introduction to the "Mirror for Magistrates," as furnishing materials to the authors. The "Eulogium Historiarum" is probably by Thomas of Malmesbury. John of Fordun (1386) wrote a "Chronicle of Scotland," which courageously begins with Noah's sons, and comes down to 1360. John Harding (1378–1470?) gives a metrical history of events from Brutus to Henry IV.; and Robert Fabyan (1512), in his "Concordance of Stories," repeats all Geoffrey's fables. John Bale (1495–1563), Bishop of Ossory, published a Latin "Account of the Lives of Eminent Writers of Great Britain," which boldly goes back as far as Japhet, and reaches the year 1557. John Pits (1560–1616), who had the honour of dying in the same year as Shakespeare, continued Bale's work. Richard Grafton (1569) in 1565 published a "Manual of the Chronicles of England," which extended from the Creation till the year of publication; and he issued another English Chronicle in 1568. Raphael Holinshed (1580) produced his Chronicle, with the help of various other authors. He is very important, because Shakespeare was mainly indebted for his knowledge of the History of England to Hall (1500–1547) and Holinshed.

George Buchanan (1506–1582) embalms the accounts of the Scot-

tish chroniclers in his marvellous classic prose. He is very hard on our friend Geoffrey, whom he calls "the monk who was the forger and deviser of the fable of Brutus." He speaks also of "those portentous figments of Gogmagog and Tentagol." John Stow (1527–1605), who was in early life a tailor, ranks higher than most of the chroniclers, and it is mainly to the encouragement of Dr. Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, that we owe his "Annales: or, a Generale Chronicle of England from Brute unto this present year of Christ, 1580." His works have always been esteemed for accurate research. We mention John Speed (1542–1629) because he was the first of the chroniclers to reject the pre-Roman legends, and to exercise discrimination with regard to authorities. It is almost sacrilege to put John Milton (1608–1674) among a lot of dull chroniclers, but it is necessary to state that he devoted Book I. and a considerable part of Book II. of his "History of Britain" to the mythical period.

There are a few facts of importance to be remembered about the chroniclers. Most of them took the legends for sober fact. Their writings were, for the most part, extremely popular in their own and succeeding ages, and have furnished an inexhaustible storehouse for our poets, from Sackville to Alfred Tennyson. While steeped in Geoffrey's legendary lore, they are generally trustworthy authorities on their own time, and are, therefore, still useful to historians and antiquarians.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about the legends is the extraordinary influence they have exerted on poets and men of genius. We shall proceed to notice some of the most notable instances of this. *Gorboduc*; or, *Ferrex and Porrex* was published

in 1565; and *Ralph Roister Doister*, our earliest comedy, in 1566; so that Shakespeare (b. 1564) and the English drama came into the world together. It is generally supposed that Norton wrote the first three acts, and Thomas Sackville (1536-1608) the last two; but some critics, on internal evidence, are inclined to decide against Norton's claims. *Ferrex and Porrex* is the earliest English tragedy; and when we remember that *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Lear*, and *Othello*, were all to follow, we may well feel grateful to the old English chroniclers for having furnished the materials for the work that heralded the dawn of the Elizabethan splendour. As the ancient Britons were, according to the legends, descended from the Trojan Brutus, they are saturated with Pagan history and mythology.

Thus *Ferrex*, act ii., scene 1, says:—

"The hellish prince adjudge my
damned ghost
To Tantalus' thirst, or proud Ixion's
wheel,
Or cruel gips to gnaw my growing
heart,
To during torments and unquenched
flames
If ever I received so fatal thought,
To wish his end of life, or yet of
reign."

So in act iii., scene 1, Gorboduc has a speech on the miseries of the siege of Troy. And Jove is mentioned several times. We hear of several of the characters in previous British history, as "Morgan elan," "your forefather Brate," "the mighty Brate, first prince of all the land;" and the moulding influence of the chroniclers is everywhere visible. The play has almost no dramatic power, and is rather to be praised for the purity and simplicity of its language than for any noble genius displayed by the poet. In many respects it reads

like a poetical translation from a Greek tragedy; and at the end of each act we have an imitation of the customary Greek chorus. There is real poetry in the fourth act, especially when Marcella laments the untimely end of *Ferrex*. Sackville follows the chroniclers pretty closely, and has added only a few necessary characters.

The extraordinary popularity in the Elizabethan age of "*The Mirror for Magistrates*," a work composed by Baldwin, Ferrers, and other authors, renders it peculiarly important to us. To it Sackville contributed his finest poem, the "*Induction*." The legends treated of begin with the death of King Albanact, the youngest son of Brutus, and they extend to "that virgin Emperesse of sacred memorie, Elizabeth, Queene of England, France, and Ireland, &c." The work is founded on John Lydgate's (1416) translation of "*The booke of Johan Bochas, descryuing the fall of Princes, Princesses, and other Nobles*."

Baldwin found that in his day no works were so popular as the domestic chronicles. "*St. Alban's Chronicle*," "*Polychronicon*," and the works of Harding, Fabyan, Hall, Grafton, &c., were extensively read in the stormy reign of Queen Mary, and considerably before her time. It is interesting to note the tendency men have, in the gloomiest times of their national history, to escape from the troubles of the present back into an ideal past, when they fondly imagine all was right, and men worshipped the Eternal with gladness and singleness of heart.

How did this extraordinary body of metrical romances spring into being? Wayland was successful in obtaining the aid of the popular poets of the time; Ferrers nobly exerted himself to complete the work as originally planned; but

the greatest share of the honour is undoubtedly due to Baldwin. Sir Philip Sidney, in the "Defence of Poesy," lavished his praises on the work. None of the legends with which we are concerned are in Baldwin's, the first edition of the year 1559. They do not appear till 1587, and were all written by John Higgins, who died about 1602. He issued an entirely new series from Albanact, the youngest son of Brutus, down to the Emperor Caracalla. All the legends are dated with great precision. For the sake of greater variety I shall speak of the tales versified by Higgins, which have been comparatively neglected by other authors. *Ferrex and Porrex* we have already noticed; *Lear* comes in more appropriately under Shakespeare; and "Sabrina" is embalmed in Milton's immortal verse. Higgins has a very quaint and interesting preface addressed to the "gentle reader," in which he points out his sources. "I have seen," he says, "no auncient antiquities in written hand but two; one was Galfridus of Munimouth, which I lost by misfortune; the other, an old chronicle in a kind of Englishe verse, beginning at Brute and ending at the death of Humfrey, Duke of Gloucester; in the which, and divers other good chronicles, I finde many thinges not mentioned in that great tome engroced of late by Maister Grafton; and that where he is most barraine and wantes matter."

The following clause throws light on the way in which the stories may have been amplified, and even invented: "In wryting the Tragedies of the first infortunate princes of this Isle, I was often fayne to use mine owne simple inuention."

If we, in fancy, skip a century or two, we can see John Higgins sitting by his winter fire, pen in hand, engaged in his labour of love.

In Legend 6, King Madan tells

the story of his wicked life and untimely death:—

"Besette with hills, and monstrous
rocks of stone,
My company behinde mee lost, or
stayed:
The place was eke with hauty trees
oregrowne,
So wist and wylde it made mee
halfe afraid.
And strayght I was with raucning
wolues betrayd,
Came out of caues, and dennes, and
rockes amayne;
There was I rent in peeces, kild, and
slayne."

We are next told (Legend 7) "How King Malin was slayne by his brother King Mempricius, the yeare before Christ, 1009;" and in Legend 8, the successful murderer describes his unnatural lusts, bewails his crimes, and justly adds:—

"My brother's bloud, my leaving of
my wife,
And working of my friends and sub-
jects woe,
Cry'd still to God, for my foule over-
throe."

In Legend 9 we see how King Bladud's attempt to emulate Icarus ended in his falling upon the temple of Apollo, and breaking his neck.

King Morgan of Albany (Legend 11), "sonne of Gonerell," laments his ambition in resisting Cordelia, and tells of his lamentable fate at Glamorgan—a place named after him—at least, so say the chroniclers. This legend—and many others—is pervaded by a moral purpose. Indeed, the authors of the "Mirror" professedly aim at this. Higgins considers it his duty to take care "that al monuments of vertuous men (to the exalting of God's glory) and all punishments of vicious persons (to the terrour of the wicked) might be registred in perpetuall remem-

braunce." And "*Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum*" is prefixed to several of the editions. So that the legends, in addition to their purely intellectual influence, have had a moral influence on literature.

King Iago (Legend 12) asks John Higgins to tell the story of his life,

"That princes may my vices vile refrain."

King Pinnar (Legend 13) is slain in battle by Molmutius, the son of Duke Cloten, the heir to the crown; and, in the following poem, Stator, King of Scotland, having marched, with his army, against Molmutius, is defeated and slain.

In Legend 17, we have the substance of it and the two foregoing stories in a couple of lines:—

"First Pinnar, then Stator, I haplacke likewise,

At last was with number oppress'd
dispatcht.

To take a leap now to Legend 21. In it we have Julius Caesar's letter to Cassibellane, and the brave general's reply:

"As thou, O Caesar, wilt, the gods
have given to thee

The west, so I replye, they gave this
island mee,

Then sayst you Romaines and thy
selfe of Gods descend,

And darst thou then to spoile our
Troian blood protect?" &c.

The rest of the poem is devoted to Nennius's combat with Caesar, and to an outburst of patriotism.

In Legend 29, Guiderius takes credit to himself for refusing to pay tribute to the Romans; and we are told how Leas Hano, by denning British armour, slew him by strategy.

Legend 30 is the last in our cycle; and it makes up for the death of brave Guiderius

I.

"A Romaine captayne I in Britayne
armoure clad,

Disguis'd, therefore, in field did slay
their noble king:

I ventred in their host, and I my
purpose had

To venture so for countrie's sake a
worthy thing;

But who so wenes to win by
slaughter high renowne.

Hath oftentimes the fate to
fall by slaughter downe

II

"Euen so my selfe that slowe, short
time my joyes did last,

In flight I taken was, and hew'd in
pieces small;

Which downe the cleeces they did
into the waters cast,

And by my name as yet the haue
and harbor call:

Who thinks by slaughter's
praise, to winne im-
mortall fame,

By treason vile perchance
incurreth a shrouding
sheete of shame."

It would be strange if these early stories had not afforded a rich and genial culture to the most purely poetical of English minds. Accordingly we find that "*The Faerie Queene*" is steeped, from beginning to end, in the ancient mythology. The Tenth Canto of Book II. furnishes—

"A chronicle of Briton kings,
From Brate to Uther's rayne."

The poet tells us of the hideous giants "that never tasted grace, nor goodnes felt"—inhabiting Albion, previous to the arrival of Brutus, who gave his name to the island and of mighty Gicmagot, whom Corineus hurled over a cliff into the surging sea. Corineus, in consideration of his bravery, had the south-western part of England assigned to him; hence the imaginary etymology of Cornwall. On the death of Brutus, Iocerne possessed the middle part of the island;

Kamber gave his name to Kambria, or Wales; and Albanact to Albania, or Scotland. Things went on smoothly till Humber, King of the Huns, came "like Noyes great flood" and killed Albanact in battle. Locrine and Kamber marched to oppose this formidable antagonist; and, he being routed, was drowned in attempting to cross the river which derives its name from him. Then follows the beautiful story of how Locrine fell in love with Estrildis, a lady in the train of Humber; and how Guendolene, the daughter of Corineus, resented this affront; and, after conquering him in battle, slew his mistress, and

"The sad virgin, innocent of all,
Adowne the rolling river she did poure,
Which of her name now Severne men
do call."

In this part of the narrative, Spenser (1553-1599) differs considerably from Geoffrey. Then follow the other kings till we come to the second Brute, the "greene shield," his son Leill, who gave his name to Carleill; Hudibras, and Bladud, who introduced the arts of peace and the mild light of science. Then he tells the pathetic story of King Lear, and Ferrex and Porrex, with whom "ended Brutus' sacred progeny." After long anarchy and desolation, Dunwallo Molmutius was chosen king; and, by his wise code of laws, proved "The gracious Numa of great Britany."

We have a few lines on Archigald and Elidure, which anticipate Wordsworth's beautiful treatment of the theme. The prowess of Cassibalane, the traitorous conduct of Androgeus, and Cæsar's duel with Nennius, are next dilated upon; and the part of the Canto concerned with our subject closes with a beautiful allusion to the birth of Christ:—

"Next him Tenantius raignd; the
Kimbeline
What time th' eternal Lord in fleshly
slime
Enwomb'd was, from wretched
Adam's line,
To purge away the guilt of sinful
crime.
O! joyous memorie of happy time,
That heavenly grace so plenteously
displayed!
O! too high ditty for my simple
rime!"

In Book IV., Canto II., we have allusions to the names of the rivers; some of which, according to the chroniclers, were derived from the early heroes.

Michael Drayton (1563-1631), in his "Polyolbion," descants on our subject at great length. A few things call for special notice. The poem is divided into thirty songs, with prose passages interspersed, explanatory of the themes. In the first song, after some introductory matter, we have the arrival of "Britain-founding Brute" at Totness, the antecedents of Brutus, and the struggle of the mighty wrestlers, Corineus and Gogmagog, described.

Gower (1323-1402), in his "Confessio Amantis," largely based on the Universal Chronicle of Godfrey of Viterbo, has the following epigram (quoted by Drayton):—

"Engisti lingua canit insula Bruti."

Song II. is on Albion, the son of Neptune, from whom our island derived its first name. In "Illustrations" to Song III. there is a reference to the Legend of Bladud and Bath.

In Song V. there are allusions to "Sabrine" and "Brute;" and Song VIII. is permeated with the traditions. On Brutus we have the following effusion:—

"How mighty was that man, and
honoured still to be,
That gave this isle his name, and to
his children three,

Three kingdoms in the same? which
time doth now deny,
With his arrival here, and primer
monarchy."

Then we are told of the antiquity
of the British Empire; the over-
throw of the Hun; the founding
of York by Ebrank; the exploits
of—

"Brute Greenshield: to whose name
we providence impute,
Divinely to revive the land's first
conqueror, Brute."

wise Bladud—

"Who found our boiling baths; and
his knowledge high
Desdaining human paths, here practi-
c'd to fly."

Belinus, the conqueror of Dacia;
Brennus, who planted his banners
in the Eternal City; Martia, the
framer of laws—

"From which we ours derive, to her
eternal fame."

and so on till we reach the Roman
invasions.

Song X. bursts out into an ani-
mated defence of "Goffray."

"That Goffray, Mo'mouth, first, our
Brutus did devise,
Not heard of till his time our ad-
mirer says
When proudly we prove ere that
his name's days
A thousand hinging years, our pro-
phets clearly sing
The Britain-fencing Brute, most
respected then among,
To him I do our wise (approved)
valours
To him the stake was held to be
our life
So that his writings were read each
man of them
As the new-warring world shall
hail his name
I do not give his tongue, that
hath seen his name
Our Goffray, that his Brute—Nor
can these idle tales
As he may tell the truth of our
dread that seeks

Nor fabulous, like those devised by
the Greeks:

But from the first of time, by judges
still were heard.

Discreetly every year correcting
where they err'd."

It is evident that the early le-
gends were sober fact to Drayton.
In Song XVI. we again have refer-
ences to Molmutius, with special
application to his laws on highways:

"Since great Molmutius first made me
the noblest way,
The soil is alter'd much."

And—

"Since us, his kingly ways, Molmu-
tius first began,
From sea again to sea, that through
the island ran
Which that in mind to keep posterity
might have,
Appointing first our course, this
privilege he gave,
That no man might arrest, or debtors'
goods might seize
In any of us four his military ways."

In Song XXI. we have the un-
usual pleasure of a flight of elo-
quence from "The Devil's Ditch;"
after which the poet sings of

"Old Gogmagog, a hall of long and
great renown,
Which near to Cambridge set, o'er-
look'd that learned town,
Of Basham's pleasant hills, that by
the name was known,
But with the monstrous times, he
ruled and barbarous grown,
A giant was become, for man he
could not,
And so the fearful name of Gog-
magog had got."

The river Hamber, in his kingly
oration (Song XXVIII.), alludes
probably to the origin of the name:—

"And for my princely name,
From Hamber, king of Luna, as
anciently it came:
So shall I seek to hunt far from that
cast in king

Once in me drown'd, as I my pedi-
gree do bring :
So his great name receives no preju-
dice thereby :
For as he was a king, so know ye
all that I
Am king of all the floods, that north
of Trent do flow."

So much for the "Polyolbion"—
a work allusive, topographical, and
antiquarian; though it is interest-
ing to us mainly because the author
has so largely availed himself of the
early legends.

In one of his Elegies, Drayton
has an appreciative criticism of
Warner, another poet who has
helped himself very freely to the
pre-Roman stories. William War-
ner was born in London in 1558—
the year Queen Elizabeth began her
splendid reign—and in 1586 pub-
lished his "Albion's England." We
allude shortly to this work else-
where. It is interesting to remark
that the learned Selden (1584–1654)
wrote notes to Drayton's "Polyol-
bion."

We may mention here a man whose
poems obtained the warm approba-
tion of Drayton—William Browne
(1590–1645), a sweet sensuous de-
scriptive writer, and plainly a Spen-
serian. He has the following allu-
sion to Brutus, and to Robert of
Gloucester's version of British
legendary history:—

"Thetis on her way
Tow'rd's goodly Severne and the
Irish Sea,
There meets a shepherd that began
sing o're
The lay which aged Robert sung of
yore,
In praise of England, and the deeds
of swaines
That whilome fed and rul'd upon our
plaines.
The British bards were not then
long time mute,
But to their sweet harpes sung their
famous Brute:

Striving in spite of all the mists of
old,
To have his story more autenticque
held."

We must always remember in
treating of Shakespeare's plays
(1564–1616), that the pre-Roman
Legends were, in his day, considered
historical by the great body of
people, whatever they may have
been to the immortal dramatist
himself. Indeed, from Geoffrey's
time (1110?–1154) till Camden's,
they were accepted as true by all
except a few acute students of his-
tory. We have already seen how
warmly Drayton defends Geoffrey.
Not only were the legends referred
to on both sides as trustworthy
evidence, during the great disputes
between the Edwards and Scotland,
but Sir Edward Coke (1552–1633)
—the most eminent lawyer of the
Elizabethan period—quotes them to
support his opinions, with full con-
fidence in their historic accuracy.
William Camden (1551–1623) indeed
was the first to convince his fellow-
countrymen of the fictitious nature
of the whole narrative, thus doing,
in some measure, for our national
history, what Niebuhr, centuries
after, did for the Roman. Since
men have ceased to believe in the
legends as historical, they have
never had the same literary in-
fluence. The influence of the
Arthurian romances is more an ap-
parent than a real exception to this
statement, for many eminent scholars
contend for an actual or historical
Arthur.

Shakespeare did not get his stories
directly from Geoffrey of Mon-
mouth, but from his favourite,
Raphael Holinshed, who flourished
about the middle of the sixteenth
century. The work by which he is re-
membered is called "The Chronicles
of Englaunde, Scotlande, and Ire-
lande;" and the first edition is
known as the "Shakespeare" edition,

because the great dramatist freely helped himself to its contents.

The story of Lear is perhaps the finest among the pre-Roman Legends. In the "*Gesta Romanorum*" a similar episode is given in the life of the Emperor Theodosius. Shakespeare's was not the first drama on the subject. About the beginning of the seventeenth century "*The Chronicle History of King Lear and his three daughters, Gonerill, Regan, and Cordelia, as it hath been divers and sundry times lately acted,*" was published. In some respects, the old play keeps more closely to the chronicle. Thus in it we hear nothing of Lear's madness; and it ends with the restoration of the aged monarch to the throne.

Percy (1728-1811) finds the hint of Lear's madness, and the heartless cruelty of his daughters, in one of the *Yalds* he preserves. When heartbroken by the unkindness of his children, Cordelia's warning flashes across the old man's mind:

"And mine remembrance then
Has youngest daughter's words,
That said the duty of a child
Was all that love affords.
But doubting to repeat to her,
When he had boasted so,
Grew frantic with grief in his mind
He bore the wounds of woe."

Shakespeare takes the thread of the story from Holinshed, but varies in many particulars, especially in the catastrophe of his play. According to the *Chronicle*, Lear crosses over to Gaul, and is there received by Cordelia, who restores him to his kingdom and succeeds to the throne on her father's death; but, in the last scene of the play, Lear enters with Cordelia dead in his arms, and then expires.

How can we calculate what we owe to the author of this beautiful legend? The imagination wanders far back into the past,

and pictures a man, with a true sense of poetry in him, meditating on the early fortunes of his country. Some notion of the story, almost effaced by time, starts up in his mind, as he wends his way, in early morning by a river's bank, and brushes away the dew from the fragrant briar. Or evening casts its shadow over his spirit, and disposes his mind to a quiet meditativeness. While the great sun is sinking to rest in a sky of liquid gold, suggesting solemn thoughts of the Eternal, our patriot, eager to link the annals of his country with the past, fondly lingers over some poetic conception of a possible episode in early history. What more natural than for him to think of a good king imposed upon by two worthless daughters, and consequently unjust to a third? The idea takes fuller shape, and the imagination lovingly fosters it, till it grows into something like the story of King Lear and his Three Daughters. The legend spreads, is admired, and believed in, and culminates in the full-orbed splendour of Shakespeare's drama.

Or are we not indebted to some monk with an imagination touched to fine issues? The cadence of the vesper hymn is dying away, and the brother is deep in historic meditation, and tries to people the past with the creations of his own fancy. He spins intelligibility out of airy nothingness, and brings before us, with striking effects of light and shade, Lear, Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia. It is surely allowable to cherish feelings of gratitude to our unknown benefactor. Indirectly, at least, we owe to him the wild passion of Lear, the hateful malignity of Regan and Goneril, the big-hearted rascality of Edmund, the feigned madness of Edgar, the touching disinterestedness of Kent, the wise saws of the Fool, and the yearning tenderness

of Cordelia. Not that he created the one-half of these characters. But he furnished the nucleus round which they all clustered.

The scene of *Cymbeline* is cast in that period of British history when fact and fable are curiously interblended. Such a time is always dear to a poet, because, amid surroundings with a dim, shadowy outline, he is not ruled by a rigid sequence of events, but can easily throw the halo of romance over his subject.

Shakespeare used his borrowed materials with all a poet's freedom. We have now passed the time when our ancestors, blue-stained with woad, bravely hurled themselves against the Roman invaders, and offered no contemptible resistance to the foremost man of antiquity.

"Our countrymen
Are men more ordered than when
Julius Cæsar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found
their courage
Worthy his frowning at."

Cymbeline is more heroic in the play than in the chronicle. According to the latter, he freely paid tribute to the Romans when he had the power to resist; but throughout the greater part of the play *Cymbeline* manfully defends the national liberty, and refuses to be taxed. Perhaps the Briton most honourably distinguished by courageous resistance to the Romans was Cassibellaunus. *Cymbeline's* wife rejoices in the fame the great native general had bequeathed to them:—

"A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here
his brag
Of 'came' and 'saw' and 'overcame':
with shame—
The first that ever touched him—he was
carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and
his shipping—

Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible
seas,
Like egg-shells moved upon their
surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy
whereof
The famed Cassibelan, who was once
at point—
O! giglot fortune!—to master Cæsar's
sword.
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires
bright,
And Britons strut with courage."

In this, and in many other passages, we see how largely Julius Cæsar bulked in Shakspeare's imagination. Is there not here a tender regard for his reputation, even while he tells of his defeat? Although "shame" overtook him on our coasts, the poet parenthetically adds that it was—

"The first that ever touch'd him."

Lud's town, mentioned in the passage, was the chroniclers' name for London, from Lud, the son of Heli, who rebuilt the walls of Trinovantum, and surrounded them with towers.

Dunwallo Molmutius enacted the Molmutine laws, to the unspeakable benefit of his subjects. These laws, according to the chroniclers, were confirmed by King Belinus, translated into Latin by Gildas, and put into an English dress by King Alfred.

So *Cymbeline* proudly says to Lucius, the ambassador of Augustus Cæsar:—

"Say, then, to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius
which
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword
of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair
and franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our
good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry:
Mulmutius made our laws,

Who was the first of Britain which
 did put
 His brows within a golden crown and
 called
 Himself a king."

Shakespeare closely follows the chronicle when he makes Cymbeline say:—

"Thou art welcome, Caius.
 Thy Caesar knighted me; my youth I
 spent
 Much under him."

The beautiful song sung by Guiderius and Arviragus over Fidele (Imogen), supposed to be dead, naturally recalls the dirge by Collins. The first and fourth stanzas are as follows:—

"To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
 Soft meads and village hinds shall
 bring
 Each opening sweet, of earliest
 bloom,
 And rife all the breathing spring.
 The re-breast oft at evening hours
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,
 With hoary moss, and gather'd
 flowers,
 To deck the ground where thou
 art laid.

Imogen, if not the most powerful, is the most exquisite of Shakespeare's creations. Her fidelity to her husband under the most trying circumstances adds intense interest to the development of the story. The wild simplicity of the mountain life led by Guiderius and Arviragus, and their passionate yearning for fame and the splendour of court life, are beautifully described.

Locrine was a favourite subject with the early poets. Higgins, Spenser, and Drayton have devoted portions of their works to the eldest son of Brutus; and Milton, in his "History of England," has told the

story with manifest appreciation of its poetic beauty. Among the plays ascribed to Shakespeare is the tragedy of *Locrine*; but this drama is so disfigured by pedantry and weak rhetorical artifice that we can safely set it aside, in spite of Tieck's emphatic protest. The author, whoever he was, is profoundly influenced by the early legends. Brutus, Corineus, Locrine, Camber, Albanact, Guendolen, Humber, Estrild, and Sabren, all figure in the play.

Professor Masson mentions a few books habitually used by Milton (1608-1674):—"They are the Bible (in English and in the originals), some Latin commentaries on the Bible, of recognized merit, Holinshed's 'Chronicles of England and Scotland,' Speed's 'Chronicle,' Geoffrey of Monmouth's 'Historia Britonum,' William of Malmesbury's 'De Gestis Regum,' and one or two others."*

This passage—taken in connection with the fact that, of nearly 100 subjects noted down as suitable for dramatic treatment, 60 are Scriptural and 38 from British history—proves conclusively how the stories of the chroniclers fascinated Milton. We may mention here that Pope (1688-1744) contemplated an epic on the story of Brutus. Milton's narrative of the legends shows great mental grasp; and he enlivens the comparatively dull tales of the chroniclers with all the hues of poetry. He sometimes shrewdly hints that he does not accept Geoffrey's testimony as conclusive. The influence of the legends on Milton's mind evidently dates from an early period of his life. Thus, in a "College Exercise," composed in 1628, when the poet was nineteen, we read of "Severn swift

* Masson's "Life of Milton," vol. i., p. 12.

guilty of maiden's death," "Ancient hallowed Dee," and "Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name." The Dee was "hallowed" by Druidic associations.

Milton has thrown a peculiar halo round the legend of Sabrina. In his "History of England" he preserves the story as handed down by Geoffrey; but in "Comus" Sabrina is drowned by accident, while fleeing from Guendolen. She gives her name to, and becomes goddess of, the river Severn; and considers it her peculiar duty to aid virgins in distress, when they properly call upon her in song. The attendant spirit, accordingly, addresses her in the exquisite song beginning "Sabrina fair." Sabrina rises, surrounded by water-nymphs, and begins to sing. She sprinkles healing drops on the lady's breast, and, under their sweet influence, the spell of Comus loses its power. Milton was the first to attribute this disenchanting power to Sabrina. Our author has given us nothing finer than his artistic treatment of Sabrina. The story is told by Warner ("Albion's England"), who must be a very minor poet, indeed, if we are to judge from the following flight:—

"The lady Estrid Locrin's loue,
And Sabrin, wondrous faire,
Her husband's and his leiman's impe,
She meaning not to spare;
Did bring vnto the water that
The wenche's name doth beare:

There binding both and bobbing
them
Then trembling at her yre."

And so on, in a like poetic vein. Warner traverses the whole field of pre-Roman legends; but, as his treatment of them is not particularly happy, it does not call for special notice here. His poem consists of twelve books, subdivided into seventy-seven chapters.

Milton translates, from Geoffrey's

traditional Latin version, the answer of the oracle of Diana to Brutus the Trojan, when he was in doubt whither to steer his course:—

"Brutus, far to the west, in the ocean
wide,
Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land
there lies.
Sea-girt it lies, where giants dwelt of
old;
Now void it fits thy people. Thither
bend
Thy course; there shalt thou find a
lasting seat;
There to thy sons another Troy shall
rise,
And kings be born of thee, whose
dreaded might
Shall awe the world, and conquer
nations bold."

There can be no doubt that Druidism has had considerable influence on our literature. The magical or occult element bequeathed by Celtic literature is most likely Druidic. This vein is to be noticed in several of our writers, but especially in Shakespeare. Hotspur's speech on Owen Glendower illustrates the influence of Druidism. The accumulated thought of the ages is around us, and we cannot escape from it, even if we would. In those early days there must have been a literature. This we are entitled to conclude on grounds of ethnology and general experience. And Cæsar has told us of the almost countless verses the Druids committed to memory. Like all primitive literatures, it would take the form of song and story. No doubt, in the old British days, bards sang battle songs to rouse their countrymen to displays of valour; but the literature would be mainly the outcome of Druidism. And we still prize the mistletoe, although not for the same reason that prompted the reverence of the Druids. As we look back through the dim vista of the past, we see the Druidic fathers, with the snows

of many winters resting on their shoulders, or fluting on the breeze. We hear them assembled in their consecrated groves chanting their solemn hymns, which now fall on the ear with a noble swell of sound, and anon die away on the trembling air in strains of melting sweetness.

Perhaps the poem, in English literature, most full of Druidism, is Mason's (1725-1797) "*Caractacus*."

The story of this ancient hero lies just on the borderland of our subject. The scene is laid in the isle of Mona, which was the Druidic holy of holies. Caractacus is being admitted, with all due solemnity, into the priestly order; but the ceremony is interrupted by the capture of the two princes Vellinus and Eborac, who are seized as spies in the Roman interest. Then follows the arrival of Arviragus, the king's son, which raises a perfect storm of patriotism in the old man's breast. Arviragus bravely defends the Druids and his father, but is slain in his gallant attempt; and the capture of Caractacus is the climax of the tragedy. Although the poem is handsomely imbued with a Celtic religiousness, there are a number of allusions to the legends proper. The Trojans brought with them a love of sweet sounds, which awakened echoes in many a rock, that formerly only resounded with the hoarse laughter of giants. Men began to sweep the lyre; and brutal merriment gave place to sweet warbling, which lingered on the breeze, as if delighting in its own beauty:—

"Hail, thou harp of Phrygian name!"
In years of yore that Chamberlain
Felt it as a spiritual strain
With ecstasies that Britain's
The mighty minstrel came.

We have an interesting reference

to the trial proposed to Vellinus and Eborac, in keeping with Druidic superstition:—

"Peace;
Our will admits no parley. Thither,
youths,
Turn your astonish'd eyes; behold yon
huge
And unknown sphere of living adamant,
Which, pos'd by magic, rests its cen-
tral weight
On yonder pointed rock, firm as it
seems.
Such is its strange and virtuous pro-
perty,
It moves obsequious to the gentlest
touch
Of him whose breast is pure; but to
a traitor,
Tho' even a giant's prowess nerv'd his
arm,
It stands as fixt as Snowdon."

We hear of "the sword of old Belinus, stained with the blood of giants;" of the pass "where whilom Brute planted his five hoar altars;" and of Eborac, the friend of Caractacus.

It is more than 700 years (1147) since Geoffrey of Monmouth's book appeared; and the legends, as penned by him, have retired into the shade, and are remembered mainly as they have been adopted and modified by our great poets. There have been great changes since his time. Then the monks were the only learned men; now there is far more learning out of the church than in it. Then there was an extraordinary delight in legends and the supernatural; now some thinkers tell us—surely with too great confidence in their own knowledge—that a deviation from natural law, for any end whatever, is simply an impossibility.

But nature will revenge herself

in some way or other. It is all very well to be scientific, but men must be poets too. So precisely the same tendency which is shown in old England, by a passionate love of the legendary, has reappeared in our own day with tenfold force. We have a very good proof that human nature is much the same in all ages, however it may differ, from time to time, in its activity and literary outcome. I need not say that I allude to the extraordinary development that has been given to Fiction, in our own country, during the present century. Of course, we had novels before the year 1800. The fresh, if somewhat rough, sketches of our national life, and the racy and idiomatic English of our eighteenth century novelists are not likely to be surpassed. But the extraordinary thing in our day is not the appearance of several authors of very great genius, who have become professed novelists, but the fact that all sorts of people write novels. So universal is the passion for narrative at present! If a clergyman wishes to prove or to attack a doctrine, he writes a novel. George Macdonald assails Calvinism in "Alec Forbes," and Charles Kingsley propounds his views in "Alton Locke." Men preach and expound by means of narrative. Thus we have sermons, theories, political and philosophical opinions in novels.

To write a good novel is one of the quickest roads not only to fame but to wealth. The French complain that our novels are so evidently pervaded by a moral or other special purpose, that they lack artistic unity; and there is some truth in this view.

But what we have to do with at present is to note the fact that the love of story is as strong as ever. So much is this the case that, in more than a superficial sense, the novel and the daily press may be called the

great literary powers of our day. So the narrative tendency seems to be permanent; it is only the form that changes. The Normans gave an extraordinary impulse to this tendency, not because they were *naturally* fonder of stories than other people, but because of the wonderful adventures through which they had passed. In early times story springs directly from adventure; and the history of the ancestors of the Normans would seem to prove that in proportion to the number and variety of the adventures is the rich abundance of narrative compositions.

I do not believe that the scientific tendency will ever efface the love for story. They appeal, in the main, to quite different parts of our nature, and are therefore not really antagonistic, but complementary. Should the reasons for the marvellous development of the novel ever become a subject of scientific inquiry, we may safely assert that there will be no lack of specimens to dissect and analyze.

We cannot close without expressing a feeling of gratitude to Geoffrey of Monmouth. He doubtless had no conception of the wondrous issues to which his book was to lead. But he did his work; and, as a reward, he has fascinated some of the greatest men the world has ever seen.

Geoffrey bequeathed to posterity a garden, with flowers of a thousand hues, through which flow rivulets, like veins of pure silver. One mound is empurpled with pansies and violets, and another bright with masses of golden pendulous lilies. Here one enjoys the rich odour of the rose, and there the sweetness of the honeysuckle. The daisy modestly hangs its head; and a few ruins, hoary with age, are relieved by delicious green on which the eye loves to rest. Through this garden our great poets have

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 27.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE, Esq.,

Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh.

THE gentleman whose Portrait appears in our Gallery this month is one of the most accomplished and versatile of living Scottish authors. He is far more than a mere scholar. He has travelled much, and has been a careful and thoughtful observer of men and things. His finely strung nature is cultured in a very high degree by habitual contemplation of all that is beautiful and good in nature, in literature, and in art; and his writings reflect his character with singular clearness. There is a freshness and buoyancy about them all, indicative of free and healthy intellectual life in the writer, and peculiarly suggestive and stimulating to the reader. Professor Blackie is an eminently independent thinker; remarkably free from conventionalism in his mode of dealing with his subjects, and vigorous and enthusiastic in his advocacy of the principles he adopts.

The son of an Aberdeen banker, he was born in Glasgow in July, 1809, and educated at Marischal College, Aberdeen, and at the University of Edinburgh. After a complete course of University training in Scotland, he visited the Continent, and prosecuted his studies for several years at Göttingen, Berlin, and finally in Rome. He thus acquired a thorough command of the languages of Germany and Italy, and an intimate acquaintance with the topography as well as the literature of these countries. His keen artistic instinct led him to study with more than usual care the masterpieces of architecture, sculpture, and painting, with which the Continental cities abound.

In the preface to one of his works, published in 1852, he makes the following reference to his life at this period: "About twenty-five years ago, after returning from a prolonged residence in Germany and Italy, and with my head full of pictures, statues, churches, and other beautiful objects, I naturally began to speculate on the subject of Beauty generally, and to attempt to reduce my multifarious observations to general princi-



DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE 1876

WOODBURY MECHANICAL PROCESS

Amelia

W. B. B. B.

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ples. I still possess among my manuscripts a complete scheme of a large work on æsthetical philosophy, drawn out by me at that time. But, being convinced afterwards, that the British mind is remarkably intolerant of big books on theoretical subjects, I allowed the projected work to drop." •

In 1834, Mr. Blackie published a metrical translation of *Faust*. The task was by no means an easy one; but it was achieved with such success that Mr. George Henry Lewes, the biographer of Goethe, and, perhaps, the man in all England who is best acquainted with his works, pronounced it to be, in some respects, the best existing translation of that wonderful poem. We have often heard the Professor himself, however, denounce the book as raw and juvenile; and we understand he has thoroughly revised the translation, and re-written whole scenes, and that the remodelled work lies now ready for the press. In the same year Mr. Blackie was called to the Scottish bar; but he did not prosecute the profession to practical ends. He became an extensive contributor to the reviews and other periodicals, and continued to be a devoted student of letters.

In 1841, he was appointed Professor of Humanity [Latin Literature] in Marischal College, Aberdeen, a chair which he filled for more than ten years. While there he published a translation of *Æschylus* in English verse, which received the warmest commendation of the learned world, and led, in 1852, to his election to the Greek Chair in the University of Edinburgh.

He spent several months of the year 1853 in Greece, personally examining the antiquities of the country, thereby acquiring a practical acquaintance with its ancient and modern history, and a thorough knowledge of its language as spoken now as well as in ancient times. He was the first, we believe, in this country, in the face of a very common prejudice of academical men, to direct attention to the fact that Greek is still a living language; and he has done much to illustrate the ancient Greek by comparing it with the tongue as now spoken.

Professor Blackie is an admirable teacher. He trains his students to think; while many professors in Scotland and elsewhere impart a merely mechanical knowledge of the languages they profess. His *Three Discourses on Beauty*, delivered in the University of Edinburgh, are excellent specimens of true academical teaching. They are really learned; and at the same time, entirely free from the pedantry of learning. The following brief quotations from these Discourses will perhaps convey to the reader a better idea of Professor Blackie as a teacher than any words of ours

• "On Beauty : Three Discourses, delivered in the University of Edinburgh. With an Exposition of the Doctrine of the Beautiful according to Plato." Edinburgh. 1858.

could do. Speaking of the *Hippias Major* and of the questions raised in Platonic dialogue, he says:—

"To any reader who is desirous of exercising his mind on the subject of the highest instincts of our nature, it is manifest that a dialogue, distinctly and vividly raising all these questions, must act as a powerful stimulant to thought: but with such readers as we find everywhere in these times, who expect thoughts to be poured into their empty souls, as beer is poured into casks, a discussion that results only in propounding a series of puzzling questions can produce nothing but disappointment and vexation. I have no hesitation, however, in saying that if the old Platonic method of commencing the discussion of a great subject, by raising a number of perplexing problems, were revived with vividness and vigour in our schools and colleges, a method of teaching infinitely superior to the common method of professorial lecture, or tutorial drill, would be the result. In the much-neglected science of *Pedagogica* (as Professor Millan calls it) the maxim should be laid down and followed out consistently, that where there is no exercise, there is no education."

Again, in a note appended to a translation of part of the same dialogue, he says: "It will be observed that I do not translate literally, after the fashion of most of Bohn's translators, whose system of minute and verbal accuracy, whether proceeding from pedantic affectation or tasteless stupidity, has done more harm to the just appreciation of the beauties of classical writers among the general public, than the most unlicensed vagueness which so often characterized the handiwork of English translators." A teacher who has the boldness to speak thus is deserving of every respect; and his teaching is of more practical utility than that of a dozen linguists who treat ancient language and literature as a mere *hortus siccus*.

The Discourses on Beauty from which we have been quoting, were written for the express purpose of exposing the insufficiency of the theory maintained by Lord Jeffrey and the Rev. Mr. Alison, that Beauty has no real existence, but is merely the result of the Association of Ideas. Professor Blackie holds the Platonic doctrine on the subject. In this memoir we cannot go into the merits of the controversy; but we append part of his account of the above writers as a specimen of trenchant criticism, fairly grappling with the question at issue, yet lightsome to read and amusing as well as instructive:—

"As a philosophical theory of beauty, the association system, so ingeniously advocated by Alison and Jeffrey, is altogether worthless. As an element in modifying our perceptions of the beautiful, in multiplying, to an indefinite extent, the pleasures which beautiful objects, by their own inherent virtue, are calculated to beget, and not seldom, also, in altogether destroying that fine faculty of appreciation which it has no power to excite, it has an extensive field of action, and deserves to be carefully considered. Like contrast, it may prevail so far as to make what is only plain appear positively comely, and to deprive

positive ugliness of its power to repel; but it has no privilege of establishing a permanent law, and acts more in the capricious region of merely personal feeling than in the steady temperature of normal human emotion.

“ Love, like all violent personal emotions, deals much in association; and the east wind will be more benignant than the west to a man who can say, in the words of the song, that

“ ‘ There the bonnie lassie lives, the lass that I lo’e best.’

But the more a man’s taste is cultivated and raised into the region of pure knowledge, the more does he become independent of the thousand and one arbitrary, and irregular, and altogether fanciful combinations, of which the uncultivated or passion-possessed mind is so often the slave. For what is association? A man happens to be standing in the midst of a beautiful landscape, where an act of savage murder has been committed, or other gross offence against our finest moral feelings. Being of a very sensitive temperament, he is so moved by this exhibition of moral ugliness that he can never think of the lovely scene again without the hideous action being suggested to his imagination; consequently, the beauty of that scene is utterly destroyed to him, at least for a season. The bloody association has ruined it.

“ In an opposite way: a man happens to be walking in a highland glen of no particular beauty, whether of water, wood, or rock, or other feature; but he is not walking alone; there is a lovely confiding girl at his side, who looks songs into his face all day, and to whom he writes sonnets all night; from that moment this very common hollow among the hills becomes, in his eyes, the most beautiful of highland glens, in comparison of which Glen Rosa or Glen Sannox is to be accounted of no more than Petrarch’s ‘ Laura,’ or even ‘ Helen of Troy ’ is to be spoken of as incomparably fair, against his ‘ delightful Jessie.’ Now, what would a reasonable man conclude from facts of this kind? Not that there is no difference in the beauty of landscapes, or degrees in the perfection of highland glens, but that very sensitive persons have very little control over their imaginations, and that love is a very violent passion, which, while it lasts, very strongly disturbs the judgment even of sound-minded men.

“ But what conclusions do Mr. Alison and Lord Jeffrey draw? That our notions of the beautiful depend altogether on individual associations; that one scene is not fundamentally more beautiful than another; that Glen Sannox is not really finer than any of the most common hollows among the bleak moors of the Merse; and that the Venus de Medici, in Florence, might be removed to-morrow, and the ‘ Hottentot Venus ’ put in her place, without violence to any scientific principle, or any eternal law of propriety, by which God has organized this glorious world which we inhabit. A congeries of arbitrary associations only would be thrown down; but their places would forthwith be supplied by another mountain or mole-hill of curiously-aggregated fancies to-morrow.”

The following ballad from the “ Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece,” will illustrate Professor Blackie’s conception of Greek mythology and poetry; and shows how vividly he can realize and reproduce an ancient

and how deftly he manages the Greek names and epithets so that they go "trippingly on the tongue: "—

THE NAMING OF ATHENS.

" Ἡρώδης ἐκείνην πόλιν

ἔθηκεν Ὀψάκης ἄρχων Ἡπυαῖος, ἱερὸν δὲ γὰρ

Κίργατος ἐπὶ μὲν αὖ ποταμῶντα."—ARISTOPHANES.

On the rock of Erechthens the ancient, the hoary,
That rises sublime from the far stretching plain,
Sate Crops, the first in Athenian story,
Who guided the fierce by the peace-loving rein,
Eastward away by the flowery Hymettus,
Westward where Salamis gleams in the bay,
To Parnes, beneath the high peaked Lycabettus,
He numbered the towns that rejoiced in his sway.
Pleased was his eye with the muster, but rested
At length where he sate with an anxious love,
When he thought on the strife of the mighty broad-breasted
Poseidon, with Pallas, the daughter of Jove:
For the god of the earth shaking ocean had sworn it,
The city of Crops should own him supreme,
Or the land and the people should rue it and mourn it,
Swamp'd by the swell of his billowy stream,
Lo! from the North, as he doubtfully ponders,
A light shoots far streaming: the welkin it fills;
Southward from Parnes bright-bearded it wanders,
Swift as the counter-fires from the hills,
Far in the dale of the winding Cephissus,
There gleams like the shape of a serpentine rod:
Shimmers the tide of the gentle Ilissus,
With radiance from Hermes the messenger god.
'Twas here on the earth with light foot he descended,
And struck the grey rock with his gold-gleaming rod,
While Crops with low hushed devotion attended
And reverent awe to the voice of the god.
Noble Antechile n' a message I hear thee,
From Jove in Olympus that regally sways;
Wise is the god the dark trouble to spare thee,
Most is the heart that believes and obeys.
On the peak of Olympus, the bright snowy crested,
The gods are assembled in council to day;
The wrath of Poseidon, the mighty broad-breasted,
To cost Pallas, the spear shaking maid, to allay;
And thus they decree—that Poseidon offended,
And Pallas shall bring forth a gift to the place;
On the hill of Erechthens the strife shall be ended,
When she with her spear, and the god with his mace,
Shall strike the quick rock, and the gods shall deliver
The sentence as just as shall order, and thou
Shalt see thy loved city established for ever
With Parnes for a bulwark, and the Styx for a vow

He spake ; and while Cecrops devoutly was bending,
To worship the knees of the herald of Jove,
Shone from the pole, in full glory descending.
The cloud-car that bore the bright gods from above,
Beautiful, glowing with many-hued splendour ;
O what a kinship of godhead was there !
Juno the stately full-eyed, and the tender
Bland-beaming Venus, so rosily fair,
Dian the huntress, with arrow and quiver,
And airily tripping with light-footed grace,
Apollo, with radiance poured like a river
Diffusive o'er earth, from his joy-giving face,
Bacchus the rubicund, and with fair tresses,
The bright-fruited Ceres, and Vesta the chaste,
And the god that delights in fair Venus' caresses,
Stout Mars in his mail adamantine encased.
Then, while wild thunders innocuous gather
Round his brow, diademed green with the oak,
On the rock of Erectheus descended the Father,
And thus to good Cecrops, serenely he spoke :—
' Kingly Autochthon ! the sorrow deep-rooted
That gnaweth thy heart, the Olympians know ;
Too long with Poseidon hath Pallas disputed,
This day shall be peace, or great Jove is their foe,
He spake ; and the sound like the rushing of ocean,
From smooth-grained Pentelicus, seizes their ears ;
From his home in Eubœa, with haughty commotion,
To the place of the judgment, the sea-monarch nears.
On the waves of the wind his blue car travelled proudly,
Proudly his locks to the breeze floated free,
Snorted his mane-tossing coursers, and loudly
Blew from the tortuous conch of the sea.
Shrill Tritons the clear-throated blast undisputed,
That curleth the wild wave, and cresteth the main ;
While Nereids around him, the fleet foamy-footed,
Floated, as floated his undulant rein.
Thus on the rock of Erectheus alighted
The god of the sea, and the rock with his mace
Smote ; for he knew that the gods were invited
To judge of the gift that he gave to the place.
Lo ! at the touch of his trident a wonder !
Virtue to earth from his deity flows,
From the rift of the flinty rock cloven asunder,
A dark-watered fountain ebullient rose.
Inly elastic with airiest lightness
It leapt, till it cheated the eye-sight ; and, lo !
It showed in the sun, with a various brightness,
The fine-woven hues of the heavenly bow.
' Water is best ! ' cried the mighty broad-breasted
Poseidon ; ' O Cecrops, I offer to thee

To ride on the back of the steeds foamy-crested,
 That toss their wild manes on the huge-heaving sea.
 The globe thou shalt mete on the path of the waters,
 To thy ships shall the forts of far ocean be free ;
 The isles of the sea shall be counted thy daughters,
 'The pearls of the east shall be gathered for thee !'
 He spake ; and the gods, with a high-sounding psan,
 Applauded : but Jove hushed the many-voiced tide ;
 ' For now, with the lord of the briny Ægean,
 Athena shall strive for the city,' he cried.
 ' See, where she comes ! '—and she came, like Apollo,
 Serene with the beauty ripe wisdom confers ;
 The clear scanning eye, and the sure hand to follow
 The mark of the far-sighted purpose, was hers.
 Strong in the mail of her father she standeth,
 And firmly she holds the strong spear in her hand ;
 But the wild hounds of war with calm power she commandeth,
 And fights but to pledge surer pence to the land.
 Chastely the blue eyed approached, and, surveying
 The council of wise judging gods without fear,
 The nod of her lofty-throned father obeying.
 She struck the grey rock with her nice-tempered spear.
 Lo ! from the touch of the virgin a wonder !
 Virtue to earth from her deity flows ;
 From the rift of the flinty rock cloven asunder,
 An olive-tree greenly luxuriant rose—
 Green, but yet pale, like an eye-drooping maiden,
 Gentle, from full-blooded lustilhood far ;
 No broad-staring hues for rude pride to parade in,
 No crimson to blazon the banners of war.
 Mutely the gods, with a calm consultation,
 Pondered the fountain, and pondered the tree ;
 And the heart of Poseidon, with high expectation,
 Throbb'd, till great Jove thus pronounced the decree :—
 ' Son of my father, thou mighty-broad-breasted
 Poseidon, the doom that I utter is true ;
 Great is the might of thy waves foamy-crested,
 When they beat the white halls of the screaming sea-mew.
 Great is the pride of the keel when it danceth,
 Laden with wealth, o'er the light-heaving wave ;
 When the East to the West, gaily floated, advanceth,
 With a word from the wise, and a help from the brave.
 But Earth, solid Earth, is the home of the mortal,
 That tealeth to live, and that liveth to toil,
 And the green olive-tree twines the wreath of his portal,
 Who peacefully wins his sure bread from the soil.'
 Thus Jove ; and to heaven the council celestial
 Rose, and the sea-god rolled back to the sea,
 But Athena gave Athens her name, and terrestrial
 Joy, from the oil of the green olive-tree."

Professor Blackie has done yeoman's service in the cause of university reform in Scotland, and he still labours with unflagging zeal in the interests of education. Much has been done during the last twenty years for Scottish universities; and he was one of the earliest and most earnest advocates of the happy reform which has taken place. School reform is now imperatively required, in order that young men before entering the colleges may have the opportunity, each in his own district of the country, of acquiring at least so much of the rudiments of knowledge as shall enable them to benefit by the higher tuition which it is the special function of a university to impart. This necessity Professor Blackie sees and he devotes much time and trouble to press on the needed improvements. While others are meditating, he is generally acting; an "excellent thing" in a Professor.

We take leave of the Professor as a Greek teacher, in order that we may give some specimens of his Scottish poetry. Our account of a writer so multifarious in his productions must necessarily be incomplete, but we should be presenting Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark we did not say something of the Scottish side of Professor Blackie's character. We begin with an extract from his "Lays of the Highlands and Islands" (1872), descriptive of the resolve of the Irish St. Columba, who was the first messenger of religion to the Western Islands of Scotland. The poem is called "Iona," and, like all the Professor's poems on Scottish subjects, is the memorial of a visit to the scenes which he describes.

" Son of Brendan, I have will'd it,
 I will leave this land and go
 To a land of savage mountains,
 Where the Borean breezes blow;
 To a land of rainy torrents,
 And of barren, treeless isles,
 Where the winter frowns are lavish,
 And the summer scanty smiles;
 I will leave this land of bloodshed,
 Where fierce brawls and battles sway,
 And will preach God's peaceful Gospel
 In a grey land, far away."

Beathan spoke, the son of Brendan—

' Son of Phelim, art thou wise?
 Wilt thou change the smiling Erin
 For the scowling Pictish skies?

Thou, the lealest son of Erin,
 Thou, a prince of royal line,
 Sprang by right descent from mighty
 Neill, whose hostages were nine?

* * * * *

Wilt thou leave the oaks of Derry,
 Where each leaf is dear to thee,

Wandering in a storm-tost wherry
 O'er the wide unpastured sea?
 Son of Phelim, Beathan loves thee,
 Be thou zealous, but be wise!
 There be heathens here in Erin;
 Preach to them 'neath kindly skies.'
 Then the noble son of Phelim,
 With the big tear in his eye,
 To the blameless son of Brendan
 Firmly thus made swift reply—
 'Son of Brendan, I have heard thee,
 Heard thee with a bleeding heart;
 For I love the oaks of Derry
 And to leave them gives me smart;
 But the ban of God is on me,
 Not my will commands the way;
 Molaise, priest of Innishmurry
 Hights me go, and I obey.
 For their death is heavy on me
 Whom I slew in vengeful mood
 At the battle of Culdremhne,
 In the hotness of my blood.
 For the lord that rules at Tara,
 In some brawl that grew from wine,
 Slew young Carnan, branch of promise,
 And a kinsman of my line;
 And the human blood within me
 Mounted, and my hand did slay,
 For the fault of one offender,
 Many on that tearful day;
 And I soild the snow-white vestment,
 With which Etchen, holy man,
 Clonsad's mitred elder, clad me
 When I joined the priestly clan;
 And my soul was rent with anguish,
 And my sorrows were increased.
 And I went to Innishmurry,
 Seeking solace from the priest.
 And the saintly Molaise told me—
 For the blood that thou hast spilt,
 God hath shown me one atonement
 To make clear thy soul from guilt.
 Count the hundreds of the Christians
 Whom thy sword slew to thy blame,
 Even so many souls of heathens
 Must thy word with power reclaim;
 Souls of rough and rude sea-rovers
 Used to evil, strange to good,
 Picts beyond the ridge of Albyn
 In the Pagan realm of Brude.'

Thou hast heard me, son of Brendan,
 I have will'd it ; and this know—
 Thou with me, or I without thee,
 On this holy hest will go ! ”

We would gladly follow Professor Blackie in his subsequent treatment of the legend. The history of Columba's death is an admirable specimen of the artistic combination of simple materials for an effective purpose ; but we feel that we shall better discharge our duty by making some quotations from other writings. Here is a sonnet, one of two, on Highland Inns :—

“ More high-tier'd inns ! and shall I ever be
 Pursued by London pomp and London flare ?
 Enter who will, this place is not for me,
 Who love a lowly roof and simple fare.
 Pile palaces for kings, where man to man
 Makes of his wealth theatric proud display ;
 But in the face of nature's Titan plan
 These pompous toys should blush themselves away.
 Give me—enough for comfort and for ease—
 A low white house that peeps into the glen,
 An open moor, a clump of sheltering trees,
 And a few kindly words from kindly men :
 These give—and, that the hours may smoothly pass,
 A genial friend, and a well-tempered glass.”

All wise men will cordially agree in these sentiments. There is no real comfort in a hostelry where you are reduced to a numbered and catalogued biped, as convict prisoners are, and fed and attended in accordance with a set of rules formulated at the directors' meeting of a limited liability company. Such treatment may be tolerated in London. London is a place one visits for business and not for pleasure. But in the Scottish Highlands the case is vastly different. There your object is to live in quiet commune with nature. You do not wish to be entirely relegated from social intercourse, or from the information thereby obtained ; but you wish to place yourself beyond the reach of vain babbling ; and “ *a few kindly words from kindly men* ” satisfy all your wants.

Two more sonnets, written at Loch Ericht, one of which bears upon the same subject, are even more directly illustrative of Professor Blackie's philosophy of life—or at least of life among the lakes and hills of Scotland.

AT LOCH ERICHT.

No railways here ! thank Heaven at length I'm free
 From travelling Cockneys, wondering at a hill,
 From lisping dames, who from the city flee,
 To nurse feigned raptures at a tumbling rill !

From huge hotels and grandly-garnished inns,
 With all things but true kindness in their plan,
 And from sleek waiters, whose obsequious grins
 Do make me loathe the very face of man !
 Smooth modern age, which no rough line doth mar,
 All men must praise thy very decent law !
 But in this bothie I am happier far,
 Where I must feed on oats and sleep on straw.
 For why ?—here men look forth from honest faces,
 And are what thing they seem, without grimaces.

This is not the highest style of poetry, but it is simple, healthy, unconventional thought, aptly expressed in rhyme.

Professor Blackie is a reverent and devout worshipper in the temple of nature ; but he is far from being a puling sentimentalist or a creed-bound bigot. "A Sabbath Meditation in Arran" opens with the following admirable lines illustrative of this feature of his character :—

"The Sabbath bells are travelling o'er the hill,
 The gentle breeze across the fresh-reaped fields
 Blows fitful ; scarcely on the broad smooth bay,
 With full white gleaming sail the slow ship moves ;
 Thin float the clouds ; serene the mountain stands ;
 And all the plain in hallowed beauty lies.
 God of the Sabbath, on Thy holy day,
 'Tis meet to praise Thee. In the high-domed fane,
 Glorious with all the legendary pomp
 Of pictured saints, where skilful singers swell
 The curious chant, or on the lonely hill,
 Where, on grey cliff and purple heather, shines
 The shadowless sun at noon, Thou hear'st alike.
 Vainly the narrow wit of narrow men
 Within the walls which priestly lips have blest,
 In the fixed phrases of a formal creed,
 Would crib Thy presence : Thou art more than all
 The shrines that hold Thee ; and our wisest creeds
 Are but the lisps of a forward child,
 To spell the Infinite."

This "Meditation," and another poem called "A Psalm of Ben More," remind us, in some passages, of Coleridge's Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni. The line of thought pursued is very similar, though the individuality of each writer is always distinctly preserved. Coleridge's mind had no practical side. Professor Blackie is intensely practical. His "Psalm of Loch Duich," another Sunday Meditation, is as good a practical summary of the Christian religion as we have found in books or from pulpits.

"Hark! from the base of that green copsy knoll
 The gentle call of the familiar bell
 Invites the plaided worshippers to join
 The Sabbath service, solemn and severe,
 Of Presbyterian piety. Go thou
 And worship with them, if so be thy heart
 Spontaneous rising to the source of good
 Chime with their hymns, and thy well-tutored lips
 Spell the dread mysteries of their iron creed
 With awful pleasure. But if far from these
 Thy spirit dwells, then let thy song ascend
 Apart, with mine, upon the lonely hills.
 God numbers not the heads but weighs the hearts
 Of them that worship. Here nor preacher needs
 With gusts of studied passion to upstir
 The dull heart's stagnant pool, nor with set styles
 To train thy finite mind with blind embrace
 To clutch the Infinite; all the vasty world
 Sublime, the living temple of His power
 Invades thy sense and occupies thy thought.
*There have been fools—no void and vacant souls
 But super-subtle, self-confounding wits,
 Eager to doubt and studious to deny,
 Who in the mighty marvel of His works
 Owned not the workman; let such pass; but thou
 With open eye and reverent-clinging heart
 Worship, and with pure homage of consent
 Accept His doings. What He is He shows,
 And what He shows, interpreted, becomes
 Thy law and thy religion; thou art bound
 By Him as by the chain that bindeth all."*

The italics in the above quotation are ours, not Professor Blackie's, and we have emphasised the lines because we think they are peculiarly characteristic of him.

In addition to the works we have mentioned, Professor Blackie is the author of many others of learning and taste; he has translated Homer's Iliad into ballad metre; and is the author of multitudinous pamphlets on professional and other subjects. He has also devoted his leisure hours in the summer to the study of the Gaelic language; and, we understand, has nearly ready for the press a book on the language and literature of the Scottish language, which, besides a philological analysis of the Gaelic tongue as now spoken, and a discussion of the Ossianic question, contains poetical versions of some of the most popular pieces in Gaelic poetry.

It would be difficult to name a more useful Scotchman, or one who has

more honourably earned a position of high repute in and beyond his own country. His recent book on "Self Culture," now in the ninth edition, should be in the hands of every youth.

Latterly, much of his time has been devoted to securing the establishment and endowment of a Celtic chair in his own university. The people have so liberally responded to his appeals for money, that his purpose may now be considered as accomplished.

As a scholar, perhaps, his most original achievements are his exposition of the theory of Greek accents, and his philological analysis of the Neo-Hellenic language. In his views with regard to the origin of language, and the interpretation of myths, he has taken up a decided position antagonistic to Professor Max Müller. His detailed lucubrations on these and cognate subjects were published in a separate volume, under the title of "*Hora Hellenica*." His "*Hellenic Dialogues*"—Greek and English—have been welcomed in many quarters, as containing excellent materials for the introduction of the conversational method of the Platonic dialogues into the Educational practice of school and college in this country.

AGAINST ALL ODDS.

BY F. W. CURREY,

AUTHOR OF "HER GOOD NAME."

CHAPTER XI.

CHARLIE PRENDERGAST'S AFFAIRS
TAKE AN UNPLEASANT TURN.

EVERY precaution possible was taken by Mr. Prendergast and Charlie in approaching the cluster of cottages where Bob Varley was supposed to be imprisoned. They were only rough miserable shanties, and yet had they been bristling with defences they could scarcely have been reconnoitred more carefully. In a circle the party drew near. Escape from them would have been almost impossible, so complete was the cordon they drew round the suspected dwellings.

But the domiciliary visits were in vain. There were no lights in any of the windows, and the cottagers were all in bed. They protested most emphatically that they were innocent of the misdemeanour imputed to them, and wondered their landlord could for one moment suspect them; to all of which Mr. Prendergast paid very little attention, while carrying out his search to the uttermost.

No energy, however, can discover a man in a place where he is not. After every corner had been tried in vain, Mr. Prendergast was obliged, reluctantly, to give the word for a return home. Slowly and dispiritedly they turned their backs upon the knot of mountain huts. The

storm was in their faces—wind, and from time to time, heavy showers of rain. The method of their going was altered now. They no longer crept cautiously and noiselessly along. Lanterns were lighted, and theories as to Bob's disappearance freely exchanged, while they advanced as fast as the ground would allow.

While they were moving slowly down a steep hill, their horses stumbling amid loose stones and ruts, one of the policemen suddenly called a halt. He fancied he had heard a shout, but by the time he procured perfect silence to listen, the wind was making such a noise among some Scotch fir trees at the roadside, that nothing could be heard. The man jumped over the fence, however, and ran out into the open field. In a few seconds he returned again, saying he was certain they had been hailed from a low rocky hill covered with oak scrub that lay to their right. Half a dozen policemen and as many dragoons set off with Charlie for the place, Mr. Prendergast and the others remaining on the road in anxious suspense.

It was more than half an hour before the searchers came back to the spot where Mr. Prendergast was awaiting them so anxiously. They were huddled together in a close body, and as they came out into the road through a gate, he saw they were carrying some one, and his

horse's reins dropped from his fingers in his dread of what he should see next.

His worst fears, however, were soon dispelled by a faint cheer from Bob Varley, who was borne along triumphantly by the policemen on a seat extemporized by means of their rifles.

"Are you hurt?" asked Mr. Prendergast, anxiously.

"Nothing bad, I hope; I've given my knee a bit of a twist, that's all; and I can't walk."

"You can ride, perhaps," said Charlie.

With some difficulty Bob was established in the saddle of a dismounted dragoon, and the party set off homewards. Then Bob informed his friends of his adventures. He fancied he had been followed almost from the time he had left the village of Glenriveen the day before. At any rate, he had not gone very far when four men jumped out on him from behind a fence, and after tying his hands together, and threatening him with a revolver, took him off towards the mountains across country. Lastly, they blindfolded him, and led him some distance along a rough road—about a mile and a half, as near as he could guess, and then he found himself inside a cabin. "I was tied hand and foot by them then," continued Varley, with a laugh, "but I knew a thing or two about knots, and I could have got free any moment. I had no chance, however, they watched me so closely, till this evening; but the moment I found I could escape, I was off. I suppose they were afraid to pursue me. At any rate, I made off as fast as I could, until I got into that rocky bit of ground. I saw your lights there, and was halting and hurrying along, until I tumbled down at last, and hurt my knee, in my anxiety to catch your attention. A bad fall, but it ends well, however

—only I wish you had not been obliged to come out such an awful night, Mr. Prendergast."

"I'm very glad I came," replied Mr. Prendergast, energetically, "and I shall make it my business to get to the bottom of this matter, so that the guilty persons may be punished."

"I think if you don't mind, sir," said Bob, "I would rather leave them alone. I don't believe they had the faintest idea of hurting me; and when they got me, I think I was very much in their way. They seemed an ignorant, misguided set of fools, in a desperate state at the loss of their leader. They won't think so much of him in a day or two, when they find out he has turned informer."

When they reached Glenriveen, Varley, in spite of his efforts to make light of his adventures, was nearly exhausted, and Charlie sent at once for Dr. Quinceen, who declared the young man in no danger whatever. As to Mr. Prendergast, however, he seemed anxious.

"He had no business out of doors such a night; he must go to bed at once. It will be well if this business does not cost him dear."

The doctor was right enough in his opinions. Next morning Varley, with the exception of a painful knee, was none the worse for his experiences; but Mr. Prendergast had a cold, which, however, he insisted upon treating as nothing.

After breakfast Janet sat alone in the drawing-room, thinking over many things. She was full of thankfulness for Bob's escape, but she also reflected bitterly over the folly and vanity which seemed to have lost her the chief happiness of her life. Bob's love, now that it seemed gone for ever, was, she told herself, something that ought to have been more highly prized and truly valued. "I see it all now," she said sadly to herself; "It has been a bitter lesson,

and repentance comes too late. He will never forgive me, or trust me again. It is very good of Charlie to try to make him, but he never will."

And then, at that very moment, and as if in answer to her thoughts, the door opened, and Bob made his appearance. Hastily she scanned his face, to see if it showed any signs of forgiveness; but at that moment its expression was not very reassuring—it was the same indifferent face he had shown her since their falling out, and that concealed more pain and resentment than ever she could dream of.

The fact was that Charlie had just been telling him of Janet's message of the day before, and had urged him to forgive her, and he had promised to do so. But when he came into the room, his anger had seemed to burn up afresh, and he could not speak the words he had come to utter. Instead of saying anything to her, he walked past her to the window, looked out for a few minutes, and then turned again to leave the room. But meanwhile her feelings were becoming too much for her, and when his hand was almost upon the door handle, she called out to him,—

"Bob!"

He turned round without speaking.

"Please come here, Bob, for one minute," she said, almost in tears.

Still silent, he walked over towards her. She stood up, too, when he came near.

"Bob," she said, in a low quick voice, "don't misunderstand what I am about to say. Bitterly, bitterly as I repent of my folly, I accept its consequences—you are quite right not to trust me any more; I have proved myself unworthy of your love, and it is not to ask for what I threw away of my own free will that I am speaking to you now. All I want to tell you is that I have no

words to express my sorrow for having made you unhappy. You are so good, so true, so brave, you deserved better treatment at my hands, and had I been a less silly woman, I could never have parted so lightly with what I ought to have thought my best possession. But that has been done—I have lost you—and all I want to tell you is that I am sorry from my heart that it has ever been in my power to pain you, so unworthy do I now see myself to be of love even half as true as yours."

Whether Janet could put her hand on her heart and say that every word of the above speech—delivered hesitatingly, but with pleading looks far more eloquent than any language at her command—was perfectly true, may well be doubted. For instance, she by no means accepted patiently the results of her foolish coquetry; on the contrary, they tormented her day and night, and most certainly, if behind her repentance a feeble hope of winning back her lover had not glimmered, he would never have been called to her side to see her heap dust and ashes on her head. But he was in no humour to treat her words severely; he, too, longed for reconciliation, if only she would confess her fault, and promise to be more faithful in the future. And as he listened to her repentant words, and saw the entreaty of her deep blue eyes, glistening with tears that gathered but did not fall, his anger vanished. She was forgiven, and with womanly quickness she saw it before he opened his lips, and a quick throb of joy made all her pulses beat faster, and brought a glow of colour into her cheeks.

"Don't say anything more about it, Janet," he said, taking her hand, "we will let bygones be bygones, and try to forget this horrid cloud which has been between us. But for God's sake, unless you feel sur-

it won't happen again, let us part now for ever. Are you certain you love me? Speak the truth, Janet, with all your heart—yes or no?"

"Yes, Bob—yes, ten times over," she replied firmly, meeting his searching glance with no evasive look. "You shall never have reason to doubt it again. This has been a lesson I shall never forget, and it makes me shudder to think what a price I was very nearly paying for it."

"All is not so certain in love as you thought, you see," said Bob, with a sigh. "You may remember that once you were very confident about it, and grew quite angry with me for suggesting that perhaps you might forget me when someone else came and told you the same thing you had heard from me?"

"Yes, Bob, but oh! he didn't speak a bit like you. He talked like his horrid scotish self—but, please, don't speak about him—it humiliates me even to hear the sound of his name."

"*Spectaque injuria forma*. I am afraid—partly," said Bob, smiling not altogether cheerfully.

"What's that?"

"Nothing—I was only thinking that some of the humiliation came from his conduct, not from your own sense of tickleness. Honestly—is it not so?"

"Oh, Bob, don't be hard on me. You said we wouldn't say anything more about it. I told you I couldn't be more sorry or ashamed of myself—or myself than I am."

"You are quite right, it is ungenerous of me to keep harping on an old story. As I said, we'd forget the past, and think only of the future."

And think and talk of the future they did, until stifled by a promise of ten pounds on her wedding day, made by Mr. Prendergast to Janet, she was resolved, man or no, to marry him, and should return to

London forthwith, and arrange matters with Mr. Donald Prendergast, after which, as soon as was convenient, the Church should

"bind a knot,
"Ne'er to be divided"

So ended Janet's love affair; or, perhaps, it would be better to say, so began a newer and fairer stage of a love of which Bob never afterwards thought or said that it was not deep or loyal enough.

After Bob Varley's departure for London, a serious misfortune befel his cousin in command of the detachment at Glenriveen.

Charlie had been for two days formally engaged to his Colonel's niece. On the morning of the third day after the event, among his letters was one from Colonel Dillon, which was a shock to him, even while he could not understand it. In terms of severe brevity Colonel Dillon wrote that, in consequence of facts that had come to his knowledge, he considered it his duty to put an end at once to the engagement between Charlie and his niece. As to the nature of these facts, he merely remarked that they were injurious to Captain Prendergast's character, and of a nature absolutely to debar him from again addressing his niece under any circumstances. In conclusion, the Colonel left Charlie to his own conscience.

Charlie's conscience, however, was not much help to him in his present difficulty; without waiting to ponder long over what he felt sure was only a passing misunderstanding, he set off at once for Rathmellick to ask an explanation of his letter from Colonel Dillon. As he drove up to the Colonel's hall door, he saw Mr. Singleton enter the house before him.

"Is Colonel Dillon at home?" asked Charlie of the servant, who had let Singleton in.

"I'll see, sir." Then, after a few moments' absence, "Colonel Dillon is not at home."

"Is Miss Dillon at home?"

"Miss Dillon is engaged."

"And Mrs. Dillon?"

"Mrs. Dillon is also engaged."

There was no mistaking this treatment, thought Charlie, as he drove off to the barracks, where, after an ineffectual attempt to find his Colonel, he wrote him a short note, saying he thought it an intolerable injury that vague accusations should be made against his character, and that he should be denied an opportunity of refuting them.

This note was not wholly without effect, for on the next day Colonel Dillon called at the mill.

"I don't know whether I have been more surprised or hurt at your believing any rumour of this sort without giving me a chance of refuting it," said Charlie.

"I have believed it most reluctantly," retorted the Colonel.

"But perhaps I may ask the nature of this report which has been sufficient to damage my character so seriously with old friends?"

"This pretended unconsciousness and innocence does not in the least impose upon me, sir," said the Colonel, growing angry. "If you made a clean breast of it, I might be disposed to think better of you."

"But I've nothing to make a clean breast of—except that I have cared for your niece for more than a year, and that if some lying report is allowed to separate us, a cruel injustice will have been done, for which you will be responsible, and which you may live to repent."

"Is that a threat, sir?"

"By no means."

"Hem!—it sounded very like one."

"I suppose I am no longer to be believed. But I must again repeat my request as to this report. I insist upon knowing what I have

done that has made me unworthy of marrying your niece?"

"And I insist upon repeating, sir, that you know what you have done a great deal better than I can tell you," said the Colonel, purple with anger and excitement. The truth was that Charlie had always been an especial favourite of his commanding officer, who had been prepared to find him penitent and apologetic. His obduracy, however, took the somewhat obstinate and hasty soldier by surprise, and increased his severity tenfold. After a few remarks of a still more angry nature, he took up his hat and prepared to leave the room. Charlie, however, whose temper was also thoroughly aroused, put his back against the door.

"You mustn't leave this, sir, till you tell me of what I am accused."

"Are you aware of the consequences of offering violence to your commanding officer?" asked the Colonel, his voice trembling with passion. "Stand back from that door, sir, and consider yourself under arrest."

With a violent effort at self-control Charlie stood aside, and the Colonel was free to depart. A little touched by the other's submission, he said that as the matter between them was of a private nature he would withdraw the arrest. Then, before leaving the room, he placed a letter on the table.

"As you persist in denying all knowledge of your offence," he said bitterly, "this letter will enlighten you. Good afternoon."

"Does Christine believe—what you have to say against me? Has she given me up too?" asked Charlie.

"She would scarcely be a true woman if she were ready to give you up at an hour's notice. Whatever she may try to believe, she has friends whose duty it is to shield her from the dangers of her tender-

hearted inexperience. You shall not profit by her faithfulness to a bad cause."

This was all the information vouchsafed to poor Charlie by his Colonel. And the only comfort he could derive from it was that, however willing other people might be to condemn him unheard, the person he loved most in the world was still faithful to him. And his conscience to which Colonel Dillon had scornfully referred told him if he had deserved this confidence in the past, the future should only confirm the trust.

This resolution made he took up the letter left by the Colonel. It was an awkward missive enough, and was marked "Private and Confidential," and ran thus:—

"Harpen 'en House,

"Clamborough, Jan. 20th, 1867.

"Sir,—In reply to your favour of the 14th inst., I beg to inform you that the facts of Miss Violet Thompson's disappearance appear in every way to agree with your ideas on the subject. On the night of the 14th of last month, she disappeared from this house, having been aided in her departure by a young pupil of mine, who has been severely punished for the part she took in the proceeding. On the morning of the same day a woman, who had always passed as her nurse, called on me with a story to the effect that Violet was really her own child. I endeavoured to induce her to delay the communication till I could ascertain from Mr. Prendergast's family whether her story were true or not. This, however, I could not prevail on her to agree to, so she saw the girl who appeared to be convinced of the truth of her story, and agreed to accompany her to France. I tried to stake this resolution, but she refused positively any application on her behalf to the Prendergast family, and professed

herself satisfied with the proofs brought forward to me by her alleged mother, with whom she said she would leave for France next day. That night she disappeared, and she has never been heard of since. At first I imputed her flight to her feelings of disgrace at the sudden discovery of her birth. I have since seen in her acquiescence in the Frenchwoman's claim, and her calm support of it, only the proof of her deep cunning. For some days past her head had been running upon a gentleman she had met during a visit to town—the Captain Prendergast to whom you allude, son to the late Mr. James Prendergast, of Balaclava House, Ratney. This young man had paid her marked attentions on that occasion, and there can be little doubt but that Mr. James Prendergast, knowing her to be the child of an old friend, was pleased at the attachment that seemed suddenly to spring up between them. I now see reason to believe that Captain Prendergast was the author of her flight. Yesterday I received a visit from a person whose name I should not be at liberty to mention even if I knew it, whose object was to ascertain how matters stood between Miss Violet Thompson and this young man. I need scarcely say I was glad to assist in any way any persons (except the Frenchwoman) interested in finding the erring girl. From the statements made to me, in confidence, by this person, it is perfectly plain to me that the young lady was abducted from under my care by Captain Prendergast, who, in addition to any admiration of the girl, had, we believe, other strong motives for desiring her disappearance.

"In conclusion, sir, I need scarcely remark upon the pain this unfortunate occurrence has caused me, or remind you of the injury the girl's flight has been calculated

to inflict upon my establishment. The good fame of a scholastic institution will not bear even a breath of doubtful import; at the same time, upheld by a strong sense of duty, I do not shrink from giving any information, or assisting in any investigation that the unhappy event necessitates. Enclosing a prospectus, and asking pardon for mentioning the personal fact that I have been at the head of this establishment for the last twenty years, and during that time have enjoyed the confidence of a large circle of patrons and friends, as well as of the local gentry,

"I remain, Sir,

"Very faithfully yours,

"HANNAH SMITH.

"To Lieut.-Col. DILLON,

"—th Dragoon Guards."

This document was as disquieting as it was mysterious. How on earth had Colonel Dillon ever heard of Violet Thompson? Still more strange, how had he become acquainted with the address of her schoolmistress. Was he generally considered the base betrayer of the unfortunate young girl whom the pre-occupations of his life had rather blotted from his memory? Could it have been through some of her school-fellows that the false and hateful suspicion harboured against him by a gossiping schoolmistress had come to Colonel Dillon's ears? That the suspicion had travelled by some such channel he thought certain, but that it should have found such ready welcome cut him to the heart. Of course he must set to work to clear his name at once; but this did not seem so easy at first sight. He could plead no *alibi* to the charge; unluckily, Violet's disappearance had occurred just after his own father's death, when he was on a short leave of absence, arranging his affairs, and spending

his time entirely between Balaclava House and London. During the week following the 14th of December, he had been quite alone at home, too. The shock of his father's death had affected his mother's health so much that she had to leave at once the house, where everything reminded her of recent melancholy events. George and Mary had gone with her, and Charlie had been left alone to do business with his father's solicitors, and examine his affairs.

The only way in which his name could be cleared (except by his denial of the charge, which seemed to have no particular value) was apparently by a discovery of Violet, and her testimony that he had been in no way connected with her flight. "But perhaps they won't believe her, even," he thought bitterly; "but perhaps she may give proofs of my innocence. I certainly seem to have been very unfortunate in my relations to the poor girl. But who can this person have been whom the old schoolmistress talks about so guardedly? Man or woman? The latter probably—some distant relative of the girl's father, perhaps. But how on earth could she say I had any motive—much less any strong motive—in desiring Miss Thomson's disappearance? There is some mystery in this matter, and I have not solved even a part of it yet. Could my father have had any secret views about the girl? It would have been only too possible, but it is hard to have to suspect one's own father, especially when he is dead."

But not even the wish to let his father's memory rest could drive some very disquieting conjectures from Charlie's mind, so deeply had he distrusted him in his lifetime. Under the circumstances, he thought the best thing he could do was to conceal nothing from

who was a personal friend of his own, and a man whose opinions and character he respected. He accordingly wrote to him, mentioning everything he knew of Violet Thomson, of his father's wish that he should marry her, and of her recent flight. And in his letter he enclosed a copy of Mrs. Hannah Smith's. This done, he returned the unpleasant document to Colonel Dillon, informing him that he had, through his lawyer, ordered every possible search to be made for the missing girl. He had, he added, no reason to fear her discovery, but most earnestly desired it, as it seemed nothing else could clear him from a most unfounded accusation.

Charlie's next act was to write to Bob Varley and ask the benefit of his advice. Bob had seen Mrs. Smith's first letter, and heard most of the circumstances of the case. He might consequently be able to throw some light on the matter.

These measures taken, Charlie could only fold his hands and wait as patiently as possible for a happy turn of the tide.

Before any change, either for better or worse, could come over his position, he was called to the bedside of his uncle, who was very ill. Ever since the unlucky night on which he had ventured out in wind and storm to search for Bob Varley, he had been unwell. What he at first persisted in treating as a slight cold, soon grew worse, and at last developed into a distinct attack of bronchitis.

CHAPTER XII.

MISS MEGAW ADVANCES IN HER MISSION.

We must now return for a while

to Miss Megaw, whom we last saw trying to bear up against the heavy blow of Mr. James Prendergast's sudden death. As has been said, no ideas that her enemy was standing at the Bar of an awful Tribunal consoled her for his untimely escape from her own observation. There were more ideas of personal revenge in her pursuit of him than she had imagined, and these suffered a bitter disappointment when death carried off their object. But as these thoughts of revenge had not reigned alone in her mind, when their motive power ceased other considerations gradually filled their place, and urged her not to abandon the course she had adopted. If Mr. James Prendergast could not be punished, his brother ought to be satisfied by the recovery of his lost child; and to the missing girl, if she were indeed alive, there was due at least one serious effort more for her restoration to her rightful position.

So, in spite of depression and the loss of one strong motive for activity, Miss Megaw did not give up her mission, but set herself to work out the slight clues she had obtained as to Mr. James Prendergast's movements when he left home on those short periodical expeditions of which not even his own family understood the object.

Slowly and surely she worked out these small clues, and traced Mr. Prendergast's footsteps to Clamborough. Once so far, she had little difficulty in making out the object of his journeys thither. It was to see a young lady, his ward in the school, they informed her at the hotel where it had been his habit to stop, and, as well as the waiter could remember, her name was Miss Thomson. Violet he called her whenever he brought her to dine with him at the hotel. At the Royal Hotel she also heard of a foreign woman, name forgotten,

who used to meet Mr. Prendergast and Miss Thomson, and sometimes Mr. Prendergast alone, at the hotel. All this information Miss Megaw procured from a talkative waiter, whose memory was marvellously quickened by half-a-sovereign.

After obtaining all this useful and important information, Miss Megaw retired to take her first night's rest in the Royal Hotel. The following morning, she decided to call at Harpenden House and see Violet if possible, and proceed cautiously to ascertain whether she were really the missing daughter of her old friend. What an age that night of conjecture and expectation seemed. Miss Megaw went to bed, but could not sleep. She seemed to have at last caught the thread which would enable her to find her way amid the maze of Black Jamie's plots, and the idea threw her into a fever of excitement and expectation. At last, tired of tossing restlessly from side to side, and of building unsubstantial edifices of fancy upon the basis of the fact she had just discovered, she got up, and lighting a candle, began a letter to Mr. Prendergast, detailing the progress she was making. This done, she felt calmer, and lying down again, fell asleep till morning.

At half-past ten o'clock she had effected an entrance into Harpenden House, and learnt Violet's strange story. Not unnaturally, she suspected Charlie Prendergast of some knowledge of his father's designs, the more so when she found he knew Violet. To do her justice, her conviction that Charlie had caused the girl's flight was in a great measure due to the school-mistress's exaggerated statements.

Like Charlie, but from a very different motive, she was evidently desirous of finding the girl. Mrs. Smith said that Giron, the Frenchwoman, was somewhere in London,

hunting for her with all her might and main, and suggested that Miss Megaw should unite with her in the search. This Miss Megaw agreed to do, and returned without further delay to town to try to find Jeanne. "She is advertising, herself, in the papers," said Mrs. Smith, as Miss Megaw bid her good-bye, "and if you advertise for her, you are certain to find her at once. Or stay; I saw an advertisement of hers in the *Times* some day last week. If you go to the address she gave there for Violet, you will find her, I have no doubt."

On her return to town, Miss Megaw was not long in finding out the advertisement to which Mrs. Smith had alluded. Besides its heading—"To V. T."—its substance left no doubt as to its author. It was an impassioned appeal to the love and duty of a daughter who refused to satisfy her mother's prayer. It also contained a promise that if the girl would yield, things should continue as they had been before, and the world should remain in ignorance of their relationship. After which came an address that Miss Megaw set out for at once, and to her great satisfaction, she found "Madame Giron" at home.

"Will you tell me all you know of the girl who was called Violet Thomson," said Miss Megaw, fixing her keen grey eyes upon the Frenchwoman, who returned the look with a half defiant glance of her glittering black eyes. Miss Megaw had begun the interview by saying she believed Violet to be in some way connected with a matter which she had an interest in investigating; and she hinted vaguely at great advantages that would accrue to Madame Giron if she withheld no information she could possibly give as to the girl's parentage and history.

"Dieu! There is very little to tell," replied the Frenchwoman,

brusquely. "She is the daughter of me and of *feu mon mari* Sebastian Giron, who was kill at Solferino——"

"You are certain——"

"Who shall be more sure?" asked Jeanne, scornfully. "You, perhaps, madame?"

"But this is a new story of yours," interrupted Miss Megaw, sternly; "you will find it more to your interest to be quite frank and truthful with me——"

"What I have say is truth!" cried Jeanne, firing up excitedly.

"You said formerly that she was a ward of Mr. James Prendergast's, and that you were her nurse, and now you call her your child—either that assertion or your present one is a lie. How am I to tell which is truth and which falsehood?"

"Because I have no longer reason not to call her my child—I gain nothing more by that now," replied Jeanne, quite unblushingly; "and it is no time but for truth now. I am very sick, and shall soon die, and I want to see my *chérie*, and be with her," she added, wearily.

Miss Megaw was puzzled. The woman certainly did look very ill, and her longing for her child did not seem a feigned sentiment, and there was a hungry, unsatisfied look in her restless eyes.

"Do you believe in God?" she asked suddenly.

For a moment Jeanne seemed taken aback by the question; but she soon recovered her composure.

"*Où, où . . .*" she answered, shrugging her shoulders.

"Then will you place your hand on this book, and swear to me that what you have just told me is true?"

"If you will," answered Jeanne, with another shrug, and a half-contemptuous smile. Then placing her hand on the book, and looking up in Miss Megaw's face defiantly, she said slowly, "What I have say is

truth. Violet is the child of me and *feu mon mari* Sebastian Giron, who was kill at Solferino. He was *sous-officier* of hussars."

"That will do," said Miss Megaw, smoothing her forehead with a deep sigh, and keeping silence for a few minutes.

"*Que vous êtes drôle,*" said Jeanne, watching her; "What is Violet to you, madame?"

"Nothing; but the child whom Mr. Prendergast really confided to your care, and who died, I believe you say—I want to hear of her."

"And what you want her for?" asked Jeanne, with a cunning look in her glancing eyes.

"That is my affair alone. Is she really dead?" asked Miss Megaw, struck by the curious expression of Jeanne's face.

Jeanne made no reply, but seemed wrapt in thought.

"Listen to me," continued Miss Megaw, laying her hand on the table, and bending forward eagerly, "the discovery of that child is of the greatest possible importance to me, and you shall be paid well if you can help me to find her. Don't commit yourself hastily—and above all, don't waste your own precious time or mine in inventing lies and subterfuges—but just think whether you can really help me to find that child; if you can, you shall be well rewarded for the service; but if the child be really dead, say so plainly for God's sake, and you will spare me a world of vain hope and sickening anxiety."

For a few moments Jeanne said nothing, while the sharp, cunning look of her eyes fixed on Miss Megaw grew more and more intense, till at last she said abruptly,—

"You are the mother of that child, then?"

"I am nothing of the kind," replied Miss Megaw, considerably astonished; "perhaps we shall get on better if you will only speak of

what you know—not of what you imagine.”

“I know nothing,” said Jeanne, sulkily. “There is nothing to make such fuss about.”

Miss Megaw felt that if she were to do anything with such a difficult person as her visitor, she had better abstain as much as possible from anything in the shape of roughness and severity.

“If she had been your child, I would have liked more to help you,” continued Jeanne, a little apologetically; for we then should have both the same kind of trouble.”

“I could not be more anxious to find her if she were even my own child,” said Miss Megaw, quietly. “She was the daughter of a very dear friend——”

“Why did you not ask Mr. James Prendergast about her, then?” asked Jeanne; “he would have showed you my child, though—Ah! he was one who was not easy to deceive”

“As I hinted to you just now,” said Miss Megaw, putting it in the most delicate manner she could, “there are circumstances connected with this affair which I cannot mention at present—later on, I shall be glad to give you every explanation”

“I do not want explanation—I want my child,” interrupted Jeanne carelessly. “I do not want money either; I want Violet only now.”

“I hope you will find her soon,” said Miss Megaw, pursuing her conciliatory policy, “and I shall be glad to help you by every means in my power. In the meantime, I hope you will not refuse to assist me in my search after information about the other child—or, at any rate, that you will put me in the way of obtaining some proof of her death. By doing either one or the other, you will be performing a kind and profitable action.”

But Jeanne was not to be caught

by soft words; she knew their market value quite as well as Miss Megaw, and estimated them just at that low price, and nothing more.

“What I know or what I do not know is my own to give or keep as I choose,” she said, cautiously, while Miss Megaw felt something like despair creeping over her. “I shall not be trouble long now with any of these things. I will find my lost child if I can—but I am very sick now”

“I should have thought it might be some satisfaction to you at such a time to help others who are in the same doubt and distress as yourself” suggested Miss Megaw.

“Why you take such interest in a child not your own?” asked Jeanne, curiously. “Who is father and mother to this child?”

“That, I have already told you, I cannot say. I shan’t be betraying any confidence, however, when I tell you that its mother was a countrywoman of your own.”

“That I know,” replied Jeanne, coolly. “When it was *bébé*, I saw that the *maman* it cried after was not English.”

“For God’s sake, speak out plainly, and tell me all you know!” cried Miss Megaw, clasping her hands together, while tears of entreaty stood in her eyes.

“No, no,” replied Jeanne, shaking her head; “when I find Violet it will be time enough.”

Miss Megaw began to fancy that Jeanne suspected her of knowing Violet’s hiding-place, and being in some way concerned in her disappearance. And then it flashed across her mind that, perhaps she might strike some sort of a bargain with the Frenchwoman dependent upon the restoration of her child.

“One moment,” she said, seeing that Jeanne was about to propound another of her useless questions. “It has just occurred to me that we might come to some arrangement in

this matter that would be for our mutual benefit. You have been searching for your daughter."

"I have search till I can no more," replied Jeanne, despondently. "My strength is now quite gone. I do not know how I shall bring her to me."

"Very well," continued Miss Megaw. "Now, suppose that I undertake to try to find your daughter—I have labour and trouble enough already on hand; without taking this in addition; but I do not care to spare myself—if you will promise to speak out if I discover your daughter's whereabouts for you, I will not leave a stone unturned to discover her."

Jeanne made no immediate reply to this suggestion, but as her face grew less melancholy, Miss Megaw guessed that she was giving it her favourable consideration. If she could have known that what she had just proposed was the one thing of all others that Jeanne wanted, her suspense at that critical moment would have been far less distressing.

"I do not want money," Jeanne was thinking. "I have little use for more money than I have—if I want ever to meet Violet again I must rest and recover strength, or rather I must not spend it in excitement. This woman shall work for me. She is eager, she is anxious; what I want she will soon know, as the price I shall pay for her services is good. What is it to me what are her secrets, or her motives. They are nothing to me—all I ask for is my own—my right—my child. If she can get me that let her do so, and she is welcome to all I can tell her."

"If you find Violet," she said aloud, after a few minutes of utter, oppressive silence, "you shall know all what I can tell."

"Then you have something to tell?" said Miss Megaw, making one final effort to elicit something from Jeanne.

"The sooner you bring me Violet," said Jeanne, with a sly laugh, "the quicker shall you know that."

"I will try that it shall be soon."

This matter arranged, it only remained for Jeanne to describe her recent efforts to discover Violet, so that the same ground might not be twice gone over in the search. Finally, she gave a very minute description of Violet's personal appearance.

This interview, which began so unpromisingly, left Miss Megaw in a most hopeful humour at its conclusion. On her return home she reflected that she had done all that could be expected of her own unaided endeavours, and that now or never was the time to call in professional assistance to bring her discoveries to a happy conclusion. She accordingly wrote a minute account of her interview with Jeanne to Mr. Hatchett, and begged him at once to institute a vigorous search after Violet, and to spare no pains to find her. The best detective aid that money could procure would be too little for the importance of the case.

On the following morning she was startled by a telegram announcing Mr. Prendergast's illness, and begging her to set out at once for Glenriveen. The telegram was from Janet, but had been sent by her uncle's direction. The intelligence it contained filled Miss Megaw with sorrow and dismay.

"It is too hard," she said to herself, as she sat petrified with trouble, "if he should be taken away now! Oh, my God! how hard seem the things we have to bear in Thy world—and how Thou teachest us not to measure Thy favour by the success Thou accordst to our plans."

Then with bowed head and downcast spirit she thought over the various disappointments of her life, and side by side before her the years seemed to stand—each year

personified by herself from the time she had been a merry child and blushing maiden till age and sorrow had blanched her hair and furrowed her face, and the monotony of a colourless existence had communicated rigidity to her form and features; and each year had its story to tell as it clasped the hand of a sister year; and as Miss Megaw listened to these voices of the past, she leaned forward in her chair, and buried her face in her hands, and bitter tears made their way slowly through her thin withered fingers, and fell glistening upon the blackness of her dress. Though the eyes that shed them have lost their brightness and beauty, the tears of age are as clear as the crystal dew-drops that hang from the eye-lids of youth, and they spring from a more hopeless anguish. Youth weeps for the present—age over the past, the present, and the future, too, sometimes.

* * * * *

“How is he?” Miss Megaw asked anxiously of Janet, who met her in the hall on her arrival at Glenri-veen.

“He is very ill, indeed, I am afraid. He has been looking out anxiously for your arrival.”

“Shall I go up stairs at once?”

“I am afraid you will not find him able to speak much,” said Janet, leading the way to the sick room. “He has scarcely opened his lips all day, and seems very weak.”

Mr. Prendergast recognized Miss Megaw the moment she drew near his bed-side, and returned the pressure of her hand, retaining his hold of it, though after turning an anxious glance upon her, he closed his eyes, and his painful hoarse breathing seemed to grow worse.

“I should like to see him alone for a moment or two,” she whispered to Janet, who was beside her.

Janet and a nurse whom Dr. Quineen had brought to help her inexperience left the room, and Miss Megaw, bending over the sick man, whispered,—

“I think we are at last upon the right track—keep up your courage, you have still something to live for, my poor friend. Alas! alas! do not let me be robbed of the happiness of giving you back your daughter,” she faltered piteously, while a spasm of anguish crossed her face as she watched his sufferings. “Press my hand if you hear what I say”

With great difficulty Mr. Prendergast answered her, “It is too—late. I am dying—but you—will find—her, if you can—”

“That I will, so help me God,” said Miss Megaw, fervently; then falling on her knees, while she still clasped his hand, she prayed with bitter tears that once again the hand of death might be stayed, and the sick man’s days prolonged to see the end of her labours, which she believed was near at hand.

“Alas!” she thought, as at last she arose from her knees, “why did he keep this thing from me for so many years? If I had begun to search for her sooner, his last years might have been comforted by her care and affection—and James Prendergast might not have escaped the punishment he deserved at the hands of the woman he had wronged. Alas, for our weak faith—oh, God! it is hard sometimes to say ‘Thy will be done.’”

During the rest of that day Mr. Prendergast never spoke.

“Is there no hope, doctor?” asked Miss Megaw, with feverish anxiety.

“None this time, I fear,” answered Dr. Quineen; his is a tough constitution, and he may battle for another night or two, but the end is certain, I am afraid.”

On this day of Miss Megaw’s

this matter that would be for our mutual benefit. You have been searching for your daughter."

"I have searched and I can no more," replied Jeanne, despondently. "My strength is now quite gone. I do not know how I shall bring her to me."

"Very well," continued Miss Megaw. "Now, suppose that I undertake to try to find your daughter. I have labour and trouble enough already on hand, without taking this in addition, but I do not care to spare myself—if you will promise to speak out if I discover your daughter's whereabouts for you, I will not leave a stone unturned to discover her."

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"I do not want money," Jeanne was thinking. "I have little use for more money than I have—if I want ever to meet Violet again I must rest and recover strength, or rather I must not spend it in excitement. This woman will work for me. She is a spy, she is anxious, what I want she will soon know, as the price I shall pay for her services is good. What is it to me what are her secrets, or her motives. They are nothing to me—all I ask for is my own—my right—my child. If she can get me that let her do so and she is welcome to all I can tell her."

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ival, numbers of the dying man's
 ns again began to appear at
 iven, and by the evening of
 xt day almost the same party
 ssembled as by the false alarm
 he previous October. The
 colonel was the chief excep-
 , for he, poor man, had for the
 three weeks been lying under
 sod in Lansdowne Cemetery, at
 h. The batches of children,
 too, were not quite the same as
 those who had disturbed the quiet
 of the house before, but in their
 manners and customs the new im-
 portations were no improvement
 on the old. Nor were their mothers
 less exacting than of yore. Johnny
 still preferred cream to cod-liver oil;
 the widow again spent a wretched
 sleepless night owing to the cook's
 obstinate adherence to the use of
 mace; and Doctor Quinceen still
 found employment for all the time
 he could spare from his attendance
 on Mr. Prendergast, in ministering
 to the ailments of his relatives, who
 seemed, by some prophetic fore-
 knowledge of the present melan-
 choly time, to have, with one con-
 sent, put off seeing a doctor till its
 arrival. But in spite of all profes-
 sional calls upon him, Doctor
 Quinceen managed to see a good
 deal of the well-to-do widow with
 the strongly Protestant sympathies
 whom he had admired so much the
 previous autumn.

And if, before, Miss Megaw's
 name and character had been rather
 roughly treated by the assemblage,
 she now received still less mercy at
 their hands. The mildest name by
 which she was commonly known was
 the title "that woman," delivered in
 various tones of dislike and suspi-
 cion, according to the ability of the
 speaker; but often adjectives were
 not wanting which qualified the
 word "woman" in a very injurious
 way, for their language had strength-
 ened. Into Charlie Prendergast's
 ears a flood of suggestions were

poured as to the object of her pre-
 sence in the house, and he was
 warmly urged to "make a stand
 against it," though when he came to
 ask in what way this was to be done,
 his advisers had an unpleasant fash-
 ion of taking refuge in vague gener-
 alities, that left him quite in the
 dark as to what he should do. The
 relations were all on very good
 terms with Charlie, for they thought
 Mr. Prendergast's undisguised na-
 tured of his father made it quite
 certain the young man would inher-
 it only a very small share, if any,
 of the half million or so of money.

Besides, there was a strong
 motive for seeking his favour. He
 was touching on a great position;
 even without his uncle's money he
 would soon be a very rich man, and
 the head of their family. Assuredly
 he was a person for them to make
 friends with.

But with his friend Bob Varley,
 whom he had summoned to Glen-
 riveen at once on his uncle's
 illness, and who arrived the morning
 after Miss Megaw (such a bad
 friend for him, said his maiden
 aunts) the case was quite different.
 When it came to be generally known
 that Bob had rendered his rich rela-
 tion a service by discovering the
 intended attack upon Glenriveen and
 capturing the daring spirit that was
 to have led it, there had been un-
 easiness and apprehension among
 the kith and kin, and many letters
 had passed to and fro on the sub-
 ject of the awkward occurrence. The
 ill-will which his good service had
 raised up against him only waited
 an opportunity to break forth in a
 storm on his devoted head, nor was
 the opportunity long wanting. As
 soon as it became known that the
 illness which threatened Mr. Pren-
 dergast's life was the result of his
 exposure to wind and rain on the
 night of Bob's re-
 ity, the outcry
 Naturally en-
 on captiv-
 his house

much distressed that Mr. Prendergast's life was in danger in consequence of exertions made on his own behalf, but he was not aware he had done anything to deserve such odium as the circumstance seemed to have brought upon him. The most harshly worded comparisons were made between the value of the life of a "young scamp" and that of the "poor dear, dear good man" whose inexplicable benevolence to the unworthy had cost him so dear. Some of the widows wondered how Varley could have the presumption to come to the house and face so many people whom his "mad escapade," as they called his capture of the Fenians, had plunged into grief and anxiety. One or two went so far as to say they were obliged to go away whenever he came near them, so uncontrollable was the resentment they felt against him for having caused so much mischief. And so many stings and stabs did the young man suffer that he had many times to ask himself had he really wittingly tried to endanger Mr. Prendergast's life, and were all these people, as they protested, really so heart-broken at the poor—or rather rich old man's peril. Of all the relations, Aunt Mary Prendergast expressed the most open and deadly resentment against the young man.

"To think," she said to Janet, wiping her eyes—which as far as Janet could see in no wise needed the attention, "of his precious, precious life being lost by his hunting after that fly-away young man; a creature whom nobody in the world would have missed if he had been lost ten times over."

"How can you possibly tell who would or who would not miss him, Aunt Mary?" asked Janet colouring with indignation.

"I know that no one ought to miss him," said Miss Mary Prendergast, with a toss of her head and

a glance that Janet quite understood. "And I consider that any one who puts his temporary existence into comparison with my brother's precious life is guilty of—of the greatest presumption."

"I think it was you that compared them, I did not," replied Janet.

"How my poor brother could be so infatuated as to interest himself in the silly affair," pursued Aunt Mary, pretending not to have heard Janet's last remark, "is more than I can understand. He should have known that 'what is good-for-nothing comes to no harm.'"

"He certainly did not think Bob good-for-nothing," asserted Janet, with flashing eyes; "perhaps for that reason he believed it possible for him to come to harm."

"It seems to me that you make your uncle a very poor return for all his goodness to you," cried Aunt Mary, losing her temper at the nimbleness of Janet's tongue; "I should have thought that after living under his roof and receiving so many favours from him, you might have shown better taste than to take upon yourself the task of defending a young man whom I shall never be able to think of except as his murderer—yes, I stick to my assertion—morally his murderer."

Though Janet's wrath was at boiling point, she did not dare, knowing the length and bitterness of her aunt's tongue, to carry her defence of Bob any further, and Aunt Mary retired from the discussion with all the feelings of a victor.

But Bob was not the only person whose position was uncomfortable in the house at this time. For some reason or other the chief authority in the place for the moment, the mysterious woman who ruled in the sick man's room adopted towards the heir to Glenriveen a manner that was little short of hostile.

How all the party in the house yielded submission to Miss Megaw so tamely, is perhaps to be explained only by the fact that their conduct, such as it was, was their "best behaviour." None of them wished to risk Mr. Prendergast's displeasure, even though he seemed in *extrema*, for they had before them the disquieting—or rather the quieting and controlling recollection of his former marvellous recovery, which restrained them from any overt acts of rebellion that might prejudice their chances should Mr. Prendergast again escape the jaws of death. So, though they certainly hated her more than ever, and, behind her back, put no limit to their abuse of her and defamation of her character, before her face only their looks betrayed the rebellion of their hearts.

CHAPTER XIII.

"OFT EXPECTATION FAILS."

ON the morning of the third day of Miss Megaw's stay at Glenriven, Mr. Prendergast's condition had undergone a great change for the worse, and Dr. Quincey, in reply to numerous inquiries, declared that he was opinion that his patient would scarcely live through the day. Dr. Quincey, however, at his temperate and sober hour of times, he was usually a calm and collected man, but he expected Mr. Prendergast to die.

"My dear madam," he replied to the anxious clamour of the ladies, "with my own attentions were given to him, I am not asking him—I really don't say what time he'll die to the minute."

Nevertheless it was known that the doctor thought the end very near, and that the household in consequence was in a

hush in which there was neither calm nor rest—only the anxious silence of expectation.

By the afternoon Mr. Prendergast's state was perfectly hopeless. He was unconscious and sinking fast, and Miss Megaw's eyes were red with weeping—hers were not the only red eyes to be seen in the house; but while pocket handkerchiefs were waving in every direction, and deliquescent sounds were those most commonly heard, not one heart under the roof of Glenriven ached as hers did. While, with trembling fingers, she was smoothing the sick man's pillow, Charlie was talking to Janet in the drawing-room.

"I cannot make her out," he said; "these women all abuse her frightfully, but I declare I never saw any one so gentle and devoted to a sick man in my life. And there can be no doubt about the sincerity of her grief. I wish she wouldn't keep me at arm's length so."

"I spoke to her about an hour ago," said Janet, "and told her how sorry I was for poor uncle, and for her trouble."

"Did she say anything?"

"Yes; she cried a great deal, and said she had known him very well once upon a time, very long ago, and that he was the only friend she had left in the world, and she hoped she might soon follow him."

Again the relations stood beside Mr. Prendergast's bed to bid him farewell, and though weaker even than on the last occasion when they passed slowly before him, he was able to recognize each one of them. At first they seemed inclined to crowd into the room all in a body, but Dr. Quincey and Charlie soon put some regularity into the order of their going.

It was a painful and humiliating spectacle, the parade before a dying man's bed, thought Charlie, as he

watched it from a little distance, and he could only hope that in his dying hour his uncle might be more indifferent to such unpleasant displays of human nature than he had been during his years of health, if report spoke truly. The widows approached the bed with clasped hands, and red, swollen eyes, and one of them—the doctor's friend—showed symptoms of hysteria, and had to be removed with uncere- monious haste. Men came in with drooped heads, and stealthy tread, and muttered a few words of regret at the sight of their prostrate kins- man. And Aunt Mary Prendergast, standing at the head of the bed, bestowed pitying glances on its occupant, and hurled looks of dis- trust and defiance at Miss Megaw with about equal liberality. Nor did the expression of her counten- ance sweeten when, the procession over, and the door closed, Miss Megaw approached the bed, and seemingly forgetful of everyone and everything except the dying man, took his hand in hers.

"God bless you, Martha," he said with difficulty, pressing her hand, and turning his head a little to look at her.

She could not speak immediately, but as soon as she recovered her self-command, she told him to be of good courage, and that she trusted they would soon meet again to part no more. "I have long ceased to look for happiness here below," she said, "and in rash hours of gloom I have prayed restlessly that my time might be shortened—I shall need to utter that prayer no more. I feel I shall follow you soon, but not till my work is done, I pray God."

Those were the last words spoken aloud in the room till death entered it, and Mr. Prendergast's eyes closed for ever in the long sleep that falls with irresistible power alike on the wakeful and the weary, on those

who think their day not yet half spent, and on tired mortals who have no desire to fight against the heavy influences of night.

* * * *

"You *ought* to send her away, Charles," asserted Aunt Mary Prendergast to her nephew, three hours after his uncle's death; "her pres- ence here has now become a scandal—it is an insult to us. And I declare if you don't take your proper place, and assert yourself by ordering her off, I shall have to speak to her myself."

"I hope you will not," said Charlie, significantly.

"Why not?" asked his aunt tartly.

"Because if you do you will oblige me to say that you did so solely upon your own responsibility, and without authority of any kind. As far as I am concerned, I wish her to remain here as long as she likes."

"Perhaps she'll oblige you by keeping you company for ever," remarked Aunt Mary, sarcastically. "She seems to know her way about here pretty well. I remember last October your father replied to me, when I wrote to him on the subject, that he considered her presence here a most unheard of and scan- dalous thing."

To the latter part of this remark Charlie had nothing to reply, or rather nothing that he considered it right to say.

"If she shows any signs of taking up her permanent abode here, I think I am quite capable of prevent- ing her from doing so," he said firmly, "but for the present I dis- tinctly wish her not to be interfered with. And if any people feel the scandal of her presence too much for their purity, it is very easy for them to avoid it."

Having failed in her attempt at dictation, Aunt Mary tried the effect of violence. Burying her face in

her pocket handkerchief and giving way to her feelings, she declared with many sobs and groans that he was unnatural and unkind, and wanted to turn her out of the house. And mingled with repetitions of this assertion, came lamentations to the effect that things would be very different for her "now that her poor brother was gone."

"I don't want to turn any one out," said Charlie, disconcerted by this storm of emotion; "you want me to do to another person what you complain of yourself. I know if this row goes on I'll leave the house, and then you may just fight it out among yourselves."

Luckily, the noise of Aunt Mary's snuffles and sobs prevented her from hearing this very weak threat of Charlie's, so no harm was done by it. Failing to dislodge Miss Megaw by menaces and tears, she retired, still weeping, from the scene, and for half an hour declaimed to the widows on the subject of Charlie's undutiful and violent behaviour towards her. After which she roamed about the house in search of Miss Megaw, whom, however, she was not successful in finding.

After Mr. Prendergast's death Miss Megaw retired to her own room, and was no more seen that evening. Janet sent some dinner up to her, but the food went downstairs again untouched, much to the surprise of the servants, who considered grief must be a very hungry mood, to judge by the performances of most of the household. The number of cups of tea and glasses of sherry required by the relations, both before and after dinner, was something astonishing, and calculated to impress outsiders with a very distinct idea of the mental exhaustion which required so much restorative treatment.

Next morning the ladies of the house all were holding an indignation meeting in the drawing-room,

before proceeding to breakfast, and the momentous question, was Miss Megaw to be tolerated at that meal, or would it not be better for the persons now present to rise *en masse* and leave the table on her appearance, was being hotly argued, when Janet's entrance put a check upon the discussion. Janet was a "snake in the grass," in family matters, but what squashed the Megaw controversy utterly, was Charlie's appearance a few seconds later.

"Is Miss Megaw downstairs yet?" he asked, looking round. He had a letter for her in his hand. "If she isn't, will you send this up to her room, Janet?"

"She is gone away," replied Janet, while all the relations looked at one another.

"Gone?" exclaimed Charlie.

"Yes; she left at eight o'clock this morning."

"Has she left any address?"

"She is gone to the hotel at Rathmellick."

"Oh; an orderly is going in to Rathmellick in half an hour. He can take the letter to her."

It was quite true. Once the house had ceased to be Mr. Prendergast's, Miss Megaw would no longer eat or drink under its roof. She would have preferred to leave the previous night, but she had no means of satisfying her inclination. At eight o'clock the next morning, however, she was gone from Glenriveen, and on receipt of the letter forwarded to her by Charlie, she made arrangements for starting for London at once.

It soon became known at Glenriveen that Miss Megaw's stay at the hotel in Rathmellick had only lasted a few hours, and that she had left Ireland.

"Now, what does that mean?" asked Aunt Mary Prendergast, mysteriously raising her fore-finger to her chin. "Does it signify that we have been alarming ourselves

with false fears, and that she has no expectations? Or does it simply show her so confident in her expectations that, as the poor dear departed one can no longer notice omissions of attention, she thinks it unnecessary to trouble herself by being present at his obsequies?"

"I—think, she was afraid of facing us," suggested a younger sister of Aunt Mary's.

"Afraid!" repeated Aunt Mary, scornfully, "much she cares for any of us, or she would never have dared to thrust us aside as she has done—thwarting and wounding our natural affection for the best of brothers—I declare, when I come to think over it now, I can't understand how we put up with her, and I declare I shall reproach myself to my dying day with my weakness in not opposing her more vigorously. But the truth is, one doesn't know how to act in such cases. Non-assertion of oneself has become one's second nature, and to put oneself forward seems an odious thing . . ."

"I expect she's only gone for a day or two," said one of the widows, "depend upon it she'll be back for the funeral—see if she doesn't. Trust her not to lose any opportunity of parading her very strange devotion to our deceased relative."

But, discuss it as they might, there was no possibility of deciding the point in dispute, till the drawers and strong boxes, now sealed up, should be opened after the funeral, and Mr. Prendergast's last will and testament be made public; and till the day fixed for the performance of the last sad rites, they had to bear their impatience and anxiety as best they could.

At last the appointed morning came—so damp, dark, and drizzly a morning that many a relative was induced with upturned eyes to repeat the comforting doggerel of "Happy the corpse whom the rain weeps on." And as time advanced

to the hour at which the melancholy procession was to leave Glenriveen, the drizzle became a down-pour, and with monotonous splash the heavy rain fell upon the soaked earth.

The mournful ceremony over, the large number of people who had assembled to pay the last marks of respect to Mr. Prendergast dispersed in various directions, while those who fancied themselves concerned in the dead man's will, returned to Glenriveen to hear it read by Mr. Hatchett.

The first clause of the document produced no stir among the audience. It merely mentioned the fact that house and lands of Glenriveen, together with the townlands of . . . here came a string of Irish names—passed by law of entail into the possession of his nephew, Charles Prendergast, eldest son of his brother, James Prendergast, deceased. The will bore date January the 10th of the current year.

Very different, however, was the effect of the second clause. It began by a bequest to Charlie of all the personal property of the deceased, and the pictures, furniture, &c., of Glenriveen, with the exception of some articles which were to be given to "my wife Antoinette Prendergast, formerly Antoinette Bertin, of Versailles."

A thrill ran through the assemblage as Mr. Hatchett read these words in a slow, monotonous tone of voice. The men frowned, the women quivered, rustled their dresses and grew red, and a muttered exclamation or two could not be suppressed. Aunt Mary was in an agony of fear that Miss Megaw was the perfidious wretch of a woman who had dared to marry her brother, and somewhat similar thoughts occupied the minds of the rest of the male and female relations. Charlie alone sat unmoved with his eyes on the ground. He

was rather pale and seemed to be thinking deeply, but he made no gesture of astonishment or disapprobation during the whole reading of the will.

"It is plain enough now why she has kept away to-day," whispered Aunt Mary to a widow who sat beside her. "The odious wretch—the wicked, scheming viper—oh!"

After pausing a few moments to let the startling fact of Mr. Prendergast's marriage sink into the minds of his hearers, Mr. Hatchett continued his reading.

The third clause of the will produced a sensation very little inferior to that created by the second; stripped of its legal verbiage, it announced the fact that Mr. Prendergast bequeathed four hundred thousand pounds to his daughter, who, he stated, had been missing for the last twenty years. Should she be discovered any time within the next fifteen years, for ten years after the date of that discovery she would receive only the interest of the money; after the expiration of ten years, however, interest and principal were to be at her own disposal. Should she not be discovered during the next fifteen years, the four hundred thousand pounds were to pass into Charlie Prendergast's possession, on condition of his laying a charge of six thousand pounds a year on the property for her benefit, should she be found at any future time. The interest of the four hundred thousand pounds was to be expended meanwhile in efforts for her discovery to be made by Mr. Hatchett, under the directions of trustees, to whom he would be responsible for its proper application. And any sums of interest not required for the above-mentioned purpose were to be added to the principal.

"She can't be the wife," thought Aunt Mary, who was now in the glow of angry heat from head to

foot. "He has not mentioned her name as yet even—*her name*, forsooth! doesn't it sound like a sham make-up thing—but we'll have a lawsuit—this is all a conspiracy—they were never married I'll swear—she worked upon his feelings last autumn. Oh, why, *why*, didn't we set upon her then, as we ought to have done?"

Again Aunt Mary's reflections were cut short by Mr. Hatchett, and her self reproaches were forgotten as she listened to a list of smaller bequests. To Janet eight thousand pounds were bequeathed, on condition of her marrying Bob Varley, who was also a legatee to a small amount. "Aye, you may well grow red—don't pretend to look surprised though, you artful little young man," said Aunt Mary to herself, as she shot a furious glance at the unconscious and rather confused Bob. Then came ten thousand pounds to Donald Prendergast. A thousand pounds to ten Irish charities. Ten thousand pounds to "my much loved and valued friend Miss Martha Stanley, otherwise Megaw."

"Then she isn't the wife," groaned Aunt Mary, half aloud, while she was biting her nails with angry excitement. The net was nearly drawn in, and as yet it had yielded nothing to her, though others had taken plenty out of it. Nor was she alone in her dismay; around her on every side were faces as flushed and disappointed as her own.

Then Mr. Hatchett read out a list of minor legacies and pensions to servants and labourers on the estate; and last of all came a bitter, cutting paragraph, that added insult to the injury of the previous ones.

"Finally, I bequeath to each of such of my relations as may be in the house at the time of my death, and who are not included in the foregoing legacies, the sum of ten

pounds sterling, in consideration of their travelling expenses to and from Glenriveen."

An awful silence followed this direful ending to the most heartless and unnatural document ever drawn up by lawyer or signed by a witness. A silence as eloquent as the looks of anger and disgust, that seemed all to centre on Mr. Hatchett as the direct impersonation of the dead man's malice.

But such a silence—so thrilling and heart-binding, could not last long, and Aunt Mary, who had suffered most during the reading of the will, was the first to openly express her opinion of it and its author.

"It is only just what I expected," she said, rising slowly from her chair with awful solemnity, and shaking the dust out of the folds of her black gown—a figurative gesture of the most awful significance, "and my only hope is that it will not be counted against him where he has gone."

This pious wish found an echo in many tongues, whatever the hearts of the disappointed thought. To judge by the conversation of the relations as they left the room to Charlie and Mr. Hatchett, so despondent and non-expectant a party had never before assembled to hear a will read.

"Let no one say I ever expected anything," said Aunt Mary, a few hours later, as she sat on her trunk in her bed-room, surrounded by a number of sympathizing connections. "Once my eyes had rested on the face of that woman Stanley—otherwise Megaw—I knew that natural brotherly love and duty would be stifled within my poor brother's breast, and stifled I have found them. "The moment I saw the artful tears and the despotic rule of that woman over him, I knew how little I was to expect, and little I have found. But I hope

it will be remembered that, even with the knowledge of the wrong he meditated against me, I continued to do my duty towards Alexander, and by my presence in this house, I protested against the shameless conduct of that woman who has so disgracefully worked upon his mind—by terrorism no doubt of which it makes my heart bleed to think—and resisted her tyranny as far as I could. Of the other melancholy disclosures of the morning—of his wife and child—I must be silent. They are things as to which shame closes my lips, but I think the more on that account. But let no one imagine I blame *him*," she cried, looking fiercely around, "he is the unhappy victim whom designing creatures have led astray, for their own wicked ends. I only pray he may be forgiven for the pain and wrong strangers have made him inflict on his own. It is easily guessed whom we have to thank for that disgraceful ending to an iniquitous will."

Aunt Mary rose above herself as she finished this speech. Raising one hand while she still sat rigidly upright upon her trunk, she exclaimed, "but let no one say I complain—let no one accuse me of murmuring—all feelings of personal injury are lost in deep pity for my poor brother, and resentment against those who made him their tool."

After the blow of the will, most of the relations left Glenriveen in the first flush of their anger. Some, however, were so "prostrated" by its contents, that they had to allow themselves twenty-four hours' rest before moving. At once, on his Uncle's death, Charlie had sent in his papers to his Colonel, and obtained leave of absence, after he took up his abode at Glenriveen where his mother joined him evening after the funeral. Matters were still in the same condition between him and

Dillon, but his solicitor, who succeeded Messrs. Hatchett and Hogg, in the position of legal advisers for the Glenriveen property, had instructions to spare no money in searching for Violet Thomson.

Other people, however, had been so busy seeking for the girl, and had spent so much money, and employed so much adroitness in the work, that she was soon found. Advertisements, that were little else but traps, had been inserted in some papers, and the very scanty information as to the direction of her flight, which was all that could be procured, was made the most of, and Miss Megaw soon knew that she had fled to London, and placed herself under the protection of a married school-fellow, who had procured her, after a little time, a situation as governess, in her neighbourhood.

Violet once discovered, Miss Megaw hesitated to denounce her hiding-place to her mother. Mr. Hatchett, who had come to town to superintend personally the present delicate moves in the game, could not understand such weakness. Knowing Miss Megaw's feverish anxiety to attain her object, he was the more surprised at her reluctance to sacrifice Violet for the sake of its attainment. Contrary to his advice, and in spite of his indignant remonstrances, she insisted upon obtaining the girl's consent before delivering her up to Jeanne.

To Violet she accordingly went, and in a few words explained her errand. To her surprise the girl seemed not to dread a meeting with her mother. She was no longer the bright-eyed merry girl whose childish garrulity had amused Charles. Her eyes were sunken, and glowed with a strange yearning intensity that was painful to see. Her face and hands were thin, almost to emaciation, and she was very pale.

"You say it will do great good if I consent to see my mother?" she said, languidly. "Let her come then, and look at what she has brought me to by her deceitfulness. I am dying—dying fast, of what some people say has never been—of a broken heart."

"I cannot urge you to see her," replied Miss Megaw, much moved by the girl's words and appearance, "I can only tell you she has information which it is a great wrong to keep back, and the price she has put upon it is your discovery . . . I have found you, but cannot betray you. . . ."

"Send her to me, I will see her. What is this information about?"

Though Miss Megaw had not yet found out whether Charlie Prendergast had had any part in Violet's disappearance, she remembered the girl's alleged tenderness for him, and carefully abstained from giving her any clue to the nature of the revelations Jeanne was expected to make.

"It concerns the child, in whose place she put you. It is most important we should know whether that child lived or died."

"In that case there can be no doubt but that I ought to let her see me," said Violet, "it will be but a small atonement for the wrong she has done."

"The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children—in your case the sentence seems a hard one to bear; where the children are evil like their fathers, we can see its justice."

"Let me know when I am to expect my mother—don't be afraid I shall run away from her again. I know too well that I shall soon be beyond her power for ever."

"I shall not go to her before to-morrow morning. I hope it will not do you much harm seeing her—I think you will find her softened and humbler—she has suffered I

am sure in her own way, though one cannot pity her much."

"Let her come. I am glad to think any good can result from our meeting," said Violet, wearily, as Miss Megaw withdrew.

Next morning Miss Megaw called on Jeanne, and asked for the information as to which they had bargained before.

"You have find Violet then?" inquired Jeanne, satirically. Miss Megaw's care-worn face and anxious expression seemed to her an augury of ill-success. "You only waste time coming to me without her. I tell you nothing—absolutely nothing, without you find my child."

"Don't jump at conclusions," said Miss Megaw, calmly. "It will be time enough for you to refuse to tell me anything when you are quite sure I have nothing that I might tell you."

"If you know anything, tell then," said Jeanne, impatiently.

"Not so fast," replied Miss Megaw, "I think it will be better for you to speak first."

"Very good," laughed Jeanne, in her coarse masculine fashion, "and then you tell me nothing—I am not fool, Miss Megaw, I can tell you that much."

"You will be a great fool if you don't take care, I tell you that here, in my hand, on this piece of paper, I have your daughter's address. Shall I describe her to you? She has dark hair and eyes, she is small and graceful, and her voice is low and soft—is that she?"

Jeanne was strongly moved by this description.

"You have seen her—have you seen her? Is she here?" she cried, starting up eagerly from her chair, "Let me see her, and I shall believe."

"You must believe without seeing her," said Miss Megaw, firmly, and the longer you delay telling me what I require to know, the longer

it will be before you can go to your daughter. Another word, too, if you do not tell me what I want to know——"

"I will tell as soon as you give me her address," said Jeanne, looking at Miss Megaw out of the corner of her eyes in a shifty fashion that would have been the reverse of reassuring had Miss Megaw got a less secure hold over her.

"That is not just," said Jeanne, in reply to a fresh declaration of Miss Megaw's, that the address would only be given up on her telling all she knew about the other child. All this fencing of Jeanne's began to make Miss Megaw's heart sink, she thought it meant that the woman had nothing to tell, and was trying simply to find out Violet's address without letting the emptiness of her own hands be discovered. Miss Megaw had one good card in reserve, however, but she would not play it unless it became necessary to do so.

"I consider it just, so you must make up your mind whether you will fall in with my desires or see me throw this paper into the fire."

"Oh, I am not so much your servant," said Jeanne, putting one arm a-kimbo, and swinging herself from side to side. "Perhaps, as you found her so easily, I find her too."

"No, you won't," said Miss Megaw, bending forwards and speaking very emphatically, "she is not anxious to see you, you know. One word from me would be enough to prevent you from ever seeing her. Now, Jeanne Giron, do you still persist in refusing to tell me what I want to know."

This was Miss Megaw's last card, and she was not mistaken as to its value. The look of alarm that crossed Jeanne's face, made it certain that if she could tell anything, the story would soon be forthcoming.

"What I tell you is worth much?" asked Jeanne.

"I am giving much for it," said Miss Megaw, quietly.

"To me, perhaps, but it cost you little."

"That is my affair. Perhaps I am also right in thinking that it will not cost you much to tell me what I am," getting rather tired of waiting to hear. "Come," she said decisively, "I will wait no longer. Into the fire this paper goes if you don't speak at once, and then, I can tell you, it will be a long day before you see your daughter again."

"Come close, then," said Jeanne, "and I will tell you all what I know. I, too, am tired. But if, after I have spoke, you give me not her address—the true one—I think—I think I shall kill you." And to do her justice, she looked quite capable of executing her threat. Miss Megaw, however, was not alarmed, and moving her chair closer to the Frenchwoman's, she disengaged herself to listen quietly to her disclosures.

For a good hour they spoke together—for, after a short time, it became a matter of question and answer more than a plain recital; and Miss Megaw took many notes of names and places.

When, at last, the interview was over, Miss Megaw's eyes were gleaming with anticipations of triumph, and Jeanne had received into her bosom the slip of paper she coveted so much.

"I shall start for France at once," said Miss Megaw. "You will probably hear from me again—This address will hold no any time. Mr. Hatchett will forward any letters to me. Must you do not change your address without letting me know."

Ten minutes after she was rid of her visitor, Jeanne set out for the address at which she was to find Violet. Her heart was beating violently, and the moments seemed

hours, so slowly did they pass in her eager expectation.

She was shown into a room, and told that Violet would come to her presently. She could not stay still, but walked restlessly backwards and forwards.

"Mon Dieu—Mon Dieu—how I long to see her," she kept muttering to herself, in her almost intolerable impatience.

At last the door opened slowly, and Violet, ghastly pale and trembling from head to foot, advanced a few steps to meet her. Jeanne, however, was rooted to the spot where she stood. Was this her pretty Violet? Was this the merry girl?—no, this white face, this thin figure—was some stranger—it was not her Violet who was looking at her so strangely and so terribly.

With a bitter cry of pain, the Frenchwoman at last sprang forward, and flung her arms around the immovable girl. With nervous force she drew her to a sofa, and kneeling before her, prayed abjectly for forgiveness for the lie she had made her own and her child's life.

"It was because I loved you so much—you were so sweet—so pretty—I thought it no harm—it was no harm—only that you have feel it so," sobbed the distracted woman. "Forgive me Violet, or I die at your feet . . . Say you forgive me—only that, my child—I pray you say you forgive . . ."

"I forgive you—with all my heart," said Violet, gently. She was going to add something more, but a violent fit of coughing interrupted her. As if worn out by this, she rested her head on Jeanne's shoulder. For a few minutes neither of them moved. Jeanne was unwilling to breathe almost, lest she should disturb Violet. It was such sweet happiness at last, to feel the dear one nestling close to her.

But as the minutes passed, Violet's quietness grew strange.

Once only Jeanne had heard her Then, in a sharp instant of anguish,
sigh. At last she bent down, and she saw what this stillness was.
tried to raise the drooped head. Violet's rest was the sleep of Death.

THE SOUL'S QUESTIONINGS.

BY LADY WILDE.

THE cry of a bitter despair goeth up through the darkness of night,
A cry as from foundering ships struck down by the storm-wind's might,
A cry from the souls of the death-stricken passing from life and light.
Tell us, they say, in their anguish through the mist of their blinding tears,
Why this doom on the race of the human must come with the coming years?
This doom of Death on the living, this cruel, remorseless Death,
Freezing the warm life-current with the blast of his icy breath,
Till the heart of the bravest faints with presage of peril and pain
As a flag from the mast droops low when the clouds are heavy with rain?
Tell us, O! mystic life-giver from the heights of thy shrouded throne,
Why the light must die from our eyes, our laughter be changed to a groan,
And the spirit be crushed and broken, ere the task thou hast given is done?

Tell us, O! Fate the death-bringer, whither, O! whither are we
Drifting away on the waters of this desolate lonely sea
Out to the fathomless gulf of Death's dark mystery?
Blindly driven along through the rocks and the foam and the mist,
As a bark on the storm-tossed ocean wherever the wild winds list,
O'er mastered by unseen forces and powers that none can resist.
One moment of passionate life—a rush of the whirlwind and storm,
And then to give back to the dust the glory of soul and form,
As the lightning dies on the mountain ere its fires enkindle or warm!
Baneful and bitter the burden under which our race must lie,
This primal, changeless curse of a doom and a dread ever nigh,
We asked not for Life—we live; we asked not for Death—we die!

(Fate answers.)

“I see the anguish on each pallid brow,
But what avails the pale lips' questioning now?”

Ask not the living, ask not of the dead,
 Age upon age hath passed yet none hath said,
 No torch has lit the darkness of man's doom,
 No key unlocked the secrets of the tomb.
 Of all the myriad spirits sailing o'er
 That vast dark ocean to the unknown shore
 None ever yet returned. Ask me no more."

Endless the falling rain of the dead in its soundless depth,
 Have the spirits reached to the light over its measureless breadth?
 Shall we track their path through the stars where the spherul systems move,
 And beyond the borders of death see the forms of those we love
 As gods by the great white throne, the glorified, uprisen dead,
 With a palm in the hand, a song on the lips, and a crown on the head;
 Or seek through the wide unknown, with yearnings of passionate pain,
 For the eyes reopened in beauty, we closed in the last death strain;
 Search through the infinite void, yet search for ever in vain?

Can this be the end of all—the power of beauty and birth,
 The splendours of youth and brain, the laughter and songs of mirth—
 A nameless thing of horror, to be hidden away in the earth?
 Nature mute in her Temple, stony and lifeless and bound,
 Systems and suns revolving, yet never a human sound;
 The silent worlds in heaven, and the silent Dead underground—
 Can we not wrench the secret from the cruel silent sky?
 We see the dust in the churchyard, we see not the soul on high.

"The death-rain falls for ever on that wave,
 The dust to dust sinks down beneath the grave,
 Yet from the never-ending, shadowy crowd,
 No voice has reached us through the muffling shroud;
 No fair young face has risen from that sea
 With bright lips murmuring, 'Mother, come to me.'
 No spirit-hand has stretched across the gloom
 To point the way to life beyond the tomb;
 Silent, O' silent ever is that shore,
 The dead return not. Ask of me no more."

Yet we were glorious in beauty, we of the godlike brain,
 The thoughts we gave to the world man's proudest treasures remain;
 But now the dark waves cover us, we utter no word again,
 Till the world is riven asunder, the temples we reared shall stand;
 But as stones by the builders rejected we are flung from the master's hand,
 We—the makers and workers, the lords over sea and land!

O! why on our wondrous nature this shadow deadly and dim;
Our souls from the central earth could reach to the Infinite's rim,
Measure the stars in their courses, weigh the worlds in a scale;
Yet, if this life only be given, what does it all avail?
Splendours or trials or triumphs, the joy of life or the wail?

No work for the artist-hand, no dream through the endless night,
For the Poet whose thoughts were flame, whose words were as swords that
 smite;
For the priesthood of Truth who carried through darkness the torch of light?
No thrones for the world's great heroes 'neath the golden dome of the sun,
For the just whose witness on earth was, "Servant of God, well done;"
No knowledge or no device in the grave whereunto we go,
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust, the only future we know,
The dream of a heaven above, or the fear of a hell below.

A terror and gloom is on us, a sense of a coming fate,
Yet we are helpless as victims, we only can weep and wait;
Are we but leaves of the forest driven and drifted along,
A minor tone in the music of Nature's infinite song,
A wraith of the tempest, cloud-woven when shuddering night-winds rave;
Fleeting as storm-blown spray on the ridge of the ocean wave,
With oblivion for pall, and the wind for a dirge, and the gulf for a grave?
Tell us! the surging waters are rising over our head,
Tell us! the skeleton hand is drawing us down to the dead.

"Earth cannot answer, nor the purple sea,
The worlds are silent on the life to be.
No human lips have ever told the tale
Of what may lie beyond Death's sombre veil;
Upon that mystery God sets his seal,
The Why, the Whence, the Whither, none reveal.
I look on those dark waters of the dead,
The wrecks of glorious life are on them spread;
Strong branches broken by the storms of night,
Fair blossoms blighted ere their noon of light.
Yet not a sound is heard along the shore,
Save weeping for the Dead, that come no more."

THE UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN.*

By THE REV. JOHN H. MACMAHON, M.A., LL.D.

In every country, not merely in the dream of poets, but in the facts of history, has had its golden age: the Emerald Isle has not been without hers. It is not always understood that Ireland, in the very thick of European darkness, was illumined with a civilization and Christianity whose light penetrated into other lands. This period of enlightenment preceded the Danish incursions when a state of things prevailed which seemed to justify the title of "Island of Saints." The Gospel had already kindled a gleam of golden sunshine in the island, and, in doing so, produced all its humanizing power over the character of the inhabitants. Some of the chief towns, such as Armagh, were ruled with students, who, as missionaries, celebrated the mission, carried knowledge and religion through the length and breadth of Europe. The condition of learning in Ireland before the foundation of Trinity College, Dublin, had confessedly been much on the decline, though it is not possible to deny that very early in our national annals, the cultivation of the very improved reputation to Ireland. This is not only anterior to the introduction of Christianity, but antedated before the Christian era. Ireland was known as the Sacred Island. Some tell us that the ancient Greeks, acquiring their

information, in all likelihood, from Phœnician navigators, not only were well aware of the existence of Ireland, but imagined that the Elysian fields were situated there, and that the land was blessed—in short, was holy ground.

It is historically certain, that in little more than a century after the death of the great St. Jerome, the rude tribes, who, like a torrent swept down on the old Roman Empire, put an end almost to literary pursuits, so that a very dark night was the sequel to the brilliant sunshine of the Augustan age.

When Boethius, in dolorous terms, wrote his famous work, "*De Consolatione Philosophiæ*," a sort of Egyptian gloom had settled over Europe. But if so, we feel pride in recording that the earliest streaks of returning radiance were seen in Erin, so that in the seventh century the schools of Armagh, Ross, Clonard, and Bangor became everywhere famous. The unimpeachable testimony of Alcuin, the friend and preceptor of Charlemagne, is conclusive, as being confirmed by the venerable Bede. From this and other sources we learn how pious students from abroad were attracted to Ireland by the Divinity Schools, where they would pass several years in scholastic and theological study. Unhappily, we believe, of these great schools, no works or monu-

* *University of Dublin, Science & Art, 1879, 2 vols.* Dublin: Hodges, Foster & Co., 1879. *The University of Dublin.* London: Longman & Co.

ments remain, and they are known to posterity chiefly by the descriptions of foreign writers.

The foundation, in the twelfth and following centuries, of what is now termed a university, was the result of that intellectual movement which evinced its most remarkable vitality in Ireland, and was itself the first orient beam which gilded the horizon after the dismemberment of Imperial Rome. Almost from the start, these and kindred institutions might be observed travelling upon a proper track. Thus the liberal arts and sciences were regularly taught by men of mark, while at the same time the study of ancient jurisprudence, coupled with an ardent cultivation of classical literature, imparted that impulse to the human mind which afterwards shattered the pillars of the scholastic philosophy, and by putting things for words, realities for abstractions, gave the initiative to modern discovery.

In this new university movement Ireland was nearly a century later than continental countries, and a far longer period behind her Saxon neighbour. The earliest universities in Europe were those of Bologna and Paris, but before 1500 Germany possessed fourteen such establishments, Italy twelve, and France ten. In Spain, Portugal, Denmark, and other countries universities existed, except in Ireland; though this was not always so. Six or seven hundred years previously schools, as already noticed, flourished in this country, which attracted accomplished students from other lands; and yet, at the time of the Reformation, Ireland alone in Western Europe was without a university.

In the early portion of the fourteenth century Clement V. issued a bull, founding a university in Dublin; and another Papal rescript for the same purpose was issued by his successor John XXII. The Dean of St. Patrick's was appointed

chancellor of the proposed college, and the cathedral itself was intended to be used for university purposes. Whatever the cause, this project, though under sacerdotal patronage, fell through, but was afterwards carried into effect by far different hands and with different results.

The University of Dublin is inseparably linked with Elizabeth's glorious reign. This great queen succeeded in attracting towards her throne those politicians who, equally acquainted with men and books, became not only encouragers of learning, but protectors of the realm in tumultuous times. Among the notables of that day, a conspicuous place must be given to Sir John Perrot, who, after many marks of regal approbation, was finally appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Among the numerous sagacious plans which he conceived for bettering this country, it was not likely that public education would be omitted. His mode, a rather unceremonious one towards vested interests, of supplying the Irish with a university, is unfolded in one of his letters to the Treasury in London. Sir John wrote as follows: "That whereas there is no place for the Courts of Law, save only an old hall in the Castle of Dublin, dangerously placed over the munition of powder; and the Cathedral of St. Patrick being spacious and large, would sufficiently serve for all the several courts; and there being a want of a storehouse for grain and other provisions, and no fit place for it, whereby the waste in victualling is the greater; that the canon's house, environing the church, might aptly serve for an Inn of Court to bestow the judges and lawyers in, in exchange for which their Inns of Court, lying commodiously over the river, and hard by the bridge for loading and unloading, might as aptly serve for a store-

house and granary. That there being two cathedrals in Dublin, this being dedicated to St. Patrick and the other to the name of Christ, that St. Patrick's, which had a more superstitious reputation than the other, therefore ought to be dissolved. That the revenues of St. Patrick's are now above four thousand marks per annum, which would serve to begin the foundation of two universities, and endow a couple of colleges in them with one hundred pounds per annum a-piece, and the residue may be employed in the reparation of said church and houses, and be annexed unto Christ Church by way of augmentation of the choir.' Sir James Ware explains some of the other details of this scheme, which, he truly remarks, would have been a very laudable one, if the projected university were not to be raised upon the ruins of so venerable a cathedral foundation as St. Patrick's.

Sir John Perrot fell into disgrace at court, and was recalled from Ireland, owing, it is said, to the intrigues of the then Archbishop of Dublin, who, at any rate, stepped into the Lord Deputy's shoes so far as the university scheme was concerned. The idea, at the suggestion of Queen Elizabeth, was taken up by Archbishop Loftus with his customary zeal, and he discovered a sort of *modus vivendi* for the accomplishment of his plan, thus avoiding Perrot's virtual encroachment upon the revenues of the Church. This active and courtly prelate was not long in taking out a suitable site. In these days the corporation of Dublin were in possession of ground of no intrinsic value, which had originally belonged to an old monastery founded by one of the Irish kings. In Henry VIII's reign, this religious house was suppressed, though its dilapidated buildings and lands passed by Royal Charter into the hands of the chief magistrate of

Dublin and the municipal council. This locality, it appeared to Loftus, was most eligible for the proposed college, and he soon induced the corporation to dispose of it. The next step was to enlist the sympathy of Primate Ussher, whose exertions obtained first a Royal Charter, and then a license of Mortmain, which enabled the new corporate body of the University to hold the lands devised to the city as well as others similarly circumstanced.

There is a manifest interest attached to the birth of so great an institution, so that the provisions of the letters patent which came over from London founding Trinity College are worthy of a place in our Magazine. It was appointed that a college, which was to become the mother of a university, was to be built on a place known as All-hallows, near Dublin, for the education, institution, and instruction of youth in the arts and faculties, to endure for ever. Its title was couched in these familiar words, *Collegium Sanctæ et individue Trinitatis Juxta Dublin a Serenissimâ Regina Elizabethâ Fundatum*. Dr. Adam Loftus, holder of the Great Seal of Ireland, as well as Archbishop of Dublin, was named as the first provost, in company with three fellows and three scholars; and the great Lord Burleigh as Chancellor of the University. In the middle of March the first stone of Trinity College was laid, in the year 1591, by Thomas Smith, Lord Mayor of Dublin, and in January, 1593, the doors of the new halls of learning were opened for the reception of pupils. At first, from want of funds, and owing to the disturbed state of the country, the University was encircled with danger, but the clouds melted away, and the sun shone out, thus foreshadowing the future lustre of Trinity College, Dublin. But in reaching its existing superiority no single legislative effort

could be enough; accordingly, the first Charter was supplemented by others. The original Letters Patent founding Trinity College strikes us, like so many other of the Elizabethan laws, as a most comprehensive and statesman-like document, the main features of which are still preserved. Clause 5 provides that all the Queen's subjects and officers be permitted and encouraged to grant such assistance as they may be disposed to give. So far as pecuniary contributions are concerned, no greater slur reposes upon the opulent classes in Ireland than their parsimony towards the University of Dublin. Not only have the aristocracy habitually sent their sons to Oxford and Cambridge; but they have closed their purse-strings to *Alma Mater* in other ways. The funds which have found their way into the University treasury have emanated either from royal bounty or been the bequests of distinguished fellows of the college. This want of liberality displayed itself in Archbishop Loftus's time, when a public subscription for founding the University was announced, and proved virtually a failure. But in spite of this and other drawbacks, the college has grown apace, so that it now numbers on its roll a fine collection of *alumni*, who are instructed in all the requisite branches of liberal education by as hardworking and highly qualified a staff of fellows, tutors, and professors as any university in the world can boast. The quantity, and certainly the quality, of the teaching achieved by the staff of Trinity College, Dublin, could not easily be surpassed, as it covers every department of learning necessary for the learned professions, the military, or civil service, whether of the

United Kingdom or the East. In mentioning India, the writer is reminded that he brought the lamented Mr. Margary, a few days before he left England, through Trinity College, who expressed himself alike delighted and amused with everything, especially with what he saw in the lecture rooms, new buildings, and the admirable collection of appliances for giving proper instruction in natural philosophy and engineering.

It is likewise noteworthy that, almost *ab initio*, the University of Dublin adopted the best means within reach for having competent teachers for the several arts, so that some of the more important professorships, and lectureships are of ancient date as foundations. The three leading departments of Divinity, Law, and Medicine, together with those of Science, pure and applied, have never been for a greater continuance in the keeping of a more brilliant and highly informed succession of teachers in any other seat of learning in Europe than in the University of Dublin. Such care has teemed with golden fruit. Let us instance the medical school alone. Ireland, with all her shortcomings, has always taken a lead in her medical men, and in the educational preparation of our surgeons and physicians. The palm which Ireland thus has carried off she is in a great measure indebted for to the University of Dublin. It was to the fact that the regulations after the Union drawn up by the board of Trinity College were universally recognized as genuine improvements, that pupils crowded into the medical schools of the University not only from all parts of this country, but from England, Scotland, the United States, and the British Colonies.* More especially in the

* Among the beneficial *university* reforms in which Trinity College took the lead, is th

group of what are known as Erasmus Smith's professorships some solid and abiding collegiate work has been achieved year by year. Many of our readers may not know who this great benefactor was, or where he came from. Smith was a wealthy London citizen, who purchased large estates in Ireland, which after various quibblings among the lawyers, were finally entrusted to the authorities of Trinity College for the ends which are now being fulfilled with so much laudable efficiency.

The mathematical school of the University deserves rich praise, not only from its eminence but from the high place, by common consent, as at Cambridge assigned in Dublin College to progressing in abstract science. So far back as two centuries and a quarter ago we find mathematics regularly taught by a professor of the University in the college. This office was united with one of a similar kind called the Donaghal Lecturer, and created under the will of an Irish earl of that name. The present arrangement is not quite this, as the Donaghal Lecturer is assistant to the Professor of Mathematics; these offices now being held by two great masters, Mr. Michael Roberts and his brother, the Rev. William Roberts. These highly accomplished mathematicians have shown themselves able to preserve the prestige of a University which owns MacCullagh and Hamilton. Professor MacCullagh, by the subtlety and reach of what we may truly term the rough genius, has kindled round the chair of mathematics in the University of Dublin deathless fame. His early death, alas! came upon him while engaged in these

abstruse investigations upon light, which, from a mathematical standpoint, promised to put the crowning stroke to Newton's immortal discoveries in optics. Sir William Hamilton, however, has left behind him complete and entire his mathematical labours in a stupendous form, in his marvellous book upon "Quaternions." He was gifted with that refined intuition which, as with Descartes, quick as lightning grasps a general law. It is this habit of mind which illuminates the path of truth with light not confined within the sphere of a single phenomenon, but spreading its rays through almost the entire network of the sciences. Hamilton's mathematical researches have been prolific in consequences, which establish beyond dispute the positive value and basis of the calculus devised by himself, and which in the present day is so highly prized, on account of convenience and utility, by continental mathematicians, who are surprised that a work of such magnitude, far-reaching and sustained application, could be achieved by a single mind.

MacCullagh and Hamilton are, however, only a couple of stars out of the constellation which sheds splendour over the University of Dublin. First in the list of her worthies, as one who watched over the college in its infancy, stands the illustrious name of Usher, one of the most solid theologians and prescient of ecclesiastical statesmen of the Cranmer school the world has ever seen. The University of Dublin educated likewise the following: Dr. Dudley Loftus, one of the greatest Oriental scholars of his day, and who, after a distinguished

It is now assigned in a University curriculum to English Literature, the Continental Language, and Latin Literature. The present occupant of the Chair of English Literature, Professor B. B. B., has given to the world some of the ripe fruits of his culture in his recent work on the "Mind of Shakespeare."

career at the Bar, was made successively Master in Chancery, Vicar-General of Ireland, and Judge of the Prerogative Court;* William Molyneux, mentioned by Locke, and who showed his scientific acquirements in his long literary correspondence with Flamestead, who took part in the unhappy Newton controversy; Henry Dodwell, a voluminous writer and a man of colossal erudition. William King, the metaphysician, who won the rapturous applause of the cautious and unimpassioned Whately; Bishop Berkeley, whose philosophic mind knows no equal except Aristotle's; Malone, of Shakspeare celebrity; Congreve, the sparkling dramatic writer; Toplady, the author of a very perfect Christian lyric, "Rock of Ages;" Jonathan Swift, unapproachable in everything he applied his signal powers unto; Burke and Goldsmith, luminaries of the first order in their different orbits; Thomas Fowell Buxton, bosom friend of Wilberforce and emancipator of the slaves; Lord Mornington, a superior classical scholar and musician,† composer of the finest glee England owns, and father of a son saluted with one consent by the world at large as really a great man; lastly, such, not to dwell on the transparent merits of other *alumni*, as Moore, Maginn, Plunket, Magee, Charles Maturin, Sir Jonah Barrington, Wilson Croker, Charles Wolfe, William Archer Butler, and Sheridan Le Fanu.‡

We have no desire, in upholding the excellence of the University of Dublin, to deny that Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh are great seats of learning. A great deal has been said of the "Silent

Sister," by those who are not accurately acquainted with the facts of the case. We must not forget, as regards book-making at the English Universities, not only the facilities for finding a publisher and pushing a work after being printed, but the steady and large demand for text-books only of English manufacture. It should not be forgotten, while praising the quantity of English educational books, to remark that the quality is not always so deserving of commendation. Books are sometimes put forth under the name of University men on the other side of the Channel that a Dublin fellow would be ashamed to acknowledge. The relative capacities of English and Irish College *habitués* to put together good books for classes in the different faculties, is illustrated by what we once heard of our own Professor MacCullagh. This great mathematician, it has been well said used, when at Cambridge, to be asked out to meet the mathematical "coaches," who did not fail to be edified by his remarks on science problems, which they did not scruple to transfer verbatim to their note-books and publish in a convenient shape.

But is the epithet "silent" so very just after all, with such names on the college books as Ussher, Berkeley, King, Moore, Burke, Goldsmith, Magee, Todd, O'Brien, and Lee. More particularly in that department of learning where sciolists dare not intrude—mathematics—has the University of Dublin been idle? Take down the proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy; search the pages of foreign scientific journals, and see

* His translations from the Syriac and Coptic languages are numerous and scholarly.

† The author of the poem so unreservedly applauded by Byron, "The Burial of Sir John Moore."

‡ This master of sensationalism kindled his torch at Maturin's fire, who was in that century the pioneer of this kind of novel-writing.

what we find there from Trinity men. The value of the late Professor MacCullagh's papers on mathematical subjects could not be questioned, though, unhappily, from the abbreviated manner in which Professor Jellett and other friends found them recorded, as well as the great man's habit of writing on small fragments of paper, nothing could be made of them. We have already spoken of Hamilton and his fertile calculus of Quaternions, but let us add the name of the late deeply lamented George Boole, of Cork, who took a step forward, much in advance of his day, by attempting to grapple with what awaits solution from future votaries of science, namely, the laws of thought on which mathematical theories of logic rest. But we have more to say of Trinity College mathematics when we allude to such men as Harte, Salmon, Roberts, Townsend, Jellett, Galbraith, Bureside, Haughton, Williamson, and Tarleton.* Dr. Harte has not written much, but what he has published is of the right sort, and those who know him intimately consider him, for vigour, ingenuity, and freshness, one of the first mathematicians of the age.

Altogether, we feel especial satisfaction in being able to assert in these pages, that the University of Dublin is a credit to the Emerald Isle. Nobody with their eyes open can fail to see what a change has been creeping over universities on both sides of the Channel within the last hundred years. At Oxford there were those who appeared not

able to see an inch before them, commenced at once to try and eclipse the new spirit by another. Failing this, men like John Newman and Hurrell Froude stood under the storm, and sought shelter elsewhere. While the foundations of their University were thus shaken to its base, the daring hatchet of Whately's logic, flung at the fabric of Oxonian thought, shivered it to pieces, and filled up the measure of ruin. But is it not a mark of reasonable pride to be told that the University of Dublin had already kindled the torch of educational liberalism, when as yet Oxford and Cambridge were but in their swaddling clothes. When the sister Universities wore the clanking fetters of mediæval exclusiveness, concession after concession was freely and honourably made by the governing body of Dublin University. Roman Catholics and Dissenters. This moment in Ireland there were many eminent Roman Catholics who would be foremost to admit this, and who regard their former connection with Trinity College with gratitude and affection. The great work of the adaptation of the College to existing needs, and doing this, much in advance of other seats of learning, may be ascribed to the Provost and Senior Board of the University at different times. The reforming plans of Provost McDonnell, and of the present able and revered head of Trinity College, Dr. Lloyd, himself no ordinary mathematician, merit especial notice. We see here why it has been that the academic body by being

* Few manuals enjoy more solid or widely-reaching reputation than Dr. Salmon's own on "Higher Algebra," "Conic Sections," and the "Higher Plane Curves."

We must mention also his "Chapters on Modern Geometry," in 2 vols., besides a large number of mathematical papers in scientific journals.

Jeans's not alone, the "Theory of Friction," has been awarded a high scientific value. His breadth and Haughton's scientific manuals are well known.

Mr. Williamson has published an elementary work on the "Differential and Integral Calculus" of great value.

forewarned has been forearmed. The senior and junior fellows of Trinity College, together with the entire professorate of the University have displayed a thorough appreciation of the new forces of political thought running breast high against the old *régime* in our colleges, and have provided accordingly. The authorities have, during the last quarter of a century, been acting a most manly and judicious part in the repulse of antagonistic forces, and not allowing any false security to lull them to sleep.

In this and other respects the University of Dublin has shown herself second to neither Oxford nor Cambridge, nor, indeed, any of the leading colleges of Europe. As a splendid educational institution, and for its priceless advantages, all true Irishmen cannot but feel a beneficial interest in this great University. It is no wonder that those who are conversant with the history of Trinity College, and with the vast teaching power and energy of the fellows

and professors, irresistibly associate stability with her name. Long and long, say we, may the University of Dublin enjoy those laurels which she has won as the educator of our people. There is no better name this moment in Europe than Trinity College, Dublin. When it came to the last, a few years ago, in the House of Commons, the Liberal party shrank from removing the crown from her brow, and adopting Mr. Gladstone's proposed settlement of the University question in Ireland. The truth is, that the University of Dublin, to her honour be it said, has been her own reformer, and, what is more, the pioneer of reform to other leading colleges, so that, as well for the dignity of her origin, the distinction of some of her sons, and the great educational work of a high order she has been doing for near three centuries, she may well be styled—to use the words of one of the most able and eloquent of the Irish judges, Mr. Justice Keogh—"the National University of Ireland."

Besides mathematics, we have the department of *Literæ Humaniores* well provided for. The Rev. George Longfield, D.D., one of the best informed of the Fellows, has enriched, as professor, Chaldaic learning by his lectures and publications. The professor of Greek is the well-known Dr. John Kells Ingram, not only a princely scholar, but one of the most highly cultivated men of the day. The Rev. J. P. Mahaffy has made a name for himself by his works on "Ancient History" and "Greek Civilization." Mr. Tyrrel, fellow and tutor, displays taste and scholarship of no mean order in classical writings; while philosophy maintains its dignity in Dr. Webby's "Intellectualism of Locke," and in Professor Maguire, of Galway College, whose masterly work on Plato is the finest piece of analytical criticism ever applied to the works of the Greek sage.

Among Dr. Salmon's works we have not mentioned his "Treatise on the Anaglitic Geometry of Three Dimensions." Let us add Roberts' advanced Essay on the "Elliptical and Spherical Calculus," and Provost Loyd's "Treatise on Magnetism," "Theory of Optics," and "Wave Theory of Light," a highly valued work.

HISTORY OF THE MUNSTER CIRCUIT.

BY J. ROBERICK O'FLANAGAN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Smyth, in his sketches of the legal history of Ireland, gives a very deplorable account of the Irish judicial bench at the end of Queen Anne's reign. He says: "Judicial guilt, at the close of Anne's reign, was merely not uncommon but general. Such as were of the Privy Council signed a report contrary to evidence which was laid before them at that board. The puisne judges concurred in this falsity, without the warrant of any document. One of the body solicited the cause in England, and exhibited to statesmen a proof that though Irish commerce was restricted its judges made a lucrative traffic to the Crown, and, by parity of reason, to private parties, of the property, liberty, and lives of fellow subjects." *

No wonder, then, we find the clergy, magistrates, and all persons residing within the area of the Munster Circuit, addressing the Queen in 1713 on behalf of a very upright man, Lord Chancellor Sir Constantine Phipps, who had incurred the displeasure of some members of the Irish Parliament, who addressed the Queen for his removal. At the Quarter Sessions for the County of Cork, held at Bandon, on July 12, 1713, the high sheriff, justices of the peace,

clergy, and grand jury prepared the following address, which was presented to Queen Anne by Lord Bolingbroke:—

"We cannot but with grief and great concern take notice that the unhappy and fatal dissensions which reigned and were fomented some years past do yet continue in this kingdom, notwithstanding the indefatigable zeal and application of the Right Honourable Sir Constantine Phipps, Lord High Chancellor, and your other excellent ministers, to the contrary. We cannot but join, with great pleasure and satisfaction, your Majesty's most loyal Lords in Parliament, and your faithful clergy in Convocation assembled, in their dutiful and humble request to continue your Royal countenance and favour to that great Minister whose impartial justice, consummate abilities, and unbiassed affection to the Constitution, in Church and State, are equal to those great trusts in which your Majesty's unerring wisdom for the safety and honour of your Majesty's interests and the common good of your people, has placed him." †

The addresses and counter-addresses in the case of Sir Constantine Phipps must have puzzled the Queen, whose health was then very precarious. She died before any action was taken, for the Chancellor remained in office upon the accession of King George I.

* Smyth's "Law Officers of Ireland," p. 202.

† O'Flanagan's "History of the Munster Circuit of Ireland," vol. i., p. 549.

Some curious stories are told of the corruption of judges in those days. One may be given as an instance. Chief Justice Pyne, who was appointed Chief Justice of the King's Bench in 1694, had the reputation of being influenced in his judicial capacity by gifts. He had a landed property on the banks of the Blackwater in Munster, called Waterpark, to which he repaired after the fatigues of the Munster Circuit. Being of a bucolic taste, he cultivated good breeds of cattle, and was noted for the value of his stock. The trial of a very important record, in which the claims of a Mr. Weller were opposed to those of a Mr. Nangle, was fixed for the Cork Assizes. On the day before that on which the Chief Justice was to leave Waterpark for Cork, he received a present of twenty-five splendid heifers from Mr. Weller, the defendant in the action. The Chief Justice returned a very gracious message to Mr. Weller by his steward, who came in charge of the cattle. This man was treated with great courtesy. He returned home to his master, well pleased with the urbanity and kindness of Chief Justice Pyne. The judge set forth, next day, for Cork. When driving along in his coach-and-six, passing near Rathcormac where the bridge spans the Bride river, the road was blocked up by a drove of cattle. The Chief Justice looked out, and beheld a prime herd of most valuable short-horns. He beckoned a man who was driving the cattle to approach him, and demanded,—

“Whose beasts are these, my man?”

“They belong, please your honour, to a great gentleman of these parts, Judge Pyne, your honour,” replied the countryman.

“Indeed,” cried the Chief Justice, in much surprise; “and where are you taking them now?”

“They were grazing in my

master, Mr. Nangle's farm, your honour, and as the assizes are coming on at Cork, my master thought the judge might like to see that he took good care of them, so I'm taking them to Waterpark to show them to the judge.”

The judge felt the delicacy of Mr. Nangle's mode of giving his present. Putting his hand in his pocket, he presented the herd with a guinea, said he was Judge Pyne, and “that as his master, Mr. Nangle, had taken such good care of his cattle, he, the judge, would take good care of him.”

At parting, he desired the herd to give the animals to his steward at Waterpark, and bade his coachman “drive on,” which he did.

During the hearing of the action of Nangle v. Weller, the bearing of the Chief Justice seemed, at first, quite in favour of the defendant, and that gentleman nodded often to his attorney, as much as to say, “It's all right—I have secured the judge.” But, as the case went on, and it was the province of the Chief Justice to charge the jury, he put the case so strongly for the plaintiff, that to the dismay of Mr. Weller, the jury brought in a verdict for Mr. Nangle without leaving the box, and the judge certified for immediate execution. Mr. Nangle and his counsel were, of course, quite satisfied. No exceptions were taken to the judge's charge, and the case was won. When on his return from the Munster Circuit, the learned judge arrived at Waterpark, his first question was—

“Are the cattle all safe?”

“Perfectly, my lord,” replied the steward.

“Where have you put the beasts I received when leaving for the Cork Assizes?”

“They are where you left them, my lord.”

“Where I left them—that is

impossible," exclaimed the Chief Justice. "I left them on the road near Rathcormac."

The steward was puzzled. He thought the wits of the Chief Justice were not so clear as those of a chief justice ought to be.

"Con," said Sir Richard Pynce, putting on his hat, "I'll have a look at them myself."

The steward led the way across the lawn to a grassy paddock, and there were found within twenty-five fine heifers cropping the grass, as happy as if their late master retained his property.

"I don't mean these," said the Chief Justice, rather testily. "I want to see those fifty short-horns which came after I left home."

"Bedad, the long and the short of it is, them's all the cattle on the land, except what we bred ourselves, my lord."

And so it was; the sagacious Mr. Nangle had so timed the departure of his cattle as to meet the Chief Justice on the road. He had properly drilled his herd, who, with the tact of his country, relished the plot of "doing" the judge, for Mr. Nangle had no great faith in the integrity of that functionary. The judge's coach was no sooner out of sight, than the herdsman turned his cattle, and before nightfall they were once more in the familiar fields of Mr. Nangle, where they were reared.

The Chief Justice felt he had been outwitted, but, of course, had no power of showing his disappointment. I hope it taught him a lesson, or that the whole story is but a legend of the Munster Circuit.

"I cannot tell how the truth may be."

I've told the tale as was told to me."

About this period, a dispute arose relative to taxation be-

tween the town of Youghal and the county of Cork. I suppose some landowner, desirous to save the expense of contested litigation, which would fall upon the general public, suggested arbitration; for the case was left to the decision of the judges—not *qua* judges, but, as the order informs us, "in their private capacity—and such decision as they should make was to be taken as final." Mr. Smyth, who records this circumstance, adds:—"This proceeding must be considered a strong proof of Irish politeness, as I firmly believe it would be impossible to obtain a similar meeting at Serjeant's Inn, or to persuade that great body to act in a double capacity." *

While Mr. Justice Cox was going circuit, in 1700, he had to mourn the loss of his colleague on the circuit, Chief Justice Hely, who died at Ennis on the 7th of April, 1700, leaving Judge Cox to complete the business. It is possible his grief for the loss of his associate judge, who was also the Chief of the Common Pleas, was in some degree mitigated by Mr. Justice Cox obtaining the Chief Justiceship, which he did on the 16th of May, 1700.

Some very heinous crimes occupied the judges on the Munster Circuit during the eighteenth century. On the 7th of May, 1703, Mary Farberry was tried at Cork, for causing the death of her husband by poison. The evidence was clear, and the jury, without hesitation, returned a verdict of wilful murder. The wretched woman underwent the fearful sentence of being burnt at Gallows-green, near Cork.

Although Ireland in general was free from attempts to replace the House of Stuart upon the throne of Great Britain, some few cases of

* Smyth's "Law Officers of Ireland," p. 301.

treason were discovered, which employed the time of the judges on the Munster Circuit. At the Lent Assizes, in 1719, Captain Henry Ward, and Francis Fitzgerald, were indicted as traitors, for enlisting soldiers to aid the cause of the Pretender. They were tried and found guilty. The usual sentence following a conviction for high treason was inflicted. They were hanged and quartered on Gallows-green.

William Roe, who sympathized with the House of Stuart, was more fortunate. His offence was certainly a minor one. He was heard to give expression to the wish—"May King James III. enjoy his own again." These seditious words caused him to be tried for seditious language. He was convicted, and sentenced to stand in the pillory, and be severely whipped. The Cork pillory was considered quite an improved engine of punishment. It turned on a swivel, so that the full front of the tortured convict presented a fair mark for the stale eggs, the damaged fruit from Seville's groves, and other unsavoury missiles aimed by the rabble rout against the culprit in *statu quo*. *

Harbouring Tories and Rapparees was an indictable offence, and in 1739, a gentleman with the Celtic name of Murtagh Oge O'Sullivan, of Eyres, in the county of Cork, wishing to disclaim any desire of being even suspected of such impropriety, publicly advertised his disrelish at such imputation being cast upon his name, credit and reputation, and his readiness to take his trial for the same at the next General Assizes. I am not able, from the misfortune which befell the records of the last century in the Crown Office, Cork, their being partly destroyed by two elements—fire and water used in quenching the

fire—to ascertain if Murtagh Oge O'Sullivan was able to substantiate his assertion of having no connection with Tories or Rapparees.

It is sometimes dangerous to speak ill of great men—it is also a matter of danger to speak well of them; especially if, in doing so, we imply censure on men in authority. Thus, at the Summer Assizes held at Cork in 1741, a citizen named Richard Dooley, declared in open Court that he did not expect justice while the Mayor sat on the bench. "This slur on the judicial conduct of the Right Worshipful Richard Bradshaw, who was then Mayor of Cork, was properly resented, and Richard Dooley was fined ten pounds for his indiscreet assertion."

I remember being much amused when on circuit a hundred years later than Richard Dooley's time, hearing a prisoner, on being asked "was he ready for his trial"—reply, "No, me lord—the Fermoy coach won't be in for another hour."

"What has that to do with your trial," demanded Judge Perrin.

"Bekase I expect Captain Collis to come by it, me lord, and he'll see me justified."

Captain Collis, the poor man's landlord, was a highly respectable magistrate of the county of Cork.

The prison officials on the Munster Circuit sometimes got into trouble by their leniency. Thus, at the Autumn Assizes of 1751, Bryan Bonworth, the gaoler of the Cork Gaol, was sentenced to pay a fine of forty pounds, and to be kept in close custody until the fine was paid, for not having performed his duty in having one Timothy Burke branded in the hand with a hot iron, as he was directed to do—he, knowing the same to be his duty, used instead a cold iron.

* Gibson's "History of Cork," vol. ii., p. 205.

Some bold attempts at escape linger among the traditions of the Munster Circuit, and deserve a place in its history. One of the most daring took place while the judge was passing sentence of death on a man named Matthew Callaghan, convicted at the Cork Spring Assizes of 1753, for robbing Captain Capel. Scarcely had the judge concluded a feeling address to the prisoner, "reminding him his hours were numbered, and he should make good use of the brief space which intervened between that day and the time fixed for his execution," than the convict, with a bound, leaped from the dock—though he had his bolts on—and made his escape from the court. Such a daring exploit deserved more success than befel Matthew Callaghan. He was captured the same day in the precincts of the Court house, and brought back to prison. His sentence was carried out. We can well imagine the popular sympathy being enlisted in favour of a man who made so bold an effort for dear life; and cannot wonder when we learn that the informer, who discovered on him, was so ill-treated by the mob (having had one of his ears cut off) that his life was despaired of.

The offence known as abduction—carrying away females against their will—often for the sake of getting at their fortunes, very extensively prevailed in Ireland during the last century. Indeed, so long back as 1634 this crime demanded the attention of the Irish legislature, and the Irish Parliament provided that all those "who carried away maydens, that be unmarried,"

should suffer death. This act, so being deemed sufficiently comprehensive, the Parliament of Ireland in 1707, made *forcible abduction* capital felony, and by this statute "those who carried off heiresses though not forcibly, were incapable of enjoying their wives' fortunes." Several offences of abduction having taken place despite these seven enactments, when Messrs. Kimberly and Meade were found guilty for abduction, and sentenced to death in 1730, the sentence was carried into effect. Mr. Kimberly, who was an attorney, raised a curious point to delay his execution. Great efforts were made to obtain a commutation of his sentence, and the Lords Justices having granted a respite, *which included the day fixed for his execution*, Mr. Kimberly contended—"his sentence thereby lapsed, or, at all events, could not be carried into effect without a fresh order."

This was a poser for the sheriff, who consulted Judge Barnard as to the effect of a respite upon the sentence. The learned Judge said, "a respite did not affect the sentence—it only delayed its execution." Mr. Kimberly had the case brought before the Privy Council, who, not being well acquainted with criminal law, desired it might be referred to the law officers of the crown. These were among the most eminent lawyers at the Irish, or any other Bar. Prime Serjeant Singleton,* the Attorney General (Marley),† the Solicitor General (Jocelyn),‡ and Mr. Serjeant Bowes§. These gentlemen having fully considered this knotty point, sent in their opinion. They agreed

* The first Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in Ireland. This rank was abolished in 1793.

† Attorney General of Ireland from 1720 to 1730.

‡ Attorney General of Ireland from 1730 to 1735.

§ Attorney General of Ireland from 1735 to 1740.

with Judge Bernard, "that the reprieve had no effect but merely to delay the carrying out of the sentence, and, in the present case, Mr. Kimberly could be lawfully executed at the termination of the time to which he was respited, without any fresh sentence." He did suffer death accordingly.

The propensity for committing this offence grew so strong among the needy, embarrassed sons of gentry, who to dig were not able, and to beg were ashamed, that abduction clubs were formed in almost every county in the kingdom. The members were pledged to aid and assist each other, and by bribing servants and hangers-on, got to learn the fortunes and dispositions of many eligible young ladies. Then, by means of mutual friends, or by bold presumption, the young men sought acquaintance with the ladies. The mode of deciding who should be the abductor was usually by lot, and he on whom the lot was cast, was bound to go through the affair. The case of the *King v. Byrne and Strange*, tried at Kilkenny Lent Assizes, March 1780, for the abduction of the Misses Kennedy; and the *King v. Sir Henry B. Hayes*, tried at Cork in the Spring Assizes, 1801, for the abduction of Miss Pike, are the most celebrated cases in our legal records. The latter of these cases, in which John Philpot Curran conducted the prosecution, it will be my province to detail in its place; but I find that, during the Lent Assizes of Cork, in 1754, a well connected young man, named William Sullivan, was indicted under the statute for the abduction of Miss Margaret Millane. The offence was fully proved; Sullivan was found guilty and hanged, the record states, "on the new stone

gallows which faces the Pound and the Lough road.*

The Sullivan's seem to have given a great deal of employment to the crown counsel on the Munster Circuit. On the 14th May, 1754, a detachment of soldiers; under the command of Lieutenant Appleton, was despatched in pursuit of Morty Oge O'Sullivan, who, with others, was charged with the murder of a man named John Paxley. O'Sullivan, surnamed Beare, was a native of Berehaven, near which Paxley was engaged in mining operations, and as it was not safe to arrest one of the most distinguished chiefs of the clan of O'Sullivan in his own wild district, Lieutenant Appleton was on the alert lest his party should be defeated. The Lieutenant so timed his march as to arrive at a late hour, in order to surprise the O'Sullivan's but they were not to be caught napping. They had sentinels posted on the road, who soon gave intelligence of the enemy's approach, but the troops were so close to O'Sullivan's retreat the sentinels could do little more than warn him, and fly for their own safety. Appleton then ordered his men to encircle the house, and thus cut off any retreat, and O'Sullivan and his friends inside fired several shots at the soldiers. Finding the military did not leave any opening for escape, O'Sullivan tried the stratagem of sending out his men one by one, thereby hoping the soldiers would run after them, and give him the opportunity of effecting his escape, but this was prevented by Lieutenant Appleton, who ordered his men not to leave their posts, but merely to fire at any one venturing to leave the house. At length O'Sullivan's wife and child, borne by the nurse, came out, and implored quarter, which was readily granted.

Lieutenant Appleton enquired "Who was in the house?" She replied "Her husband and some of his men." Then Appleton resolved to make him leave shelter, which he effected by having the house set on fire. O'Sullivan and his party then rushed forth. He attempted to shoot Lieutenant Appleton, but his blunderbuss twice snapped, and he was shot dead. Two of his companions—John Sullivan and Daniel Connell—were taken prisoners. They were lodged in Cork Gaol, tried at the Summer Assizes, found guilty, and executed. The death of O'Sullivan, who bore the distinctive addition of Beare—from his residence—was bewailed by the Celtic race. Calanan, the Cork poet, adopting the tradition that he was betrayed by one of his servants named Scully, wrote a spirited poem from which I give an extract.

"The sun on Ivera no longer shines brightly,
The voice of her music no longer is sprightly;
No more to her maidens the light dance is dear,
Since the death of our darling,
O'Sullivan Beare.

"Scully, thou false one, you basely betray'd him
In his strong hold of rock, when
thy right hand should aid him
He felt thee, he clasp'd thee, yet thou
all couldst delight thee
You left him, you sold him—may
Heaven requite thee

We are informed that O'Sullivan's body was lashed to the stern of a king's cutter, and towed through the sea to Cork, where his head was spiked on the South gate. Connell, who fought for his master till he was taken prisoner, is the reputed author of the following lament—written in Cork Gaol the night before his execution. As a speci-

men of an Irish *carine*, or death-wail, it is worth preserving

"ELEGY ON O'SULLIVAN BEARE

"Murty, my dear and loved master, you carried the sway for strength and generosity. It is my endless grief and sorrow—sorrow that admits of no comfort—that your fair head should be gazed at as a show upon a spike, and that your noble frame is without life. I have travelled with you, my dear and much loved master, in foreign lands. You moved with kings in the royal prince's army, but it is through the means of Puxley I am left in grief and confinement in Cork, locked in heavy irons without the hope of relief. The great God is good and merciful; I ask His pardon and His support, for I am to be hanged at the gallows to-morrow, without doubt. The rope will squeeze my neck, and thousands will lament my fate. May the Lord have mercy on my master! It is for his sake I am now in their power. Kerryonians, pray for us! sweet and melodious is your voice. My blessing I give you; but you will never see me again among you alive. Our heads will be put on a spike for a show, and under the cold snow of night, and under the burning sun of summer. Oh! that I was ever born. Oh! that I ever returned to Beare-haven. Mine was the best of masters that Ireland could produce. May our souls be floating to-morrow in the rays of endless glory.

"The lady, his wife! Heavy is her grief; and who may wonder at that—were her eyes made of green-stone when her dear husband was shot by that ball? Had he retracted, our grief might be lighter; but the brave man, for the pride of his country, could not retract. He has been in kings' palaces. In Spain he got a pension. Lady Clare gave him robes bound with gold lace, as a token of remembrance.

He was a captain on the coast of France, but he should return to Ireland for us to lose him!" *

There is a touching strain in this lament which shows the writer had a grateful and feeling heart.

A novel trial for murder took place at Cork during the Lent Assizes of 1765. Mary Bourke, commonly called "Sterling Molly," and John, her son, were sentenced to death and executed for the murder of John Geary, by setting a mastiff at him, who tore several parts of his flesh in pieces. This sentence was afterwards commuted to transportation for life.

A number of barbers were convicted at Quarter Sessions at this time for exercising their trade on the Lord's Day, and each was fined a crown for each offence. One of them was considered to have greatly aggravated his crime by shaving three persons for a halfpenny each, which caused him to be fined three crowns. Probably the number of barbers induced competition, which led to the lowering of this barber's prices. We have heard of a barber who combined the trades of shaving and selling malt liquor, and placed on a sign the following couplet:—

"Rove not from pole to pole, but step
in here,

Where nought excels the shaving
but the beer."

The inhabitants of portions of the Munster Circuit had peculiar notions of amusement, as the following shows:—

"Lent Assizes, April, 1764.—A number of persons were tried for assembling in Hammond's Fields, near Blarney, on Sunday evening, armed with swords, in open contempt of the magistracy, whence they divided themselves into two

parties, in order of battle, and maintained a running fight for several hours."

The city of Cork was infested with lawless gangs, whose violence was such that the peaceable citizens were afraid to venture forth after nightfall. Robbery and burglary were of frequent occurrence, and some curious instances of the inefficiency of hanging are found in the annals of the time, which deserve a place in our history.

At the Autumn Assizes of 1766, a man named Patrick Redmond was indicted for robbing the dwelling house of John Griffin. He was found guilty, sentenced to death, and hanged on the 10th of September, 1766, at Gallows-green, the usual place of execution at Cork. He was cut down after hanging exactly nine minutes; and an actor named Glover, who was then performing on the Cork stage, by means of friction and fumigation succeeded in restoring animation, and, ere long, Patrick Redmond was able to walk as if nothing had happened to him. Possibly the ill-advised attention of his friends prevailed on him to drink more than he ought, for ere nightfall he got drunk, and went to the theatre to return thanks to Glover for saving his life.

The frequenters at the theatre, on beholding the appearance of a man in the evening, whom many had seen hanged in the morning, were naturally considerably frightened, and women fainted, and a terrible scene of confusion took place. It is not stated he was retaken, and we may infer he was a tailor by trade, for the Historian of Cork remarks, "he was the third tailor who had outlived hanging during two years."†

* Gibson's "History of Cork," vol. ii., p. 524.

† Gibson's "History of Cork," vol. ii., p. 204.

CHAPTER IV.

It is time that we turn from the enumeration of the offences tried on the Munster Circuit, to glance at the characters and achievements of those eminent lawyers who have rendered famous the name of the Munster Bar.

While Lord Wyndham was Lord Chancellor of Ireland, in 1732, the Benchers of the King's Inn, Dublin, refused to call to the Bar a young Irish law student, a native of the County of Limerick, named John Fitz-Gibbon. He had duly kept his terms, and complied with the forms necessary for his admission to the practice of the law, but he had committed the offence of publishing "*The Reports of Several Cases, Argued and Adjudged in the Court of Queen's Bench at Westminster, with some Special Cases in the Courts of Chancery, Common Pleas, and Exchequer.*"

These reports were regarded with disfavour by the English judges. Lord Raymond threatened to have the publisher punished for its publication. Sir James Barrow, who was a very excellent lawyer, and accurate reporter, in retaliation of a statement "That the performances was called on the Bar and the Bench, and made the judges talk to us as by wholesale," says—"I have examined all the King's Bench cases, and have compared them with my own notes, and find him to have made the judges talk almost verbatim what I took down from their own mouths." Sir James, however, though he admits the accuracy of these reports, censures their publication as unauthorised.

Most likely the Irish Benchers were requested by their English brethren to refuse the young author admission to the Bar—certain

it is, was it not for the cordial support of Lord Wyndham, then Lord Chancellor, backed by that of Chief Justice Reynolds, who brought the Benchers to allow his call—John Fitz-Gibbon would not have been a member of the Irish Bar. He was called and went the Munster Circuit. He quickly got into practice, though he seems rather to have distinguished himself more as a Chamber counsel, than by his court performances. Sir Jonah Barrington says, "Old Fitz-Gibbon loved to make money, and, in his day, it was not the fashion for lawyers to spend it. They tell a story of him respecting a client who brought his own brief and fee, that he might personally apologize for the smallness of the latter. Fitz-Gibbon, on receiving the fee, looked rather discontented."

"I assure you, Counsellor," said the client mournfully, "I am ashamed of its smallness; but, in fact, it is all I have in the world."

"Oh! then," said Fitz-Gibbon, "you can do no more—as it is all you have in the world, why I must take it."

As he was called to the Bar in 1732, it is most probable he joined the Munster Circuit shortly after, and being a native of the county of Limerick was in good practice in that rich county.* He purchased an estate along the banks of the Shannon, with six thousand a year, but resided in a large house near Donybrook, celebrated for its fair, which is now no longer kept. Here, in 1749, was born his second son, also named John, who was subsequently a famous leader of the Munster Circuit, filled the office of Attorney General, and Lord Chancellor of Ireland. He is, however, best known—but not best loved—as Earl of Clare.

It is related that, even in his very

* *Personal Sketches*, vol. iii., p. 32.

childhood, the future Earl displayed symptoms of that arrogance which marked his subsequent career. Having incurred his father's displeasure for some schoolboy fault, Fitz-Gibbon senior sent his eldest son to command young John's attendance. The message was in the voice of authority—"Your father orders you to go to him; you must come instantly."

"*Orders! must!*" repeated the boy of thirteen. "Such language suits me not, nor will I stir an inch—*DECRETUM EST*," and proudly stamping his foot on the ground remained stationary.

The messenger reported the reply. The old barrister laughed heartily at this presumptuous burst of haughtiness, and, in a formal note, jocosely "requested the honour of an interview with Mr. John Fitz-Gibbon, junr.," when, after a few words of paternal admonition, no further notice was taken of the matter, and, in Parliamentary phrase, the subject dropped.*

It was on the Munster Circuit that Walter Hussey Burgh was born, and he became one of the greatest ornaments of the Irish Bar. He was called to the Bar in 1768, and was a contemporary of John Fitz-Gibbon, junr., who was called in the first day of Trinity Term, 1772. Of the eminent natives of Munster who naturally selected that Circuit, was John Scott, subsequently Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, Hugh Carleton; Lord Carleton, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and Barry Yelverton, Lord Avenmore, Chief Baron of the Exchequer. The last-named eminent lawyer was born at Kanturk, in the county of Cork, in 1736, and was called to the Bar in 1764. He possessed very considerable talents, but as there were no Law

Reports published in Ireland before 1796, when Messrs. Ridgway, Tapp, and Schoales issued Term Reports, we cannot give any specimen of his arguments at the Bar; but his judgments, as reported, show the clearness, force, and fertility of his mind. He was fond of viewing the cases in a variety of points, and his mode of illustration showed great skill. He was also deeply read in law, and had a good knowledge of decided cases. He possessed a deep, full, and clear voice, and his enunciation was distinct. He displayed a logical mind, and his decisions show much order in their arrangement. He most likely continued to go Circuit until he became Attorney General in 1782. While holding this office he was spending some time with the Earl of Kenmare, at Killarney, who gave a stag hunt in his honour. The stag, after a long chase, reached the hill near which the Attorney General, the witty Father O'Leary, and other guests of Lord Kenmare were there viewing the chase. Close to the feet of Yelverton the panting stag lay down.

"How natural that is," said Father O'Leary to the Attorney-General. "The stag comes to you in hopes you will cause a *nolli prosequi* to be issued in his favour."

This *bon mot* was much applauded, and deserved to save the poor deer.

Barry Yelverton possessed a country house on the banks of the River Bride, near Glenville, in the county of Cork. Here he was accustomed to repair after the labours of the Circuit, and here he enjoyed as Curran, reminded him, those Attic nights, and those refectations of the Gods, with his admired and respected and beloved companions. Here he entertained Curran, and often members of the Circuit, in these happy meet-

* "E-says of an Octogenarian (James Roche of Cork)," vol. ii., p. 36.

ings, which Curran so pathetically described. "When the innocent enjoyment of social mirth expanded into the nobler warmth of social virtue, and the horizon of the board became enlarged into the horizon of man; when the swelling heart conceived and communicated the pure and generous purpose, when the young guests slenderer and feebler tapers imbibed its borrowed light from the nature and redundant fountain of their hosts, for

"They spent them not in toys, or lust,
or wine—

But search of deep philosophy,

Wit, eloquence, and poetry,

Arts which I loved, for they, my
friend, were thine

Not long since I was visiting the banks of the Bride, and found where Barry Yelverton lived. A few stones mark the spot. I thought with Ossian,—"Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days. Thine I chide from thy towers to-day—in a few years the blast of the desert comes; it howls through thy empty courts and whistles round thy hall worn shield."

John Scott, Chief Justice and Earl of Clonmel, was another Munster man. Born at or near Clonmel in the county of Tipperary, in 1738, he was called to the Bar in 1764, and his extraordinary reputation and considerable abilities soon brought him into lucrative business. He possessed great tact. Though he could only boast a slight knowledge of text books and statutes, he showed great skill in mastering the facts of a case, grasping the salient points, discovering how the evidence sustained his client's case, and, where evidence was conflicting, sifting the wheat from the chaff. He then threw overboard all that was worthless, and, with firmness and perseverance, presented the material points to the court and jury. It was well known that a Circuit law could

equal John Scott in carrying a case by a bold stroke, or upsetting an adversary by some unexpected piece of evidence. He, like a skilful general, was always on the alert to cover his weak flanks—was wonderfully quick to meet unforeseen difficulties, such as constantly turn up during the trial of records on Circuit. If John Scott wanted familiarity with the deep-seated principles of the Common Law, few were more at home in the practice, and fewer equalled him in the adroitness with which he conducted his cases to a triumphant termination. He possessed a rich fund of humour, a great deal of oratorical power, boldness joined to quickness in reply, and much fertility of illustration. From the undoubted elocution which he looked, as well as used, he acquired on Circuit the sobriquet of "Copper-faced Jack."

Hugh Carleton was co-temporary and intimate friend of Scott's. He, too, hailed from Munster, having been born in the city of Cork on the 11th September, 1739. His father was an eminent merchant, of rather a pompous disposition, which, probably, obtained him the title of "King of Cork." At college, Hugh Carleton became acquainted with John Scott, whose finances were then so low as to render the pecuniary aid of the son of the King of Cork very acceptable. Young Carleton was a most diligent student, and when he studied for the Bar spared no pains to master his future profession. Sir Jonah Barrington bears strong testimony to his legal lore:—"At the Bar he was efficient; on the Bench he was exemplary. With a plain and exclusively forensic talent, cultivated with an assiduity nothing could surpass, he attained very considerable professional eminence: his whole capacity seemed to have been formed into nice points of law, regularly numbered, and always ready for

use. His limited genius seldom wandered beyond the natural boundary; but whenever it chanced to stray to general subjects, it appeared always to return to its symmetrical technicalities with great gratification. Habit and application made him a singular proficient in that methodical hair-splitting of legal distinctions, and in reconciling the incongruity of conflicting precedents which generally beget the reputation of an able lawyer. The Government were glad to get him out of Parliament, and, without intending it, did an essential service to the due administration of justice." * Scott and Carleton must have been often engaged either together or at opposite sides on the Munster Circuit. They served together as Attorney and Solicitor-General in 1779, and as they acquired the rank and position of Chief Justices, ceased to belong to the Munster Bar.

John Fitz-Gibbon, junior, was called on the 19th June, the first day of Trinity Term, 1772. He was fortunate in rapidly getting practice, as the following entries in his fee-book show:—

	Fees.	£	s	d.
"1772	343	7	0
1773	414	3	5
1774	585	17	8
1775	619	17	1
1776	1,066	19	1"

Having reached the thousand, I cease my extracts. Suffice it to state that, from 19th June, 1772, to 1789, he received fees to the comfortable total of £45,912 8s. 8d. Of these, £36,939 3s. 11d. were received during the last five years and a half.

During the year 1788, when he was Attorney-General, he was

counsel in no less than 1,367 cases. He naturally selected the Munster Circuit, on which his father's reputation was a good introduction. He soon got into lucrative practice, and was retained in every case of importance.

In Tipperary he was the advising counsel of an attorney named Denis O'Brien, who lent money to embarrassed landholders, and, when the mortgage interest was not punctually paid, he quickly filed a bill to foreclose. In this way O'Brien obtained a decree for possession of a house and land denominated Clonamukage. But the Chancellor's decree was one thing, and the possession of Clonamukage was another; and when the owner was apprised that Mr. Denis O'Brien, armed with the decree of the High Court of Chancery, was about proceeding to take possession, he valiantly resolved to defend it.

The proceedings present so curious a specimen of the law and order on the Munster Circuit towards the close of the last century, that I give the particulars as they were sent to me:—"No sooner did the owner hear that O'Brien was about to dispossess him than he congregated a number of persons in the house, and fortified it for defence against the sheriff, or O'Brien, or whosoever was about to assail it. Among the other retainers was a person named Connell, a most expert shot with the rifle, and whose practised aim was sure to hit whatever came within its range. The attack was made, and the conflict resembled the storming of a fortress. There was partial success to the besiegers. The attacking force, commanded by O'Brien, made a lodgment in an outhouse; but, from the left of this

* Barrington's "*Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation*," p. 322.

building, a detachment of the garrison kept up a flanking fire, which prevented the besiegers approaching the principal entrance. It was, therefore, the object of the enemy beneath to dislodge the garrison above; but these wary men were prepared for this. They had taken the precaution of supplying themselves with large iron pots, bullet-proof, in each of which a man took his stand. The assailants, unaware of this, fired repeated volleys through the boarded ceiling, in hopes of shooting the men above, and apparently without effect; while the fire was returned with deadly effect on the unprotected men beneath. Thus, after suffering severe loss of men, Denis O'Brien had to raise the siege.

"Strengthened by a party of military, in aid of the civil power, O'Brien, in 1754, made another venture. The galling fire kept up by the garrison, and especially Colonel's directed rifle, rendered the attack also abortive. A letter addressed to an ancestor of my correspondent is very indicative of the then state of society in Ireland. The writer drove a handsome coach, and four, was a deputy-lieutenant and magistrate for the county of Tipperary, his daughter married a British Privy Councillor, Member of the House of Commons, and subsequently British Minister at a foreign Court:—

"Dear ——— I shall be much obliged to you to send me as many men as you possibly can to-morrow, to defend the possession of Clonmuckage. I shall meet them as early as I can on the lands of Brownstown, which is joining Clonmuckage. I write also to ——— I hope you will excuse this trouble. I assure you I expect it will be in my power to return the compliment."

"I am, with love to my aunt and Mary, dear ———

"Your affectionate kinsman,
"Sunday, March 23rd, 1754."

By these means the possession of Clonmuckage was retained to this model justice of the peace for a long time, but O'Brien was resolved not to be beat. He accordingly procured a large military force of infantry and artillery from Clonmel, and, with these, and the army of bailiffs, he made his approach as cautiously as if in an enemy's country. The cannon commenced to play at so remote a distance that at first the balls fell short; but as the fire, even on a nearer approach, was not returned, the guns were brought so close the balls pierced point blank, and soon the front wall tottered. The repeated shocks of the cannon quickly did the work of demolition, and reduced the noble house to a heap of ruin. The wary garrison, informed by their scouts of the nature of the force brought against them, had time to evacuate the house. Despite the obstinacy of O'Brien, the loss of life and danger increased, when he got possession. It turned out he was not entitled to retain it. A period of time after the mortgage money was due, allowed for redemption, had not elapsed, and he was put out by ejectment. But the resistance offered to the sheriff called the attention of the Legislature to the state of the law, and procured the passing of the Act making forcible resistance to legal process a transportable felony.

In November, 1775, one of the most eloquent, if not the most eloquent—members of the Munster Circuit was called to the bar—John Philipot Curran. He was then

twenty-five years old, married, and though rich in talent, poor in worldly wealth. Of him J Davis thus writes :—

“The bills of Duhallow had laid lines of beauty and shades of wildness on his eye and soul. He had been sharpened by the position of his family—ennobled by the force of his mother's mind—instructed in Irish traditions and music. Knowing these, and such lore as Boyce could teach him, he left Newmarket. This wild, fanciful, earnest boy then picked up classic experience and ambition at Middleton, and was ennobled by generous companions, refined by study and society, and made fiery by lore and pleasure in college.

“In London, amid his melancholy and wildness, he had a strong resolve to be great and good. His melancholy grew glorious then, as sun-lit clouds; and honesty sustained his ambition against oppression or dissipation. He loved to labour because he longed to enjoy.”

After a careful training in London debating societies, he acquired a readiness and fluency which soon brought him to the front, and when called to the Bar he was not allowed to linger in obscurity. Through the kindness of my friend, W. J. FitzPatrick, Esq., J.P., I have obtained from Mrs. Curran, the first fee-book of John Philpot Curran, which disproves the generally accepted idea he remained for some years a briefless barrister. The first page of his fee-book is thus given :—

“ Called to the Bar Nov. 27th, 1775.			
Nov. 29th, Webb Carey	£	s.	d.
v. Carey case	2	5	6
1776. Hilary Term	6	16	6
Easter, absent (Spring Circuit)	7	19	3
	<hr/>		
	17	1	3

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward	17	1	3
May 22. at Tallow Hob-son	11	7	0
June 14, Clonmel—Toler	34	2	6
Remainder of Trin. Term			
— Black eye	4	11	0
Summer Circuit	11	4	9
Mich. Term	6	16	6

Prim. Anno. ... £85 2 6

“ 1777 Spring Assizes 31 19 10
Hilary Term ... 5 13 9
Easter Term :—

“ April—

20. Gibbings and Connor, to oppose motion for new trial... ..	3	8	3
21. Motion in case for time... ..	1	2	9
23. Motion in K. B., Amend return	1	2	9
27. Atkins v. Bushel, Declaration ...	1	2	9
28. Crosbie v. Boyle, Declaration, etd.	1	2	9
Do. v. Do., Declaration	1	2	9
29. Grogan v. —, Declaration ...	1	2	9
30. Sandford v. Smith, Declaration ...	1	2	9

And so run the entries, showing he made in his second year £132 12s. 8d; in his third year, £568 13s. 9d.; in his fourth year, £1,038 10s; not including the last Sligo Committee.

This branch of professional emolument appears from Curran's fee-book to have been a great source of income. From 1778 he appears to have been much engaged on Parliamentary Committees, and as each attendance is marked £11 7s. 6d. was soon a profitable employment. The story related in Mr. Phillips “Reminiscences of Curran and his Contemporaries,” of his “living in a place called Hog-hill, in dirty lodgings, with a starving wife and

dunning landlady, and returning from attendance at Court to find before him his first brief with twenty golden guineas, and the name of old Bob Lyons on the back of it," turns out, from the record before me, not quite accurate.

In the first place, Curran never lived in Hog-hill, and according to Davis there never was such a place in Dublin. When called to the Bar he lodged in Redmond-hill, a street between Cuffe-street, and Digges-street, a region then much frequented by barristers. Here he probably remained until 1781, when, according to his fee-book, he was in Ely-place.

Secondly, the brief with the fee, entered in Curran's book, as £22 15s. is among those received in Hilary Term, 1778, and was by no means the first, as I have already shown. It was in the Parliamentary Petition of Ormsby Wynn, to which he had been retained by Mr. Lyons, agent for Mr. Wynn, who then gave him a fee of £117s. 6d. This was a profitable case. In 1778 he received for attending the Committee £211 10s. The Committee, I apprehend, nominated Mr. Wynn, for I find about 1778 the entry—"Mr. Wynn, Sligo the 10th, 1800." Mr. Wynn was rather an obstinate man, being returned to the bar was again brought before a Parliamentary Committee. Under the entry, "Hilary Term, 1780," comes the following entry,

"Ormsby Wynn, for his Petition, Retainer £22 15s." followed by entries of attendances, the fees amounting to £19 1s. 6d.

Another statement of Mr. P. is referred to by the book-keeper. Mr. P. is described as Curran as having attended the Cork Assizes, and valued his services for that term, with an entry of profit or professional remuneration. Now I find that rapid as was the increase of his Court business in Dublin, that of his bar at Cork was equally

I quote his own returns—

		£	s.	d.
" 1776.	Spring Circuit...	7	10	3
	Summer Do...	11	4	9
" 1777.	Spring Do...	31	10	10
	Summer Do...	30	0	0
" 1778.	Spring Do			
	Cork...	15	18	6
	Cork	14	11	0
		70	10	6
	Summer Do...	62	11	3
" 1779.	Spring Do...	86	0	0
	Summer Do...	34	2	6
" 1780.	Spring Do...	34	0	0
	Summer Do...	180	0	0
" 1781.	Spring Do...	120	0	0

This is the last entry of his gains on Circuit entered in this book; and as his fame rapidly increased after his speech in *Rev. Mr. Neale v. Lord Doneraile*, in 1780, I am sure his receipts henceforward must have been very great. If I have gone too minutely into this early record of the professional life of Curran, his name and fame must be my apology.

During the Cork Summer Assizes of 1780, an action for assault and battery was tried, which, from the position of the plaintiff and defendant, excited great interest throughout the country. The plaintiff was a Roman Catholic priest—*Rev. Mr. Neale*; the defendant, *Lord Doneraile*.

This nobleman, son of Richard Adworts Esq., of Newmarket, county Cork, and succeeded to the estates of his uncle Hayes, fourth Viscount Doneraile, that nobleman died without issue in 1767. He was then *St. Leger Adworts*; but, on becoming the owner of the estates of his maternal ancestors, assumed the family name of *St. Leger*, and, on the 2nd July, 1766, was created *Baron Doneraile*.

It was the misfortune of this peer to have drawn a peasant girl

from the paths of virtue, and, shortly after, the brother of this girl committed some crime calling for ecclesiastical censure, which the Rev. Mr. Neale, by the directions of his Bishop, carried into effect. The young object of Lord Donerail's illicit love applied to his Lordship for his interference in her brother's favour, and was promised prompt redress. Accompanied by a kinsman, Captain St. Leger, who had retired from the service, Lord Donerail sought the small cottage in which Father Neale, the priest, resided. He was an aged man in poor circumstances. The Penal Laws were in full force, and he lived in seclusion. He was engaged in his office of prayer when he heard a loud voice calling him forth. He looked up and saw Lord Donerail, mounted on horseback, calling him. He rose from his knees, and, book in hand, bareheaded, and feeble with age, the priest obeyed his lordship's imperative summons.

"You have dared," cried his lordship, "to hurl the censures of your Papist Church against one of my men. I, Lord Donerail, command you to remove it instantly."

The priest declared he would willingly do so if the matter rested with him, but it did not. He was bound to obey his Bishop; the censure could not be removed save by the Bishop's orders.

Losing command of his temper, the angry peer struck the defenceless old priest repeatedly with his horsewhip, until the blood flowed, and the priest retreated, stunned and bleeding, into his humble dwelling.

A courageous attorney ventured upon the bold step of bringing an action for assault on behalf of Father Neale against St. Leger, Baron Donerail, and the cause was in the list of records to be tried at the Summer Assizes for the County of Cork, in 1780.

The Bar, as usual, mustered strong at Cork for the Assizes, but such was the St. Leger influence that no counsel was desirous of appearing for the plaintiff in this action.

Strange enough that Curran, who was a native of Newmarket, and whose father had been Seneschal of the Manor Court of the Aldworths family, should have volunteered to be the plaintiff's counsel. He felt that the case was one demanding redress, and determined the priest should not be *inops consilii*, but should have the benefit of his advocacy. He portrayed in scathing terms the outrageous conduct of the defendant; depicted the character of the humble priest; and lashed with fierce invective the man who stood tamely by and never interfered to save Father Neale from the lash of his angry relative. He termed Captain St. Leger a renegade soldier, a drummed-out Dragoon, and turned this Captain into ridicule when he came to be a witness for the defendant.

"You are a soldier, sir?" asked Curran.

"No; I am an officer," replied St. Leger.

"I see," said Curran. "You are then an officer but *no soldier*."

The witnesses for the defence were obliged, under Curran's powerful questions, to establish in the full the plaintiff's case; and under his vehement advocacy the jury decided according to the evidence between man and man, and found a verdict for Father Neale with thirty guineas damages.

This verdict Davis calls "a conquest over the powers of darkness; the first spoils of emancipation."

In consequence of the way Curran cast ridicule upon Captain St. Leger, that officer demanded a hostile meeting. Curran went out, and when on the ground St. Leger asked "Who should fire first?"

"I am here," said Curran "by your invitation, so you must open the ball."

After an exchange of shots, without effect, the affair terminated.

Captain St. Leger died shortly after, and Curran said it was of fright, he died from the report of his own pistol.

SEUR MARIE-JOSÉPHINE.

A hot afternoon in August, the Plage of B., in the Département du Pas de Calais, is crowned with a motly and varied throng of sea-side visitors—the sands are dotted with groups of idle and languid people in striking costumes. There are women, the leaders of the Paris *beau-monde*, attired in eccentric but exquisite *toilettes*, designed by the famous Worth, that artist and creator of fashion. These ladies are sitting together on rocking chairs, gossiping and scandal-mongering; at their feet, men attired in flannel jackets and coloured caps are lounging and lounging: flinging pebbles into the sea, and watching the bathers. A little farther on is a more *bourgeoise* class of French-women, mostly dressed in holland and scarlet hoods. They are doing some kind of light needlework, and keeping a close eye on the children, who are running about with their petticoats tucked up above the knees, digging holes in the sand. Some of the boys are building ramparts to keep the sea out, and the girls sport as wave after wave, dashing in, destroys their handiwork. Bathers in picturesque costume, scarlet, blue, or black, with shoes or sandals trimmed gaily with ribbons, and oilskin caps, are running along the beach—bare arms, bare legs everywhere! A few are dripping

wet; others emerging from their respective bathing boxes.

Others, again, seem cowardly, and stand long watching before taking the final plunge. A very corpulent man, whose neck and limbs are as red as a boiled lobster, and attired in a *colour de rose costume de bain*; his wife, who, like himself, is stout, and who wears a faded green flannel garment, there they stand together, holding hands—the fat man dips a toe into the water, and shudders visibly; "The sea is cold this morning! Shall we go in, *marcher!*" The wife evidently is more plucky, for she advances, and drags her reluctant spouse. An artist in a white cotton coat is making a rapid sketch of the two bathers; the fat man is indignant at this, and plunges wildly into the waves, and presently we see him and his green better half bobbing up and down, and round and round—they look triumphantly towards the white cotton artist, who goes on quietly sketching. The sea is crowded; men and women holding each other by the hand, dance about, and cut through the waves—the children scream, some with pleasure, some with fright. A couple of yachts with white sails are lazily floating up and down—a few big black boats are being launched—the fishermen are preparing their nets—while

women in blue cotton petticoats, tucked up, displaying firm brown limbs, are watching the boats depart. Groups of people are coming down from their *châlets* and hotels in bathing dresses, with large white cloaks thrown over them; some are on donkeys, and from a distance you might take them for Arabs, for the Plage of B. is not unlike a miniature Sahara. The sun shines brightly, the black boats on the sands cast long shadows, and the sea glitters like a huge variegated opal. A couple of priests in black garments and broad-brimmed hats are loitering on the beach. Farther on, towards the cliffs, which form a kind of shelter from the mid-day sun, people are playing croquet, others reading naughty yellow-coloured French novels. I am sitting with some friends, watching the animated scene, enjoying the scent of the salt sea brine, inhaling the champagne atmosphere of *La belle France*—bright, sparkling, and exhilarating. The laughter of the children, the musical cadence of the waves, the bright colours, the picturesque group gave a magic to the hour never to be forgotten. All at once my attention is attracted by the tall black figure of a nun, gliding like a phantom along the cliffs, followed by some crippled children, wearing blue cotton frocks and straw hats. The Sœur's face looks sad, beautiful—the large grey eyes have a wistful, far-away look in them, as if they strove to reach the unseen—eyes all tenderness! Her face is pale, but healthy, with a glow like a light burning in an alabaster lamp—her mouth is at once firm and sweet; the delicate nose, with its sensitive, finely cut nostrils. It is a face on which a history is written—a history of love and sorrow, as clearly as though it were a book. There is passion and enthusiasm in every feature, veiled under patience and submission. In

this Vanity Fair by the sea, she looked like a spirit dropped from another sphere, as she glided hurriedly along through the careless, thoughtless, *insouciant* crowd and disappeared.

A few evenings after this, strolling along by the sea, I again saw the beautiful Sœur—this time she is by herself. The Plage is deserted, it being dinner hour. Nature seemed to greet her presence with a sweet and holy passion of her own! The soft rich glow of sunset lay over the quiet sea, and one great burning star is throbbing in the west. The Sœur stands alone—she looks in a trance—her eyes, though dilated, do not seem to see, but her mouth quivers, and she sighs, and the sigh is echoed by the sea, to be carried, let us hope, whither her heart would have it go. How strangely interesting she looks, as she stands there on the white sands, her black garments falling in straight folds, draping her graceful lithe figure! The sea, the sky, the hour, are in unison with that nun, making around her a perfect symphony, while she by her presence has in one moment given a soul of poetry to all. The sounds of the *Ave Maria* from a distant convent are wafted softly on the evening breeze, and now the crescent moon is peeping forth, and a golden ray illuminates the sea; the Sœur starts on hearing the *Ave Maria*, gives one long yearning look at the sea, and hurries off. I follow her at a distance—on she steps quickly up the rugged cliffs, her hands meekly folded. At last she arrives at a large grey stone building, rings a bell, the large door opens, and she disappears.

I see a fisherman plodding up the cliff, with his big net—he is whistling a tune.

“What is this building?” I ask, pointing to the grey stone house.

“It is the *Hospice St. Eugénie*,

for scrofulous children," he answers; "there are about a hundred of them there now."

"*Merci!*" And I hasten back to the hotel, haunted by the face of my beautiful nun. I am determined to find out her story.

So next day I make my way to the Hospice. It is built high up on the cliffs, with a splendid view of the sea. The air up here must be perfection—pure and briny. An iron railing surrounds the building; over a large stone door, in gilt letters, I read—"Hospice St. Eugénie." I pull a bell, and, after a few seconds, a Sœur in a large white flapping cap opens.

"May I visit the Hospice? I am a stranger here, and will gladly give a small donation."

The Sœur smiles kindly, and begs me to walk inside. I am ushered into a large *parlour*, the floor of which is well waxed. On the walls are several pictures of saints and martyrs. A large ebony crucifix, and an alabaster statuette of the Virgin stand on the mantelpiece. There are a few straight-backed chairs—no soft divans or luxuries of any kind. Another Sœur comes into the *parlour*. She has a big bunch of keys in her hand.

"If you will follow me, madame," she says to me. "I will show you our hospice; the children are now all out of doors, so the house is almost empty;" saying this she points to a window, and I look out. About a hundred children dressed in blue cotton frocks, the boys wearing blouses of the same colour, are playing merrily about in a large inclosure; there are swings, poles, and a series of gymnastic exercises for them; most of the young patients are on crutches and hump about, for they generally suffer from hip disease. Several sisters are sitting under a tree watching the children; some are knitting, others drawing.

I follow the Sœur, first we go through an immense kitchen where the sisters in big flapping caps and long white aprons are standing before a cauldron making a *soupe*, the odour of which is delicious. On to long school-room, *salle à manger*, recreation salles, &c., through scrupulously clean *dortoirs*, bath-rooms, and then to the *infirmerie*, where several nuns are preparing medicine. I look about anxiously for the beautiful Sœur, as yet I have not been successful, but glancing out from another window, I at last see her. There she is, sitting under a kind of awning overlooking the sea, a very delicate little girl of about four is on her lap, five other smaller children are sitting at her feet, all gazing up into her face, she is evidently telling them a story, for the little ones seem to be devouring her words with eyes and ears. The sick little girl gives a hard cough, the Sœur stops; putting her hand out, shakes a bottle of syrup, and gives the child a spoonful of it.

"What is the name of this Sœur?" I enquire of my cicerone.

"Sœur Marie-Joséphine," she answers; "she has to look after the very little ones, and sleeps in this *dortoir*," and she points to a large airy room with several small snowy beds—the large one which is hers. "The children are very fond of her, and she of them."

"Has Sœur Marie-Joséphine been long in this Hospice?"

"About two years; she took the veil five years ago; here is a romantic story! She was much admired in society for her beauty and her talent, besides, she had a large fortune; her name was well known, Mademoiselle Mathilde de Beaufort. She belongs to an old legitimist family. I have no time now to tell you her story perhaps I ought not, if I had; but perhaps when she knows you better she will tell it to you herself; a great sorrow opened

her eyes, and led her to see the vanities and frivolities of fashionable life. Here she has found a haven of rest, and she finds happiness in performing the duties she has undertaken. When her hour comes to leave this world, she will surely be able to give a good account of the time she has spent on earth."

"I should so much like to be introduced to her, her appearance is so sympathetic, so wonderfully attractive. I have often seen her on the beach and longed then to talk to her."

"If you will come with me into the garden, you will have an opportunity of making her acquaintance." So saying, this good-natured little nun trips down a long corridor. I follow her; she selects a key from the bunch and opens the door leading into the patch of ground where Sœur Marie-Joséphine and the little ones are sitting.

"Here is a lady who wishes to see you, Sœur Marie-Joséphine." Sœur Marie-Joséphine rises from her seat, blushes, and smiles a kindly welcome to me.

"I hope that I am not interrupting you; you have been telling the children a story."

"I have just finished, have I not, Cécile?" and she strokes the fair hair of the small invalid who is holding tight the Sister's black gown. Cécile hides her pale face in Sœur Marie-Joséphine's knees, and mutters faintly, "I want so to hear another pretty story."

"Yes, do tell us a story, Sœur Marie," exclaim all the little ones.

"It is enough for the present, here are some nice *tartines* for you," and she gives each child a round of bread-and-butter. "You, Cécile, must have a few grapes, it will do your naughty cough good; and this evening, before you all go to bed, I shall tell you another story."

From that day I often went to the Hospice, and I and the beauti-

ful Sœur struck up quite a friendship. The more I saw of her the more I admired and was absolutely fascinated by her. She had a great deal of quiet enthusiasm, and her religion was practical, but oh! the sigh and the sad yearning look in her grey eyes whenever she gazed at the sea. As yet she had told me nothing of her past history, but one evening I found her alone, sitting on an old wooden bench in the Hospice garden overlooking the sea. It was a lovely evening, the sun had just set, leaving behind purple and gold clouds. There was not a sound, save the soft murmur of the receding waves, as the ebbing tide whispered its evening hymn. A fisherman is hauling in a boat, and a few women in blue cotton petticoats and scarlet jackets are collecting the fish in baskets. The beach is deserted, the Hospice children are all gone to bed. Sœur Marie-Joséphine alone is not, her body is there sitting on the bench, but her soul seems far away, her hands are tightly clasped. I approach, but she hears me not. There is something profoundly pathetic in her appearance, her face looks pale, her eyes have a strained expression in them as if looking out for something, her head is bent forward. I advance towards the bench and lay my hand on her shoulder. She starts, wakes up from her reverie, shakes herself, and looks at me in a wild way that startles me.

"Sœur Marie, I am going back to England to-morrow; before I leave will you tell me the story you have so often promised? You know my love and sympathy for you. I long to know your past, and want to hear it."

"Going back to England," she mutters; "England was to have been my home!"

"Your home! what do you mean?"

"Well, as I have an hour to spare, and as you really seem to feel an interest in me, I shall tell you why it

was I took the veil, and why it is the sea has such strange power over me."

I gaze into her earnest eyes, and drawing my cloak round me, for the breeze from the evening air is rather chilly—"Begin and tell me all, do."

"My name when I belonged to the world was Mathilde de Beaufort. The De Beauforts, you know, are one of our oldest French families; my father, le Marquis de Beaufort, died when I was a child, my mother survived him a year. A sister of my mother, Madame de la Trémouille, adopted me; she had no children of her own, so she was glad to have an orphan niece to take charge of. My childhood was a happy one, my aunt passed nearly all the year in her fine old château in Brittany. She was kind to me, though she left me much to myself. I had a governess, an Irish lady, who taught me English and music. What happy hours have I spent in the beautiful woods that surrounded my aunt's property! Day after day I have sat under the magnificent old oak trees which, interlacing their branches, formed a kind of cathedral, keeping out the rays of the sun, and there I would read for hours at a time Walter Scott's novels. The governess encouraged my love for romance. Often in the twilight she and I used to walk in the grand old forests that seemed to mourn the Druid times, and retaining the sacredness for our worship. There she would tell me wild and fantastic stories that made me shudder with awe. Not far from the château was a churchyard, and from my bedroom window I could easily see the marble slabs and crosses. At night I often fancied I saw the ghosts of my ancestors gliding warily through the tombstones. My governess sang beautifully, her songs were chiefly romantic love songs.

"Altogether I lived in an atmo-

sphere of romance. My aunt, a practical, shrewd woman of the world, inspired me more with respect than love. She got for me the best masters, attended carefully to my health, but there was no other demonstration of affection on her part; but I had a Breton nurse called Reine, to whom I was passionately attached, for she had known my mother; this old woman used to tell me all the legends of the country, stories of saints and martyrs, fairy tales, and terrible ghost stories. She was very devout, her bedroom was adorned with pictures of saints and statues of the Blessed Virgin. I hardly ever saw any children of my own age, for my aunt led a secluded life; she was a widow; attended energetically to her property, visited the poor, and did a great deal of good, her most constant visitor was the Abbé Frémont, who came nearly every day to dinner; he was a charming old man, with snowy white hair and gentle blue eyes; I was extremely fond of him; he took much notice of me, and often in the evening I would play the piano for him and sing old French ballads. The salon was large and lofty, hung all round with family portraits of the De Beauforts and the La Trémouilles. My aunt, who generally dressed in the evening in a long black satin dress and lace cap, would sit in a yellow brocaded arm-chair, knitting. She was a *grande dame*, dignified, calm, and quiet in her manner—picturesque looking. She never petted me—every morning and evening gave me the cold conventional kiss on the forehead. My days were spent with the governess and with Reine. The old woods were my favourite haunts—ballads, legends my daily food. When I was seventeen, aunt determined to take me to Paris to bring me out, introduce me into society; she seemed proud of me, for I was the

considered pretty!" Sœur Marie-Joséphine blushed and looked at me apologetically in making this remark. "This is all an old story!"

"Nonsense, you could hardly have been lovelier than you are now!" I exclaimed.

"It matters little now how I look," she answered, with a sigh, "but as it is a matter of the past, as I am at present another person, I may speak of my former self, as of a stranger! My aunt dwelt in the Faubourg St. Germain, she sometimes went there for a week or so when she had business in Paris; but a few days before my seventeenth birthday the hotel was alive with servants, the stables filled with horses. Aunt issued invitations to more than two hundred people for a ball to be given to celebrate my birthday and my *début* in society. My aunt up to that time had taken little notice of me, but now all of a sudden, I became an object of immense interest to her; my *toilette* for this ball was ordered from the most fashionable *couturière* in Paris. I, who had been all these years quietly attired in plain merino gowns, and had never thought of dress, was adorned in everything that was most *recherché*. On the day of the ball nothing but my appearance was thought of, the best *coiffeur* dressed my hair."

"What colour was it, Sœur Marie? for your *coiffe* of course hides it, and not a lock is to be seen anywhere."

"It was golden, and very abundant. I did feel a pang when, on taking the veil, it had to be all cut off! Well, the *coiffeur* had to dress it four times before aunt was satisfied; it was raised up high in front and curled behind, adorned with a wreath of pink and white daisies. The dress was so pretty! Masses of white tulle, covered with delicate daisies tinged with pink. Aunt put round my neck a costly pearl

necklace, with bracelets and earrings to match. 'You are quite a picture, Mathilde! How I wish your dear mother could see you,' exclaimed aunt, with a fervour that was unusual. 'Her mother does see her always,' retorted Reine; but I am sure that she prefers to see Mademoiselle Mathilde in her dark merino dress, running about in the woods. Her mother's tastes were so simple!"

"My aunt darted an angry look at Reine; 'You know nothing about things of the world. Mademoiselle Mathilde must be introduced into society, and I wish her to look as well as she can.'

"Poor old Reine was so devotedly fond of me that she did not wish me to get married. She had a peculiar dread of matrimony, and no trust in men. When I glanced at myself on the long cheval glass in my room, I felt a glow of satisfaction. Of course I now know that feeling is wrong."

"Quite natural to feel delighted at your appearance," I exclaimed. "You must have looked too exquisitely lovely."

"I had never worn a ball dress before, so that when I saw myself arrayed in clouds of white tulle with those daisies and pearls about me, I thought I was a vision, a fairy, some being from another world. I cannot forget that evening. The large *salons* of my aunt's hotel were crowded with the *crème* of the Faubourg St. Germain. All eyes were upon me, and loud were the praises of my beauty. Aunt seemed delighted. I opened the ball, and before many minutes were over, I was asked to dance by every man in the room. All the *cavaliers* I danced with poured into my ears such flattering words; my cheeks were flushed, my eyes sparkled. I felt transported into a world of pleasure, giddy and *insouciant*. I laughed and danced

with all. Till that evening my notion of happiness was to take long walks in the woods, and as a particular treat to wander among the big trees by moonlight. Now I felt there was no greater delight than to be admired. From the night of the ball, which was my *debut dans le monde*, I lived in a round of dissipation, dinners, concerts, balls, drives to the Bois. I received several brilliant offers of marriage; one of which I was on the point of accepting, though I did not care for the man. Was that not wrong?"

"Oh no, I suppose you did not know what love was?"

"That is just it, every one was indifferent to me. I cared for no one; my strongest feeling was for my old woods in Brittany, for aunt, for my governess, and Reine."

"The man I was so nearly accepting was middle-aged, wealthy, and clever, belonging to one of our most aristocratic families. He paid me great attention, sent me exquisite *bouquets* of flowers every day; I used to laugh at him though, sometimes." Making this confession, Sœur Marie's eyes sparkled with mischievous fun. "He was so stiff, his *morstache*, which was very long, was waxed, and died off in two thin points like needles. When he was pleased he would twirl up these ends, when annoyed he pulled them down." Sœur Marie smiles at the recollection.

"Aunt wished me to accept him. She praised him from morning to night. I asked for a short delay in order to think about it, and in the meanwhile accepted an invitation to spend a week at Versailles with my grandmother, an English lady, Mrs. Elliot. It was there I met my fate."

Sœur Marie-Joséphine's face became suddenly ashen white, and her lips quivered; for a minute she stopped talking, as if to collect sufficient strength to finish her story.

"If I had not spent that week at Mrs. Elliot's, I should not now be a nun or be here."

I felt a kind of awe stealing over me, as Sœur Marie said this. I looked round, the sunset is dying away, the purple sky is glimmering with stars, not a soul visible anywhere, and Sœur Marie's face is so troubled. "What is the end of this story? tell it to me quickly."

"I shall tell it to you, but never again to any human being, for the recollection of that love unsettles me even now—I, a sœur, whose duty it is to fix my heart in heaven, and look after these little lambs. How dare I think of any man; but I cannot drive from my heart the memory of that happiness and still feel that the greatest joy on this earth is to love and be loved by one worthy of the feeling; and though the suffering, the anguish has been intense, I am glad that I have gone through it. 'Better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.'"

Her face is now suffused with a bright colour; she got up from the bench, and took a few strides up and down to subdue her excitement. She sits down and draws her veil close down, and clearing her throat—

"On the first evening of my arrival at Mrs. Elliot's there was a small party in honour of my visit; there were several interesting people. It was a fine summer's evening in July. The windows were thrown wide open, the balcony was filled with flowers of delicious scent. I stepped out on it to look at the old château of Versailles, as it stood there all aglow in its majesty under the setting sun. I thought of its romantic history now so cruelly eclipsed. I fell into a kind of dream. The château brought back to mind my old home in Brittany, and off I was, spirited away to my beloved woods. Suddenly I felt a tap on the shoulder; I looked

round and found my godmother standing behind me laughing.

“ ‘Dear Mathilde,’ she exclaimed, ‘I have been calling to you and talking; you seem to hear nothing, so absorbed are you in your reverie. Mr. Lionel Harcourt wishes to be introduced to you.’ Saying this she presented to me a tall, strikingly handsome young man.”

Sœur Marie-Joséphine’s voice grew tremulous. Her thoughts travelled back to that eventful evening.

“Mr. Harcourt bowed to me, and as we stood there, side by side, that wondrous purple evening, we quickly became friends. He asked me what I had been thinking of, and said that he had been watching me for a quarter of an hour, half-amused at my utter abstraction. I told him how my thoughts had wended off to a very different world; he drew me on, and before an hour had elapsed I had described to him the whole of my past young life, my love of weird spirit things, my moonlight walks, the churchyard where my ancestors lay buried. He seemed to listen with his whole soul, and how handsome he was! I might almost say beautiful. So tall, *distingué* looking, his pale face lit up with large earnest grey eyes. Every feature so finely chiselled and delicately modelled, his mouth was perfect, with an expression of tenderness, tempered with just a tinge of severity. Well, we remained on the balcony till eleven o’clock, the two hours spent together glided off as no other two hours had ever fled. Mrs. Elliot came up to us both, remarked that it was getting too cold, and that I must return to the *salon*.

“ ‘Mr. Harcourt, will you not play something for me? anything you like.’

“ ‘Oh! do, please,’ I exclaimed, ‘Are you really a musician!’

“ ‘Mr. Harcourt’s playing is remarkable,’ answered my god-

mother. ‘I cannot think how he has managed it, for he has been studying hard at Cambridge.’

“He sat down to the piano, and I remained in a dark corner indisposed for further chat with any one else that evening. He played a symphony of Beethoven so exquisitely that again I was carried off to the pine woods, listening to the wind blowing through them. Everyone was applauding when he had finished, but I was unable to join, clapping seemed profanation; he came up, sat again by my side, we talked of music and then of poetry. It was nearly two o’clock A.M. when he left. If a fairy had struck me with her wand, I could not have been more transformed than I was after this long talk.”

“He was of course as much struck with you,” I exclaimed, impetuously; “you, young, beautiful, and romantic!”

“I think so, his manner to me was different from his manner to others, and was certainly different from that of all the other men who had paid court to me. As for poor me I was in a strange state of excitement impossible to describe; that night I did not close my eyes, indeed I no longer knew myself. I felt that I had met my fate. He called the next day and again the next day. We were left much to ourselves, and we strolled long sweet hours together through the grand old park and bosquets of Versailles and into the gardens of Trianon, with their interesting sad memories. Oh, those happy, happy days. He told me his history. He was an only son—he spoke with enthusiasm of his mother, who had died two years previously. After her death he travelled, had been all over the East, Egypt, Palestine, had visited the sources and centres of all the grand old civilizations, seen each poetic mountain, trodden paths trodden by the great

and good of ancient times, and described all with such feeling, life, beauty, that how could it be but that I should love him! And so the days flew on. At last a letter from my aunt came saying that as my visit was drawing to its close she would come and fetch me the next day. It was then that I became conscious that my whole life had become absorbed by one feeling; it had been sudden, a birth into a new world. This, then, was to be my last evening at Versailles! Was all to end here? Oh, misery! I was sitting in a boudoir at an open window looking with streaming eyes at the setting sun. I must have been in a dream or trance, for suddenly looking up, I saw Mr. Harcourt standing before me. He looked pale and agitated. I strove to stand up when I saw him. I told him it was my last evening. And now let me spare you and myself all details; he asked me to be his wife, and happily and thankfully I said Yes.

"The announcement of my engagement fell like a thunder-bolt on my aunt, but Mrs. Elliot desired the match and proved a staunch ally. Mr. Harcourt was a Roman Catholic, had ample means, and was a cultivated accomplished man. He was not a great party of course, like Monsieur De Grammont, who was a son of one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic houses in France, besides I loved Lionel Harcourt, and declared that I would not marry him that I would marry no one. My aunt was so disgusted that she took up her establishment in Paris, and after bidding a most heart-rending adieu to Lionel, and promising to marry him within the year, we parted.

"I was glad to see again my Breton woods with this new soul of love opened within me, what a world of meaning and mystery it gave to everything around! My dear old Breton verities had gone

home; no more were her wild weird songs to thrill the woods, but Rene was at hand and liked Lionel Harcourt, thought him the only man worthy to be my husband. So from morning to night she and I would wander about, or sit and chat of him and build bright air castles for the future. My aunt had forbidden all correspondence, but in a few months hence he was to visit us in company of his father. Soon I counted the days and hours! like a schoolboy chafing for the freedom of his holidays. Alas, alas! the visit was doomed never to be."

Here Sœur Marie-Joséphine paused, and gazed long and mournfully at the dark grey sea—her face was dreadfully white, and she was shivering and trembling from head to foot. She continued her story with a quivering voice:—

"One night I was sitting alone, playing Chopin's *Marche funèbre*. Strange that I should have chosen that piece! It was moonlight—a soft, silver light lay over the distant wood, and deep violet shadows everywhere. I could see in the distance the white crosses and columns on the graves of my ancestors. There was something oppressive in the stillness—not a sound, save the deep thrilling chords of the piano. I remember fancying there was something achingly penetrating in the vibrations. Suddenly I felt an icy cold hand on my shoulder—heavy as lead! I looked round; no one was there—nothing stirring—but I heard a voice distinctly say, '*I am dead!*' I felt turned to stone. I muttered, 'When did Lionel die?' The voice answered, '*At ten o'clock.*'

"It was eleven o'clock then. I must have fainted. I remember nothing that followed, nor what time elapsed. I got brain fever."

"Was Mr. Harcourt really dead?" I asked.

"Yes; he was drowned while bathing in the sea, at ten o'clock, on a warm September night. My aunt received the news the day after his death."

"How can you account for his voice?"

"It was his voice! I believe his spirit came to me. Dying, he thought of me. Account for it as you like; what I am telling you is a fact—stranger than fiction!"

"When did you take the veil?"

"As soon as I became convalescent, I told the Abbé Frémont that nothing would ever induce me to marry—that henceforth I abjured the world and society, and wished to devote the rest of my life and energies to some good work. My aunt's company had become intolerable to me; she had been the cause of our cruel separation. The good abbé sympathized with me, and approved of my resolution; besides, I had promised Lionel, that if anything prevented our marriage, that I should take the veil.

"So five years ago, after bequeathing my property to the Church, and after passing my noviciate, I took the veil, became a Sœur, and asked the abbé to get me to an hospice near the sea."

"You must abhor the sea," I exclaimed. "How can you bear to live near it, knowing it to be the grave of your *fiancé*?"

"The sea, for all that, has a wonderful attraction for me. He loved the sea! One of his most charming poems was a description of the ocean by moonlight. I sometimes

fancy I see his arms stretched out to me, and can catch his tones in the murmur of the waves. My happy moments are those I snatch to wander alone along the beach."

"Are you happy now? Does the life you lead satisfy you?"

"Happy on this earth I never could be without him; but I am contented, and feel peace. Besides, the truest happiness is found in the feeling that our life is of use to others; and those young things could no more do without me than I could now do without them. Work, work, is the consolation, the healing, the oblivion. The sisters are all kind to me. My dear abbé has his eye upon me; and he sees that I am allowed my one indulgence of a stroll along the beach in the early morning and evening. But it is getting late. I sleep with my children, and many a little eye is watching for my return."

She rises—her face is now flushed, her hand hot.

"Telling this story has pained and excited you, *chère Sœur*?"

"It has; and I shall never, never repeat it. There must be no more looking back."

The Angelus hymn is heard in the distance, with the deep solemn vibrations of the organ. "Adieu!" Sœur Marie gives me an affectionate kiss and pressure of the hand, and soon the Hospice gates close upon her. I never saw her again, but her sweet image and sad story haunt me—and so does the Hospice by the sea.

H. C.

THE LETTERS OF THE YOUNGER PLINY.

THE study of history of Rome has attracted of late years the attention of many learned students of ancient history both in this country and on the continent. In a recent number of the German periodical the "*Rundschau*," Professor Friedländer, of Königsberg, contributed a resumé of the most prominent authors who had devoted their attention to the history of Rome under the Empire, beginning with Sebastian le Nain de Talemont, and ending his account with a criticism of Merivale. Interesting as such an article must of necessity be, it is not however our intention to continue the Professor's labours but simply to direct the attention of our readers to a classic author who is perhaps not as much read as he deserves, but who has given us many curious details of Roman life in his own time in a series of epistles to various friends. In style and sentiment Caius Plinius Cæcilius Secundus reminds the reader forcibly of Horace. His letters teem with conviviality, epicurism, love of literature, and dilettantism, but there is perhaps wanting the *finis ære* which so distinguished the works of the genial Flavius, and which ever caused him to remember that he was numbered among the favoured of the Muses.

Pliny, on the other hand, never seems to forget the dignity of his position, and in his epistles he notes down small occurrences, trivial in themselves, but so related as ever to rebound to his personal credit. This love of approbation we intend to adhere to when mentioning the subject of the events as forming part of the household of a Roman

of position, but before doing this we will briefly note what is known to us of the biography of the writer of these "epistles," culling facts from details given us by Pliny himself.

The younger Pliny was born at Cornum, a town of that part of the Empire called Gallia, Transpadana, or Cispadana, A.D. 61. Though left an orphan at an early age, his education received the best attention at the hands of Virginus Rufus and the celebrated jurist Quintilian, for both of whom he preserved through life a lasting friendship, who aided him in a great measure to obtain those successes of which in later life he was able to boast. Having been adopted by his uncle, the celebrated naturalist and historian, he began his career in the army, the course frequently adopted by the young patricians in Rome who aimed at attaining civil distinction. Sent into Syria, he there made the acquaintance of a philosopher of the name of Euphrates, whom he mentions in epistle x. of the first book addressed to Atrius Clemens, which we quote here as a good example of portraiture:—

"If ever literature has flourished in our city, it is most assuredly at the present time. Many prominent men could be mentioned. Let one suffice—Euphrates, the philosopher. I know not whom, but a youth in Syria, I was sent to the army, and being allowed to visit him at his own house, I made it my endeavour to obtain his friendship, although it was no labour, for, indeed, he is affable and courteous. . . . When discussing, he proves himself to be subtle, learned, and ornate, often

attaining the sublimity and majesty of Plato (*Disputat subtiliter, gravitor, or-nate; frequenter etiam platoniam illam sublimitatem et latitudinem effingit*).

“His conversation is rich and varied, overcoming all opposition and instructing all who disagree with him. Tall in stature, handsome in face, with long white hair and beard, these gifts, however trifling they may appear to be, add in a great measure to the feeling of veneration which he inspires. His manner is sympathizing, exhibiting no sadness, though severe (*Nullus horror in cultu, nulla tristitia, multum severitatis*). . . . He reproves vice, not man; he does not punish, but guides those who have gone astray. One listens with delight to his monitions, and, though persuaded, wish to be again convinced (*Sequaris monentum attentus et penceus et persuaderi tibi etiam quum persuaserit, cupias*). . . .

“I now sit as magistrate, I sign summonses, I draw up laws. I write many most illiterate letters. Sometimes I complain of this, my present mode of life, to Euphrates. He would console me: he affirms that one of the most noble duties of philosophy is to help to conduct public affairs, to know, appreciate, exercise, and promote justice as well as to execute it, these being among the doctrines of philosophers. In this one point he does not convince me that it is more satisfying to do these things (*satius erse ista facere*) than to spend the day in listening and speaking with him. Do you, therefore, who are free, hasten as soon as possible to Rome, to perfect yourself by his teachings. For I am not as many men who envy others the good which they themselves cannot enjoy, rather do I feel pleasure in seeing my friends surfeited with those bounties which are denied to me. —Vale.”

Though we have no instances of the pleadings of Pliny, we may be allowed to take his word, and the indirect laudation of contemporaries, *e.g.*, Martial, that he attained through eloquence a distinguished position as *advocatus*, as also from the fact that he was chosen by the senate to conduct the case of the inhabitants of Bœtica against Cæci-

lius Classicus, as well as that of the Africans against Marius Priscus, the proconsul. This latter trial deserves to be celebrated among the annals of the Roman bar, as we find Tacitus pleading together with Pliny, and pleading with such power and eloquence that the proconsul was declared guilty of extortion, and condemned to refund 700,000 sester-tii.

Epistle xi. of book ii., from which we make extracts, contains a description of this trial which took place in the senate. After mentioning the impeachment, and the counsel opposed to him, who managed to have their client tried on the minor plea of peculation, Pliny says— :

“More than once have I spoken in the Senate: nowhere have I been heard with more good-will (*benignius*). Yet I felt as moved as if all were new to me . . . Nevertheless I collected myself and began a speech which was listened to with as much kindness as it had been to me a source of anxiety. I spake for nearly five hours (*nam duodecim clepsydris, quas spatiosissimas acceperam, sunt additæ quatuor*), about an hour and a half being allowed to me in addition to the three and a half previously granted in a most liberal manner, for soon the arguments which at first appeared difficult and adverse, in course of time became favourable to our side. The Emperor showed so much kindness and care (for I dare not say solicitude) in me personally that he caused a freedman standing behind me to warn me against exerting overmuch my lungs or chest . . . Respondit Cornelius Tacitus eloquentissime, et, quod eximium orationi ejus inest, *σεμνῶς*.

This latter is interesting as proving the friendship which existed between the two advocates. The punishment awarded by the Senate denotes how even that illustrious body refrained from judging too severely one of their number. The epistle which follows tells us that on the motion of Acutius

Nerva, Firminus, the accomplice of Priscus, instead of being banished from the Senate, was ordered to be passed over in all future allotment of provincial government. Titus was succeeded by Domitian A.D. 81, two greater contrasts could not have existed. In the year 93, a most terrible year in history, Pliny was appointed prætor, and he together with Tacitus speaks with horror of the terrible events that took place from that time to the year 96, when Domitian was assassinated. In his panegyric of Trajan, Pliny distinctly tells us that he accepted office before that the true character of Domitian disclosed itself, and in another epistle, which we will mention later, we are told that he himself had been accused by the delator Carnus Metius.

The reign of Trajan from its earliest commencement was distinguished for the attempts which this Emperor made to re-establish order, as well as to restore to the Senate the authority and respect which they had previously enjoyed. The trial mentioned already, in which both Tacitus and Pliny pleaded, was among the first of Trajan's important reforms and in the 2^d Epistle numerous instances are recorded in which the Emperor's wisdom and goodness of character are rendered apparent. In the year 100 A.D. Pliny was appointed consul and held numerous offices, being also a member of the College of Augurs. He was appointed prætor to govern Pontus and Bithynia A.D. 100. The exact date of his death is not known, but may be supposed to be after A.D. 112, as we have no details concerning him later than this. He was twice married and several of his were in Epist. xvi. Book v. in the most affectionate manner. In Book v. Epist. vii. we also find a letter addressed to her, in which his affection for her is described. "In-

credibile est quanto desiderio tui tinear." "First on account of the love I feel for thee, then because we are unaccustomed to be apart. I see thy image before me during a great part of the night, and, as has been very truly said, at the hours at which I was accustomed to see thee, my feet seem to bring me to thy room, not finding thee there I returned sad, and as sick at heart as if the door had been closed to me." It may be here mentioned that in the fifth book of the first volume of Dr. Friedländer's "*Lebensgeschichte Roms*," on page 464, Pliny is mentioned as among the celebrated Romans who had been husbands of three wives, Mommsen, *Hermes* iii., 35, being the authority quoted.

That which, however, renders Pliny's correspondence more than usually interesting is the glimpse we obtain of daily life in Rome, the habits, customs, and morals of the inhabitants of *Roma Æterna*. This metropolis of a mighty empire, which governed all the then known world, received within its walls inhabitants of the most distant countries, who, charmed by the elegance of the buildings as well as by the numerous resources offered to them, both literary and artistic, made Rome their abode and home. China, according to Martial, received the visits of Parthians, Germans, Dacians, Cilicians, and Cappadocians; to her came the inhabitants of Egypt and the Indies.

*Nec recedunt fugis inguina
Jugiterum,*

*Nec te Senatibus transit Alanns
regibus.*

And the same poet in proof of the numerous foreigners who crowded the streets of Rome, mentions as among those who were present at the consecration of the Flavian

amphitheatre, the Sarmatians, Si-cambrians, Arabs, Sabæans, and Æthiopians. Such a mixture must naturally have produced a variety of *traits* of character and thought, and Rome at that time presented with its varied population somewhat of the characteristics, both personal and moral, to be found even now in a city like New York, the hive of foreign enterprise. As a lawyer Pliny is especially happy in his description of character, and we may extract from Epistle v. Book i. a well-drawn portrait of a villanous character:—

“Did you ever see a man more timid and humble than has become Marcus Regulus since the death of Domitian; his crimes being as bad during the reign of that emperor as they were under that of Nero. He took it into his head that I was angry with him; nor was he wrong, I was angry. He had incited the prosecution of Rusticus Arulanus—he exulted in his death; so much so as to publish and recite a treatise (*librum*), in which he speaks of him as the ape of the stoics: *adicti vitelliana cicatrice stigmosum*. In this you may easily recognize the eloquence of Regulus. He abused with so much intemperance Herennius Senecio, that Metius Carus said to him: ‘What have you to do with my victims? For I never have molested either Crassus or Camerinus,’ whom Regulus had impeached under Nero. Regulus believed me to be indignant with him, and therefore did not invite me to be present at the reading he gave of his book. He remembered also that he had exposed me to a ‘capital danger;’ once in the court of the Hundreds (*Præterea reminiscébatur quam capitalita ipsum me apud centumviros lacemisset*). I was pleading in the case of Arrionilla, wife of Timon, at the request of Rusticus Arulenus, Regulus was counsel on the other side. Part of my argument I founded on an opinion once given by Metius Modestus, a most excellent man, who was then in exile by order of Domitian. What then does Regulus? ‘I wish to know, Secundus,’ says he, ‘what you think of Modestus.’ You see what danger I

ran by saying *Bene*; with what infamy I covered myself by saying *Male*. The gods must have inspired me with an answer. ‘I will answer your question,’ said I, ‘if it be the matter now to be adjudicated in court.’

“Again, he said, ‘I wish to know what you think of Modestus.’ I replied ‘That evidence was only sought against those on trial, and not against those already condemned.’ A third time he asked, ‘I do not ask you what you think of Modestus personally, but what you think of his loyalty (*quid de pietate Modesti sentias*).’ I answered, ‘You seek to know what I think. But I do not think it lawful to question any judgment which has already been pronounced.’ He was silenced. I was applauded and congratulated on giving an answer which did not injure my reputation by being a base, perhaps profitable flattery, but which yet was the means of rescuing me from the snare laid for me.

“Now Regulus, troubled by his conscience, is very anxious to be reconciled to me, and first advises Cæcilius Celor and then Fabius Justus on the subject. Not content, he hastens to Spurinna. . . A few days afterwards he meets me himself in the office of the prætor. There, having followed me, he takes me aside and tells me that he is afraid lest I should bear a grudge against him for a remark he once made in the courts, where, in answer to me and Satrius Rufus, he said, ‘Satrius Rufus and he who, not content with the eloquence of our age, imitates that of Cicero.’

“I replied that I had not suspected that he intended speaking in a malicious sense, for indeed do I wish to emulate Cicero, and am not satisfied with the eloquence of our day; for I think it is very foolish when taking a model not to choose the best. ‘But you,’ continued I, ‘do you not remember the day when you asked me what I thought of Metius Modestus?’ He became even more pale than usual, and answered, hesitatingly, ‘I did not ask the question to injure you, but to hurt Modestus.’ You see in this the cruelty of the man, who does not conceal the fact that he wishes to injure an exile. He added this most excellent reason: ‘Modestus, in a letter which he wrote, and which was read before Domitian, said that

Regulus was of all bipeds the most wicked."

In another epistle written to Arianus after the death of Regulus, Pliny gives us other details concerning this lawyer: "I sometimes think of M. Regulus when in court; though I do not wish to say that I regret him. Wherefore then do you ask? He had our profession at heart, he trembled, grew pale, and wrote out his cases. Although he could not rid himself of certain habits, such as painting round his right eye if he were for the plaintiff, his left if for the defendant; of transferring the *candidum splenium* from one eyebrow to the other, or of consulting the *cruspa* as to the result of the case. . . . Since his death it has become once more the custom of granting as the limit of time for pleading only one or two *clepsydre*, sometimes only half a one."

The allusion made to the reading by Regulus of his book to a circle of friends recalls to us the many accounts made by authors to this habit of the Romans. Authors invited friends to listen to some poem or treatise, and we find that even *clepsydre* were hired to give the signal of applause, exhibit wonderment or delight as the case might be. This is mentioned in the Seventh Satire of Juvenal, where the rich man reads his own verses "atque amicitia Homero. Propter munus amicos," and who reads you the poet poet anxious to recite your own verse by placing at your disposal an old mansion whose portals have long been barred, he knows also how to place in distant seats the audience.

" . . . et regnum quantum displicere
voca."

Nemo dicit rectum, quantum sub his
constat."

Et quod de facto pendens anathema
regit."

Quod per se ortu huius posita est orches-
tra catenata."

The poor man cannot afford to be eloquent. Martial alludes to applause being one of the many duties of the client, and reproves Paulus for undertaking to perform this office for friends:—

"tu stas

Et pariter geminas tendis in ora
manus."

Though he cynically states his belief in two short lines in Book vi. (48) that often the praise was intended for the cook not the verse:—

"Quod tam grande sophos clamat tibi
turba togata

Non tu, Pomponi, carna diserta tua est."

Pliny relates the example of his own good nature towards his clients in an epistle to Aritus, to which we have previously alluded. He mentions having supped with an individual whose estimation of himself was totally different to that felt for him by Pliny. This person caused most excellent dishes to be laid before himself and a select few of the guests, but to those of lower consideration commoner and less tasteful food was presented. He had also set aside three different qualities of wine in very small bottles (*parvulis lagunculis*) so that no one might refuse, though no choice was permitted to them:—

"The first kind was for himself and ourselves, the second for friends of lesser degree, the third for his freedmen and ours. My neighbour reclining next to me alluded to this and asked me whether I approved of this arrangement. I said 'No.'

"What is your custom?" said he.

"I set the same before all; for my object is to have all my friends at a banquet, and thus I do not hurt any by offensive distinctions whom I have rendered equal by meeting at my table."

"The freedmen also?" asked he.

"Yes, for I look upon them no longer as freedmen but guests."

"But," said he, "the cost must be great."

“ ‘Not at all.’

“ ‘How is it possible?’

“ ‘In this manner,’ I replied, ‘for my freedmen do not drink the same wine as I do, but I drink the same wine that they do.’ ”

This entire letter is written in what would now be considered a most Christian spirit, as he urges his friend to do to others as he would be done by. That Rome with its social distinctions, both of title and money, resembled in many features the great capitals of the present day is becoming more and more evident by carefully studying works of the authors of the time. Martial, himself a client, raves at Zoilus the rich man, the parvenu of the day, utterly forgetting how he and others of his class helped in a great manner to increase the feeling which they so reprehended.

Pliny mentions the death of Martial (Book III. xxi.) and speaks of him as, “*erat homo ingeniosus, acutus, acer et qui plurimum in scribendo et salis haberet et fellis, nec candoris minus,*” finishing his letter “*at non erunt æterna quæ scripsit? Non erunt fortasse: ille tamen scripsit, tanquam essent futura,*” the allusion being to the ode of the ninth book, written by Martial in praise of Pliny, lines evidently well pleasing to the ears of the latter, who quotes the lines with gusto, in which he is equalled to Cicero as orator—

“*Hoc quod sæcula posterique possunt
Arpinis quoque comparare chartis.*”

As a lawyer's opinion in regard to unwritten testamentary wishes, Epistle x. of Book IV. is worthy of note. Sabina had not made mention in her testament of the manumission of her slave Modestus, to whom she, however, alludes as if this act had been previously performed and mentioned. Pliny, having consulted with other law-

yers, found the universal idea to be that the legal formalities not having been gone through, Modestus was yet to be considered a slave and the bequests left to him to be delivered over to the claiming heir. He argues, however, that Sabina's intention must be consulted, as evidently she believed that she had performed the act of manumission, and the following sentiment may be held up as one worthy of the attention of all lawyers: “*Neque enim apud nos honestos, quam apud alios necessitas valet.*” The same sentiments are also to be found in Book II. xvi., and coincide curiously enough with the events of a late public trial. The codicils added to the testament of Acilianus did not seem to be confirmed by the will itself, but Pliny maintains them to be valid. “*Constat autem codicillos istos Aciliani manu scriptos. Licet ergo non sint confirmati testamento; a me tamen, ut confirmati observabuntur.*” The reasons are given in a line or two occurring shortly before: “*I have ever made it a special duty to respect and fulfil the wishes of the dead, even though the formalities required by law had not been observed.*”

In many of these epistles we may note great grace of expression, as for instance (Book IV. xviii.) when sending Latin translations of Greek epigrams to Antoninus he pays him the following delicate compliment: “*Quod si hæc, quæ sunt et latina, et mea, habere tibi aliquid venustatis videntur, quantum putas inesse eis gratiæ, quæ et a te, et græcè proferuntur.*”

In his descriptions of town and country life we also find much that is delightful, and which recalls the “*Sabine farm*” to our mind. Letter vi. of Book I. will, however, not be received by lovers of the chase as a dictum of merit, Pliny's advise to a hunter being to take his tablets along with him so as not to

lose any of the precious moments while waiting for the game to turn up. "You will find that Minerva delights to wander about the mountains no less than does Diana."

Junius Mauricus having asked him to look about for a suitable match for his daughter, Pliny mentions a young man, named Minucius Acilius, who seems to be most suitable. He is clever, active, and modest. He has filled the offices of questor, tribunatus, and praetor, thus saving any future trouble of canvassing. "Est ille facies liberalis, multo sanguine, multo rubore suffusa, est ingenua totius corporis pulchritudo et quidam senatorius decor. Quae ego nequaquam arbitror negligenda: debet enim hoc castitati puellarum quasi premium dari." The last sentiment being certainly deserving of notice.

In epistles addressed to known authors, Pliny is perhaps even more interesting, especially as he gives us some clue to the opinion felt by authors, lawyers, and orators of the day for the men of the time. In a letter to Tacitus (Book I. x.), when speaking of eloquence, he urges that brevity cannot always fulfil the purpose of the lawyer, opposing to the speeches of Lysias, the Gracchi, and Cato, those of Demosthenes, Eschines, Hyperides, Pollio, Caesar, Caelius, and above all others, Cicero, quoting more especially the speeches pro Murena, pro Varenio. This entire epistle deserves perusal together with xiv. of Book II, in which some of the dodges made use of by lawyers to obtain a flattering audience are noted, dodges which must inevitably have caused a great decline for forensic eloquence. We may, however, swallow or ignore the story related in Book III concerning Cato's intoxication, as well as one or two ghost stories related with dramatic effect and no slight credulity, and which may therefore in-

terest those among our readers desirous of knowing his opinion on "Spirits":—

"A few leisure moments, which we both now can enjoy, give to me an opportunity of learning, to thee an opportunity of teaching. I wish to know from you whether you believe ghosts (phantasmata) to be beings having direct influence over us, or whether you look upon them as creations of our own imaginations, produced through fear (an inania et vana ex metu nostro imaginem accipere). What would induce me to believe in them is the adventure which is said to have occurred to Curtius Rufus. He is said to have gone to Africa, when yet unknown, and a man of no position, in the suite of the governor of this province. As the day was drawing to its close he went to take a walk up and down a colonnade. Suddenly there stood before him a female figure of huge size and of great beauty, who said to him that she was Africa, and had come to predict his future. He should return to Rome, fill important offices (honorisque gesturum), and then return to this province, cum summo imperio, there to die. All of which happened. It is also said, that when he landed in Carthage the same figure appeared before him. It is certain that when he became ill he gave himself up at once, even though his friends hoped for his recovery.

"Here is another and yet more terrible story, which I relate to thee as it has been told me. There was at Athens a large and spacious house, but of bad repute, as being unhealthy (and infamis et pestifera). In the stillness of the night the sound of clanging iron was to be heard, and, by listening more attentively, the dragging of chains, first at a distance, but approaching nearer and nearer. Soon appeared the ghost (nox apparetur idolum), a thin and squidid old man, with long beard and bristly hair, whose hands and feet were laden with chains and fetters, which he shook. The inhabitants spent nights of terrified horror, which were followed by illness caused by increasing terror. For even in the daytime when the ghost did not appear, his image was perpetually before their

eyes, and the fear lasted longer than the cause. Finally the house remained empty, and abandoned to the monstrous apparition (*totaque illi monstro relicta*). Nevertheless, it was advertised (*Proscribatur tamen*), lest any who was ignorant of the cause might wish to hire or purchase it.

"Athenodorus, the philosopher, came to Athens, read the advertisement (*leget titulum*), and, as the price appeared so very moderate, his suspicions were aroused; he, therefore, made inquiries, and having learnt the cause, he hastened all the more eagerly to hire the house. When night drew on he ordered his bed to be made ready in the hall of the house (*in prima domus parte*), and called for a light to be brought thither, together with his *stylum* and *pugillares*; he then ordered his servants to withdraw into the interior of the house. He compels both his mind and body to take interest in his work, so that his imagination may not produce before him some *vacua simulæra*. At first all was still; soon, however, he hears the clanging of the iron chains; he does not raise his eyes nor lay down his *stylum*, but determines not to be affrighted by what he hears. The noise grows louder and more distinct as it approaches, now it seems to be heard on the steps, now it takes place in the room itself. He looks up and recognizes the figure as described to him. It stands still and beckons to him, as if to call him; he makes a motion of his hand to bid it wait, and continues his writing. The figure shakes its chains over his head while he writes; again he looks up, and again it beckons. Now he no longer hesitates, but takes the lamp and follows. Slowly does it stalk on before him till they reach the courtyard of the house, when it suddenly disappears, leaving him standing alone. He then, by heaping up grass and leaves, marks the place. At break of day he informs the authorities, and requests them to dig in the place marked. Bones are found, surrounded by chains, which were all that remained of the body in fetters, wasted by the action of the earth and the length of time. These were collected and publicly buried. From that time the house was no longer haunted.

"I believe this story on the authority of others. I can vouch, however,

for the following. One of my freedmen, named Marcus, is not without a certain amount of education. He sleeps together in the same bed with a younger brother, who one night dreamt that he saw some one sitting on the bed and cutting his hair with scissors. The next day it was found that this had really happened, as the hair was lying round about.

"A similar circumstance soon followed. One of my young slaves slept, together with several other boys, in the *pædagogium*, and he relates that there came in through the window two figures in white, who cut off his hair as he lay in bed, and then departed as they came. Nothing remarkable happened except, perhaps, that I was not impeached before Domitian, as I certainly would have been had he lived longer, for in his *scrinium* was found a *libellus*, drawn up by Carus against me. As it is the custom for those accused to let their hair grow, we may conclude that the shorn hair of my servants portended the danger in which I was placed."

This story is sufficient to prove the superstitious turn of mind of even the most able Romans, and from this we may be allowed to adduce the conclusion, that this feeling rendered the many absurdities of their religious rites and beliefs alone possible or probable.

Book x. may be considered a *resumé* of a great part of Pliny's official career, containing epistles addressed to the Emperor Trajan, and the answers returned. The province to which he was appointed *proprætor* was known as Bithynia and Pontus, and it is interesting to note how Christianity had even at that time laid a firm hold on the imagination of those who had been brought up in the worship of the gods of ancient mythology.

Josephus, speaking of Poppæa, mentions that she was an earnest intercessor for the Jews, that she was a "God-fearing person," which was the reason why her body was embalmed instead of being cremated.

It would be interesting, however, to be able to decide whether we cannot prove from the above statement that the Jewish superstitions mentioned by Tacitus, Suetonius, and others did not distinctly refer to the belief of the Christians. According to Athenagoras, we know that, even in the second century, the Pagans scoffed at the Christian religion, only able, according to them, to number common people, artizans, and old women among its ranks.

Friedländer believes, from an inscription lately discovered in the catacombs of Callistus, where not only the Christian monuments of the Pomponia Bassii have been found, but also within a few years fragments of an inscription which evidently referred to a Pomponius Graculus, that the Pomponia Gracina mentioned by Tacitus as accused before her husband, the Consul Plantius, of "outlandish superstitions" must have been a Christian. Flavia Domitilla, niece of Domitian, married to T. Flavius Clemens (Consul A.D. 95), was also accused of belonging to this sect, and was herself banished from Rome, after that her husband had been condemned to death. Many other instances could be numbered, but the above will be sufficient to prove that this religion had made such strides as even at that time to fill the minds of the emperors with dismay, inciting the more evil-disposed to greater cruelty. Nero, for instance, to satisfy the clamour of those who accused him of having wilfully set fire to Rome, charged, according to Tacitus, "with the guilt the persons commonly called Christians, who were hated for their enormities. Christus, the founder of that name, was put to death as a criminal by Pontius Pilate, procurator of Judæa, in the reign of Tiberius."... Accordingly those who confessed to being Christians were crucified... and

in their deaths they were made the subjects of sport, for they were covered with the hides of wild beasts and worried to death by dogs, or nailed to crosses, or set fire to, and when day declined burnt to serve for lights at night." The latter punishment was adopted by Nero, the victim being clothed in a tunic smeared with pitch, which was then set on fire. The following is taken from the 10th Book (xviii.)

"I have ever considered it a duty, my lord (Domine), to consult you on all doubtful points. For who, indeed, is better able to guide me when uncertain, or to clear up my doubts? I have never been present at a trial of the Christians, and therefore am ignorant what is the nature of the charge made against them, or what is the suitable punishment. I have not been able to decide whether the same sentence is to be decreed on a child as on the grown-up man; whether those who repent are to be pardoned, or whether having once been a Christian a renouncement may be looked upon as sufficient; whether the designation alone free from any crime, or the crimes involved in the profession, is to be punished.

"The following has been my custom in dealing with those Christians brought before me. I have asked them whether they were Christians. On their acknowledging themselves as such I have repeated my question a second and third time, and have even threatened them with torture, to which, on their persisting, I have ordered them to be led. I have always thought that whatever the nature of their opinions might be, such obstinacy deserved punishment. Others I have caused to be sent on to Rome, as they claimed the right of Roman citizens.

"Soon afterwards, accusations, owing to this publicity, began to be on the increase, the crime presenting itself in different forms. An anonymous information was laid before me containing the names of many who denied being or ever having been Christians. On these persons appearing before the court, I ordered them to invoke the

gods and thy statue, which I had caused to be brought with the images of the deities, and to offer up wine and incense. After that they had cursed the name of Christ (to do which, according to public account, those who are really Christians can never be induced), I dismissed them.

"Others denounced by an informer at first acknowledged, but soon denied, being Christians, declaring some that they had indeed been, but that they ceased being so, some for three, others for a greater number of years, some indeed had not been for some twenty years. All have worshipped your image and that of the gods. All have cursed the Christ.

"Moreover they assert that their crime or error only consisted in their meeting together, on an appointed day before daybreak, they sang hymns in praise of Christ as in honour of a god; they bound themselves by oath, not to any particular crime, but never to commit robbery, brigandage, adultery, never to break their word, never to deny a trust. After which they separated, meeting together again to eat a harmless meal composed of common meats. After my edict forbidding according to your orders, such gatherings, they had given up the practice. To discover the real truth I considered it necessary to inflict tortures upon two female slaves said to have been initiated into this worship. But I could only discover an extraordinary and extravagant superstition. I have therefore suspended judgment in order to consult with you.

"The affair seemed to me worthy of looking into more especially on account of the number of people involved in it. People of every age, rank, and of both sexes, are and will be daily accused. The evil has not only attacked the

towns, but has spread into the villages and country parts. I however think that it may be alleviated, if not altogether stopped. One thing is certain, namely, that the temples deserted for some time are now crowded, and that sacrifices are once more offered up. Everywhere victims are sold where formerly the demand for them was very slight. From this we may easily see how many people may be reclaimed, if pardon be granted to those who express repentance."

The Emperor's answer deserves to be added:—

"You have done your duty, beloved Secundus, in examining the charges made against the Christians. It is not possible to form or maintain a general rule in such cases. Do not cause them to be run down. If they are accused and convicted, punish them; if, however the accused denies being Christian and proves this by invocation of the gods, he is to be pardoned of whatever he may previously have been suspected. Moreover, let no anonymous accusation be considered valid. This would become a dangerous precedent unworthy of our age."

This letter helps us to form a more distinct opinion of the manliness of the Emperor's character than we could obtain from the accounts of the most fertile historian, and our judgment of the better characteristics of the Roman Emperor and his servants are in a great measure aided by a careful perusal of the *Epistulae* of the Younger Pliny.

LAYS OF THE SAINTLY.

BY THE LONDON HERMIT.

AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF SINGULARITY," "PEEPS AT LIFE," &c.

No. 2.—ST. MACARIUS.

THE Saints on our list will be many and various,
 And drawn from all quarters, abroad and at home ;
 The one we now take is the hermit Macarius,
 Who's held in particular honour at Rome
 Three weeks ere the sun enters into Aquarius,
 And reigns for the day in each cloister and dome.

The " Mac " may seem Irish, or else Caledonian,
 But names are not always a question of race
 (Thus " George Paulmanazar " was no Babylonian),
 And old Alexandria in Egypt 's the place
 Where erst our Macarius lived as confectioner,
 And dealt in the manifold *sweets* of this life,
 Till, seeing how folks did in every direction err,
 And how Man and Virtue are always at strife,
 He sigh'd, " I am sick of the world and its pleasures !
 I'll hie to the desert, and dwell in a cave,
 And while I am hoarding up heavenly treasures,
 I'll live on the money I've managed to save."

For then it was common for clerical shepherds
 To weary of all men—including their flocks,
 And dwell far away, like the lions and leopards,
 In depths of the forests or holes in the rocks.
 A custom, once started, will spread very quickly,
 Example 's a tree most prolific of fruit ;
 Soon Egypt with eremites' cells was so thickly
 Besprinkled, their number was hard to compute.
 The monks, who subsisted by bodily labour,
 With pray'rs very many, and wants very few,
 Were ready to welcome our Saint as a neighbour,
 When he from society's evils withdrew ;
 So courteous were they to each neophyte brother,
 That one of these wearers of sandals and gowns
 Would leave him his hut, and move on to another ;
 Oh ! where will you meet with such kindness in towns ?

For sixty long years the recluse did continue
A life of such rigour, and hardship, and toil,
That, tann'd in complexion, and harden'd in sinew,
His aspect was rugged and dry as the soil.
On pulse and raw herbs—(what a splendid digestion
Is shown by the fact!)—seven years did he live;
All animal viands seem'd out of the question,
'Tho' lower in price than we *now* have to give.
Three following years upon bread he subsisted,
And that only four or five ounces a day,
In Lent 't was astonishing how he existed,
So little he took till that Fast pass'd away.

Tho' not a Stylites in mortification,
Macarius oft did the body afflict,
For fear that the course of devout meditation
Might haply be troubled by subjects less strict:
One day in his cell, 'tis asserted by Butler,
The anchorite chanced to be stung by a gnat;
No torture on earth could be sharper or subtler.
Cried he, "A good hint! I must act upon that;
In Scet'és wide marshes the wild flies are swarming,
Whose stings even pierce thro' the hide of a boar—
This body I'll yield to their fighting and storming,
To drive out the sins that afflict me so sore."

He went, and the insects attack'd him like savages,
And caused an *inferno* of exquisite pain;
Six months he remain'd there, exposed to their ravages,
Then thought it high time to wend homeward again.
From head to foot cover'd with blister and swelling,
The Saint out of all recognition had grown,
So fearful his aspect—so strange and repelling,
That only by *voice* could he make himself known!
Ev'n *that*, one would think, must have roughen'd to coarseness,
And sounded untunefully frog-like and harsh,
At least, people now-a-days suffer from hoarseness,
Tho' far less exposed than the monk in the marsh.

The names of the saintly are so multifarious,
To keep them distinct oft surpasses our pow'rs.
And forty miles off lived another Macarius—
"The Elder"—pray do not confound him with ours,
For *he* was "the Younger"—what aids the confusion
Their dates in the calendar run very near;
And in the Greek Church they adopt the inclusion
Of both of their feasts on *one* day of the year.

These devotee ramsakes were sometimes together
 Seen closely hobnobbing their monachal cowl,
 But seldom, for hermits, tho' birds of a feather,
 Dwell meet in complete isolation—like owls.

In vain, if yore, as you know, my dear readers,
 The demoniac, whose names now offend "ears polite,"
 To goodly upsals like omnivorous feeders,
 Walked boldly about, plain and ugly to sight;
 Macarius oft by such deeds was accosted,
 But fables and stretch, he upheld the good cause,
 And many a wretch who would else have been roasted,
 Was rescued by him from the enemy's claws.
 Once Lucifer came, with a scythe on his shoulder,
 To slay the good fether, but could not prevail,
 In danger Macarius only grew bolder,
 And when yells resound, the Devil turns tail

The saint, no less, is taken—the act seems peculiar—
 The corpse of a poison to put on his head,
 Some hands possessive grow'd, "This clerical God here
 I'll put to rest with our fatted dead
 Wake, rather, and gaily, to those you belong to,"
 "I can't," said the corpse, "for the saint-hod is me tight."
 "He shall," cried the scoundrel, "for you'll find me too strong to
 Overstay, the saint will haul him with main and with might,
 Get up, if you will, to ride in the deceased company
 And give him a kick with his sainted fist,
 The demons all told, from the choir to the least one,
 They say that twice in the such fore to resist,

That for him whose appropriate tale's *the old one*,
 Who's the hero by name, that matter's a point
 And erdy is villainously Collins or Babbalanja
 However, at times, it's been known on our coast,
 The demon, at once, to the desert to travel,
 A place without a post, or path, or stile,
 In order to turn, his way to unravel
 The path is clear, but the end of each mile;
 But soon, how wretched, as well as malicious,
 He'll tap every stick that he found on the track,
 Such a stick, he'll find, that even a scythed one,
 Will pull old Macarius and his way back"
 The rock, in a hole, it was hid by the demon,
 And suddenly, the saint woke from his sleep,
 He felt that the demon was a man,
 Yet he felt that he was a demon to creep

At the church, the requiem at a point—
 Macarius, not the Destroyer of Souls,
 And how a hero, in spite of his human disguising,
 And how a hero, in spite of his human disguising,

From each of these holes was a "fyolle" suspended,
 No saint could help asking him what they did there,
 And so—but the subject might fitly be blended
 In song with a famous and *Lovel-ly* air.

THE ALCOHOLIC TEMPTATION.

"The Devil he stood on the burning sands,
 A-taking a spell of rest,
 When up to the spot the Saint did trot,
 And thus the Arch-Fiend he addrest, 'drest, 'drest,
 And thus the Arch-Fiend he addrest.

" 'O, where art thou going, bold devil?' he said,
 'O, where art thou going?' said he,
 'I'm going,' the Spirit of Guile replied,
 'Far Anchorites for to see, see, see,' &c.

" 'O, what are those vials, vile Devil?' he cried,
 'Those flasks on thy coat I see.'
 'Some liquors I take for the monks to slake
 Their thirst—have a drop?' said he, he, he, &c.

" 'When wilt thou be back, old Devil?' he said,
 'When wilt thou be back?' said he,
 'In an hour, or two, or three, or four,
 Again on this spot I'll be,' &c.

"He had not been gone an hour or two,
 Far Anchorites for to see,
 When finding the trick didn't take, Old Nick
 Turn'd back, and the Saint met he, &c.

" 'Now how hast thou sped, bold Devil?' he said,
 'Now how hast thou sped?' ask'd he.
 'Oh, not very well,' said the party from ——
 'The monks were too many for me,' &c.

" 'But one—Theodistus—my bait would take,
 He drank such a deep, deep draught,
 That, conquer'd by wine, his soul will be mine,'
 And loudly the demon laugh'd, &c.

"Macarius flew to the tempted man.
 'O, brother, I'm glad you're here,
 I fear I have quaff'd some demon's draught,
 For I feel so *devilish* queer!' &c.

"Macarius pray'd to the Saints for aid,
 To all of the Saints pray'd he,
 'O, Heaven assist us, or poor Theodistus
 Will perish e-ter-nal-lee!' &c.

“The Monk was cured of his fears and pains,
 And the Saint's good work was o'er;
 The Devil flew off to his own domains,
 Nor tempted those monks any more, more, more,
 Nor tempted those monks any more.

The elder and younger Macarius together in
 A skiff o'er the breast of old Nilus did float—
 How touching (and rare to see clerical brethren
 In sweet unanimity *row in one boat!*
 A tribune, remarking they looked so contented,
 Was struck by the bliss such a life could secure,
 Of all of his sins in a lump he repented,
 Went home, sold his goods, and gave all to the poor,
 And took to the Cenobite life, like Macarius,
 Ah! would we had saints who could lead or persuade
 An age that's so frivolous, worldly, gregarious,
 To feel the delights of seclusion's calm shade!
 'Tis true, some have tried it without satisfaction;
 One own'd that the world he preferred, on the whole,
 And thought a good life of example and action
 Might benefit man, and advantage the soul;
 But holy Macarius saw how distorted
 By Satan's insidious wiles was the mind
 That thus could be sway'd, so he warmly exhort'd
 The monk not to think of rejoining mankind.

One day on the road, where some robber had slain him,
 Or beasts of the desert his life had despatch'd,
 Macarius picked up the head of a paynim,
 Without any sign of a body attach'd.
 The skull of a Yerk— for Hamlet has proved it—
 If properly handled, a lesson may teach,
 This head, when the sage to his table removed it,
 Did more, for it exercised reason and speech!

“O, where is the soul that thy body once harbour'd?”
 Asked the saint, and the head would have pointed below,
 But having no fingers, turn'd larboard and starboard,
 In mournfullest shake, and then answer'd, “You know.”

“Is the place very deep?” said the reverend querist,
 “More deep,” said the head, “than from heaven to earth.”
 “And pray doth thy soul to the bottom lie nearest?”
 “No, many a one has a far lower berth,
 The Jews are much further from pardon and glory
 Than my wretched *mezza*, and suffer more pain.”
 “O, think of *this*, Rothschild and Montefiore!”
 (Whatever your merits you'll find them in vain.)

The saint's curiosity still was untiring.

"If Israelite souls are so low as you say,
Can any sink lower?—'tis worth the inquiring."

"Oh, yes! the *false Christians*, a very long way!"
Such evidence, passing man's power of giving,

Was precious as gold to the saint who could win it,
Thought he, "Tho' some numskulls we find 'mid the living,
This head of the dead has at least *something* IN IT."

More wonders besides in the life are recorded

Of this most respected and excellent man,
The noble example his deeds have afforded

We all ought to follow—*as far as we can*;
The span of his pious career was extended

Till nature, exhausted, could hold out no more,
So, blest and lamented, his pilgrimage ended,
He died—Anno Domini, three-ninety-four.

So often the Saint o'er the Devil was victor,

So valiantly faced he Apollyon's spear,

To rescue poor souls from the torture-inflictor,

He ought to be known as "The Saint without fear,"

The patron of all who are brave to audacity,

High-spirited, recklessly bold and hilarious;

And thus, to describe him with force and veracity,

We aptly might call him "*St. Devil-may-care-ius*."

UNIVERSITIES IN INDIA.

By no means the least interesting and noteworthy incident of the brilliant and romantic progress of the Prince of Wales in India has been the convocation of the Senate of the University of Calcutta, in a hall of its own, to confer an honorary degree on the heir to the Throne of England, and of the Empire of Hindostan. The accounts of many of the gorgeous assemblages, in their splendour and pomp, read like passages from the "Arabian Nights." Magnificent jewels, plentiful as leaves in Vallambrosa; palaces improvised at fabulous cost with magical celerity; chain armour, and all the barbaric splendour of feudal times, with chiefs of ancient descent, and followers of unyielding devotion, that before the eyes like the scenes of a vision of Mirza; for railways and telegraphs literally annihilate time and space, and unite the far ends of that vast continent in one continuous picture.

The Alpha and Omega of civilization have met and shaken hands in a moral as well as in a material sense. The Veddahs of Ceylon, who are probably the closest living approach to the hitherto undiscovered missing link and the future ruler of the mightiest dominion the world has yet seen, who may fairly be accepted as a type of all that is excited and refined in our common humanity, have come into personal contact.

The Catamaran of Madras, with its skilled, fearless, naked navigator, unchanged since their respective creations, has lain alongside the Ironclad and the Transport which is in truth a floating palace. The

simplest form of naval construction, the union of two or three logs of rough-hewn timber, bound with natural withes, and propelled by the simplest of motive powers, has been in close contact with the highest efforts of human genius in devising the means of bringing the ends of the earth together through the trackless depths of the mighty ocean, and of waging war with means far beyond the reach of the gods of battle of heathen mythology. In truth, neither fiction nor fancy, Oriental romance nor Western fable, contain any passages or scenes approaching those above-mentioned in wonder and significance.

From all this the transition to one of the plainest and most prosaic of proceedings, the conferring of a University degree is, in itself, scarcely less marvellous.

What, then, is the University of Calcutta, of which very many will have heard for the first time? When and how did such institutions arise in our Eastern dominions, and what amount of influence are they exerting on the progress of the many millions subject to British rule in Hindostan? These are questions not easily answered in a few words. We will endeavour, however, to put our readers in possession of the leading facts connected with them. As the whole have arisen within living memory, the men who bore the chief part in their creation are still among us, and the records narrating their origin, although not generally accessible, may be consulted without much difficulty by all interested in the matter.

Upon the first occupation of

Bengal, village schools and special institutions devoted to the study of the sacred books of some sections of the people, were in existence; and a whole literature of ancient lore existed, of which much is only now becoming known to the learned. Such knowledge as existed, or was being imparted, was confined to a few; the great body of the people were then, and unfortunately still are, in a hopeless state of ignorance.

To trace the gradual introduction of a higher and better order of instruction could scarcely be condensed into a reasonable compass, and we cannot undertake to give even an outline of it at present. It is one of the most creditable episodes of the history of the Government of the East India Company, and deserves to be better known at home than it is ever likely to be.

Suffice it to say, that after a searching investigation into the matter during the Government of Lord William Bentinck, schools and colleges were established, the direction of education was placed in the hands of the most eminent members of the Anglo-Indian community, European and Native, official and non-official, and an impulse was given to public instruction which, in a few years, culminated in the demand for the creation of Universities, of which the latest episode has been the cause of this notice.

The purpose of Universities is not merely to grant degrees to prove that education has made a certain amount of progress, and that some students have acquired a respectable amount of knowledge, and have been subjected successfully to a course of scholastic training. Beyond and above these immediate objects, is undoubtedly the fostering and encouragement of education generally, and the extension of its humanizing

and civilizing influences through all classes of the community.

One of the first, if not the very first, persons to perceive and act upon this was Dr. F. J. Mouat, who became Secretary to the Council of Education of Bengal in 1842. In the Bengal Education Report for 1844-5, at p. 9, paragraph 5, appears the first mention of Universities in India. Dr. Mouat was the sole author of the project, and of the scheme published in the following year. The extracts from both reports are reproduced, for these State papers are practically unknown in Great Britain and altogether ignored in India, where there is no excuse for the absolute suppression of all mention of them in such notices of the origin of Universities in India as have appeared in some subsequent reports on the subject, promulgated by the Government of India.

The idea of establishing Universities in India was, at that time, considered the dream of an enthusiast, by the general public. Dr. Mouat's scheme was, however, adopted by the Council of Education and by the Government of India, who recommended it to the favourable consideration of the Court of Directors of the East India Company. In pointing out the want of professional education Dr. Mouat said:—

“The absence of any efficient mode of affording an extended professional education to our advanced students, who have passed through the regular college curriculum, is now beginning to be severely felt, and to force itself upon our attention. The establishment of a University, with faculties of Law, Arts, Medicine, and Civil Engineering, could supply this desideratum, and fit our more proficient pupils for devoting themselves to the pursuit of learned and practical professions in this country, of which their industry, talents, and acquirements would render them

and valuable members. The eminent success of the medical education afforded by the Bengal College, where by no means a high scale of literary or scientific information is required from the pupils, is an earnest of that which could not fail to follow the devotion of our scholarship-holders to some particular branch of study.

"There are many difficulties, however, attending the carrying out of these views which render it inexpedient to dilate upon them until we are prepared to submit a detailed scheme, embracing the financial and other important considerations connected with the subject."

In the following year, 1845, the scheme for establishing a University in Calcutta was proposed in the following form* :—

"The present advanced state of education in the Bengal Presidency, with the large and annually increasing number of highly educated pupils, both in public and private institutions, renders it not only expedient and advisable, but a matter of strict justice and necessity, to confer upon them some mark of distinction by which they may be recognized as persons of liberal education and cultivated minds, capable of the literary and scientific training they have undergone, of entering at once upon the active duties of life, of continuing the practical pursuit of the learned professions, including in this description the business of instructing the rising generation, of leading the higher ranks of the community open to natives after the official qualification of entering the rank in society accorded to the holders of honours and degrees of the Universities."

"The chief means of accomplishing this great object is by the establishment of a central University, invested with the power of granting degrees in Arts, Science, Law, Medicine, and Civil Engineering, to be operated by a special Act of the Legislative Council of India, and endowed with the privileges en-

joyed by all chartered universities in Great Britain and Ireland.

"After carefully studying the laws and constitutions of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, with those of the recently-established University of London, the latter alone appears adapted to the wants of the native community.

"This University was incorporated by Royal Charter, dated the 3th December, in the first year of the reign of Queen Victoria, under writ of Privy Seal, constituting the persons named—a Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, and Fellows—one body politic and corporate, by the name of the 'University of London.' In this charter are defined the mode of appointing and electing the officers above-mentioned, their constituting the Senate of the University, with the power of granting degrees in Arts, Science, Medicine, &c.

"Upon a similar plan, and for the same objects, it is proposed that the University of Calcutta shall consist of a Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, and Fellows."

Then follows a list of the persons proposed to form the Senate and governing body of the University, with a definition of their powers and authority.

As regards affiliated institutions, the scheme went on to say that "the benefits of these examinations shall be extended to all institutions, whether Governmental or private, approved by the Senate, provided the candidates from such institutions conform to such regulations as may be enacted respecting its course, extent, and duration of study, and produce the certificates that will be required, authority being granted for the issue of the same."

The subject of fees was referred to, and a sketch outline of regulations for examinations for degrees was also proposed.

* *Report of the Committee of the Government of India on the Education of the Native Community in the Bengal Presidency*, 1845, pp. 11, 12, 13.

The scheme was concluded with the following remarks :—

“The above is a rough outline of a plan, the carrying out of which would form one of the most important epochs in the history of education in India. It would open the paths of honour and distinction alike to every class and institution, and would establish a high standard of qualification throughout the Presidency by bestowing justly-earned rewards upon those who had spent years in the acquisition of knowledge, and by rendering their literary honours a source of emolument as well as of social distinction. It would remove most of the objections urged against the existing system of examination of candidates for public employment, without lowering the standard of information required; and would in a very few years produce a body of native public servants superior in character, attainments, and efficiency to any of their predecessors.

“It would encourage the cultivation of the arts and sciences, and call into existence a class of native architects, engineers, surveyors, and educated landholders, whose influence would rapidly and certainly diffuse a taste for the more refined and intellectual pleasures and pursuits of the West, to the gradual extinction of the enervating and degrading superstitions of the East. Increased facilities of intercourse, by means of railroads, with the interior of the country, the N.W. Provinces, and with Europe, would cause these influences to radiate from the centre of civilization with a velocity and effect heretofore unknown in India, and, in fact, would be attended with all the advantages that have been recorded in history to have followed a judicious, enlightened, extended, and sound system of education, encouraged by suitable rewards and distinctions.

“The adoption of the plan would only be attended with a very trifling outlay to Government in the commencement, for in the course of a few years the proceeds of the fee fund

would be more than sufficient to defray every expense attendant upon the University.

“It would raise the character and importance of the whole education department in public estimation, and ultimately place the educated natives of this great empire upon a level with those of the Western world.

“That the time for such a measure has arrived is fully proved by the standard of excellence attained in the senior scholarship examinations of the Council of Education, and the creditable skill and proficiency exhibited by the graduates of the Medical College, whose examinations, in extent and difficulty, are much greater than those of any of the colleges of surgeons in Great Britain, and, in a purely professional point of view, nearly on a par with those required from the medical graduates of most British Universities.

... “With reference to the details, we are in communication with most of the eminent members of our community who are likely by their knowledge, position, and practical acquaintance with the subject of education, as well as the peculiar wants of the Indian public, to assist us in maturing and perfecting such a scheme as will be worthy of the high end proposed, and tend to the moral and intellectual advancement of the magnificent Eastern empire entrusted to the British nation.” *

In a brief dispatch received in Calcutta in the following year, the late Court of Directors of the East India Company declined to entertain the project of Universities in India.

In 1854, or ten years subsequent to the elaboration of the scheme of Dr. Mouat, it was adopted very nearly in its integrity; and a celebrated dispatch, since denominated the educational charter of India, was sent out directing the establishment of Universities on the plan originally suggested.

* Fully equal in extent to the Bachelor's examination of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin; and much more so than that of the *Bachelier-es-lettres* of the Sorbonne in Paris.

In the meantime education was very much in the state in which Dr. Mouat found it in 1844, and the reasons which were considered valid in the dispatch referred to were equally valid when the project originated so many years earlier. This dispatch is known to have been the work of Lord Northbrook, when Private Secretary to Lord Halifax at the Board of Control, and it does little more than embody Dr. Mouat's ideas.

So far as the University itself is concerned, the Court of Directors adopted the scheme of Dr. Mouat in every essential particular—the University of London, modified by local circumstances, being the model followed.

Immediately on receipt of the dispatch, sub-committees were appointed in Calcutta to draw up a rough draft of a scheme for degrees in Arts, Law, Medicine, and Civil Engineering. They discussed the question in great detail, and submitted their draft of rules to the Governments of Bengal, Madras, Bombay, and the North West Provinces, for their observations. They again obtained opinions from many local officers of experience, and the whole was finally discussed and considered in Calcutta; and on the 9th of July, 1856, Sir James Colville, now one of the most eminent Judges of the Privy Council, then President of the University Committee, submitted to the Government of India "a report of the proceedings of the Committee from their appointment to the present time, and of the scheme, which, after mature and careful deliberation, they have resolved to recommend."

This was approved by the Government in a resolution dated the 12th of December, 1856, which stated that "the thanks of the Government are largely due to the members of the Committee for the

careful and complete manner in which they have discharged their trust, amongst pressing avocations and claims upon their time, which can have left little room for additional labours. The work has been admirably performed, and the Governor-General in Council has no hesitation in adopting, unreservedly, the scheme of the Committee."

On the 24th of January, 1857, the year of the Sepoy Mutiny, Act II. of 1857 was passed by the Legislative Council of India, establishing and incorporating a University of Calcutta, for ascertaining, by means of examination, the persons who have acquired proficiency in different branches of Literature, Science, and Arts, and of rewarding the persons who had exhibited that proficiency by academic degrees; and thus the establishment of Universities in India became an accomplished fact.

That the dispatch of 1854, the labours of the committees of 1855 and 1856, and the legislation of 1857, should all have been on the lines traced by Dr. Mouat in 1844, speaks highly for the sagacity and provision of that officer, and establishes beyond dispute that he is the originator of Universities in India. No honour in the power of the Crown to bestow—and we are not aware that any public honour has ever been awarded to that officer—can equal the distinction fairly attributable to the facts above recorded, which were gratefully acknowledged by the Hindus and Mahomedans of Calcutta in their addresses to him when he left India, and resigned the service in 1870.

One word, in conclusion, as to the success of the University of Calcutta. In the ten years following its institution nearly 11,000 students presented themselves for examination, of whom 213 had obtained the degree of Bachelor of

Arts, 35 of Master of Arts, 38 a license in Law, 107 Bachelors in Law, 84 Licentiates in Medicine and Surgery, 7 Bachelors in Medicine, 4 Doctors in Medicine, and 27 Licentiates of Civil Engineering.

It was recorded in a note on the state of Education in India, published by the Government of India in 1865-66, that the effect of the establishment of Universities in India "on the more advanced grades of educational operations

appears to have been beneficial in a very marked degree," and that the Calcutta University, in particular, had proved "a powerful and valuable stimulus to every college and school in the country."

Thus has every result anticipated by Dr. Mouat in 1844 been literally fulfilled, while the Prince of Wales has become the first recipient of an honorary degree in the University of Calcutta.

CREMATION OR BURIAL?

BY THE REV. P. MACMORLAND, LL.D.

Which shall it be?—how shall we deal with those
Most cherish'd relics of our Sacred Dead?
Shall we bring Fire to burn them? or dispose
Of them, in Earth?—laid down in sweet repose!
Let the Heart answer it,—and not the Head!

Not SCIENCE,—for she has no heart at all;—
Only a brain, investigating still.—
And not CONVENIENCE, for that plea is small;
Nor argument of HEALTH, which can appal
Only the weakest; ever dreading ill.

Say, shall we lay the precious dust we love
Into the kindly ground?—where it may lie,
Guarded by all the faithful stars above;—
Which in their silent orbits grandly move;
And watch our Treasure nightly, from the sky!

Shall we commit it to that Mother breast,—
From which, made fertile by the Sun and showers,
Springs everything by which our life is blessed?—
Shall we lay down our burden in that rest?—
Where it may sweetly lie, through all the hours!

That Breast, which blossoms in the flowers of Spring;
To all who live—such exquisite delight;—
The joy of age, and childhood, as they bring—
Their beauty to the light;—and fragrance fling
Around them; ever beautiful and bright!

Shall we lay down our lov'd ones in that ground?—
Hiding them from the searchings of the air,
And light;—beneath a swelling, flowery mound;—
Where on a coming day they may be found;—
After Corruption's work is finish'd there!

A work best done in dark and secrecy;—
Best done within the silence of the tomb;
Where—unknown, and conceal'd from every eye—
Not even the searching Watchers of the sky,
Can trace the working out of mortal doom!

Let no one say it matters not;—or say—
What is the difference? In the end 'twill come
To the same thing. It may; perhaps it may;
Perhaps it must. But passing to decay,
Does not offend the hopes of Christendom!

Nor is it the same thing, to lay our dust
In dust, to be resolved to dust again;
Committing it to Him who is our Trust;
That in the resurrection of the Just,
It may 'rise from the bed where it hath lain.

Not the same thing, as in the Store to shut,
A form once loved, for which we still may care;
As if some Moloch's appetite to glut!
Does it not seem as if a violence put
On our best feelings, we can hardly bear?

To give it to the Fire: the angry Fire!
How can we wreak such vengeance on the Dead?
The husband on the wife! the son on sire!
Mother on child! as if the heart's desire—
And darling, must be hated now instead.

True, Fire is holy, for from heaven it came;—
An element that purges out the bad,
The filthy, and the worthless. There's no blame
Connected with its working; only flame,
That so devours, must make the spirit sad!

'Tis holy; for we know the victim laid
Upon the altar in the days of old,
Was offer'd up by fire, to Him who made
The worlds! with awful Attributes array'd;
In Essence, one; in Working, manifold.

Holy, because it purges dross away;
And wildly beautiful! though with a look,
Too like some glaring, ruthless Beast of prey;
Which, without pity, must relentless slay
The victim it hath fiercely overtook!

Which shall it be?—for one of them it must;
(Our Beautiful and Loved we cannot keep;)
I ask it—shall we lay them in the dust?
Waiting the resurrection of the Just,
Where we may sometimes turn aside and weep!

Or, shall we give them to the raging Fire,
That it may wreak on them its vengeful force?
Glutting a merciless insatiate ire!
Which shall it be? an answer I require,
For I must deal in some way with the Corse!

What?—never more a churchyard! or a place,
Named as the field and "acre" of our God!
Where Thought may meditate; and Love may trace
Its hopes and feelings, in the flowers that grace,
And give a deeper meaning to the sod!

Which shall it be?—how shall we deal with those
Dear cherish'd relics of our Sacred Dead?
Shall we bring Fire to burn them? or dispose
Of them in Earth? laid down in sweet repose!
What answer does the Heart give?—not the Head!

LITERARY NOTICES.

Two Prize Essays on the Disuse of the Athanasian Creed in the Services of the Church of England. By Charles Pebody, Author of "Authors at Work," and Courtney Stanhope Kenny, LL.B., Fellow of Downing College, Cambridge. London, Williams & Norgate.—These are very able and exhaustive essays, a vast deal of information being conveyed in a small space. The subject, indeed, is thoroughly discussed historically, critically, and theologically, and in a most commendable spirit. The conclusion of both essayists is adverse to the continuance of the use of the Creed in the services of the Church: their reasons are fairly stated, and they write with an entire freedom from the virus that too frequently permeates theological controversies. Even those who may dissent from the conclusions of the writers must admire the ability, candour, and completeness with which they have stated their views, leaving in this respect nothing to be desired.

The University of Dublin voted in Relation to her Promotion of Original Research. By Arthur Warren Samuels, Sch. T.C.D. Dublin: E. Ponsonby. An essay, the author tells us, the substance of which is contained in this publication was successful in the competition, in 1875, for the Vice-Chancellor's prize in English prose. Since then the seventh report of the Royal Commissioners on Scientific Instruction has been pub-

lished, and as, in his opinion, their remarks upon Trinity College, Dublin, do not convey the impression that their investigation was conducted with the same careful inquiry into details as was used in the case of Oxford and Cambridge, and believing that Trinity College is not above criticism in the assistance it renders to Original Investigation, considering the subject to be one of the utmost importance, feeling certain, too, that its furtherance in Ireland is desired by members of our University, and seeing that at the present moment Trinity College is, under its new *regime*, in a state of transition, he has been induced to publish this pamphlet, more in the hope of drawing the attention of abler minds to some inefficiencies in our academic machinery than in the assurance that the remedies he suggests are the sole or best possible improvements that can be effected.

Such is the author's own statement of the object of his publication, and it is sufficient for us to say that his suggestions are well worthy of attentive consideration. He writes with a complete mastery of his subject, and his views on the whole are sound and practical.

Debrett's Illustrated Peerage and Titles of Courtesy of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. 1876.

Debrett's Illustrated Baronetage, with the Knightage of the United Kingdom. 1876. London: Deane

and Son. — These are annuals admirably arranged, most carefully prepared, and of established reputation. There is a laudable pride in saying that, "Debrett has been known to, and patronized by, at least five generations of the 'upper ten thousand,' and that for one hundred and seventy years its reputation as a standard book of reference has been maintained," and we can say that the edition before us fully sustains the fame of its predecessors.

The success of such a work, extending over so lengthened a period of time, is undoubtedly a most decisive test of merit, and of its appreciation by the public. That the excellence of "Debrett" has suffered no diminution is best evidenced by the position it now holds. Wherever works of reference are valued it should be.

Studies in English. Edited and annotated by H. Courthope Bowen, M.A., &c., &c. London: Henry S. King & Co.—This is an excellent compilation for the use of modern schools of prose and poetry to be learnt by heart. Mr. Bowen has exercised sound judgment and good taste in his selections. In the introduction he says truly, that in—

"Training to finest growth the finest properties of our nature, that method and style of thought and expression should be closely attended to. The mere accumulation of facts may come at any time; but the wise and right treatment of a few, and those the simplest, should be our constant teaching while the learner's mind is young. Afterwards, as this power grows and becomes strong, new and higher facts should be continually added.

"Some facts there must be of which to treat, but the mere piling together of facts is as the piling together of loose stones without mortar and without design—as the attempt to build a house

without tools, or without a knowledge of their use. While, again, the best, if not the only, way to learn what tools there are, and how to use them, is to study what tools master builders have used, and with what effects.

"Now, this is true in learning of all kinds, but in learning of language it is truer than any. Vocabulary and grammar will give us the stones and the tools; but to learn how to use these with highest effect and noblest meaning we must study, and thoroughly take to heart and memory, what has been built with these by the wisest and most cunning builders."

We can recommend this publication as worthy of the consideration of those engaged in the education of youth. We are opposed to the cramming system, and for mere elocutionary purposes we would deprecate the committal to memory of long passages for display. The facility of happy quotation is a most desirable acquisition, and good selections in prose and verse are favourable to its acquirement.

Errors and Terrors of Blind Guides: the Popular Doctrine of Everlasting Pain refuted. By the Rev. N. G. Wilkins, M.A., Chaplain to the English and American residents in Hanover. Elliot Stock, London.—The design of this work, says its author, "is to aid in banishing from the world one of the most ancient, most widely prevalent, and most gloomy of superstitions." He asserts and undertakes to prove to every person who possesses ordinary intelligence and a mind open to conviction, that the commonly taught doctrine that certain persons will suffer bodily or mental torment for ever, is a doctrine not only opposed to the teaching of God's word, and of God's works, but that it is in a high degree mischievous.

He commences by giving an exposition of the doctrine, as set forth

by numerous authors, representing various schools of theology. Here is the Roman Catholic view of the doctrine as expounded under the *imprimatur* of no less an authority than Cardinal Cullen:—

"Little child, if you go to hell there will be a devil at your side to strike you. He will go on striking you every minute for ever and ever without ever stopping.

"The first stroke will make your body as bad as the body of Job, covered from head to foot with sores and ulcers.

"The second stroke will make your body twice as bad as the body of Job.

"The third stroke will make your body three times as bad as the body of Job.

"The fourth stroke will make your body four times as bad as the body of Job.

"How then will your body be after the devil has been striking it every moment for a hundred million of years without stopping?"

"Perhaps at this moment, seven o'clock in the evening, a child is just going into hell. To-morrow evening at seven o'clock go and knock at the gates of hell, and ask what the child is doing. The devils will go and look. They will come back again and say *the child is burning*.

"Go in a week and ask what the child is doing, you will get the same answer *it is burning*.

"Go in a year and ask, the same answer comes *it is burning*.

"Go in a million of years and ask the same question; the answer is just the same—*it is burning*.

"So if you go for ever and ever, you will always get the same answer *it is burning in the fire*."—*The Sight of Hell*, by Rev. J. Farnice, C.S.S.R., *Permission Superiorem*. Duffy, Sons and Co., Dublin.

Equally explicit are some Protestant divines in their enunciation of this doctrine. "We are only once to die, and in that," says the eminent Jeremy Taylor, "all is at stake; either *eternity of torments in hell*, or of happiness in heaven."

... "The slavery of the damned in hell is such that all their senses and powers of soul and body are subject unto *eternal pains and torments*." . . . "The torments in hell are so many in number that they cannot be numbered; so long in continuance that they cannot be measured; so grievous in quality that they cannot be endured, but with such infinite pain that every minute of an hour shall seem a whole year."

Bishop Pearson, in his "Exposition of the Creed," declares it to be "a most necessary and infallible truth, that the unjust after their resurrection and condemnation shall be tormented for their sins in hell, and shall be so *continued in torments for ever*, so as neither the justice shall ever cease to inflict them, nor the persons of the wicked cease to subsist and suffer them." In "The Christian Year," by the Rev. John Keble, we read:—

"Salted with fire, they seem to show
How spirits lost in *endless woe*
May *undecaying live*."

And Dr. Watts, in one of his "Divine Songs for Children," sings thus:—

"There is a dreadful hell
And *everlasting pains*.
Where sinners must with devils dwell
In darkness, fire, and chains."

The celebrated author of "The Saint's Everlasting Rest," says, "Is it an intolerable thing to burn part of the body by holding it in the fire? What, then, will it be to suffer ten thousand times more *for ever*?"

In the "Catechism" compiled by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon from "The Assembly's Shorter Catechism," and "The Baptist Catechism," it is taught that "At the day of judgment the bodies of the wicked, being raised out of their graves, shall be sentenced together with their souls, to

unspeakable torments with the devil and his angels *for ever*."

In the authorized Catechism of the Wesleyan body the doctrine is proclaimed with vivid earnestness. Hell is described as "a dark and bottomless pit, full of fire and brimstone," in which "the wicked will be punished by having their bodies tormented by fire, and their souls by a sense of the wrath of God;" and it is taught that "the torments of hell *will last for ever and ever*."

Such is the doctrine against which our author protests as unscriptural, and as unauthorized by any of the standards of the Church of England. It is not a declared doctrine of that Church, for it is neither explicitly taught in the Thirty-nine Articles nor in the Book of Common Prayer. In fact, the Churches of England and Ireland are the only considerable Protestant bodies that never adopted and authoritatively taught the dogma of an eternity of punishment. It may be said, indeed, that the doctrine is inferentially approved of, by the reference to the Athanasian Creed in the Eighth Article of the Church, as a creed which "ought thoroughly to be received and believed;" but this certainly does not amount to dogmatic teaching.

Our author contends that the general doctrine of the Bible is, that the wicked will be "rooted out," will "perish," be "consumed," "burnt up," "destroyed;" while he admits that some isolated passages are to be found which, at first sight, taken in their more obvious sense, may appear to favour the doctrine as commonly taught. But similar passages teach with equal force other doctrines that Protestants unhesitatingly reject.

Those who desire to go deeper into the question cannot do better than consult this very able little work, which is written in a com-

mendable spirit, such as should inspire a writer in discussing a subject of a nature so solemn and momentous.

A Handy Book on the Law of Registration of Trade Marks, &c. By John Pym Yeatman, Barrister-at-Law. London, Effingham Wilson, 1876. — This is one of the publisher's admirable "Legal Handy Books," which convey, with remarkable clearness and precision, a faithful exposition of the law on various subjects of public interest.

Last year the Act for the protection of property in Trade Marks was passed, and in the excellent treatise before us Mr. Yeatman clearly explains the principle and object of the Act, and gives plain directions as to how it is to be made available. We also have a copy of the Act itself, together with a copy of the Rules passed by the Lord Chancellor, with the assent of the Treasury, for giving effect to its provisions.

Mr. Yeatman considers that, in some respects, the Act is exceedingly faulty, principally because it attempts "to define a subject which is far beyond the scope of a legal definition," whilst the inevitable result of attempting to define it will be to deprive honest men of many of their rights and encourage the dishonest in piratical pursuits:—

"A person unacquainted with the usages of trade has no idea of the infinite variety of devices, marks, special and distinctive headings and labels, that are in common use in this country, although they are confined only to a small fraction of our manufacturers. We are indeed a nation of shopkeepers; and as each one amongst us is ever trying to outvie his neighbour, and to puff his own wares, the greatest ingenuity is adopted in order, on the part of the honest trader, to give the public a true knowledge of his own particular merchandise, and, on the part of the

dishonest or piratical trader, to mislead that public and to induce it to purchase his own counterfeit instead of the better-known and, most frequently, more valuable article which it is intended to imitate."

To protect these devices, otherwise Trade Marks, from piracy is the professed purpose of the Act. It gives individuals, on registration, a property in Trade Marks, and registration is rendered compulsory, for unless registered there is no protection whatever against fraudulent use or imitation. Now Mr. Yeatman considers it questionable whether the practical effect of registration under the Act will not be to seriously impair the Common Law title to Trade Marks that would have been previously acquired by invention and use. Registration, as enjoined by the Act, involves to a certain extent definition, while in attempting to define what a Trade Mark is, our author holds that the Act

"Has curtailed the boundaries within which Trade Marks have hitherto been permitted to be used, and by a sharp definition of the essential particulars of a Trade Mark, it deprives every Trade Mark now in use of any protection, unless it strictly falls within this definition. the consequence will be that pirates may exercise their ingenuity by ascertaining what they may safely copy from their neighbours' goods, and how far they may go in deceiving the public, for section 1 clearly prevents any proceedings being taken for infringement of Trade Marks, except for such Trade Marks as are registered under the Act.

"Every person, therefore, who desires to preserve all his Trade Marks, and to prevent pirates from imitating them, must carefully include in his application every point possible, and for this purpose he should obtain the assistance of some counsel, skilled in these cases, who will be more competent than himself to define accurately and legally so much as the law permits him to retain for his own benefit. It is clear that he

must lose much of his present protection and rights."

This is not a very satisfactory result of what was intended for protective legislation. Mr. Yeatman gives ample reasons to justify his opinion of the Act, and those who are interested in its practical working will do well to consult his pages.

Girarenhurst; or, Thoughts on Good and Evil. Second Edition. Knowing and Feeling: a Contribution to Psychology. By William Smith, Author of "Thorndale," &c. With a Memoir of the Author. Blackwood and Sons.—If stirring incident and startling adventure constituted the sole or the chief charm of biography, the life of a literary man, which is proverbially uneventful, would have little attraction for general readers. But such is not the case. What lends a never-failing interest to this kind of writing is that common tie of humanity which, according to the old saying, "*Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto*," prevents us from being indifferent to anything human. The incidents in the most romantic career derive all their attractiveness from this source. On the other hand, the life of the most insignificant and commonplace of mankind—especially the inner life, the growth and development of the mind and character, the thoughts and aspirations, perplexities, and struggles, successes and failures, affections and attachments—if fully and faithfully recorded, would amply repay careful perusal. Much more does this hold good of literary men, who, as a general rule, are gifted with higher intellectual powers, larger views, finer sensibilities, and more extensive knowledge, than the average of men.

It is a natural and not unworthy curiosity—if kept within due bounds—which makes readers anxious to know something of the daily life, habits, character, and associates of one who has ministered to their entertainment, instruction, and improvement. In all ages this curiosity has prevailed among those who take an interest in literature. In proportion to the admiration of an author's works has been the desire to become acquainted with his history, and where authentic information is not at hand, its place is supplied by conjecture and tradition. Nothing is more interesting and instructive than to trace the various influences which have contributed to the formation of the mind and character of an eminent writer, and to mark the circumstances attending the growth of his works, from their earliest conception to their final completion.

Such is the sort of interest attaching to the memoir which occupies more than a fourth of these pages. The degree of this interest is diminished by one or two circumstances. In the first place, William Smith, though an extensive writer, was not the acknowledged author of many or great works. The only one of any magnitude or importance, besides those in the present volume, was "*Thorndale*." The bulk of his writing was anonymous, consisting of articles in *Blackwood*, to which he was a frequent contributor for upwards of thirty years, and a few in the *Quarterly Review*, the *British Quarterly*, and the earlier numbers of the *Athenæum*.

Another circumstance detracting from the interest of the memoir is the deficiency of information as to the greater part of Smith's life. It was not till he was forty-eight years old, and within fourteen years of his death, that the writer, his widow, became acquainted with him, and they were not married till nearly

five years afterwards. Hence for what she relates of more than three-fourths of his life—and that the most important part—she is indebted to his occasional remarks from recollection, and what little information she could gather from relatives and friends. Nor was it possible to supply the deficiency from his correspondence, as he rarely preserved the letters he received, and generally requested that those he wrote might be destroyed.

In spite of these disadvantages, the memoir, which was originally written and printed merely for the use of private friends, well deserves the wider circulation which many admirers have requested. As far as it goes, it cannot be read without interest. The interest is rather of a moral than an intellectual kind. The extracts from Smith's published works and private note-books are not marked by any striking literary excellence, nor is anything related of him which indicates extraordinary mental power. The memoir is not so much a record of great intellectual achievements as the portrait of a lovely character, fondly traced by a loving hand. Cold and hard must the heart be which is not moved to sympathy by the tender affection and profound veneration which breathe through every page, and burst forth in touching language at every turn. Far from objecting to the natural exaggeration into which the writer has been betrayed, one is only the more deeply impressed with admiration for the man who could kindle such a flame of devotion in the heart of her who knew him best. "Never," says she, "does word of detraction or spite come from his dear lips; never is he hasty, unjust, uncandid, unwise in thought or word. It may be asked, 'What were the faults, the drawbacks?' I answer, 'I do not know them.'" Such passionate enthusiasm is

greatly to the honour of both parties—

"Felices ter et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Dirulsus querimoniis,
Suprema citius solvet amor die."

It can hardly be doubted that the remarkable sweetness of Smith's disposition was in a great measure owing to his happy childhood. Born at Hammersmith in 1808, the youngest of a large family in easy circumstances, he was the object of special affection, and amply supplied with every means of enjoyment. His first trouble was going to school, where, though the teaching was good, he was very unhappy. At his next school he was more comfortable, but the instruction was meagre, and he soon learnt all the masters could teach. Hence at an early age he was removed to Glasgow University, where his brother, eight years older, was studying. Ill health prevented his remaining there more than about a year, and on his father's death he was articled to an attorney, Mr. Shaun Turner, the author of the "History of the Anglo-Saxons." In this position he was again unhappy, and begged in vain to be released. The reason for this is not quite clear. It could hardly have been a distaste for law, since we find him soon after the expiration of his articles reading for the bar, to which he was called in 1838, and two years afterwards he published a pamphlet on Law Reform. He did not, however, succeed at the bar, for which his retiring disposition and sensitive character were not good qualifications, but devoted himself entirely to literature, which he had long cultivated with great assiduity, sitting up till three or four in the morning, reading extensively, and writing various species of composition with various success.

His first published poems proved so disheartening a failure, that he actually dug a hole in the garden, and buried the unsold copies in it, just as an eminent classical scholar at Cambridge pitched his mathematical books out of his window into the river Cam on failing to pass his mathematical examination. On the contrary, his tragedy, *Athelwold*, which was performed by Macready and Helen Faucit, met with decided success the first night, and won him high compliments from distinguished writers. His articles in the *Quarterly Review* and the *Athenæum* were also much esteemed. Another work which met with some favour was "A Discourse on Ethics of the School of Paley."

His first contribution to *Blackwood* appeared in 1839, and writing for that magazine formed his chief occupation for the rest of his life. His articles extended over a wide range of subjects, including biography, history, fiction, poetry, philosophy, and theology. Considering that he was a Dissenter in principle, a liberal in politics, and the reverse of rigidly orthodox in religion, it is surprising so much of his writing should have been admitted to the pages of *Blackwood*. Nothing but a high estimate of its value can explain such an anomaly. Even this, however, did not save some of his latest works from exclusion.

The reputation acquired by his contributions to the *Athenæum*, under the title of "Woolgatherer," led to his being invited to join the Union Debating Society, where he distinguished himself among such men as John Stuart Mill, the late Lords Romilly and Darling, Sir Henry Taylor, and Mr. Roebuck. He also spoke with considerable success at an Anti-Corn Law meeting.

His residence at Glasgow University, though brief, sufficed to

make him ever afterwards prefer the Scottish system of education, and to give him a decided turn for abstract thought. Mental and moral philosophy became his favourite study, in which he acquitted himself so creditably, that some of his friends endeavoured to procure him a Professorship of Moral Philosophy; and Professor Wilson, at a later period, being unable to lecture for a time on account of ill-health, requested him to act as his substitute, which, however, he declined.

The commencement of Smith's acquaintance with his future wife cannot be better told than in her own words:—

“It was in the August of 1856 that William Smith and his future wife first became acquainted. My beloved mother—at that time a complete invalid—a little niece of mine, who then lived with us, and I, had been spending the early summer in Borrowdale, and we, too, attracted by the new and cheerful row of lodging-houses, now took up our abode at 3, Derwentwater Place. The solitary student, to whom, I confess, I not a little grudged the drawing-room floor, soon sent to proffer one request—that the little girl would not practise her scales, &c., during the morning hours. Now and then we used to pass him in our walks, but he evidently never so much as saw us. There was something quite unusual in the rapt abstraction of his air, the fleeting lightness of his step; one could not help wondering a little who and what he was; but for several weeks nothing seemed more entirely unlikely than our becoming acquainted.

“The lodging-house that we occupied was kept by a mother and two daughters, who had had a reverse of fortune, and to whom this way of life was new. We were their first tenants. One of the daughters, especially, was well-educated and interesting. To her I gave a copy of Grillparzer's ‘Sappho,’ which I had recently translated. I knew she would value it a little for my sake, but it never occurred to me that she would take it to the recluse in the drawing-room. She did so, however.

Piles of manuscript on his desk had convinced her that he was ‘an author,’ and it amused her to show him the little production of one of the other lodgers. Perhaps he may have thought that she did this at my request; perhaps his kindliness disposed him to help, by a hint or two, some humble literary aspirant—for always he was kind; at all events, the very next day he sent down a message proposing to call, and on the 21st of August there came a knock at our sitting-room door; the rapid entrance of a slight figure, some spell of simplicity and candour in voice and manner, that at once gave a sense of freedom; and the give-and-take of easy talk—beginning with comments on the translation in his hand—had already ranged far and wide before he rose, and, lightly bowing, left the room. I thought him absolutely unlike any one I had ever met; singularly pleasant in all he said; even more singularly encouraging and gracious in his way of listening. He pointed out a passage in the translated play that had particularly taken his fancy:—

“‘Like to the little noiseless garden snail,
At once the home and dweller in the home:
Still ready—at the very slightest sound—
Frightened, to draw within itself again;
Still turning tender feelers all around,
And slow to venture forth on surface new;
Yet clinging closely, if it cling at all,
And ne’er its hold relaxing—but in death.’

“I have transcribed the lines because, in after days, he was much given playfully to designate himself ‘The Snail.’

“This visit was naturally followed by others, and a correspondence, and subsequent meetings at various places, terminating in marriage in 1861.”

In the interval Smith published his “Thorndale,” by which he is best known, and which he describes as not a novel, but a diary, intermingled with incident and reflections, and followed by a sort of con-

session of faith in human progress. It appeared in 1857, and met with a favourable reception among a wide circle of readers, including some on the other side of the Atlantic, as appears from the following incident in Switzerland :—

"At Zermuth we made an interesting and enduring friendship. We were there early in June, and the *Hôtel du Mont Cervin* had only three other inmates—a young husband and wife, and their sweet child of three. The visitors' book gave their names: they were New-Englanders. We never thought it worth while to record ours, and hence in the course of two or three days Mr. Loomis, who discerned something remarkable about the man, asked William who he was. 'The commonest of all English names—William Smith.' 'Yes, but I like it for the sake of a favourite author.' And then I broke in, inquiring, with a strong presentiment what the answer would be, which of the numberless Smiths he alluded to? 'The author of "Thomdale." It was a great pleasure for me to say, 'This is he.' Mr. Loomis had with him the American edition of the book, which my husband saw with interest. So began a friendship and correspondence that were kept up to the last."

Among the critics there was considerable diversity of opinion as to the character and tendency of the work, but all acknowledged its attractiveness and power. No more truthful description, both of this and Smith's other works, can well be given than John Stuart Mill's, in a letter acknowledging the receipt of a copy:—"I had already read the book with great interest. As is the case with everything of yours that I have read, it seemed to me full of true thought, aptly expressed, and, though yet resolving many questions, a valuable contribution to the clearing of doubts out of which the future moral and intellectual

synthesis will have to shape itself." There is penetrating discernment in this remark. Smith's writings are generally more suggestive than decisive. There is no lack of ingenious thought expressed in appropriate language, yet the subject is not completely exhausted, or finally settled in such a way as to leave no room for objection or doubt, no necessity for further discussion. The reader cannot help feeling that the last word has not been spoken.

It was not till eight years after their marriage that Smith's wife saw him really ill, and even then they supposed the malady to be nothing more than influenza. He was seized with shivering fits, followed by fever, which left him very weak. The same symptoms recurred at intervals in various places during the next three years, and were attended with a gradual but constant wasting, which terminated in death, March 25th, 1872, at Brighton.

"Gravenhurst," which occupies the largest place in this volume, was first published in 1862. Nothing is stated in the memoir as to the success which attended it. No doubt the reason for the omission is that there was nothing favourable to tell. Neither the subject nor the mode of treatment is well chosen. Popular readers naturally shrink from so thorny a theme, and thoughtful minds are too well aware of the impossibility of solving the enigma to trouble themselves about it. Whoever has read or thought much about such matters, will beforehand expect to be dissatisfied, and in this case his expectation will be amply verified by the result of perusal.

The work consists of three parts, an introduction, exposition, and conversations. The introduction gives an imaginary account of the village of Gravenhurst, and the

characters that take part in the conversations. This is an agreeable bit of fiction, which shows that, had the author chosen to pursue that line, he might have achieved distinction. Intermingled with the fiction are general observations on the main topic about to be discussed, which are less satisfactory, though not without an interest for thoughtful readers. "Thorndale" was called a "conflict of opinions;" "Gravenhurst" is intended to represent a "harmony of opinions." Some idea of the general drift of the work may be gathered from the subjoined extract:—

"I have no paradox to startle or amuse the reader with. My statements are simply those which must grow up in the scientific age in which we live. The optimism that would boldly declare that this was the best of all possible worlds, does not belong to an age which recognizes the limits of knowledge. He who talks of the best possible of worlds should be able to compare many worlds together. What we in these times are saying to ourselves, is that this only world we know anything about is essentially *one*—one great scheme, in which the lower, or the simpler, is a necessary condition of the higher or more complex, and that it is idle to quarrel with this or that part, unless you can quarrel with the whole, or unless you can separate that portion which is the object of your criticism from the great laws or powers that constitute the whole. You take up some one part of this great scheme of nature and of man, and you, a sensitive human being, exclaim against it as pain and suffering, and denounce it as evil. All this is quite inevitable, but what you exclaim against as *evil*, is often the very excitement of your highest energies, and is *always*(?) found, on examination, to be

linked, either as cause or effect, with what you as loudly proclaim to be good. You suffer and you resist, and strive against your calamity, and perhaps this strife is the end for which you suffered; but take away both the suffering and the strife, and you simply destroy the whole web of human existence. Tear this web to pieces, and you have behind it—nothing!—nothing for human knowledge."

It is strange that Smith should have thought these statements peculiar to the present scientific age, as if Bishop Butler, not to go farther back, had not again and again in his "Analogy" answered objections by pointing out that nature is a scheme too vast for our comprehension, and Pope had not written—

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;"

and called—

"All partial Evil universal Good."

Though Smith disavows the optimism of maintaining that this is the best of all possible worlds, the whole drift of his work is a practical contradiction of the disavowal; for its aim is to show, either that evil in one sense is not evil in another, but productive of good, or that it could not possibly be avoided; which surely amounts to saying this is the best of all possible worlds.

Nothing is more unsatisfactory than this paltering with words in a double sense, to which Smith, like other writers of the same school, often resorts. On one page we read, "God, then, is the author of evil," and on the next, "In one sense of the word God creates no evil." Elsewhere occurs another instance of this word-jugglery: "The evil that man endures is evil, at the time, to him; and he has to

resist it, and by resistance to rise in the scale of virtue and intelligence. And that which is evil in the individual man, and which must everywhere be followed by penal consequences, is yet not evil to an eye that could embrace the whole development of humanity." In other words, evil is not evil, but only a form of good. It is poor consolation to tell us we have to rise in the scale of virtue and intelligence by resisting evil, when the very thing to be deplored is, that, in all ages, every one, without exception, has failed more or less in making this resistance. Smith says, "The only answer I can give to the old question, 'Why evil exists?' is, that good and evil together form one entire scheme—that the whole is one, and that the whole is good." Having nothing better than this contradictory answer to give, he would have been wiser to say nothing. First, good and evil are spoken of as two distinct parts of one whole, and then the whole is said to consist of one of these parts.

Again and again, in every variety of form, we are told that, constituted and situated as we are, imperfection and evil are unavoidable, which may be true enough, but is merely a re-statement of the difficulty of the case, not a solution, as it professes to be. It is the necessity of evil, supposing it granted, which constitutes the essence of the inexplicable enigma.

How utterly futile is such an assertion as this: "That natural evil has become moral evil is the sign of man's advancement and immense superiority over all other living creatures!" Even granting that moral evil presupposes rationality, and therefore implies some sort of superiority to irrational animals, surely this does not render it at all less deplorable, or in the slightest degree diminish the difficulty of, not merely its existence, but preponderance.

Lastly, what right had Smith, or any mere mortal, to say, "There is no evil in the sum of things—no evil in the relation which any one thing bears to the great whole, as it develops itself in space and time"? How could he possibly know? The "great whole" is beyond human comprehension, and all debating, conjecturing, and quibbling about the origin and existence of evil is worse than waste of time, thought, and words.

The chapters on "Knowing and Feeling," which close the volume, appeared in the *Contemporary Magazine*, with the exception of the last, which was found in manuscript after Smith's death. They are fragmentary and desultory, but contain some acute observations on disputed points of mental philosophy, and are not without value as "a contribution to psychology."

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MICHAEL ANGELO.

THE noble age of eighty-nine, attained by Michael Angelo, is in admirable harmony with the lofty and colossal character of all that concerns him. This long life of his, moreover, is rich beyond measure in events of historical interest. In his early youth he had listened to Savonarola, the tragedy of whose persecution and death saddened him in after years. Michael Angelo beheld his own Florence transformed from a fair city, brilliant and free, to one over-clouded and humiliated by bondage. It was his fate to live through many pontificates; to watch the rise and fall of some important religious movements, of more than one great political power; and, sadder than all, to survive those whose love had bound him to earth. Among the crowds of the past, we may watch the stern and solemn figure of the great Florentine, steadfastly and conscientiously, alike in times of prosperity and in times of tribulation, working to accomplish—to

borrow his own words—"what Art required of him."

For nearly all we know concerning Michael Angelo personally, we are indebted to Ascanio Condivi and Giorgio Vasari, both artists, and claiming to be his pupils. These rival biographers published their two books during the lifetime of their hero. Condivi, who prepared his by the desire of the Pope, thus writes in the preface:—

"From the time in which, by God's especial goodness, I was deemed worthy, not only beyond all my hopes, to behold face to face, that unique sculptor, Michaelangelo Buonarroti — but to share his affection, his daily conversation and life; conscious of my great happiness, enthusiastic for my art, and grateful for the kindness with which he treated me, I began accurately to observe and to collect his rules and precepts. What he said, what he did, how he lived—everything, in a word, which seemed to me worthy of admiration, emulation, or praise, I noted down, and intended, at a convenient time, to gather together in a book. I wished in this way to thank him, as far as lay in my

power, for that which he had done for me. I hoped, moreover, to give pleasure to others by my records, in setting forth the life of such a man, as a bright and useful example to them, for every one knows how greatly this and every other age must be beholden to him for the glory which his works will ever shed over them. In order to feel what he has done, we need only compare it with what others have done.

"While I was thus collecting my materials, part of which referred to the outward circumstances of his life, and part to works of art, unforeseen circumstances obliged me, not only to accelerate my work, but, as regards the biography, even to precipitate it. In the first place, some have been writing about this rare man, who were not, I believe, so well acquainted with him as I am; thus they entirely omitted many important circumstances. Secondly, others, to whom I communicated my plans in confidence, have appropriated them in a manner which evidences the intention, I regret to say, of not only depriving me of the fruits of my labour, but also of the honour of it. Therefore, to supply the defects of those first mentioned authors, and, on the other hand, to prevent the injustice which is impending from the last, I have resolved to give my work to the public imperfect as it is."

The "some, who had been writing about this rare man," &c., as well as "the others," who had abused the confidence of Condivi, are considered to be one and the same offender, namely, Vasari, who, in a subsequent edition of his biography, takes his revenge by borrowing and also quoting *verbatim* so freely from Condivi's book, as to include the entire substance of it; thus rendering his own of double value, and that of his rival almost superfluous. At the same time, he defends himself in the disputed matter of his fitness for the task he has undertaken. In allusion to notes kept in preparation for the life he intended writing, he says: "What I then wrote, as well as what I now propose, is the truth;

nor do I know any one that has had more intercourse with Michael-angelo than myself, or has been more truly his friend, or a more faithful servant to him than I have been; neither do I believe that any man can show a greater number of letters of his own hand than he has written to me, or any written with more affection."

Vasari sent his biography to Michael Angelo, who, in reply, addressed to him a complimentary sonnet: whereas, in the case of Condivi, he had requested the Pope personally to thank him for what he had written, and the Pope did so. Vasari's book is more generally known in England than that of Condivi, being the fuller and, perhaps, the more attractive of the two; moreover, it is amongst the translations of Bohn's Standard Library; whereas, as far as we know, there is no English translation of Condivi's work.

During the early part of Michael Angelo's life, the people of Florence were still in willing subjection to the remarkable family founded towards the end of the fourteenth century, by Giovanni de Medici, whose representative at that time was Lorenzo, "the Magnificent." Hermann Grimm, in his life of Michael Angelo, attributes the ascendancy of the Medici to the peculiarities of the Florentine people, combined with their own family character. The Medici ruled with absolute sway, while they never seemed to give a command: they were, as Grimm remarks, "hereditary advisers of the Florentine people." They possessed a talent for gaining confidence without demanding it. It is true they had recourse often to treachery and violence, but there was the genuine Florentine way of doing it—it was more refined than the most refined. The Medici delighted in the beautiful and the cultured; they befriended

all who excelled in arts, and all who pursued learning. Renowned as the Medici had long been for their beneficence to the learned, and their diligence in collecting works of art and rare manuscripts, Lorenzo far surpassed his ancestors in this respect, assembling around himself all the scholastic and accomplished men he could succeed in attracting to the Medici palace at Florence, expending vast sums of money on works of art, and making unwearied search for rare and valuable books, to add to the library commenced by his grandfather, Cosmo.

Lorenzo, himself an elegant classical scholar, and, moreover, a poet, was happy in possessing the friendship of such men as Bertoldo, now aged, having once been a pupil of Donatello; Poliziano, "a most ingenious learned scholar," to whom he entrusted the education of his three sons; Marsilio Ficino, the Platonic philosopher, Pico de Mirandola, and others of high culture.

Bertoldo, he instructed to procure the choicest statues for the gardens of San Marco, which he threw open for the benefit of art students. To Poliziano and Ficino, who at his desire were about to undertake a journey in quest of books, he said, "I wish that by your diligence you would afford me such an opportunity of purchasing books, that I should be obliged even to pledge my furniture to secure them."

There lived at Florence a citizen, reputed to be of noble family, named Ludovico Buonarroti, who, in 1474, was nominated to the office of governor of Chiusi and Caprese, two little fortified cities in the valley of Singarno, a small stream flowing into the Tiber. Francesca, his wife of nineteen—of whom there is a portrait extant—journeyed with him on

horseback to their new home. At the Castle of Caprese, a son was born to the new Governor, on March 6th, 1475, or 1474 in the Florentine year, which at that time began with Lady Day. To this child, the name Michael Angelo was given. Some months after the birth of one for whom so great a destiny was in store, his parents returned to Florence, leaving the infant at Settignano, a village among the mountains, three miles from Florence, where the Buonarroti family owned an estate, and where, be it observed, Michael Angelo subsequently (1506) purchased land for himself. Here they entrusted him to the care of a young Tuscan woman, who was married to a stonemason. We are told by Condivi, that his great master laughingly derived his sculptor's instincts from the occupation of his foster-mother's husband. It is asserted that Michael Angelo began to draw as soon as he could use his hands, and that, in the last century, his childish drawings could be plainly seen on the walls of the villa at Settignano. The *Times* correspondent, writing on Sept. 12, 1875, from Florence, thus describes what he saw at the Buonarroti villa, Settignano:—

"The villa is a plain and substantial building, in the style of a country mansion of moderate pretensions in olden times, the house and outhouses enclosed by the same high wall to keep out the sun and wind, and allowing the view of the surrounding landscape only from the windows of the upper floor. We went up a narrow and steep staircase to the sleeping apartments, and on the landing were shown a square space in the wall, blackened and somewhat scratched by time, on which Michael Angelo painted a satyr. Those who preceded and followed me declared that they saw with sufficient distinctness, by the light of the candles which the servants held up close to it, the traces of the ancient

fresco—here a head, there an arm, &c. For my part, I confess that, though I looked and looked with all the might of my glasses, I could make out nothing at all."

The increasing expenses of a numerous family compelled Ludovico Buonarroti to train some of his sons to commerce, which was sore against his will, for he was ever conscious of his pedigree, pride of ancestry apparently being the gravest fault of a man otherwise excellent in his simplicity of character. *Condivi* praises the father of Michael Angelo as "a good man and religious, greatly attached to the old customs."

In the *Teatro Araldico* of Tottoni and Saladini, the Buonarroti family is mentioned as one the archives of which reach as far back as the year 1100. The Buonarroti, it is stated, are the hereditary Counts of Canossa, the fortress in which Pope Gregory VII. compelled the German Emperor, Henry II., to wait barefoot in the snow, ere he would grant him an audience. Nero della Canossa is the first of the name given in the *Teatro Araldico*. The name Buonarroti arose, Hermann Grimm tells us, from its being the usual Christian name chosen for the heirs. In vol. v. of *Teatro Araldico*, we read of Bernardo Buonarroti, of Florence, who flourished in 1210, Michael Buonarroti (1260), &c., till we come to Ludovico Buonarroti, and his son, Michael Angelo. *Condivi* tells us that imperial blood flowed in the veins of the Counts of Canossa, Beatrice, the sister of Henry II. of Germany, being the ancestress of the family. Although doubts have been expressed on this point, it concerns us to remember that the great sculptor himself considered himself of imperial descent, and told *Condivi* so.

Ludovico Buonarroti, wishing one son, at least, to follow the

dignity of such a family, sent for the child from Settignano as soon as he was able to learn, and placed him at the grammar-school of Francesco d'Urbino, in Florence. Here Michael Angelo met with Frazese Granacci, an art-student, of independent fortune, and five years his senior, whose friendship proved very valuable to him. It was soon seen that Michael Angelo was gifted with a remarkable talent for drawing. This discovery displeased his father, who feared lest the boy should take a fancy to sculpture, which calling, at that early period, was held in light esteem; indeed, Michael Angelo himself, many years afterwards, when he alone, not to speak of others, had sufficiently ennobled the occupation, was heard to reprove somebody for addressing him as "Michael Angelo, *scultore*," remarking that more deference was due to one of noble family.

During a long-continued opposition from his father and uncle, enforced, according to contemporary accounts, in a more severe fashion than we are inclined to believe, the young devotee to art remained steadfast. Meanwhile his school-friend, Granacci, who lent him drawings, and introduced him to art collections, talked with him often on the forbidden subject of his constant thoughts. At last he ventured to argue the disputed point with Michael Angelo's father, and came off victorious, having prevailed on him to yield to the wishes of his remarkable son. Ludovico, who, apart from his family pride and strong attachment to the old order of things, was "good-natured, unpretending, impulsive, and easily persuaded," could not have failed to rejoice, after the first struggle was over, at the new policy of granting his child the desire of his heart. Further following the pacific counsels of his son's friend,

he sent him to the studio of Granacci's master, Domenico Ghirlandaio or Currado, the first name having arisen, it is thought, because in his boyhood he was famed as the maker of tasteful garlands. He was accounted, in those days, the most eminent master in Florence, and was then engaged in painting the choir of Santa Maria Novella. Michael Angelo was now about fourteen. Vasari gives the following entry copied by himself, as he informs us, "from the books of Domenico Ghirlandaio, and in the handwriting of Ludovico Buonarroti," who, by the way, Condivi says, "could do no more than read and write": —

"1488. I acknowledge and record, this 1st day of April, that I, Ludovico di Lionardo di Buonarroti, have engaged Michaelangelo, my son, to Domenico and David di Tomasso di Currado for the three years next to come, under the following conditions: That the said Michaelangelo shall remain with the above-named, during all the said time, to the end that they may teach him to paint and to exercise their vocation, and that the above-named may have full command over him, paying him in the course of these three years 24 florins as wages — namely, in the first, six, in the second, eight, and in the third, ten, being in all 96 *lire*."

Beneath is another entry, also in the writing of Ludovico, thus: "The above-named Michaelangelo received 2 florins in gold, this 16th day of April, I, his father, Ludovico de Lionardo, having received twelve *lira* and twelve *soldi* on his account." Condivi accuses Ghirlandaio of "base envy," in connection with his remarkable pupil, who, he affirms, suffered accordingly. Vasari, in an enumeration of what he asserts to be false statements in Condivi's book, includes this uncharitable view of Ghirlandaio. "Domenico Ghirlandaio, for example," he writes, "being

accused of base envy by the said writer, and declared to have given Michaelangelo no assistance in his studies. But that indeed this is false, may be shown, &c." Michael Angelo showed such facility in accurately sketching whatever he saw before him, that Ghirlandaio quickly felt him to be his superior. One day when they were together in the choir of Santa Maria Novella, the master was sent for; during his absence, the new pupil drew the scaffolding and its surroundings. On Ghirlandaio's return, after carefully scrutinizing the drawing, he exclaimed, "This boy knows more than I do!"

Ghirlandaio was accustomed to give his pupils drawings of his own, to copy. Michael Angelo, on one occasion, looking over a fellow-student, who was deeply engaged in copying one of these, suddenly snatched it from him, and, with his own thick strokes, corrected some defects in the outline. According to Condivi, "Ghirlandaio, from that day forward, refused to lend his drawings to be copied by Michael Angelo."

About this time it so chanced that Granacci rose high in the favour of Lorenzo de Medici, owing to the admirable taste he displayed in the arrangement of a festive pageant; making the best of the golden opportunity, he obtained access for himself and Michael Angelo to the gardens of San Marco. Some say Lorenzo, of his own accord, desired Ghirlandaio to send one or two of his best pupils to the academy established in those gardens, and that the master selected the two friends: it may be that Lorenzo sent such a message at Granacci's suggestion. For a time, Michael Angelo contented himself with taking drawings of the statues; but, one day, observing a youth, named Torregiano, modelling in clay, he began to do likewise,

and so admirably did he succeed, as to provoke envy. How it came about is not known in detail; but it is certain that Torregiano, in the course of some angry conversation, struck Michael Angelo in the face with such violence as to disfigure him for life; the results of this cruel blow being traceable in the portraits of the great sculptor, who, at the time, was carried home as one dead. For this, Torregiano was banished from Florence. Benvenuto Cellini tells us he had heard Torregiano make a boast of the lasting injury he had inflicted on the most celebrated sculptor in Europe.

Michael Angelo would often watch the masons in the gardens of San Marco, who were hewing stone and carving marble, in preparation for the building of a library Lorenzo was erecting for the reception of books collected by his grandfather, Cosmo de' Medici. The young artist, making friends with the workmen, would beg from them the fragments of marble cast away as useless, and on these he tried his skill as a sculptor. He applied himself to copy an "Old Faun" from the antique. This he carved so exquisitely, attending moreover so promptly and skilfully to a hint thrown out half in joke by Lorenzo, as he was strolling in the gardens watching him, as to make a great impression on that discriminating patron of genius. Lorenzo, determined not to lose sight of one so promising, summoned Ludovico Buonarroti to his presence. Ludovico laughingly refused to obey; whereupon Lorenzo, not easily offended when in search of genius, repeated the invitation in courteous terms, and was again refused, when the painter Granacci thought proper to intercede, and by his numerous representations prevailed upon the "hereditary representative" of the Counts of Camossa to set out for

the Medici palace, declaring however as he walked off that he "would agree to nothing."

Lorenzo, well skilled in the art of persuasion, and confident in the inherited powers and fascinations of his family, was not to be disheartened by the persistent and morose refusals he received from his visitor. As usual, the Medici prevailed with the Florentine, who, in the end, consented to all that was proposed; upon which Lorenzo, well satisfied, said to Buonarroti, "Look around you, Ludovico, and if I can do anything for you, apply to me; whatever is in my power shall be done."

After a time, Ludovico Buonarroti presented himself and made a modest request for an office of little value in the customs. Lorenzo, astonished at such unworldliness, said with a smile, as he put his head on his shoulder:—

"I see, Ludovico, thou wilt never be a rich man."

Michael Angelo dwelt for three years in the Medici palace, where Poliziano educated him with Lorenzo's three sons, and Bertoldo taught him to work in bronze. He enjoyed the society of Ficino, Pico de Mirandola, and of Lorenzo himself, at whose side he was generally placed at table. Lorenzo asked his counsel in the purchase of statues, gems, cameos, and other priceless objects of art, and allowed him to help in the progress of the library.

Lorenzo de' Medici, at the age of forty-four, was taken suddenly ill, and died in the year 1492, "surrounded by his weeping attendants;" Michael Angelo, now eighteen, doubtless at his side, leaving his munificent patron, perhaps, only at the last moments, when Savonarola, who had long been shunned by the duke, was summoned from the Florence monastery, of which he was prior and which was patronized by the Medici, to a farewell and

secret interview, during which, as Poliziano, now a devout adherent of Savonarola's, affirmed, a perfect reconciliation took place, though by other accounts we learn that the dying Lorenzo declined to grant all for the good of Florence that his confessor demanded of him.

Lorenzo is recorded to have said of his three sons, Giulano, Giovanni, and Piero: "The first is good, the second is clever, the third a fool." Giulano died early, Giovanni became a cardinal, and Piero succeeded as the heir. Michael Angelo, crushed by the sudden loss, was unable to work as before; he returned home and arranged an *atelier* at his father's house, Piero partially retaining his services—sufficiently, indeed, to order him on one occasion, after a snow-storm, to mould for the adornment of a midnight banquet at the palace, a statue of snow. This fugitive "thing of beauty" is mentioned in more than one list as among the works done by Michael Angelo. Piero knew so little how to prize his rare sculptor, as to make boast that he had in his retinue "two remarkable persons,—Michael Angelo, and a Spanish footman who could outrun a horse." So touched, however, was this capricious Medici by the loveliness of the snow figure, that he took the sculptor into the palace again, assigning him the five ducats a month, the rooms, the attendants, the place at table, and all that Lorenzo had granted his most favoured of all *protégés*.

Owing to the tyranny and incapacity of Piero, disturbances arose in Florence, compelling Michael Angelo, with two friends, to escape to Bologna, which city they entered neglecting to present themselves to the authorities, and to obtain the requisite passport of a red seal on the thumb. For this omission they were seized by the

officers, and a penalty of 5 *lire* was demanded, which they could not collect among them. Signor Aldrovandi, a member of the Bolognese Government, for the sake of Michael Angelo, rescued them all, offering hospitality to the sculptor, who refused to forsake his friends, as they were helpless for want of money. "Oh," cried Aldrovandi, "if things stand so, I must beg you to take me also to roam about the world at your expense."

This jest aroused him from his chivalrous dream, and taking a more practical view of the dilemma, he gave what little money he had about him to his fellow-travellers, bade them farewell, and followed Aldrovandi to his palace. During his abode there, his host discovered him to be much besides a sculptor. Of an evening, he sat at the bedside of Aldrovandi, who, charmed with his Tuscan accent, was very happy in listening as he read aloud from Dante, Petrarca, or Boccaccio. At this time he executed, by the request of his host, a monumental statue for the shrine of San Domenico—a kneeling figure of an angel, bearing a candelabrum. The jealousy of the Bolognese artists drove him back to Florence, after a sojourn at Bologna of about a year.

On his return to his own city, he found the Medici palace forsaken, its art-treasures vanished, and Florence oppressed by Pisa. To this period belongs the *Cupido dormiente*, executed by Michael Angelo, and sold in Rome by Baldassare, an agent, as a veritable antique, to the Cardinal di San Giorgio, who heard that it had been dug up in a vineyard. The Cardinal, on discovering the deception, was anxious to know who had carved so exquisitely. On hearing it was a Florentine named Michael

Angelo, he sent a Roman noble of his household in search of him. The Cardinal's messenger, on pretence of seeking sculptors for some work in hand, requested those in Florence to prepare for him some specimen of what they could do, and many eagerly responded to this request. Michael Angelo, on being questioned as to his artistic powers, exhibited no specimens, but taking a pen drew a human hand boldly on a piece of paper; after which he enumerated his works, the *Cupido dormiente* among them; whereupon the Roman noble, on behalf of the Cardinal, invited him to try his fortunes in Rome. Michael Angelo went: partly in compliance with this suggestion, and partly to demand from Baldassare the 200 ducats, which, as he learned from the Cardinal's messenger, had been paid for the supposed antique, only 30 of which he had sent to Florence.

Michael Angelo, who was twenty-one when he first beheld Rome, thus writes from thence to one of the Medici named Lorenzo, who had patronized him on his return from Bologna, some popular members of the family who had been imprisoned by Piero having remained in the city. The following letter is said to be the oldest piece of writing extant in Michael Angelo's own hand:—

"I beg to inform your Magnificence that we arrived here safely last Saturday, and went at once to the Cardinal di San Giorgio, to whom I delivered your letter. He seemed well inclined to me, and desired at once that I should look at different figures, which I spent the whole day in doing, and have therefore not yet delivered your other letters. On Sunday the Cardinal came to the new building and sent for me. When I came he asked me what I thought of all I had seen. I gave him my opinion respecting them. There

are, indeed, it seems to me, very beautiful things here. The Cardinal now wished to know whether I would venture to undertake any beautiful thing: I answered that I would make no great promises, but he would see himself what I was able to do. We have purchased a fine piece of marble for a figure as large as life, and next Monday I begin to work at it. Last Monday I gave the rest of your letters to Paolo Rucellai, who paid me the money I required, and that for Cavalcante. I then took Baldassare the letter, and demanded the Cupid back, promising to give him his money in return. He answered, very impetuously, that he would rather break the Cupid into a thousand pieces; he had purchased it; it was his property, and he could prove in writing that he had satisfied him from whom he had received it. He complained of you, that you had calumniated him. One of the Florentines here interposed to unite us, but proved ineffectual. I think now I may carry the point by means of the Cardinal. Baldassare Balducci has given me this counsel. I will write to you of whatever takes place further. So much for this time. Farewell.

"MICHAEL ANGELO in Rome."

Condivi tells us the Cardinal withdrew from the affair, merely compelling Baldassare to take back his 30 ducats, and return the *Cupido dormiente*; neither did the Cardinal give any commissions to Michael Angelo, though he had brought him to Rome; for, as Condivi adds, "we hear no more of the figure large as life."

It is generally stated that the *Cupido dormiente*, after finding its way to Mantua, disappeared, and was heard of no more. It had been presented by Duke Valentine to the Duchess of Mantua.

From the following letter, which appeared in the *Times* of Sept. 12th. 1875, we are led to the conclusion that the above-mentioned statue, as well as a picture of Michael Angelo's mother, should be included in any future edition of

Waagen's "Treasures of Art in Great Britain," where, at present, there is no mention of either.

"SIR,—As you mention in the *Times* of to-day, certain paintings and statues of Michael Angelo in this country, you will greatly oblige me by allowing me to state that I have in my possession a picture by him of his mother, signed 'M. B., Il Madre Medesimo,' bought in Florence by the Rev. J. Sanford.

"The *Cupido dormiente*, in marble, is also in my possession. It is mentioned in high terms by Vasari, p. 130, Bologna edition, 1647. From having been for very many years covered up, it is but little known. It was bought by Sir Paul Methuen in Italy about 1725–30.—I am your obedient servant,
"METHUEN.

"Corsham Court, Sept. 11."

We are happy in being able to confirm the above, and to supplement it by the following information :—

The *Cupido dormiente*, purchased by Sir Paul Methuen more than 150 years ago, was regularly and authentically traced from Michael Angelo's studio, till it reached Sir Paul Methuen. A small model of the statue was either sent over before its arrival from Italy, or accompanied it. Sir Paul Methuen has left a note in Vasari, and in the work of another biographer (Condivi?) calling attention to this statue that he purchased. The reason of its not being mentioned by Waagen, is simply because he never saw or heard of it, the statue having been, until lately, covered up in a large chest and never seen by any one. The Mother of Michael Angelo was bought in Florence many years ago by the Rev. J. Sanford, Lady Methuen's father. The "M. B." at the back on the panel, was examined by Signor de Tivoli, professor at the Tayler Institute, who pronounced it to be in the handwriting of Michael Angelo, as also "Il Madre Medesimo."

During his first visit to Rome,

Michael Angelo produced many works which placed him high among his contemporaries, not only as a sculptor, but a painter. At the request of the Cardinal de St. Denis, ambassador to Rome for the French King Charles VIII., he executed his celebrated *Pietà*, which is now in the cathedral of St. Peter. Here we may remark that the representation of the Virgin Mary weeping over the dead Christ was called a *Pietà*, as that of the enthroned Saviour, or enthroned Virgin, was called a *Maèsta*. The tragedy of Savonarola being acted in Florence while he was at work in Rome at the *Pietà*, must surely have had a place in the thoughts of the sublime artist as he carved the plaintive group. Condivi and Vasari both assure us Savonarola was regarded by Michael Angelo with affectionate veneration. We know also he was accustomed to say he liked to read the orations of Savonarola, because he remembered the voice in which they had been spoken. For the reverse of a medal struck of the eloquent monk by Leone Levi, Michael Angelo proposed a verse of the 51st Psalm : "I will teach transgressors thy ways ; and sinners shall be converted unto thee."

Once more Michael Angelo returned to Florence—according to Vasari, in quest of a noble block of purest marble, the fame of which had reached Rome ; according to the more truthful Condivi, because he was called home by domestic concerns. Any way, he did not fail to secure the renowned marble. It is well known how this had been injured by the awkward attempts of an inferior artist, who had, more than a century before, begun to carve from it a gigantic figure he found himself unable to complete : how it had since been offered to Donatello, who refused to touch it : how Sansirono wished to try his skill, his offer being refused, and

how meanwhile the uncouth, unfinished giant had been left lying in the courtyard of some buildings belonging to the Cathedral, till Michael Angelo, grappling with the difficulty, produced his colossal statue of "David." He was allowed two years for the task, which he accomplished nearly within that time. As we read of his working day and night at the gigantic figure, we are reminded of the following description given by Vignero, who had, at a much later period, watched Italy's great sculptor at work:—

"I have seen Michael Angelo, although then sixty years old, and not in robust health, strike more chips from the hardest marble, in a quarter of an hour, than could be carried off by three young stone cutters, in three or four times as long, a thing incredible to him who has not seen it. He would approach the marble with such impetuosity, not to say fury, that I have often thought the whole work must be dashed to pieces, at one blow he would strike off morsels of three or four inches, yet with such exactitude was each stroke given that a more than more would sometimes have spoiled the whole work."

This statue, weighing 18,000 lbs., required forty men to move it. Many were the consultations held concerning its fitting place, Leonardo da Vinci, for whom Soderini had once intended the giant block, San Gallo, and twenty six other artists of note, being on the council. It was decided that it should be placed by the Old Palace of the Republic.

"The creation of David," Hermann Grimm writes, "was like an occurrence in nature, from which people are wont to reckon. We find events dated so many years after the creation of the giant. It was mentioned in records in which there was not a line besides respecting art." This grand figure, which stood for centuries at the gate of the

"dark, powerful palace," the Florentines regarded, in a way, as the good genius of the city. It has been since removed to the Gallery of the Academy of Arts, where it is placed under a glass case. Our readers will scarcely require to be told that there is a cast of it at the South Kensington Museum: this was presented by the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

While at Florence, Michael Angelo was called upon to exercise his architectural skill in defence of the city on the occasion of a Medician insurrection, which he did, with patriotic devotion, at the sacrifice of his private feelings towards his hereditary patrons, the Medici. It was at this time also, that the noble sculptor, at the request of his friend Soderini, emulated Leonardo da Vinci, in painting the walls of the ducal palace. Benvenuto Cellini called the two cartoons "The School of the World."

On the accession of Julius II., Michael Angelo, being summoned to Rome, was ordered to design a mausoleum for the Pope, to be erected in the old Basilica of St. Peter; which commission he performed in his own noble and colossal fashion, rendering it necessary to rebuild the ancient edifice, deemed unsuitable for the reception of so grand a specimen of monumental architecture; and thus originated the present Cathedral.

While working at the mausoleum, the sculptor was granted constant interviews with his patron, which favour provoked jealousy among those hanging about the papal court, and it was maliciously contrived that the favourite should on one occasion be roughly dismissed from the antechamber, whereupon with noble independence he strode away, murmuring: "If his Holiness wants me from this time forward, he must seek me elsewhere."

Hastening home, he ordered his

furniture to be sold to the Jews and his house to be locked up; after which he mounted a swift horse and rode furiously, not stopping till he was on Tuscan soil. Julius, on hearing of his departure, was in despair: he sent five couriers after him bearing the following message: "Return immediately to Rome, on pain of my displeasure."

Michael Angelo, equally displeased, said to those who stood around, watching as he read: "His Holiness has driven me away like a worthless person, which treatment my services have not deserved."

By the couriers, he replied thus in writing: "Being expelled the antechamber of your Holiness, conscious of not meriting the disgrace, I took the only course left me consistent with the preservation of that character which has hitherto rendered me worthy of your confidence. *Nor can I return*; for if I were undeserving of your esteem yesterday, I shall not be worthy of it to-morrow, unless by the caprice of fortune, which can be as little desirable to your Holiness as myself."

Julius, upon receiving this message, issued a gracious proclamation, thus: "Beloved sons! Health and the apostolic benediction to you! Michael Angelo, the sculptor, who left us lightly and inconsiderately, fears, as we have learnt, to return to us; with whom, however, we are not angry, as we know the temper of men of that stamp. Nevertheless, that he may lay aside all suspicion, we do desire of your devotion that you will promise him in our name, that if he will return to us he shall be unharmed and inviolate, and that we will hold him in the same apostolic favour as he was held in before his departure. Given in Rome the 8th day of June, 1506, in the 3rd year of our pontificate."

Meanwhile that noble rage which papal commands, threats, and even

promises of forgiveness, had failed to appease, was easily charmed away by the persuasions of his friends at Florence, and Soderini prevailed upon Michael Angelo to go to Rome as his ambassador to the papal court. Julius, as soon as he once more beheld his valued sculptor, ill concealing his joy, greeted him with a show of anger. "Soh!" he said, eyeing him askance, "instead of coming to us, it appears that thou hast been waiting for us to come to you!"

Michael Angelo, courteously stretching forth his hands, excused himself and entreated pardon, admitting that he had acted hastily and in anger; but adding that he could not endure to be thus ordered away as if he had been in error. "His Holiness would doubtless be pleased to forgive." Only too quickly and joyfully did Julius grant his prayer, angrily rebuking a bishop as an *Ignoramus* who, during the audience, had not treated the sculptor with due deference.

But a disappointment awaited the restored favourite. During his absence the Pope had been persuaded by those who regarded Michael Angelo with fear and jealousy, to suspend the work of the mausoleum for the sake of decorating with frescoes the walls and ceilings of the Sistine Chapel; and thus began what Condivi has truly called the "Tragedy of the mausoleum," in allusion to the disheartening delays to which the sculptor was compelled to submit, owing to the caprices of Pope after Pope, who scrupled not, for their own purposes, to call him away from a task which he regarded as his first duty to accomplish, having undertaken it first. It was in vain that Michael Angelo, unpractised in fresco-painting, begged to be released from an undertaking ill suited to him: the Pope was not to be disappointed; ordering, therefore,

all that had been painted on the walls to be effaced, that the whole should be the work of the great master, he desired it should be begun without further delay. Michael Angelo, reluctantly consenting, prepared the colours; but distrusting himself in the matter of frescoes, summoned to his assistance many experienced in the art—his friend Granacci among them. Being dissatisfied with the first specimens of their work, but not having the heart to say so, he went alone early in the morning to the Sistine Chapel and locked himself in, having resolved to do the whole thing entirely by himself. The fresco-painters, arriving at the usual hour, were greatly dismayed when, on knocking again and again, they received no reply, thus finding themselves silently dismissed.

The artist, in indefatigable and solitary, found his employer to be the chief hindrance in the work he had undertaken. Much to the injury of the frescoes, the Pope took opportunities, in the absence of Michael Angelo, whose reproaches shamed him, of stealing forbidden glances at the delicate work, although he had been assured that nothing was more injurious to frescoes than to uncover them thus capriciously; nor was this all he did to agitate the painter, absorbed in his work: he was persistent in asking how soon the ceiling would be finished, to which Michael Angelo once replied, "It will be finished, your Holiness, as soon as I have done what art requires of me."

The fiery and turbulent Pope, who on this occasion almost threatened Michael Angelo with danger, insisted at last on the Romans being allowed to see as much as was done. On All Saints' Day, therefore—that is, twenty months after the commencement of the work—the Sistine Chapel was thrown open. Crowds gazed at the

frescoes, and the Pope himself performed high mass. Shortly after this, Julius II. died, and was succeeded by Leo X. The new Pope sent the sculptor to Florence, there to erect a façade to the church of San Lorenzo, but called him away again soon, bidding him do rough work, first at Carrara, afterwards at San Pietro, where he laboured for many years among the mountains, being engaged in little else than superintending and assisting in raising marble from the quarry, making roads over mountains, and conveying large blocks of marble to the sea-shore.

It was during the pontificate of Leo X. that the petition was sent from the *Accademia Medicea* to the papal court concerning the removal of Dante's ashes to his native city. Michael Angelo was one of those who signed: each appended to his name a few words of supplication. This document, made public by Gori, in his annotations to *Condivi*, is preserved in the archives of Florence: it is noticeable that while the others wrote their supplication in Latin, Michael Angelo's is in Italian: "*Io, Michelangelo, scultore, &c.*" "I, Michael Angelo, the sculptor," he writes, "also entreat your Holiness; and offer to erect a monument worthy of the divine poet, in an honourable place in the city." Many business contracts—but not all—concluded by Michael Angelo were in Latin. He doubtless understood that language, as was customary in those days; but as a contemporary of his, a notary, informs us, it was the opinion of the great master that "public things should be drawn up in the language in which they would be verbally discussed." The notary of whom we speak appends the following note to a contract he had drawn up for Michael Angelo: "I have written this contract in the vulgar tongue, because that excellent man,

if thou believest not this, and she will speak to thee." •

To these lines, written by Giovanbatista Strozzi—unlike another of the same race, a firm adherent of the Medici—Michael Angelo, ever sadly conscious of the sorrows of Florence, makes the solemn statue thus reply:—

"In this time of sorrow and shame, it is well for me that I sleep; still better that I am of stone:

"I am happy in this—that I see not, I feel not. Ah! wake me not. Speak low" †

In a letter addressed to Baccio Valori in Rome, by one of whom we know nothing but that he was uncle to Antonio Mini, the pupil to whom Michael Angelo gave his "Leda," we read thus of the great master, now about fifty-eight years of age, and having just completed his wonderful figure of "Dawn":—

"A faithful servant, such as I am, should not fail to communicate anything which I imagine might meet with the especial disapprobation of his Holiness. And this respects Michael Angelo, his Holiness's sculptor, whom I had not seen for many months, having remained at home for fear of the plague, but three weeks ago he came twice to my house in the evening, for amusement, with Bugiardini and Antonio, my nephew and his pupil. After such conversation upon art, I determined to go and see the two female figures, and did so, and in truth they are something quite marvellous. • • • But since the afternoon Michael Angelo appeared very ill, and I concluded, we spoke together about it very particularly. I

Bugiardini, and Mini, for both are constantly with him; and we arrived at last at the conviction that Michael Angelo would soon come to an end if nothing were done to prevent it, because he works too much, eats too little and badly, and sleeps still less, and for a month has suffered much from rheumatism, headache, and giddiness; and to come to an end there are two evils which torment him—one in the head and one in the heart—and in both help might be given for his recovery, as what follows will show."

After mentioning the first evil—namely, that the sculptor was during the winter incessantly working in the cold sacristy, exposed to the keen air, that "he will work there and kill himself"—the writer thus passes on to the second evil:—

"The evil, however, that lies at his heart, is the matter with the Duke of Urbino: this they affirm robs him of his repose, and he wishes ardently that it could be arranged."

Clement VII. took the thing to heart, and with the assistance of Sebastian da Piombo, who was in favour at court, and in great friendship with Michael Angelo, the affair of the mausoleum was temporarily arranged. Michael Angelo was to pledge himself to the Duke of Urbino that the mausoleum should be finished by others, under his superintendence, within three years, at a cost to himself of 2,000 scudi. The Pope, meanwhile, secured his exclusive services by issuing a brief, which forbade him, on pain of excommunication, to touch any work but that of the San Lorenzo sacristy, summoning him to Rome that the

• La pittura che tu vedi in quel di sotto
È stata fatta da un Angelo scultore.
In questo sacro, e patetico luogo, ha vita;
Dormita, se a bere, e parlar debbe.

† Girato m'è l'anima, e più tener di sasso,
Mentre che'l danno e la vergogna dura
Non veder, non sentir in gran ventura;
Però non mi destar, deh! parla basso.

agreement with the Duke of Urbino might be ratified in person. A visit to Rome was grateful to him, as he would avoid the new Duke, whose arrival at Florence was hourly expected. Duke Alessandro de Medici was his deadly enemy. In September, 1533, while Michael Angelo was still in Rome, Clement VII. died, and was succeeded by Paul III.

Paul III., that Farnese, aged, and apparently feeble, who on his accession surprised Rome by a fire and energy worthy of youth, fully alive to the value of Michael Angelo, lost no time in informing him that he was to consider himself as his sculptor, and his alone. Michael Angelo spoke of the Julius monument, which weighed on his mind, remarking, "We work not only with our hands, but with our hearts also;" whereupon the Pope exclaimed, with startling vehemence:—

"It is now thirty years that I have had the desire, and now that I am Pope, shall I not be able to effect it? Where is the contract, that I may tear it?"

Michael Angelo remained firm. Rather than break the contract he would leave Rome. Having taken this resolution, he continued the work of the Julius mausoleum. One morning, while engaged on the "Moses," Paul III., accompanied by eight cardinals, appeared before him, desiring to see the designs prepared in Clement's time for the "Last Judgment." Meanwhile, the Cardinal of Mantua, arrested by the sublimity of the colossal Moses, exclaimed: "This one statue is sufficient to be a worthy monument to Pope Julius!" Upon which the Pope declared he would take upon himself the whole responsibility of the contract; the Duke would surely rest contented if Michael Angelo did three figures himself. This compromise

being accepted, the Dukes of Urbino being satisfied finally with the one figure of Moses by the hand of the great master, and contented also that the monument should be placed not in the cathedral, but in the church of *San Pietro in Vincoli*, Rome, Michael Angelo resumed the painting of the Sistine Chapel.

He worked often day and night at the "Last Judgment," which was finished in 1541, crowds flocking from all parts of Italy to see it; the Sistine Chapel was re-opened, and the grand picture uncovered, on Christmas Day.

Michael Angelo while at Rome corresponds constantly with his family; at one time we find him writing sorrowfully of his brother's illness; at another, telling of a nun, who, professing to be his aunt, has begged money of him; he is willing to help her, but would like to know whether she is indeed his aunt. From among the letters addressed to his father, we select some passages from one sent on hearing he was anxious and in want of money. With faithful affection he writes:—

"There are certain ducats in small coin, which I wrote to you about that you should claim them. If you have not taken them, ask for them at your leisure, and if you have need of more, take just what you may require; for as much as you want, so much will I give you, even should you spend all. . . . I cannot help you in any other way, but do not on this account alarm yourself, and do not give yourself an ounce of melancholy. . . . I will do so much for you that it will be more than what you may now lose. . . . Think only of your life, and sooner let things go than suffer; for it is more precious to me to have you alive and poor, than all the gold of the world if you were dead."

Ludovico Buonarroti attained the age of ninety-two. It was when Michael Angelo had been five years

painting the "Last Judgment" that the news of his father's death reached him. Among his poems is one addressed to his memory. So easy was the death of this venerable Florentine, and so natural the colour on his face after his departure, that, as Condivi tells us, "he looked as one in slumber."

Michael Angelo, finding few in Rome like-minded with himself, lived in solitary grandeur. "I have no friends," he wrote, in early years from Rome to Florence. "I need none, and wish to have none."

The following sonnet, given in Duppa's Life, speaks of experiences or observations calculated to make solitude sweet to him. The translation is by Southey:—

"Ill hath he chosen his part who seeks
to please
The worthless world,—ill hath he
chosen his part
Too often must he wear the look of
ease
When grief is in his heart,
And often in his hours of happier
feeling
With sorrow must his countenance be
hung,
And ever, his own better thoughts con-
cealing,
Must he in stupid grandeur's praise be
loud,
And to the errors of the ignorant
crowd
Assent with lying tongue.
Thus much would I conceal, that none
should know
What secret cause I have for silent
wee
And taught by many a melancholy
proof
That those whom fortune favours it
pollutes,
I, from the fad and faithless world
alof,
Nor fear its envy, nor desire its praise,
But choose my path through solitary
ways."

Michael Angelo was rarely seen in joyous company. To quote from Crowe's Cavalcade, "Though

trusting and kind with those whom he admitted to his confidence, Michael Angelo was occasionally stern and irritable, shy of superficial company, and fond of solitude. His aversion to Raphael and his disciples was almost instinctive. Of masculine build, disfigured in face (by Torregiano's cruel blow), usually in black, he was ever, in externals, the very converse of his rival. He sometimes met the gay and handsome Raphael and his young disciples trooping up the staircase of the Vatican, and, in his gruff way, he would compare the sprightly band to that of the head bailiff and his myrmidons going to capture a prisoner. "I thought it was the *bargello*," he growled; but Raphael pretended to shrink, and cried, "There's the executioner!"

The solemnity and moral grandeur of the sublime artist overawed the most powerful. Sebastian da Piombo thus writes from the Papal court to Michael Angelo at Florence:—"On my conscience, Bastiano," said the Pope (Julius II.), "I do not like what they are doing. I must have something good, or all shall be erased, and the hall painted in diaper." I replied that with your help I should have courage to perform miracles, upon which he answered, "Of that I have no doubt; you have all learnt of him; but Michael Angelo is an awful man, and hard to deal with, as you know." I said that your awfulness did no harm to any one, and that you only seemed so from the great work you had in hand."

About the time of his father's death, Michael Angelo met with Vittoria Colonna, Marchioness de Pescara, the theme of poets, worshipped no less for her beauty than her genius. This widowed marchioness, as Adolphus Trollope remarks in his "Decade of Italian Women," is interesting to the historical student of the sixteenth cen-

ture, as a *Protestant*. In her poems we come upon more than one Protestant sentiment, as, for example, in the following conclusion to one of the sonnets, wherein she shuns the confessional:—

“Confiding in his just and gentle
 sway,
We should not dare, like Adam and his
 wife,
On others our weight of sin to lay:
But with new-kindled hope and un-
 feigned grief,
Passing by priestly robes, lay bare
 within,
To Him alone—the secret of our sin.”

In this same volume, from which (with a slight alteration of the third line) we have taken the above translation, there is a likeness of Vittoria Colonna “from an original painting in the Colonna Gallery at Rome.” The portrait fully justifies the praises bestowed on her beauty. We read that her features were regular, and her hair of “that golden tint Titian loved to paint.” At the time of her meeting with Michael Angelo she had been a widow for eleven years, having lost her husband when she was thirty-five. In Grimm’s “Life of Michael Angelo,” there is an extract from the journal or letters of a Dutch miniature painter known as Francesca d’Ollanda, in which he describes, somewhat fancifully perhaps, a Sunday evening spent at the house of Signor Tolmei in company with Vittoria Colonna, Michael Angelo, and Fra Ambrosio, supposed by Grimm to be the eloquent monk, Occhino. “Vittoria Colonna,” he says, “is one of the noblest and most famous women in Italy and in the whole world. She is beautiful, pure in conduct, and acquainted with the Latin tongue. . . . Weary of the brilliant life which she formerly led, she has quite devoted herself, since the death of her husband, to

thoughts on Christ and to study. She supports the needy of her sex, and stands forth as a model of genuine Catholic piety.”

This fair and highly-cultured marchioness, to whom Ariosto wrote verses, who was honoured by the Emperor Charles V., valued as an intellectual power by Clement VII., who forbade her to take the veil, and highly prized by Paul III., who had known her from her girlhood, was in friendship with the best and the greatest men in Italy. Among those most intimate with her, she counted the Cardinals Pole, Contarini, Piero Caraffa, and others; and she was sincerely respected by the renowned Fra Occhino. This monk, known to the students of ecclesiastical history as Fra Bernadino of Siena, who “could have moved the very stones by his eloquence,” was a fervent advocate of a “reformation compatible with a papacy.” Singled out as dangerous by the authorities of the Inquisition, he fled to England, where Cranmer received him with cordial hospitality. In Le Neve’s *Fasti* his name appears among the prebends of Canterbury as “Bernadinus Occhinus, presented May 9, 1548.”

It was long after Michael Angelo had forsworn all earthly friendships that, in the evening of his life, he met with Vittoria Colonna, whose devotional elevation of sentiment, condescending courtesy, grace, beauty, and nobleness, in addition to the genuine worth of her character and lustre of her deeds, so forcibly attracted him that gradually he submitted to be bound by the fetters of an intellectual, and, as Harford, in his “Life of Michael Angelo,” styles it, a “religious friendship”—a friendship profound and true enough to satisfy his high demands.

The later sonnets of Michael

Angelo, written after he knew Vittoria Colonna, and onwards, to the end, Harford compares to the "Confessions of St. Augustine." The following, among his last, has been thus translated by Hartley Coleridge:—

"Not that my hand could make of
stubborn stone
Whate'er of God's the shaping thought
conceives,
Not that my skill by pictured lines
hath shown
All terrors that the guilty soul believes:
Not that my heart by blended light and
shade
Expressed the world as it was newly
made:
Not that my verse profoundest truth
could teach
In the soft accents of a lover's speech:
Not that I rear'd a temple for mankind,
To meet and pray in, borne by every
wind—
Affords me peace, I count my gain but
loss
For that vast love that hangs upon the
Cross"

Vittoria Colonna, the friend of Michael Angelo for more than ten years, died in 1547, in her fifty-seventh year. In her last moments he stood by her side, and when she was dead, raised her hand to his lips, kissing it with great reverence. To Condivi, who tells us her death so affected his master that he was almost insensible for a time, he said, years afterwards, he "never repented of anything so much as that he kissed only her hand, and not her cheeks and forehead also." Vittoria Colonna, who spent the last years of her life with the nuns of *Santa Anna dei Funari*, desired that she might be buried as humbly as they; thus it is that her place of rest is not known. The following sonnet by Michael Angelo, translated by Wordsworth, is supposed to have been addressed to Vittoria Colonna:—

"Rapt above earth by power of one fair
face,
Here in whose sway alone my heart
delights
To mingle with the blest on those pure
heights,
Where Man, yet mortal, rarely finds a
place
With Him who made the work, that
work accords
So well, that by his help and through
his grace
I raise my thoughts, inform my deeds
and words
Clasping her beauty in my soul's
embrace.
Thus, if from two fair eyes mine
cannot turn,
I feel how in their presence doth abide
Light which to God is both the way and
guide,
And, kindling at this lustre, if I burn,
My noble fire emits the joyful ray
That through the realms of glory
shines for aye."

The poems of Vittoria Colonna, much read in Italy, ran through five editions in ten years. She was accustomed to send Michael Angelo everything she wrote. He also received from her a volume of her poems, on which occasion it is supposed that he addressed his sonnet beginning—

"Not all unworthy of the boundless
grace
Which thou, most noble lady, hast be-
stowed,
I fain at first would pay the debt I
owed,
And some small gift for thy acceptance
place."

Grimm gives a letter of hers written to Michael Angelo, in which she addresses him thus: "Unique Master Michael Angelo, and my most especial friend." (*Unco maestro Michel-agnolo e mio singularissimo amico*)

Soon after her death, he was appointed architect of St. Peter's. At this colossal work, Michael Angelo, the "only man who could imagine the colossal in a colossal

way," laboured for seventeen years, refusing any salary, working, as he said, "in the service, and for the glory, of God." On the death of Paul III., great efforts were made by rivals to supplant him in the favour of the new Pope; but Julius III. loved him; it was he who persuaded Condivi to write his life. He never opposed the veteran architect, and consulted him in all matters of art. In 1553 Julius died, much to the sorrow of Michael Angelo, the remainder of whose life was overclouded by anxieties arising from the intrigues of his enemies.

There is a grandeur in the melancholy of Michael Angelo's ways, of his conversation, and of his writings, as he drew near the end of his journey. After the death of his faithful servant Urbino, whom, in his last illness, he had tenderly nursed day and night, he journeyed to Spoleto, there to mingle for awhile with the hermits. On his return he wrote to Vasari: "I have had great inconveniences and expenses, but great enjoyment also, in my visit to the hermits of the mountains. I have left more than half my soul there, for truly there is no peace but in the woods." Again he writes: "I am old now, and death has robbed me of the thoughts of youth; and he who does not know what old age is, let him have patience till it comes, and he will then understand it well."

He dined alone and lived moderately, often forgetting to take the spare nourishment of bread and wine which sufficed when he was hard at work. The last sculpture on which he was engaged was the "Dead Christ" in the lap of the Virgin, Joseph of Arimathea standing by her side. This, which he left unfinished because of a flaw in the marble, was placed in the church of Santa Maria del Fiore, with the inscription that it was the

last work of Michael Angelo. Often at midnight, when sleepless, he would rise and work at this solemn group. Vasari, visiting him late one night, found him thus employed. Lifting the lantern, it fell. Michael Angelo, calling for another light, said to Vasari:—

"I am so old that death often pulls me by the sleeve to come with him, and some day I shall fall down like this lantern, and my last spark of life will be extinguished."

A friend once, speaking of death, said to him that he must needs speak of it with regret.

"By no means," replied Michael Angelo, "for if life be a pleasure, yet since death also is sent by the hand of the same Master, neither should that displease us."

Michael Angelo died at his house in Rome, on February 17, 1563, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon.

In a memoir published as the first article in the *Archæological Journal* for 1875, we find an account of a wax model of a portrait of Michael Angelo, supposed to be a contemporary one taken by his friend Leo Leone ("Il Cavaliere Aretino"). The hon. secretary of the Royal Archæological Institute, in a letter to the editor of the *Times*, which appeared on September 16, 1875, says: "No more than seven portraits of Michael Angelo are known to exist, which can be considered authentic, and Englishmen may be proud to know, and the world glad to hear, that the original of one of these portraits—that on Leone's medal—is in private hands in this country, and that it has the highest claims to be considered a contemporary work." In the memoir above mentioned, not only is there a history of this medallion-portrait, but an examination of the claims of other portraits of the great master. The writer, after reminding us that Vasari

alludes to the portraits taken by Leo Leone as excellent, that he was much patronized by Charles V., the Duke of Alva, and others, that he was for some time Master of the Mint at Milan, and that the date of his death was 1591, concludes thus: "There is no reason for discrediting the supposition that the wax portrait of Michael Angelo now under our consideration may have been fixed into its present framing, and the inscription written at the back, by Leo Leone's own hand, to preserve from injury this precious record of his friendship with the

great 'Maestro.'" This portrait is now to be seen at the South Kensington Museum, where it has lately been placed.

For a descriptive catalogue of the works of Michael Angelo in sculpture, painting, and architecture, we refer our readers to the "Story of Michael Angelo," by Charles Christopher Black, where there is also a "chronological arrangement of the principal events of his life," as well as a list of the successive Popes under whose rule he lived.

M. G. M.

IRELAND'S WORTHIES.

A VISION.

"*In Memoriam*," January 6, 1876

I.

I dream'd, and heard a low and solemn sound,
Not mournful yet, like fading autumn-flowers,
Recalling summer-days and gladness past.

It was "All Hail's" toll that sound I knew
Which often in life's spring-time summoned me
With its deep tones from morning slumbers light
To early duties, or to classic lore,
Where young aspirants to the laurelless crowns
Which "Alma Mater" gave to such athletes might.
O! Hail! I thought, when rolling years gone by
Have shed their whitening autumn blossoms o'er
A care-mark'd brow, I never hear thee toll
With thy old memories, solemn-sad though sweet.

I dreamed and listened : through the vista dim
Of cloudy time, I saw a pale-faced youth,
In meditative mood, pacing the sward
Which spread around the courts of "Trinity,"
Compassed with bowering trees. Still tolled the bell,
As his feet dubious to those portals turned
Which to the arena led, where students sate,
While Fellows praised or chode.

A garret next,
High raised above that college court, and lit
By taper dimly flickering, met my view.
It is the same,—that high-browed student wrapt
In thoughtful trance. Loose round his strong-knit frame
Hang garments all neglected ; yet the light
Of genius flashes from that lustrous eye
With sudden gleam. He rises ; lays aside
The volume which his ample hand had grasped,
And paces to his garret-casement. There
He stands and muses, statue-like and still.
Poor boy ! Thy heart is in that village-home.
Late thy loved dwelling. There no city-smoke,
No crowd of heartless strangers marred thy peace
Or paled thy cheek. Here, like a prisoned bird
That beats its cage-wires with a wounded breast,
Thy spirit chafes and pines, while those who gall
And curb thy young aspirings know thee not.
Yet shalt thou soar, like song-bird to the air,
Its prison left behind.

The early dawn
Has lighted court and hall, and brick-built square.
He ponders ; from his finger draws a ring,
Graceful by one sparkling gem, which from his home
Had come with him, the gift of early friend
Or pledge of some young love, and with it writes
OLIVER GOLDSMITH on the yielding pane ;
Then down the darkling staircase takes his way
Into the world beyond.

My dream proceeds ;
And amidst Alpine heights, where tinted snows,
Blushing with roseate dawn, and heights untrod
By foot of earth, kindle high thoughts of heaven
And wake the memories of other days.
I see a travel-worn and weary wight,
With knapsack by his side, sit down to rest
His toiling limbs. Again, that kindling eye
Reveals a palace of great thoughts within,
Where throbs a brain, pensive, though muse-inspired.

Ah ! sad that smile, and yet divinely bright
 Which clothes these speaking features, as his hand
 Indites a message couched in loving words
 To loved ones in the distant island-home,
 And chief to one whose early counsels led
 Heavenward his wayward youthful thoughts. 'Tis done ;
 He rises, and adown the snow-clad path,
 Where icebergs, and the thundering avalanche,
 Preach awe and danger to the plains below,
 Sunlit and lovely, he pursues his way
 Till lost in distance. Yet methinks I hear
 A sound of mellow flute, which from the lip
 Of that strange TRAVELLER attracts the ear
 Of genial Alpine peasant, and procures
 Welcome and shelter, as he journeys on.

Once more I see the pilgrim of the Alps,
 Student and sage, poet, philosopher,
 Whose wisdom not the halls of science taught,
 Though there he trod : but Nature's self, whose child,
 Goldsmith, thou wert. Where is thy dwelling now ?
 What thy pursuit ? Ah ! haggard, worn, and sad
 That brow ! It is the city's mingled hum—
 That multitudinous sound which ceases never—
 Rising around. And thou art clad and housed
 Like to the sons of want, yet round thee lie
 Whole volumes, fruit of thy still-teeming thoughts,
 Which to succeeding ages shall send down
 Thy name with mingled love and well-won fame.

Thus pitying as I gazed, within my dream
 A whisper seemed to say : " Soon shall he rest
 Alone with God : rocked to his last deep sleep
 By sorrow, 'neath the shade of genius, vast
 And strangely lavished—Calm and deep that sleep,
 Though in the heart of mighty London, where
 Her nameless thousands lay them down to die."

II.

Still slumber sleeps each shrouded sense, and still
 Visions, like those which over the sightless eyes
 Of Græcia's primal bard their shadows cast,
 Or those which Maro gazed on, as they left
 The ivory gate, rise to my wond'ring view.

It is the Hall where Britain's senate sits
 In state august. Those walls have echoed back
 The lofty perorics and the burning words
 Of many a gifted orator and sage
 Chatham, and Bellingbrooke, and Walpole, here
 Have swayed a nation's council, as the wind
 Bends back the forest trees, or lays the ears
 Of full ripe corn in waves along the field.

'Tis stern and high debate. The burning torch,
Kindled in hell, and waving wild from Gaul,
With lurid conflagration following,
Glares meteor-like o'er England. On the shores
That face Britannia's cliffs, the myrmidons
Of God-denying, Christ-blaspheming France,
Like bloodhounds in the leash, with glaring eyes,
And hands all red from slaughter, stand and wait
To hurl the tide of infidelity,
Wild war, and ravine, 'gainst the sea-girt Isle
Where law and order and religion reign.
The nation stands aghast. Peasant and peer
Cower 'neath a nameless terror, fearing that
Which, still unknown, looms terrible athwart
A gulf of chaos, groans, and tears and blood.

And, in that Senate house, a voice I hear
Majestic, philosophic, calm, yet graced
With eloquence that well may seem of more
Than mortal kind. I see a form inflate
With genius, which not earthly power alone
Doth render noble. From those parted lips
Flow words that rival, in their wond'rous power,
The wisdom of the skies. And at those words
That Senate rises to the dignity
Of earth's most noble council chamber. Hark!
A shout, that from the lofty roof o'erhead
Reverberating, thrills through all the land,
Proclaiming that the Liberty, the Throne,
The Faith of Britain, have survived the shock
Of godless Gallia's onslaught. Backward rolls
The tide of revolution; backward reels
The rabble rout, delighting in the sound
Of tumbrill carting to the guillotine
Its pallid victims. England is awake—
Her lion roused. Her sons have chased from off
Their country's breast the nightmare, and the call
Of freedom and of faith rings through the land
With vigour newly waked.

And whose the voice
Thus raised to bring his country back to life
And liberty from threatened death and woe?
Thine, EDMUND BURKE; thine, Erin's gifted son.
Thou sleepest where the gifted and the great
Of Britain's worthies sleep. Still, the "Green Isle"
Gave birth to thee: and where the fountain flowed—
Still flows—of science, holy, pure and free,
Thy youth drank in those lessons which mature,
Thou gavest to a realm that paused and blessed
The tongue that spake, the heart that beat as thine.

III.

Still dreams flit by. Another! ere the light
Of dawning day awakes to real life;
Real, and yet those images of night
Are passing true, and their dim lessons fraught
With pleasure strange, and whilome e'en more true
Than life's realities.

A form I see

Instinct with all the fervour which a cause
Felt to be good and true can lend. Again
Britain's proud Senate listens, as he pleads
The cause of liberty. He claims that all
Who tread our islands, by whatever name
Enrolled as citizens, whatever creed
May symbolize their faith, shall equal be
As free-born men and brethren. None at home,
As none abroad, where Britain's flag unfurled
Proclaims the doom of slavery, shall be slaves.

This, GRATTAN, was thy creed. The patriotism
That kindled in thy breast was all as pure
As ever lamp which erst in ancient Rome
Burned in the vestal's shrine. Thy faith sincere,
Purged of debasing superstition's dross,
Shone constant with the steady light which Truth
Sheds o'er the path where conscience treads secure.
Thy love was for thy country and thy kind,
All wide-embracing, while a nation's voice
Proclaimed thee wise and good.

And now, where stands,

In all its gorgeousness of pride and place,
Westminster's Palace, whose fair frescoed walls
Surround the statues of the mighty dead,
Whose voices erst were breathless hearkened to,
Proclaiming mighty truths and urging deeds
As noble, there thy breathing marble stands,
Just tribute to a life and genius rare,
Spent in the service of the land he loved.

IV.

Awaked, I saw a nation gathered in
The heart of its chief city. Cheering crowds,
The pomp of civic state, high titled peers,
Within whose veins the blood of centuries
Ennobling ran,—the peasant from his farm,
The merchant from his mart, the barrister,
Physician, student, clerk,—all grades were there,
With maid and matron, youths and children fair,
Assembled for a nation's gala day.

'Twas winter ; but a gleam of sunlight lent
Its radiance to the scene below, where stood
A figure veiled, which late the sculptor's hand
Had moulded with such matchless power of art,
Love-fraught and pure, that nought save breath appeared
Wanting to render it instinct with life.
Ah ! 'twas an Irish hand, an Irish heart,
Thine, FOLKY, that ere it had ceased to beat,
Gave GRATTAN's semblance back to second life.
And there it stands ! Well-chosen is the spot.
There stand beside thee, too, thy great compeers ;
Sons of thine Alma also, proud to claim
'Their parentage, and place their statues where
They grace her portals, pointing to her sons
Of after years the path to fame. They stand,
Immortal bard and sage—Goldsmith and Burke.

The covering falls, the statue stands revealed,
The triad is complete. With uplift hand
And thrilling voice, Grattan once more appears
To wake the echoes of that Senate house
Which stood of old where now his semblance stands.

Day, worthy of a nation, sleeping late,
In drowsy listlessness of her own sons,
Who trod the upward path, and gave her name
Illustrious to ages yet unborn.
The nation is awake. Once and again
Rises the shout triumphant, not a cloud
Of party-feud, sectarian strife, ill-will,
Appears to mar the brightness of the hour
That binds in one the bravest and the best,
The fairest daughters and the noblest sons
Of Erin met to render tribute due
To her great dead. So may the living learn
The lesson taught on this auspicious day—
That where true greatness, true nobility,
True love of country live, this Isle can still
Be one in heart and voice to honour these,
As only real worth should honoured be.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 28.

SIR GARNET JOSEPH WOLSELEY, K.C.B., G.C.M.G.

THE family of Wolseley is of great antiquity in Staffordshire. In Erdswick's survey of the county, edited by Harwood, there is a pedigree of Wolseley of Wolseley, which commences with the statement that "The family have resided at this place and upon the same site for a considerable period prior to the Norman Conquest, and are beyond all doubt the most ancient among the very ancient families of this county;" and a pedigree is given to that date from Edric de Wholesley, who held large possessions in the county in King Edward the Confessor's time.

So numerous were the tribes of the ancient Britons that it is difficult to predicate with certainty the nationality of any family settled in England prior to the Norman Conquest; but it may be asserted, with a great show of reason, that the Wolseleys are amongst the Danish portion of the inhabitants who settled in that part of England, probably many centuries before the period allotted to them in the apocryphal *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*; for at this day, and certainly in very early times, the family bear the national ensign of the Danes; both in their coat-of-arms and crest they exhibit the wolf of Benjamin; and in their motto they adopt the very words which his tribe may have used, "*Homo homini lupus*." The ancient arms of Wolesley were argent a wolf-dog passant gules; crest out of a ducal crown or, a wolf-dog's head erased proper, the wolf-dog in these proper days having become a talbot.

About the time of the Conquest, Eadricht de Wholesley (though his very name reminds one somewhat of the wolf, he must have been a pious man) gave lands to Blethebury church, and his son Remerius, with the consent of his lord, Robert de Stafford, and Avina his wife, and others (for several Norman lords appeared by this time to have acquired feudal rights over the old Danish family) gave for perpetual alms the lands of Gausley to the Holy Nuns of Blethebury.

In the reign of Henry III. the name became spelt as it is at this day. Ralf Wolseley, eighth in lineal descent from Edric, was a baron of the Exchequer temp. Edward IV.; and by Margaret, daughter of Sir Robert Ashton, Kt., of Heywood, he had one son, who, by Ann, daughter of George Stanley of Bromwich, county of Stafford, had, amongst other issue, Anthony, who married Margaret, daughter of William Blythe, of Norton, in the county of Derby, by whom he had Erasmus, who married



DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE 1876

WOODBURY MECHANICAL PROCESS

Very faithfully Yours
J. M. Miley

Cassandra, daughter of Sir Thomas Gifford, of Crillington, in the county of Stafford, Kt.; his eldest son, Sir Thomas Wolseley, Kt., by Ann, daughter of Humphrey Wolseley, had issue Ralf Wolseley of Thugborough, who married Joyce, daughter and heiress of John Salway, of Standford, and who had issue John Wolseley, of Stafford, who married Isabella, daughter of John Porter, of Chillington, in the county of Stafford, and had, amongst other issue, Robert, who was clerk of the King's letters patent, and who was advanced to the dignity of a baronet by Charles I. He married Mary, daughter of Sir Charles Wroughton, Bart., of Wilcot, in the county of Wilts, and, amongst other issue had Charles, his successor, Colonel William Wolseley, who accompanied King William III. to Ireland, and commanded the Inniskillen men at the memorable battle of the Boyne. The success of that day was, in a great measure, owing to the gallantry and bravery of these men, which King William acknowledged in a speech made to them on the spot; whereupon Colonel Wolseley was appointed a Brigadier, and obtained the command of a regiment of horse of a thousand men, and he was made Master of the Ordnance, Privy Councillor, and one of the Lord Justices of Ireland.

The eldest son, Sir Charles Wolseley, the second baronet, married Ann, daughter of the Viscount Say and Sele, the friend of Pym, Hampden, and Cromwell, and, through this marriage, doubtless, he allied himself to the party to which these families belonged; his eldest son, Robert, was one of Cromwell's Lords of Parliament, and from his fifth son, Richard, who was a captain in the service of King William III., Sir Garnet is descended.

This gentleman had three sons; the eldest, Sir William, who succeeded to his grandfather's baronetcy, and in whose line it still continues, Robert, the father of Admiral William Wolseley, and Richard, who was created a baronet of Ireland, 19th January, 1774. He married Alice, daughter of Sir Thomas Molyneux, by whom he had Sir Richard, in whose line the baronetcy still continues, and a younger son, William, who was a captain in the 8th Hussars, in which regiment he served on the Continent. Subsequently this gentleman retired from the service and became rector of the parish of Pully Corbet, county Monaghan. His son, Major Garnet Joseph Wolseley of the 25th regiment, married Frances Ann, daughter of William Smith, of Golden Bridge House, county Dublin, and had issue Garnet Joseph, the subject of this memoir, who was born in 1833, and is consequently still in the very prime of life, and let us hope with years of usefulness to his country still before him.

Thus we see that, although on his father's side Sir Garnet is of English or Danish blood, through his mother he is a Celt; and thus England as well as Ireland have a right to call him her son, and to claim him as a true scion of the Celtic race.

Garnet Wolseley was appointed ensign in the 80th regiment on 12th March, 1852, and before many months were over he joined the expeditionary army in what is known as the Second Burmese war, and which, under Sir John Cheape, did good service in helping to wipe out the stain of the disaster of Donoben.

His regiment formed part of the storming party at Naying Gounlyd, and hot work had the gallant little army to go through. In the course of that severe action, writes the general: "Finding the right wing much weakened from the loss they had sustained, and the number of men it was necessary to employ as skirmishers on the banks of the

Nullah, for the purpose of keeping down the enemy's fire, I ordered a reinforcement from the left wing; they were joined by the men of the right wing that had been collected by Major Holdich, and who were led by Ensign Wolseley, and the whole advanced in a manner that nothing could check. The fire was severe, and I am grieved to say that gallant young officer, Lieutenant Tayler, 9th Madras Native Infantry, doing duty with Her Majesty's 5th Light Infantry, fell mortally wounded. Ensign Wolseley, of Her Majesty's 80th regiment, was also struck down, as well as many other gallant soldiers, but the breastwork was at once carried, and the enemy fled in confusion, the few who stood being shot or bayoneted on the entrance of our men."

Colonel Lowe, in his valuable and very interesting memoir of Sir Garnet Wolseley, which appeared in the *United Service Magazine* for 1874-5, gives further details of this affair, from which it appears that young Wolseley had volunteered from his own regiment for the dangerous service. He had already been much shaken in a previous and unsuccessful attempt at storming the position by a fall into a covered pit, technically known as a *trou de loup*—a curious circumstance, remembering his family ensign; but he gallantly responded to the call for volunteers, and offered to lead the storming party. Lieutenant Tayler, with himself, without a moment's hesitation, having collected what men they could for the second attempt, made a rush up the path leading over the breastwork, which was so narrow that but two men could advance abreast. Almost at the same moment, while well in advance of their men, and racing for the honour of being first in the enemy's works, they were both shot down, and were wounded in the same place; a large iron jingall ball struck each of them in the left thigh, tearing away the muscle and surrounding flesh. Poor Lieutenant Tayler was mortally wounded, and he bled to death before assistance could reach him; but Ensign Garnet Wolseley, though helpless on his back, staunches his own wound, and, with unabated resolution, waved his sword and cheered on his men; and though they offered to carry him to the rear, he refused, and lay there till he had the satisfaction of knowing that the position was carried.

For six months the young soldier lay, assiduously attended, and in constant danger of bleeding to death; but, thanks to sound constitution, unimpaired by youthful excesses, he gradually gained strength, and though he had to use crutches for some time after his arrival in England, no permanent injury was sustained to his general health, nor was the limb permanently affected. Thus we see that in his first field the young officer was not content with what might fall to his share, but made his opportunities; and his reward was great, for he shared with Lieutenant Tayler the chief honours of this successful attempt to storm the enemy's position.

As soon as he was sufficiently recovered to return to duty, Wolseley was posted as lieutenant to the 9th Regiment of Light Infantry, in recognition of his gallantry and the severe wound he had received, and in this distinguished corps he passed the remainder of his service as a regimental officer.

On the 19th of November, 1854, he sailed with his regiment from Dublin to join the army in the Crimea, and landed at Balaklava on the 4th of December, and immediately proceeded to the front. At first he was occupied in trench duty; but on the 1th of January, 1855, he was selected for the post of assistant engineer, and as such prepared a plan of

the position of Inkerman, including the trenches, for which he received the thanks of the general.

Whilst serving in the trenches, Garnet Wolseley obtained his company, in December, 1854; but fourteen days afterwards, the authorities, considering (so they alleged) that he was too young, being only 21½ years old, cancelled the appointment; but Sir Garnet, very naturally considering this as a slur upon his honour—and if he had died in the war before he was promoted, it might have been so regarded—in a very spirited manner wrote, demanding his reinstatement, threatening the alternative of an immediate resignation. The authorities gave way, and cancelled their act of cancellation. It turned out afterwards, that the true reason was simply discreditable; through some blunder, it was supposed at the Horse Guards that Garnet Wolseley had risen from the ranks, and hence they thought they might safely dishonour him to promote a more favoured candidate.

Captain Wolseley passed through that terrible winter in the Crimea, rendered doubly hideous through the incompetency of the War Department, without ever deserting his post; and even though wounded, so that he might have claimed a little rest, he continued to do his duty; and Colonel Lowe asserts that, during that period, he received the character of being the bravest man in the army. He relates a curious trait in his character: if he found a shell approaching him, he invariably turned his face towards it, so that, if he were killed, it might be said of him that he died with his face towards the enemy.

On the 7th of June was delivered the celebrated assault on the Quarries by our troops, and that on the Mamelon by our allies; the engineer officers who accompanied our assaulting column were Captains Brown and Wolseley, and Lieutenants Elphinstone, R.E., Lowry, R.E., and Anderson, 96th Regiment. Colonel Tylden, in his report of the engineering operations, speaks in high terms of the conduct of Captain Wolseley in forming the communication to the lodgment. Lord Raglan, by a general order of the 8th of June, thanked the officers and men engaged in the assault, and especially mentioned the name of Garnet Wolseley in his despatches as "one of the officers who distinguished themselves on this occasion." And he certainly deserved it, for again Garnet Wolseley made his opportunities. Though many officers displayed equal gallantry on that memorable day, no one was exposed for an equal length of time, or to a similar extent, to the perils incident to both a bombardment and an assault. In the ordinary course he would have rested for twenty-four hours before making the assault, but poor Captain Dawson was killed by a round shot early that day, and Captain Wolseley was ordered to take his place. He was the whole day engaged in the bombardment, which required all his energies, besides entailing that great mental wear which is incidental to any one performing his duties under such terrific fire as raged on that day. When morning came, and the hour arrived for the assault, Captain Wolseley only left the trenches to join the small band of engineer officers whose perilous duty it was to accompany the assaulting column. Colonel Lowe, in his thrilling narrative of the events of that night, says:—

"Just before daybreak, Wolseley saw a dense column of Russians, so long that they could not see the end of it, issue from out of their works, with the object of making a final dash to recover the lost quarries; and had they known the real position of affairs, they might have accomplished their purpose, tem-

porarily at least. Our soldiers were so overcome with fatigue by the night's fighting and hard work, that it was in vain the officers made the utmost efforts to rouse them from their sleep to resist the enemy. British officers have seldom failed to do their duty under the most trying circumstances, and they did not belie this characteristic of their race on this occasion. Finding their efforts useless, the officers, to the number of twenty, with some few non-commissioned officers and men, certainly not more than sixty, opened fire—the former with their pistols—on the advancing column; at the same time, the bugle sounded, and the little band shouted and cheered to their utmost capacity. Never did the famous British cheer stand in such good stead to British throats as on this occasion. The Russian soldiers, remembering the bloody repulses they had already suffered, first wavered, and finally refused to advance. Wolseley saw the officers by turns imploring and threatening them, but all in vain, they could not be induced to proceed, and the British officers redoubling their efforts, the Russians gave up the task as hopeless, and retired."

Captain Wolseley was so overpowered by his labours on this occasion—to use his own words, "the hardest day's work he ever did in his life"—that, upon being relieved, he fell down speechless outside the quarries, and lay there among a number of dead bodies, himself to all appearance being one amongst them.

The capture of these quarries was the first great success in this memorable siege, and enabled the operations to be pressed on with greater advantage. Matters proceeded but slowly, and still Garnet Wolseley stuck to his work, until, on the 22nd July, he was compelled to go into hospital. But though ordered to remain on board ship at least a fortnight, he could only be prevailed upon to remain a week, and returned to his duty little better than when he left it. He continued to do his duty nobly, till, by an adverse fate, he was wounded very severely, so that his career in the Crimea was ended, and he was unable to join in the final triumph. On the night of the 30th August, after displaying the coolest intrepidity, and doing good service under the most trying circumstances, he was struck down by the debris caused by a round shot striking a gabion full of stones; the poor fellows on either side of him were killed, and he himself was taken up for dead. "His head and body," says Colonel Lowe, "presented a shocking appearance; his features were not distinguishable as those of a human being, while blood flowed from numerous wounds, caused by the stones with which he had been struck, sharp fragments were embedded all over his face, and his left cheek had been almost cut completely away."

Many and grievous were the injuries he sustained, and his recovery must be attributable to his wonderful constitution, and a vitality that would not have carried him through but for his buoyant courage.

"So Captain Wolseley was mortified," writes Colonel Lowe, "in feeling that all his devotion and suffering had not received the reward he most coveted, that of participating in the storm of the Russian stronghold."

Thus ended nine months' services in the trenches before Sebastopol, interrupted only by a fortnight's sick leave. Captain Wolseley was, perhaps, as often on duty as any officer in the British army, and often in the post of the greatest danger. After his recovery, he joined the department of the Quartermaster-General in the Crimea, and thus remained there until the very last. Although he had been specially mentioned in despatches by Lord Raglan, and recommended for promo-

tion by Sir Harry Jones, K.C.B., Captain Wolseley did not receive the brevet-majority, to which he was fairly entitled, and he remained without any promotion from his own service. The Emperor of the French nominated him a Knight of the Legion of Honour; and the Sultan conferred upon him the 5th class of the Medjidie.

In February, 1857, Captain Wolseley embarked with his regiment for India, on board the ill-fated *Transit*, which was lost on the island of Banca, fortunately without loss of life. After landing in India, and proceeding by forced marches to Futthipore, he arrived at Cawnpore on the 27th September, which then indeed presented a desolate appearance. His first brush with the enemy was in October, when he displayed his usual coolness and intrepidity.

On the 14th of November the British army started on the momentous mission of effecting the relief of our countrymen at Lucknow, and on the following morning Wolseley again distinguished himself, by bringing up a gun, assisting with his own hands, as the enemy were retiring, to drag it to the front, through the sand, "whilst the bullets hopped off the tires like peas off a drum."

On the 17th, Captain Wolseley had again the gratification of finding his services for that day specially mentioned in the Commander-in-chief's despatch. Sir Colin Campbell having determined to storm the building called "Happy Palace," selected him to conduct the attack. By dint of hard fighting, and the loss of many brave men, he accomplished the task. Nay, more, he achieved a greater success than had been proposed to him.

An incident is related of his conduct in this affair, which gives a key to his character, and accounts for much of the power he has over his fellow-men: A private named Andrews, who had been Wolseley's servant in the Crimea, in endeavouring to show the way across a place of danger, was shot through the body from a loop-hole some five or six yards from him. Wolseley sprang out and bore him back in his arms, and whilst he was carrying him, another shot, intended for Wolseley, passed through the body of the man; nor was this act of devotion in vain, for the private still lives, and for his services and wounds has been rewarded by a grateful country with a pension of eightpence a day.

The result of Wolseley's success was that he enjoyed the singular honour of being the first to effect a junction with the garrison of Lucknow, Captain Wolseley's company first joining hands with the soldiers of his own former regiment.

It would seem that, although Captain Wolseley had been ordered to take the mess-house, he succeeded in driving the enemy out of the Motee Matreel, thus in a most important manner contributing to the success of the day. Sir Colin Campbell was at first apparently angry with the young officer for having exceeded his instructions, but he ended by congratulating him upon the courage and signal ability he had displayed, and expressed his intention of recommending him for promotion. Captain Wolseley subsequently took part in the defence of Alumbagh, and was ordered to do outpost duty at Jellalabad.

On the 6th March the 90th left Alumbagh to join the Commander-in-chief at Dilkhoosa, preparatory to the siege and second capture of Lucknow. It is pleasant to record that, after the siege, that gallant officer, Colonel William Pakenham, recommended Captain Wolseley for the Quartermaster-Generalship of the Oude Division, and in that capacity he did good service until the close of the war, when, in addition to

the ordinary honour which every man received, of the medal with two clasps, he received the brevet of a lieutenant-colonel. He was young for this honour, for he was but 26 years old the day he entered Lucknow, but never was promotion more fairly and honourably earned.

Early in October in the same year, and after only a rest of four months, Colonel Wolsley was offered a position on the staff of the expedition, in conjunction with the French, about to be despatched to the north of China.

Sir Hope Grant wished to appoint him as head of the Quartermaster-General's department, but, owing to Lord Clyde interposing another officer, he went as Deputy-Assistant Quartermaster-General, in charge of the topographical department.

Colonel Wolsley published in 1862 a most interesting account of this expedition, which he dedicated to his chief, and which deserves more notice than it is possible to give it in this article.

On the 3rd of August, the allied generals having decided upon a reconnaissance in force, a strong column, under the command of General Collinson, moved out towards the Takoo Forts. Colonel Wolsley was selected by Sir Hope Grant to accompany the force as the representative of the British head-quarters. "Throughout this war, as in India and the Crimea," writes Colonel Lowe, "Wolsley was ever to the front, and the English Commander-in-chief placed so high an estimate on his services, that whenever he decided to undertake some duty requiring tact or capacity he would always inquire, 'Where is Wolsley? send him.' In this war Wolsley's old characteristics—high courage, ready resource, and buoyant cheerfulness under difficulties—were as conspicuous as in the more arduous campaigns in the Crimea and India, while his former good fortune never deserted him."

In May, 1861, Colonel Wolsley landed in England, after an absence of rather more than four years. He was noted as a promising officer, who had claims for future employment in the event of hostilities, and was promoted to a substantive majority. As his services were not wanted he obtained eighteen months' leave of absence, but was not destined for so long a term of inactivity, as the 7th December following saw him embarked on board the *Melbourne*, with Colonel McKenzie and Colonel Lysons, selected to organize the Canadian militia.

In August, 1862, he obtained leave of absence, and spent his holiday at the seat of the great American war; but at the end of the year he was compelled to return to England to place himself under medical advice, his old Crimean wounds again giving him much trouble. He returned to Canada to resume his duties in the spring of 1863, in time for the Fenian invasion.

Colonel Wolsley performed his duties with his usual thoroughness, and his services in forming the Camp of Instruction drew from Colonel McDougall the following eulogium: "I desire to record, as strongly as possible, my sense of the ability and energy with which the immediate command of the camp was exercised by Colonel Wolsley, and to which is attributable a large share in the success of the experiment. It was a charge requiring unusually delicate management, but in Colonel Wolsley's qualifications, tact is combined with firmness, and both with an intimate knowledge of his profession in an unusual degree."

Colonel Wolsley remained in Canada until the latter end of 1867, when he returned to England, at last to obtain some recognition of his valuable

services, and in September he returned to Canada as Deputy Quartermaster-General, having in the meanwhile married Miss Erskine, who accompanied him on his return. In the following year he published his "Soldier's Pocket Book," which is considered in the army as a standard authority.

The history of this work is curious and instructive, illustrative, unfortunately, of the short-sighted economy of the authorities in matters of real necessity. In his first edition of the work, Sir Garnet states in his preface, the great want he felt during many campaigns, and particularly at the outset of his career as a soldier, of a practical and portable book upon the ordinary duties that fall to the lot of soldiers when in the presence of the enemy; the instructions to be obtained from the Queen's Regulations and the Field Exercise Book being almost exclusively intended for times of peace, and likely to lead one into difficulties if adhered to in the field.

It would seem that when Sir Richard Airey was Quartermaster-General of the army, he proposed to have a practical handbook for the staff, compiled by experienced officers of the Department, and published for the use of the army. A little money was required for the purpose, which the War Office, from false economical motives, would not allow. Sir Garnet was to have been one of those employed to write, and when the narrow policy of the War Office stopped the scheme, he persevered, and unassisted produced a work of nearly 350 closely printed pages, full of admirable practical suggestions for the guidance of the soldier when in actual warfare. Almost everything in the book is deduced from the actual experience of the writer. The work has been highly appreciated. The sound sense which characterizes it, and the admirable clearness and precision with which it is written, commended it, though not an official work, to all those who wished to study their duties thoroughly and fit themselves for their actual accomplishment.

The great superiority of Sir Garnet's teaching over the old school is, that he has had the intelligence to see, and the courage to publish, the fact that it is not sufficient for an officer to be a good drill and to know the Queen's Regulations by heart, but that he must have a knowledge of the arts by which men live, that when in the field more lives are saved by paying attention to the creature comforts of the men, by managing all matters connected with their health, their good clothing, and so forth, than by judiciously handling them in the field; that to be a thorough soldier, a knowledge of the commonest mechanics, and of the commonest household duties, is necessary. Admirable instruction is given for the making of tea and coffee, boiling vegetables, making puddings, curing sore feet and blisters in marching, and other matters of an equally common nature, but all-important though so common. On the vital question of diet, he says:—

"When marching continuously the men reach camp very hungry, and, consequently, hurry on their cooking as much as possible; the result is, that their dinners are generally indifferent, as there is not time to make good soup. Officers commanding regiments would do well to have all bones and scraps of meat, remaining after the men have had their dinners, collected and put down to simmer together with some small portion of the ration reserved for that purpose, so that all should have a good basin of soup at about four or five in the afternoon. The ration of meat might, in fact, be increased a quarter of a pound with great advantage whilst the men are doing hard work, the best

fleshy parts used at dinner, and the bony portions reserved for the evening soup.

"Diet is now a science, and the recent discoveries in it have had the effect of removing the old, stupid, and, I may say, cruel notions of regarding the system for training either men or horses. The appetite of men taken from quarters, placed under canvas, and marched daily, increases considerably for the first few days. Meat that would be indigestible, from toughness, whilst living in barracks, is eaten with appetite in the field. 1½ lb. of fresh meat (bone included) is by no means a large ration for men while marching continuously. A man of average size and activity will, under ordinary conditions of moderate work, take in twenty-four hours $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{6}$ of his own weight in solid and liquid food, the solid being to the liquid as 1 to 2. The daily ration should be varied as often as possible, for men tire of the same food day after day. The greatest possible variety ought also to be made in the mode of cooking it.

"Give your men as little spirits as possible: tea and coffee are much more sustaining, and are more portable. If in countries where light wines are plentiful, induce your men to drink them, nothing beyond fifteen per cent. alcohol being used: they are good anti-scorbutics, and scurvy is the one great disease to guard against in war. The old superstition that grog is a good thing for men before, during, or after a march, has been proved by the scientific men of all nations to be a fallacy, and is only still maintained by men who mistake the cravings arising solely from habit for the promptings of nature. It is the commonest thing to see men, when travelling at home, taking brandy to keep themselves warm. It is an ascertained fact that alcohol of any sort reduces, instead of increases, the temperature of the body.

"The use of spirits in cold weather has been well tested during the various Polar expeditions, the medical officers of which all condemn it as a preventive against cold. No men require greater endurance than the trappers of North America, and none do a greater amount of hard physical work than the voyageurs and lumbermen there, none of whom drink spirits when in the woods: tea being their constant beverage. Our armies in Kaffraria had no spirits issued to them, as a rule, and no army in the field was ever more healthy if any other was as free from sickness. Our experience in the Indian mutiny also carries out this theory: for months, in some places, our men were entirely cut off from all liquor, and they were healthier than when, subsequently, it was issued to them as a ration.

"By increasing the allowance of tea, and abolishing that of rum, you diminish the supplies to be carried to a great extent, whilst you add to the health and efficiency of your men. Their discipline will improve as their moral tone is raised, engendering a manly cheerfulness that spirit-drinking armies know nothing of. No men have ever done harder work than was performed by the troops employed upon the Red River Expedition. No spirits of any sort were issued to them, but they had, practically, as much of good tea as they could drink. This was, I may say, unknown amongst them.

The use of rum has been so long the custom in our armies, that it is difficult now to discontinue it. It can only be effected by a cheerful co-operation on the part of the officers. If the men do not receive rum, and have not the means of buying it, the use of wine in camp by officers should be given up. It is humbling for an officer to lecture men about drinking, advising them against the use of spirits, and then go to his tent to be merry over a bottle of sherry. Wine with the officers holds the place of rum with the private, and although the bottle of wine may do the former no harm, he ought cheerfully to go without his luxury when he compels those under his orders to forego theirs, feeling that his conduct as far as the good of the service should amply compensate him for the privation. As the allowance of baggage to which officers are entitled has now been reduced to a minimum, they will not have power to carry about luxuries, such as wine, with them.

The point of this lecture on drink-drinking gives the secret of Sir

Garnet Wolseley's success in life—in all things thoroughness. If the thing is right do it; and if it be necessary to advise others to do that which is unpleasant to them, share with them in the privation. This spirit of kindness is irresistible to frank-hearted men like soldiers; with such a chief they would share any privations, and overcome any possible difficulty.

This book was followed by a new publication of a "Field Pocket-Book for the Auxiliary Forces," which has obtained an equally high reputation, and, like the former, is a standard work.

In 1870, the troubles on the Red River, Canada, became of so pressing a nature, that the Dominion Government, with the consent of the Home Colonial Office, determined to send an expedition, and the supreme command was, by the consensus of public opinion, vested in Colonel Wolseley; for the first time he was entrusted with supreme command. The object of the expedition was to set matters right in that distant and half-civilized neighbourhood. Somehow the Government had so muddled matters, that the French portion of the inhabitants, as well as the Indians and half-breeds, were in actual rebellion, the immediate cause being a rather high-handed transfer of the powers and authorities of the Hudson's Bay Company to the Crown of England, and a grant by the Crown to the Confederation of the North American Provinces. General indignation had been roused in Canada by the murder in cold blood of a man named Scott by these rebels, acting apparently as a court-martial; and it was determined to send an expedition to restore the Queen's authority, and to punish the murderers.

The appointment of Sir Garnet Wolseley to conduct this expedition was hailed throughout Canada with enthusiasm.

The force employed consisted of 1,200 men, including a detachment of Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers, and they had to be transported a distance of 600 miles through a country nearly uninhabited, and chiefly consisting of wild swamps. Altogether there were forty-seven portages, a word applied to the breaks in the navigation between two lakes or between a river and a lake, over which everything had to be carried on men's backs. These varied in length from 20 yards to one and a half miles. Colonel Lowe writes: "Considering all the enormous natural obstacles to the transport of stores and warlike materials, Colonel Wolseley exhibited throughout the expedition a patience, energy, and forethought that stamp him as a true leader of men. Often during the long and weary march the spirits of his officers and men were seriously affected by the difficulties of the route, and more than once it was anticipated by all that the expedition would have to be abandoned; but, as we were told by an officer who accompanied Colonel Wolseley, who had the best opportunity of judging of his temper and intentions, throughout the expedition he alone never lost heart, but was always cheerful and confident, and bent on pushing on. A difficulty occurred when the expedition had reached some thirty-one miles out of forty-six between Thunder Bay and Shebandowan Lake; the road which ought to have been completed there suddenly terminated, and thirteen miles over a hilly and thickly-wooded country remained to be cleared. Colonel Wolseley immediately organized a strong gang of men to complete it, but the heavy rains which fell, and the want of proper materials still delayed the work, and there was not wanting some who laughed at the idea of the force reaching Fort Garry so as to return

by September. Colonel Wolseley fortunately found means to relieve the transport, by passing boats up the Kaministiquia and Matawan rivers, although he had been advised that this was wholly impracticable, of course by experienced persons.

The weather was wretched in the extreme, but the health of the troops was excellent, Colonel Wolseley having strictly prohibited the sale of spirits in the camp, and except medicinally, the use of them throughout the army. The progress in the road-making was so unsatisfactory, that a fresh plan was resorted to, and at a certain stage a branch road was made to the river, from whence the stores were transported.

Some idea of the work to be performed may be gathered from the description given by Colonel Lowe. He says: "For the nonce the gallant fellows of the 60th Rifles were turned into labourers, and the costume of the officers and men did not belie the novel character then assumed, the only garments in which all ranks of one of Her Majesty's crack regiments clothed their upper man, was a flannel shirt with breast pocket for handkerchief, while uniform trousers with Canadian moccasins and a felt helmet completed the costume. The officers were going up and down the river with boats, wearing the sleeves of their shirts tucked up, with their arms as black as negroes, some having their shirts open, with the breast exposed.

The 16th of July saw the departure from Prince Arthur's Landing of the first portion of the troops, and by the 1st of August, the time originally proposed, the whole of the expedition was on the march. As the last brigade left the camp, the leading brigades had reached Bare Portage, 150 miles ahead, the others being scattered along the route, Colonel Wolseley himself going from one detachment to another, keeping all as well as possible under his control should occasion arise for concentration. One of the chief difficulties was in hauling the boats up steep inclines 100 feet in length, which was done by harnessing 40 or 50 men to a boat.

After surmounting great difficulties, on the 24th of August the expedition reached Fort Garry without the loss of a man, and found it evacuated, the rebel chief, Riel, being too wary to give battle. A very short time was sufficient to enable Colonel Wolseley to reinstate the Governor and to settle the government, and the expedition returned without the loss of a single man. The regulation enforced by Colonel Wolseley to prevent dram-drinking was one of the chief elements of this success, and that it was cheerfully complied with arises from the fact that he himself set the example of abstinence; only one bottle of whisky was carried in his own canoe, and on the return journey, when all danger was past, it was proposed to breach it. "No!" replied Wolseley, "I have promised it to Kane," his soldier-servant of the 60th Rifles; and, needless to say, the Colonel kept his word and Kane obtained the bottle, which had journeyed some 1,200 miles in his master's canoe.

On his return the Governor of Manitoba thus wrote to him:—

"I take the earliest opportunity in my power to congratulate you on the magnificent success of the expedition under your command. I can judge of the work you have done better from having seen for myself the places and obstacles that had to be met and overcome—obstacles which, I assure you, I could not have imagined.

General Landay reported to the War Office, on the return of the ex-

pedition, that "with the exception of one man left at Fort Garry with inflammation of the lungs, the regular force returned to Canada with no sick, and with no casualty by drowning or any other description."

Upon the return of Colonel Wolseley to England, he received the thanks of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge for the successful results of the expedition. General Lindsay thus wrote to the Home Government :—

"The mainspring of the whole movement was the commander, Colonel Wolseley, who has shown throughout great professional ability. He has the facility of organization and resource in difficulty. He has served in many campaigns with distinction, and in this expedition he has shown great aptitude for command. His advance upon Fort Garry itself was conducted with skill and prudence, and his proceedings there, in abstaining from all interference with civil affairs himself, seem to me to have been eminently judicious.

"I hardly think it possible to overrate the advantage Her Majesty's Government and Canada have derived from the employment upon this delicate, as well as arduous, service of an officer of Colonel Wolseley's attainments, character, and discretion. I have esteemed myself very fortunate in having such an instrument in my hand to carry out your orders with respect to the Red River Expedition. I, therefore, confidently recommend Colonel Wolseley to the gracious favour of Her Majesty."

As a reward Colonel Wolseley was gazetted a Companion of the Bath, and he became Sir Garnet Joseph Wolseley, Knight Commander of the most distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George; but no solid reward was bestowed upon him, and even after his return from Ashantee his professional remuneration was the poor pittance of £425 per annum.

On the 1st of May, 1871, after having been six months on the Half-pay List, Sir Garnet was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General, Discipline Branch, at the Horse Guards. It was whilst so employed that Sir Garnet competed for the Wellington Prize, and the duties of this office no doubt prevented him from paying the proper amount of attention to the subject. The Prize was won by Lieutenant T. F. Maurice, R.A., son of the late lamented Professor Maurice, and when Sir Garnet was selecting his staff for the Ashantee War, he offered the appointment of Military Secretary to his successful rival, but finding that his rank was not sufficient for such a post, he appointed Lieutenant Maurice his private secretary.

During the Autumn Manœuvres of 1871, Sir Garnet held the post of Chief of the Staff of Sir Charles Staveley, and in the following year he served as Assistant Adjutant-General on the staff of the Southern Army. He was also about this time a member of the Committee for the Reorganization of the Army, and frequently wrote minutes on various military questions, at the request of H.R.H. the Commander-in-chief and Mr. Cardwell, the Secretary of State for War.

We have now arrived at the great achievement of Sir Garnet—his conquest of Ashantee. Except the war of Takoo and of Abyssinia, perhaps no expedition was ever so successfully accomplished in so short a space of time, and with so small a loss of life. This result, again, was obtained by strict attention to the health and comfort of the men. This expedition is so recent, and its details are so well known, that it would be wearisome to repeat them; and we need only say that Sir Garnet was appointed to the command of the expedition to the Gold Coast, the Government conferring upon him the local rank of Major-General, and centering in his hands the supreme direction of civil as well as of military affairs. He landed at Sierra Leone on the 27th of September, 1873, and

after a most arduous campaign, conducted under circumstances of extreme difficulty and novelty, he vanquished the enemy, and concluded an honourable peace.

On Sir Garnet's return to England, he was received with all honour, but not more than he deserved. Both Houses of Parliament presented him with votes of thanks, and he was voted £25,000 as a grant on behalf of the nation, not only with the unanimous consent of Parliament, but of the empire. In addition, the City of London presented him with its "Freedom," and a sword valued at one hundred guineas.

Sir Garnet's last triumph arose in the Civil Service of the State. At the close of 1871, the affairs at Natal were at a dead lock; a serious collision had occurred between the natives and the European colonists, and the repressive measures adopted by the then governor, although perfectly justifiable on the score of necessity, and not open to the charge of over-severity, yet in point of form were erroneous, and the Government of the country could not sanction them.

In the despatch of Lord Carnarvon, of July 1st, 1873, offering this service to the General, he addresses him in terms of which he may well be proud:—

"Your name," he writes, "naturally occurred to me as that of one who, with a great and varied Colonial experience, with qualifications which have been frequently tested in civil as well as in military employment, and always with the highest distinction, has been at all times ready to undertake any duty in the service of the Crown. Nor need I here repeat the assurance of the satisfaction which I have felt in your readiness now, as on similar occasions, to accept the duties imposed upon you."

And he went on to add in his instructions:—

"Intermixed with the ordinary civil administration of the colony, there are at this moment important questions relating to defence and the maintenance of peace and order, and it is for this reason that I have gladly availed myself of the opportunity presented by the brief interval preceding the appointment of the next Lieutenant-Governor, to place at the head of affairs in the colony a soldier distinguished, amongst other things, for his knowledge of these subjects in their colonial aspects."

It is hardly necessary to add that Sir Garnet accomplished the object of his mission, and, on the 13th of July last, Lord Carnarvon wrote to him:—

"I will not delay the expression of my cordial appreciation of the tact and ability with which you have achieved this very important, and, as I trust, beneficial reform in the Constitution of the Colony. I am aware of the many difficulties with which you have had to contend, and I desire to express to you the thanks of Her Majesty's Government for the readiness with which you undertook this important duty, and the spirit with which you have carried it through."

We have thus, with the necessary imperfections attending on brevity, detailed Sir Garnet Wolseley's military services. The rewards he has received, and the estimation in which he is held, not by personal friends only, but by the public generally, testify to his worth more powerfully than any words of ours could express.

AGAINST ALL ODDS.

BY F. W. CURREY,

AUTHOR OF "HER GOOD NAME."

CHAPTER XIV.

"HE THAT STUDIETH REVENGE
KEEPETH HIS OWN WOUNDS GREEN."

Just a month after poor Violet was laid in her grave, Miss Megaw sat alone in the drawing-room of the hotel at Rathmellick, looking forward to the morrow with stern confidence. Next day she was to meet James Prendergast's son and confront him with the girl his father had wronged—his uncle Alexander's only child. The room was nearly dark, only one indifferent candle spread a dim, yellow light, and the fire had sunk very low in the grate. She had been thinking of Charlie, and asking herself was it possible that he knew nothing of his father's schemes.

"It is possible—of course it is possible"—she said, "but it is not likely, that James Prendergast's son could be an honest man. To-morrow I shall know, however. Mr. Hatchett says that our chain of evidence is so complete, so marvellously perfect in every particular, that it would be madness to oppose us. But I can see he distrusts this young Prendergast's candour and fair-speaking, and he wants me to say even less than I intended. But we have nothing to fear—our witnesses are safe, and it is too late for him now to try to walk in his father's footsteps. If he knew of

his father's plots he must have believed (as that bad man did) that Violet Thomson was the girl who was robbed of her home and heritage. If so, great no doubt will be his dismay to-morrow. But it is not for me to triumph over him, though, God help me, I cannot help feeling for him some of the distrust and horror that I felt of his father. I must try rather to pity him and believe him innocent, for he is to bear the punishment of his father's sins. Yes, . . . assuredly this is the Lord's justice," she muttered to herself as she bowed her head solemnly, "which brings hidden things to light after many years, and visits the sins of the fathers upon the children; . . . and both towards me and his brother this man's father's sins were many." . .

And then, in the dim light, while her eyes were fixed intently on the paling ashes of the fire, where only a faint red glow lingered, she saw a vision of the past; and before her sorrowful mind there passed, in slow procession, the brief joys and heavy griefs of a day long, long gone by.

She is no longer a faded wreck of womanhood, withered and worn after the troubles of life. She is again a bright, merry-eyed girl, erect, slender, and comely, as she stands, on a bright autumn evening, at the door of a little wayside inn on the borders of a bleak Devonshire moor. The inn is one of

those that the stage-coaches called into existence, and that perished quickly once the steam-horse ruled the highways of England; and over the head of the young girl swings the sign of the "Pennithorne Arms."

She is watching for the coach which is due in about a quarter of an hour; and the evening air, fresh and keen from the moor, is blowing about her fair temples, while her clear grey eyes are lifted from the road to watch a hawk circling overhead. Suddenly, on the moor, the bird espies its prey, and swoops down, and the girl moves forward with a sudden movement, as if she would shield the victim from its clutches. But in a moment she stops, as she recognizes the uselessness of any saving effort. "The bird is dead by now, or has escaped," she says, once more glancing down the road, and, as she does so, her eyes light upon two strangers walking towards the inn. They are dusty, and look like men not too well accustomed to long trudges afoot. And as they come near she sees that one is very dark—his hair is black, and his eyes nearly so, and his face is fallow, narrow, and grave; but the other is, by comparison, fair, for his hair is light brown, and his eyes are grey, like her own. And he smiles as he asks whether they can put up at the inn for a couple of days.

"We are exploring your country, you see," he says, lifting a bag from his shoulder and opening it, to let her see a quantity of flowers and broken bits of stone; "but our feet are not so hard-working as our heads, and we need a couple of days' rest at a place from which we can take short walks."

Then the girl leads them into the parlour of the inn, where her father is sitting smoking his pipe.

"I wonder, gentlemen," he says, he hears their account of

themselves, "that you do not prefer to see the country from the coach, instead of wearing out your feet among our rough roads."

"You see," replies the fair-haired youth, "that would be all very well if the coach would stop for half an hour or so every time we come to a likely place for finding fossils or rare plants; but it won't, so we must walk, or abandon our science."

"Every one to his taste," says the landlord, shrugging his shoulders, as his guests sit down with him in the little parlour, while his daughter brings them wine, and bread and cheese. And then, while they eat with the appetite of youth, he entertains them, as is his wont, with tales of his misfortunes in life—tales which, to judge by their faces, the young men treat as fables.

"We are an old family," says mine host, proudly; "the Stanleys have lived on their own land from before the Conquest to my day, and, had I been content with what was my own, we should be yeomen of Cumberland still. But my wife—she was niece to a baronet—had some claim upon property confiscated in the Jacobite rebellion of 1716, and I went to law to establish it, and little by little the lawyers drew me in, till I lost my suit, and, with it, nearly everything I possessed. Then the acres a Stanley had owned for over eight hundred years went to pay law bills, and, with the small surplus that remained over, we emigrated to this distant place, and now for two years I have kept the 'Pennithorne Arms.' I don't mind it for myself—I am old, and shall not live long; but it is hard on my children. Jack is a sportsman, and a farmer, and he breaks his heart over the fifty acres that are all we can manage now; and Matty is as well educated as any lady in the land,

yet she has to work like a country wench."

And Matty hears all this, as she takes a peep every now and then through the glass door into the parlour. Her father is fonder of taking a glass with his customers than of minding his affairs, so Matty and her brother have to manage the inn as best they can; and, while she is listening to the sounds in the parlour, she scarcely hears her brother John's voice as he remarks that the coach is late. Still less does she hear when he asks her to hand him something from a shelf behind the bar.

"Their names are Prendergast, John; that's a Scotch name, but they say they live in Ireland. And the dark one is called James, and the other Alexander—and Alexander is the best-looking; the dark one has a cunning, treacherous face——"

"Keep to your opinion, then," says John, roughly, "the first taste of wine is the keenest, and the first glance at a face is the surest. But here's the coach—you'd better mind your own business."

Sure enough the ostlers are running round from the yard, and the coach is pulling up at the inn door. For a time all is fuss and bustle, but as soon as the horses are changed, and the coachman has finished his huge tankard of ale, the coach sets off again on its road. When it is gone a tall burly man, with a consequential air and a coarse red face, enters the house. He greets John Stanley with a familiar condescending nod, and tries to shake hands with his sister, but she draws back.

"You're very chilly, Miss Matty, this evening. Almost as chilly as the air of the moor," he says, rubbing his hands together to hide the awkwardness of the rebuff. "My fingers are quite numb from holding the reins so long. Where is your father?"

"In the parlour, Squire Pennithorne," she replies, "with two strange gentlemen who have come to the inn."

"Oh, some gentlemen—indeed!" rejoins the Squire, with a loud rough laugh. "I must see these gentlemen," he adds, as he pushes open the glass door. The landlord treats his unmannerly entrance as a joke, and introduces him to the young men as Squire Pennithorne, a gentleman known honourably far and wide in Devonshire and Cornwall, at which description of himself the Squire laughs unpleasantly.

Again the girl hears voices and laughter from the parlour. The Prendergasts had risen on the Squire's entrance, and greeted him with mock humility, which subservience had put him in good humour, so he is talking in his liveliest fashion.

"What is all that stuff?" he says with a laugh, pointing to the herbs and minerals which Alexander Prendergast had laid upon the table.

"Some plants, and fossils, and other things we have been collecting in our walks," replied one of the young men.

"What the deuce do you care for such things?" asks the Squire again. "You're not apothecaries, are you?"

"I am preparing to be a doctor," says the fair-haired young man, nudging his brother under the table, "and my brother here is studying law."

"Hum—his face is just the colour of parchment," replies the Squire, with a laugh at his wit. But under James Prendergast's sallow skin a dark flush of anger is clearly seen by his brother, who hastens to make peace.

But when the Squire is witty, he is not easily checked, and just as his stupid banter seems about to lead to something unpleasant the

door opens, and John Stanley informs the Squire that the man has come whom he wanted to see about the dog, and that the dog itself is in the stable; whereupon the Squire goes off with John, and the inn sees him no more that night.

When the Squire is gone, Matty goes into the kitchen and sits down by the fire, for the evenings have already begun to grow chilly, and while she is thinking that she hates Squire Pennithorne more and more every day, the door opens and the fair-haired Prendergast—Alexander—comes and stands before the fire. He is cold, he says, and has been wandering about in search of warmth. And while he is roasting his feet at the fire, he asks her a great many questions about the Squire, and from her lips he believes the stories that he had before counted as fables. But of himself he tells her nothing—except that he is older than his brother.

Days pass on, and still the Prendergasts are at the inn. Never has the "Pennithorne Arms" been so noisy within the memory of man, for the Squire is in and out the whole day long on one pretence or another. Now it is to give Matty a bird he has shot, and that she does not at all want—at another time it is to have a wrestling bout with John, who teaches him north country "throws." But the real reason of the Squire's perpetual presence at the inn is his jealousy of Alexander Prendergast, who, spite of all his brother's efforts to move him, insists upon remaining at the "Pennithorne Arms."

The reason for his unwillingness to depart is not far to seek. A great love has sprung up between him and pretty Matty, and in their happiness they see no danger near—Matty least of all. For her the sky is all of one serene blue, the birds sing more blithely than they have ever done before, the air seems

more life-giving, and the brooklets dance, and the sea waves their branches in the gay breeze till she is half wild with youthful joy and love. Her home is no longer a place of exile. She looks out of the window at evening, and watches the sun sinking behind the long flats of moorland, that lie before her in bars of colour that melt with many gradations of tint, from the brown foreground into the blue and purple of the horizon, when a transparent golden atmosphere quivers over all. And the gleams of light shot out by the dying sun across the dark shadows of the moor seem to her heavenly messengers of gladness as they strike on her heart with a sense of infinite beauty.

She has never thought much of Squire Pennithorne—except when trying to avoid him, and now she hardly thinks of him at all. Much less does she take pains to suffer the blow that her coldness is to be inclinations. Nor does she notice the increasing gloom of his sullen countenance, till one day he loses his temper at her indifference, and swears she may have her fling now but that she will live to rue her fickleness. She replies she cannot have been fickle, because she never cared for him, and this answer only pours oil on the flame of his anger. But as afterwards he yields her almost complete peace, she thinks it is only a last outburst of his wounded vanity, and so his warning leaves her more heedless than before.

For James Prendergast, too, the inn is anything but a resting-place. He often urges his brother to continue their journey, but the suggestion always meets with a refusal. At last he tries going away himself but this device proving quite ineffectual, he returns again. No doubt much as Alexander cares for his brother, he cannot endure his absence at a time when a delicate interest

ence is the thing he likes least. All this time the two brothers pass for nothing more than the penniless younger sons of an Irish gentleman.

Nor are Matty's father and brother one bit better pleased than the Squire at her rejection of his addresses. The old man, with the selfishness of age, cares for nothing but his restoration to his former position, and only John's entreaties that she may be left to his management, prevent him from reproaching her bitterly for her folly in flouting so grand a suitor. But John himself does not spare her, though he will not let his father scold her.

"You give yourself airs, miss," he says, "but I can tell you I am not going to see so fine a man as my friend Squire Pennithorne jilted by a girl like you. You think it is very fine to desert a rich, open-hearted gentleman for a wandering jackanapes that could not so much as give his wife bread. . . ."

And all this time James Prendergast is constantly talking of his own and his brother's poverty. And he does so uncontradicted, for Alexander, having won Matty's heart as the penniless rival of a rich man, is in no hurry to part with his sense of triumph.

* * * *

For one short month Matty believes she enjoys perfect happiness—at least it is such happiness that in after years to think upon it makes her worn face glow and her wearied heart beat fast. She loves as she is loved, freely, fairly, and fully, and she would laugh to scorn the idea that earth could give a more lasting joy.

One evening—the last evening of her youth, it has always since seemed she is walking with her lover among the fir-trees in a little grove on the edge of the moor, and he has told her that in a few days' time he

would speak to her father and silence all his scruples.

"And then," he adds, "will Squire, nill Squire, we two shall be man and wife."

Happy and confident in this assurance, she trips homewards alone, but when she reaches the edge of the wood, a little weight of maidenly gravity settles down upon her heart, and under the shelter of an elder-bush in the thick hedge that skirts the grove, she sits down to think over the change that is coming in her life. But presently her reflections are disturbed by the sound of voices.

"Then that is agreed," says a rough voice that she knows only too well, and that sends all her happy thoughts far away in an instant.

"Yes, quite agreed," replies the other speaker, whose voice, after a moment, she recognizes as that of James Prendergast. "Your interests and mine are identical in this matter, and there is no obligation on either side. Remember, though, what I said just now."

"What was that? About the parson?"

"No; as to the time. There is not a day to be lost. Are you ready?"

"Oh, never fear about that. I'm ready enough."

Then they pass out of ear-shot, and Matty thinks uneasily over what she has heard. And when she goes home she repeats it all to her lover, who says it was only some dog or horse bargain, and that his brother knows his intention of marrying her, and approves it, whereupon Matty looks more surprised than convinced of the groundlessness of her suspicions.

That evening the Squire does not appear at the inn, but James Prendergast is in high spirits, and speaks with so much friendliness to Matty that her lover looks at her as much as to say, "Was I not right?"

Next morning the sun rises to bring Matty the worst day in her life. But though it rises it does not at first shine upon the treachery and sorrow that the hours are maturing. All night long the rain fell and the wind blew hard, so that when day broke the streams were rushing down in full flood; but by twelve o'clock, when all the evil is planned, the wind lulls, the rain ceases, and the sun shines out brilliantly, making all the rain-drops glisten like diamonds on grass, bramble, and leaf.

All the morning John is in close consultation with his father, who, after their conference, seems restless and uneasy. John, too, is not quite himself, as he moves to and fro repeatedly, glancing at the clock and the sky, and when Matty speaks to him she only gets short answers. Since the trouble about Squire Penrathorne, Matty and her brother have ceased to be friends.

So the day wears on uneasily till the old Dutch clock gives four heavy strokes with a loud whirring sound. The noise startles Matty from a thoughtful mood, and it jars upon her nerves, which are strong unusually high. It brings her brother, too, into the house from his post outside the door, where he had been standing for a good half-hour looking absently across the moor. He strides hastily up to his father, stoops down, and whispers something into his ear. The old man takes his pipe out of his mouth, utters a word or two, and beats his thigh a dozen times within the next half-hour, and expostulates with his son for a moment, while Matty watches them closely. At last he seems to make an effort as he calls out to her,—

"I wish you would walk across the moor as far as Meg Bland's cottage, Matty, and find out if she has any flowers or eggs to sell. Your brother has some business with her—you can go with him. Go with him," he repeats, turning away his head.

For a moment something cautions Matty not to obey her father, but John's eyes fixed authoritatively upon her, and the long custom of obedience overcomes even a strong warning instinct. Ten minutes later she is leaving the house, when her father calls her back, and bids her give him a kiss.

"What is all this mystery about, father?" she asks, looking keenly in his face, "I am afraid——" but before she could say more, John was at her side.

"Nonsense, child—nothing—nothing," the old man replies, glancing nervously at his son. "Take good care of her, John. God bless you, Matty, my child! Good-bye."

"Come along—I can't wait all night," says John, roughly, taking her by the arm, and preventing her from going back into the house, when she fancies as they are leaving it that she hears a sort of sob or cry from her father. They have not walked a hundred yards before Alexander Prendergast overtakes them, but John's gruffness soon shows him his company is unwelcome, and he returns to the inn.

Matty fully expects that her brother will improve the occasion by worrying her about Squire Penrathorne, but to her surprise he does not mention the dreaded name; and as they cross the wet spongy moorland, where the mosses and heather and wild-flowers look so brilliant with the rain-drops still upon them, and tiny red and yellow leaves and pebbles are shining like gems in the dark moist ground, her spirits rise a little, and she begins to hope after all that her fears have been only foolish imaginings.

Her brother does not speak to her at all—about the Squire or about anything else, but strides along a yard or so before her, with his hands in his pockets. He walks so fast she can hardly keep up with him, and by the time they reach Meg

Boldie's cottage, she is quite tired out with plodding through the heavy ground. Meg Boldie's abode is nothing better than a tumbledown hut on one of the bleakest bits of the moor, about a quarter of a mile from the high road.

Meg Boldie herself, half smuggler, half fowl-dealer, is not at home; she is either cheating the revenue or tramping the country, buying birds in one village and selling them at nearly double the price in the next, and the door of her cottage is padlocked. To Matty's surprise, her brother picks up a stone, and with one blow smashes the padlock. He then points to the open door, and tells her to go inside the house.

"Go in there," he then says, roughly.

"What for?" asks Matty, shrinking back.

"Because I tell you," he replies, taking her by the shoulders and pushing her forward. As soon as she has crossed the threshold, he slams the door and secures it in some way, and unfortunate Matty is a prisoner. In vain she wrings her hands, foreboding ill, and calls for help. Her brother has moved out of hearing to escape her cries and entreaties, but through the slit in the wall that is Meg's only window she sees him keeping guard over her from a distance. She is secure enough, he knows. Even if she could walk through the walls of the house, there is not a shrub within half a mile on any side of it to screen her from his sight. Vainly she strains her eyes looking out through the narrow fissure—vainly she throws herself against the door and tries to burst it open. And equally vain are her tears and lamentations, when at last she sinks to the ground in a corner of the hut, worn out by the violence of her useless efforts. Heaven alone can gauge the measure of her agony, as for nearly two dreadful hours she

beats her heart out in useless struggles against her captivity.

At last, after sullen despair has begun to take the place of active resistance, and while she is crouching in her corner with drooping head and clenched hands, she hears the sound of voices drawing near the cottage. Presently the door is thrown open and four men enter; one of them carries a lantern, but at first they do not see her, and it is a few moments before the light penetrates into the dark angle where she is sitting covering her face with her hands. For she has recognized three of these four men—they are her brother, James Prendergast, and Squire Pennithorne,—and she augurs the worse for their presence. Then, at a signal from the Squire, the fourth man, whom she does not know, leaves the hut with James Prendergast, and she is alone with her brother and her hated suitor. Then, almost to her annihilation, she learns with what object she has been decoyed into that lonely spot. She is to be the bride of Squire Pennithorne.

Of the scene that follows this announcement she can scarcely bear to think, even after so many years have passed since, with tears and entreaties, she made a desperate resistance against her evil fate. Nor does she ever remember it distinctly—a confusion of heartless indifference, broken prayers, angry denials, and unmanly threats, is all her recollection of that cruel interview, after which, more dead than alive, they hurry her through a ceremonial—a ring is placed on her finger, and a man who disgraces his office declares Wilfrid Pennithorne and Martha Stanley man and wife, and invokes a blessing upon them which falls on the ears of both with a sound of utter mockery.

An ill-omened wedding this. No joy-bells—no bridal wreath—no smiles—not a tear even. A sullen

bridegroom, and a speechless despairing bride. A scene never to be looked back upon without horror to the latest day of the woman's life.

It is quite dark now, and the wind has risen again, and the rain is falling in torrents, as they make their way from the hut across the moor to the high road where the Squire's carriage is in waiting. They find the horses rearing and plunging, and the Squire rushes to their heads, and for a moment his wretched bride hopes they will crush him beneath their hoofs as they paw the air. But his brute force soon quiets them, and then he opens the carriage door.

"Will you get in?" he says to the trembling bride.

Again her spirit of resistance breaks forth, and she falls on her knees and prays for mercy. But they treat her even more roughly than before, and lift her half-fainting into the carriage. The Squire takes his place at her side, and they are about to drive off when James Prendergast steps forward to the window, and says something in a whisper to the Squire.

The Squire is about to reply when he is interrupted by the sound of a blow, and angry voices. His bride, too, hears them, and stretches forward to catch a glimpse of what is going on—for she is sure she recognizes one voice. But Squire Pennithorne pushes her back with an oath, and tells his servants to drive on. Then the carriage dashes forward, and the sounds of anger and fighting are drowned by the noise of the carriage as it flies rapidly through the darkness, the horses being urged to their best pace—in honour of bride and bridegroom.

The grate is cold and the candle has burnt down into its socket when Miss Megaw has once more lived over the past, suffering again the bitterness of its sorrows, but feeling no pleasure in its joys.

"My heart is dead," she sighs, when the weary retrospect is over. "Everything is gone—love, hope, and joy—nothing is left but my hatred of the man who plotted my misfortune and his brother's. I can forgive Squire Pennithorne—he sinned most against me; I have forgiven John, for he prayed for my pardon on his death-bed—but James Prendergast never asked my forgiveness, or his brother's, whom he wronged twice—and I have not forgiven him unasked," she adds, standing up and clenching her hands together. "But the Lord's vengeance has found him out—he made me live a hunted, miserable life, bound to a man I hated by a chain I could not break, and perpetually flying from hiding-place to hiding-place, till after many weary years death relieved me of my tormentor—but God has not left his crimes unpunished—he has visited the sins of the father upon the son—and to-morrow my last duty upon earth will have been fulfilled. I have found Alexander Prendergast's daughter, and James Prendergast's son will have to yield up to her the spoils of his father's crimes."

CHAPTER XV.

MISS MEGAW TRIUMPHANT.

THE next morning—the eventful day fixed for the meeting between Miss Megaw, supported by Mr. Hatchett, on the one hand, and Charlie Prendergast and his legal adviser, Mr. Stick, of the firm of Stick, Slinger, & Stick, on the other—broke dark and misty; and the weather appeared perfectly suitable to the work in hand. There was no sunshine to bring cheerfulness or

levity into the proceedings—no storm to distract attention from them.

If it had been a question of a duel, the preliminaries of the meeting could not have been arranged with more precision or punctiliousness. An almost superhuman reserve marked Mr. Hatchett's words, and the inscrutability of his countenance provoked even his legal adversary's admiration. But Mr. Stick's demeanour was also very near perfection. A gentle air of sarcasm and incredulity characterized all his words and actions, and by a languid indifference he expressed his opinion of the weakness of his opponent's case, and entered a silent protest against Mr. Hatchett's assumption of its importance and mystery.

The meeting (contrary to Mr. Stick's advice) was to be considered an amicable one—that is to say, only the defensive armour of equivocation, *suppressio veri*, and insinuation was to be used. It would not be permissible for either party openly to accuse the other of perjury, forgery, or wilful imposition; such amenities were to be reserved, if required at all, for the trial in the law courts. Mr. Stick thought the meeting an absurdity, inasmuch as there was palpable danger of a compromise, owing to his client's ridiculous way of viewing things.

"If they let me see their proofs, and I consider those proofs sufficient to establish their case, I shan't oppose their claim," Charlie had said, the day before, to Mr. Stick.

"That, my dear sir, you can do of course; but I am bound to remark that such a course would be very irregular, and one that I am quite sure your late father, whom I had often the pleasure of advising, would never have pursued," Mr. Stick had replied, with nervous irritation. "In a case where no less a sum than four hundred thousand pounds is

involved, there should most certainly be a law-suit."

"I don't want any law-suit."

"But there ought to be one—unless you wish to make them a present of the money. Of course, if you have a fancy for giving them nearly half a million of money, you can do so. But it is perfectly monstrous not to contest the matter at all. I would consent even (though I deprecate any compromise) to an amicable law-suit, but to give in to such a claim without any legal struggle whatever I should consider sheer madness, and I feel it my duty to protest with all my might against such a thing. You must pardon the strength with which I express myself."

"I am much obliged to you," Charlie replied, with a smile, "but there is a chance of a law-suit left. If I find reason to believe their claim an imposture, I will oppose it with all my power."

"Pray do; pray do, my dear sir," urged Mr. Stick, somewhat consoled by this renewal of hope, while he proceeded to give Charlie minute instructions as to how he should behave on the morrow.

Nor was Miss Megaw's adviser behindhand in preparing her for the coming interview.

"Pardon me, my dear madam," he said, raising his right hand with a gentle deprecatory movement, "but I feel it necessary to caution you. The best of ladies are apt to be impulsive, and to allow their feelings—their good feelings I mean, of course—to get the better of their discretion. Now there is no such thing as impulse in law, except indeed in addresses to juries, where the *appearance* of being carried away by an irresistible storm of feeling is often very useful; but the *appearance* is quite enough; anything more would be calculated to show the absence of that indifference to results after he has done his best,

which is the glory of a real lawyer. In such a meeting as this with Mr. Prendergast, coolness, confidence, and cautious reserve are essential. Say nothing in a flurry, never answer quickly, betray no hesitation, and give out your words as if they were worth twenty sovereigns apiece, as indeed they will be, and more, if you succeed in convincing that young man that any opposition to our claim is useless. Above all let the name of our claimant come upon him at the end of the interview only, as the last overwhelming blow."

"He will not let himself be convinced, even if I prove her identity ten times over."

"Then why consent to this meeting?"

"Because he insisted on it so strongly. And his words were so honeyed, I could scarcely refuse."

"I don't agree with you about his not giving in. Though, owing to the death of Mrs. Alexander Prendergast's sister, the widow, we can't prove his father to have instigated the theft of the child, the inference that he did so is strong enough to disgrace his son for ever and a day, if once made public. Then the Violet Thomson affair—the fact of his father bringing her up secretly—you'll see, he'll knuckle under."

"He might if the stakes were not so great."

"Great or little, you will see I am right."

"I hope so," said Miss Megaw, she still seemed unconvinced.

"We wish to see the name of the man who has been dragged through the mud."

"The thing that always puzzled me," said Mr. Hatchett, "is that, while he was in the ring attending to his business, that he was so careful of his reputation, or whether it was for you. You allude?"

"Well, from what I can guess of the late Mr. James Prendergast—and if I am not mistaken you hold even a worse opinion of him than I do—I wonder he did not go further in his action against his brother. I wonder he never tried to injure him personally—and I am puzzled also by the care and kindness he bestowed upon the girl whom he fancied was his niece. I say I wonder he never tried to take his brother's life."

Mr. Hatchett's voice, as he made the foregoing remarks, sank almost to a whisper, and when he had finished he abandoned the contemplation of his ring and fixed his small sharp eyes on Miss Megaw's face.

"He was nearer paying with his own life for his treachery towards his brother," thought Miss Megaw, as she remembered the account of a struggle between the brothers on the road through the moor on the night she was carried off in Squire Pennithorne's carriage. On his death-bed John Stanley had told her that only his whole strength, joined to James Prendergast's, had saved the latter from his brother's fury. Miss Megaw said nothing of this to Mr. Hatchett, but contented herself with this reply—

"I think he had not the courage of his cunning," she said, "and, bad as his actions were, I am thankful he had no stain of blood upon his hands." And she shuddered as she spoke. "But, like you, I do not understand why he was so careful of Violet Thomson. It is the only thing that puzzles me."

"I have thought of only one explanation of it that at all satisfies me," said Mr. Hatchett, resuming the scrutiny of his ring. "It has occurred to me as just possible that he intended through her to inflict a wound upon his brother, and secure for himself all the material things he coveted. Remember he

had two sons—it is quite possible he counted on marrying her to one of the young men, and then making terms for her restoration. In this way, perhaps, he counted on check-mating his brother in the end. This may not be the right explanation of his movements, but it seems to me at least the most likely.”

“If he had married his son to this Violet Thomson!” remarked Miss Megaw.

“He would have been most egregiously sold, and it would have made our story very complete,” replied Mr. Hatchett, with a smile. “Mr. James Prendergast, it seems to me, was cunning enough, but, as you said, he had no courage to carry out his plans. If he had only had nerve to carry out what he was quite unscrupulous enough to wish done, we should in all human probability never have had this chance of undoing his work, my dear madam.”

“And his son?” asked Miss Megaw, “what do you think of him?”

“I confess I am almost always prejudiced against the son of such a bad man as Mr. James Prendergast. At the same time, I must confess that what I have seen of Captain Prendergast has had the effect of diminishing the feeling very considerably. So far Captain Prendergast has behaved distinctly well. He did not annoy you at Glenriveen, as he might easily have done, and it would be unfair not to allow that he has, in this matter of the will, done more than could be expected, even in the way of meeting us without animosity.”

“I suspect he knew something of his father’s plans, and, knowing he must give in, wants to get as much credit in doing so as possible. I expect his father told him enough to make him guess who Violet Thomson might be, and that in Jeanne’s maternal claim he saw a

comfortable way out of danger. And I am certain he thinks our claimant no one else but Violet Thomson herself—but why he should not have married her and completed his father’s schemes, I don’t quite see.”

“I don’t think you are right as to this,” replied the lawyer. “What o’clock is it now?—they ought soon to be here. A quarter-past one; we fixed half-past for the meeting. Let me for the last time impress upon you, my dear madam, the absolute necessity for keeping a guard upon yourself. Don’t be impetuous—be calm, impressive, crushing, if you will, but, for Heaven’s sake, don’t show the slightest symptom of haste. Let all be ease and confidence on our side—disturbance and fidgetiness on theirs.”

When Charlie started from Glenriveen with Mr. Stick he had also to listen to many “last words” of counsel, but the very last words came from his mother.

“I feel a strong instinctive aversion to this Megaw woman, Charlie,” she said; “do, pray, be on your guard with her. I don’t wish to seem harsh, but I feel certain the whole thing is a hateful conspiracy.”

“Make your mind easy,” said Charlie; “if it is a conspiracy we shall do our best to defeat it. But if the woman is correct in what she says, why then our duty is equally plain.”

“An amicable law-suit,” suggested Mr. Stick, but Charlie shook his head.

On the way to Rathmellick, though Mr. Stick droned cautions and conjectures into his ears by the dozen, Charlie could think of nothing but Violet Thomson. Was it possible that the girl with whom his father had been mysteriously connected, and who had been suggested to him as his wife, was about to be called his cousin, and a large share of his uncle’s wealth claimed

in her name. Better her than another, he thought.

Nor was the strength of this idea lessened when he reached the hotel, for as he was shown into the room where Miss Megaw and Mr. Hatchett were, Jeanne quitted it hastily by another door. Miss Megaw saw he had seen the Frenchwoman, and noticed that he changed colour. "He knows something," she said triumphantly to herself; "I was right in my opinion of him, and I need not spare him."

"Remember what I said," whispered Mr. Hatchett, "be cool." Mr. Hatchett was frightened at Miss Megaw's excitement, and the intensity of her interest in the results of the coming discussion.

"Good morning, Captain Prendergast," said Miss Megaw, coldly, intrenching herself behind a large table to avoid shaking hands with the foe.

"Good morning," replied Charlie, taking a chair, which Mr. Hatchett was good enough to put in his way.

Mr. Hatchett opened the proceedings with a short address, in which he expatiated on the advantages of an amicable settlement of delicate family affairs, whenever such a thing was possible. "The present case is one," he concluded, "in which the effects of litigation would be almost disastrous, so delicate and unpleasant are some of the points involved; in fact, but for the decease of one of the parties concerned, they might easily take the form of criminal proceedings."

After throwing out this unpleasant hint, Mr. Hatchett, who had been standing while making his speech, sat down, and Mr. Stick, who had been listening to him with a bland smile of contempt, lifted up his voice in reply, and remarked that hints were all very useful in their proper place, as in Mr. Hatchett's eloquent and well-intentioned re-

marks, but that they had met to day to receive some more substantial things than disquieting suggestions and vague assertions. Proofs, proofs, and nothing but proofs, did he ask for, and he begged that they might proceed to business without further delay.

"You are aware, Captain Prendergast, that your uncle, the late Mr. Alexander Prendergast, was married?" said Mr. Hatchett.

Charlie nodded in sign of assent. He had already ascertained that the fact was beyond dispute.

"He married a French lady, daughter of a rather eminent mechanic—a Monsieur Bertin, whom he used frequently to visit at his residence at Versailles. For reasons of his own, he kept the fact of his marriage private; for a time only it was not to be made public, he said to Monsieur Bertin; but, when Monsieur Bertin died, disagreements arose between Mr. Prendergast and his wife, and they eventually separated by mutual consent. No person connected with this country knew of Mr. Prendergast's marriage except his valet, a person of the name of Rutledge, who died about a fortnight after its solemnization. Now, it is surmised that the unhappiness that arose in Mr. Prendergast's married life was due, in a great measure, to the evil influence exercised upon Mrs. Prendergast by her sister, Madame Leriche, a widow, against whom Monsieur Bertin had particularly cautioned his son-in-law."

"This is only a surmise, we are to understand?" interrupted Mr. Stick, with another bland smile of contempt.

"The point is of no particular importance, but we are aware of the truth of the statement. The late Mr. Prendergast informed this lady here of the fact, when speaking to her on the subject of his married life."

"This lady seems to have enjoyed the late Mr. Prendergast's confidence to a remarkable extent," observed Mr. Stick, with a sneer.

"She has had that privilege," replied Mr. Hatchett, emphatically. "She was Mr. Prendergast's most valued friend."

"What I was, or was not, has nothing to do with our present business," interposed Miss Megaw, "and it will be well to allow Mr. Hatchett to continue his statement, I think."

"I was saying," pursued Mr. Hatchett, with easy confidence, "that Monsieur Bertin, knowing Madame Leriche's character, warned his son-in-law against allowing her inside his house. Unfortunately, in a moment of weakness, after Monsieur Bertin's death, he consented to allow her to come and keep her sister company in her affliction. It was an unhappy day for Mr. Prendergast when his sister-in-law first crossed his threshold, for she brought discord and trouble with her, that not even the birth of a lovely child, some months later, could remove. On the contrary, matters grew worse, and instead of proving a bond of union, the child became an additional weapon in Mrs. Prendergast's hands with which to annoy her husband; and so intolerable did his home become at last, that he determined to try whether his absence for a time might not heal the dissensions that were making his life so wretched. Accordingly he left the little village of St. Fleur, where they had been residing, on the borders of Switzerland, and leaving Mrs. Prendergast in Paris, according to her express wish, he set off to gratify his scientific tastes by a tour among the mining districts of Europe. He was in Styria when the news reached him of his child's disappearance. But to return to the period of his departure, shortly after which we

begin to find some of those things which my friend opposite desires so anxiously—namely, proofs of our assertions. What I have been stating up to this time is only what Miss Megaw has heard from Mr. Prendergast and *his wife* of their married life, with the important exception of the marriage itself, of which there is abundant and complete evidence, as Mr. Stick will no doubt admit."

"We shall see," said Mr. Stick, shaking his head dubiously.

"Once Mrs. Prendergast leaves St. Fleur and comes to Paris," continued Mr. Hatchett, more and more easily and cheerfully, "we have, in addition to oral testimony, documentary proofs of the highest importance in establishing the identity of our claimant. At first, after her husband's departure, Mrs. Prendergast made some attempt to turn over a new leaf; and her first step in the right direction was to break off her correspondence with her sister; but this did not at all suit Madame Leriche's book, so she made her way to Paris as quickly as she could, and began a new series of intrigues to gain possession of her sister's mind, in which she seems, judging from expressions in certain letters which we shall consider presently, to have been only partially successful. So matters went on till the sudden disappearance of the child. Into the details of that disappearance it is not necessary to enter now; suffice it to say that the child vanished during the night, and that circumstances tended to prove that it had been stolen by some person well acquainted with the house in which Mrs. Prendergast was living. At this time, as I gather from those letters to which I have already alluded——"

"But which we have not yet seen," interrupted Mr. Stick.

"But which Captain Prendergast

shall see presently," replied Miss Megaw.

"From those letters," continued Mr. Hatchett, "I gather that Madame Leriche was at that time leading a very reckless and extravagant life, and that in spite of considerable sums which she received from time to time, she was perpetually in want of money. And it appears, moreover, that she contrived to get pecuniary assistance from her sister, to whom Mr. Prendergast was exceedingly liberal, but the sums which she succeeded in procuring in this way were too small to be much help to her. Mr. Prendergast was travelling in Styria when the news reached him of his child's disappearance, but owing to the irregularity with which letters are transmitted in remote districts, it was not till some time after the sad event that he heard of it. He set out at once for Paris, however, and used all possible means to recover his daughter; but the time was a bad one for securing the full attention of the police. They were much engaged looking after political conspirators, and either from this cause, or from the adroitness of the person who stole the child, all their searches were vain. Then quarrels more serious than those which had occurred before sprang up between Mr. and Mrs. Prendergast. Mr. Prendergast, in a hasty moment, accused his wife of having made away with the child, and she in return uttered some vague unmeaning threats against him. The end of the affair was that Madame Leriche appeared once more on the scene, apparently as a mediatrix, but the result of her good offices was what she most probably intended. Mr. Prendergast and his wife separated finally, never again to meet in life. Whether this unhappy and brief episode of married life was the consequence of faults on the part of Mr. Prendergast namely, or to be attri-

buted to the evil influence of Madame Leriche, its consequences were equally disastrous. Mrs. Prendergast has lived almost as lonely and cheerless a life as that of her husband, and Madame Leriche alone profited by the trouble she undoubtedly caused. I think I have said enough now of Mr. Alexander Prendergast's married life to throw a considerable light on these letters, which, I may remark, were written by Captain Prendergast's father, the late Mr. James Prendergast, to Madame Leriche during the time she was with her sister in Paris. Unfortunately none of these letters were written prior to the child's disappearance, but by the date it is plain that the first of the series was written not later than three weeks afterwards. But before I hand this correspondence over for Captain Prendergast's inspection I may as well mention one fact, and ask him one question. These papers were found among Madame Leriche's effects after her death; she died very suddenly about a year and a half after the separation of her sister from her husband. The box containing them was marked "very private," and "to be destroyed." Most mercifully, however, Mrs. Prendergast did not destroy them; she preserved them, without examining their contents, until circumstances came to Miss Megaw's knowledge that invested everything concerning the late Madame Leriche with immense importance. Miss Megaw prevailed upon Mrs. Prendergast to examine the box she had so long preserved inviolate, and she now awaits with confidence the result of their perusal by Captain Prendergast. But before you look at them, perhaps, Captain, you would like to ask a question; there may be some point which you would like made clearer."

"I have no question to ask," replied Charlie, who had listened to Mr. Hatchett with the most ab-

sorbed attention, closely watched by Miss Megaw, who could not make out much from his expression. He was very grave, and the mention of his father's name brought a look of pain to his face. But he did not in any way respond to or encourage Mr. Stick's smiles of doubt, coughs of dissent, and other modes of expressing his feelings of opposition.

"But I wish to be satisfied on one point before I go any further," interposed Mr. Stick, with a reproving glance at his client. "This marriage of Mr. Prendergast's, what proofs have you of it? It is useless going on to talk of his daughter till that point is settled."

"Be good enough to run your eye over this bundle of papers," said Mr. Hatchett, with smiling good humour, and taking a small pile of documents from before Miss Megaw. Miss Megaw was sitting very bolt upright before the table, and in front of her were four or five bundles of papers. Mr. Hatchett was seated at her right hand, and at the opposite side of the table Charlie and Mr. Stick sat, directly facing their opponents.

Mr. Stick slowly opened his *lorgnettes* and commenced a deliberate inspection of the papers, which lasted fully a quarter of an hour. During that time Miss Megaw informed Charlie that Mrs. Alexander Prendergast was at that moment in the house.

"And her daughter?" he asked, notwithstanding an indignant nudge from Mr. Stick. Mr. Hatchett smiled and glanced at Miss Megaw.

"She is here also."

"What is her name?" asked Charlie, with a frown, as the idea that his father had been guilty of some evil action smote with sharp certainty upon his heart.

"You shall know in due time," said Miss Megaw, fixing her eyes upon him; "that is," she added, while her cold keen glance seemed

to transfix him, "if you don't know it already."

Charlie made no reply to this obvious accusation. He was too dispirited by the new light that was breaking in upon him with respect to his father to care for defending himself against a mere suspicion.

"I reserve my opinion upon these papers," said Mr. Stick, at last. "There would seem to have been some ceremony, if these are correct copies of the foreign registries, and that the other documents are genuine, but whether such a marriage will hold good at law or not, is quite another question."

"Whether it will hold good!" repeated Mr. Hatchett, ironically. "You know as well as I do that not one necessary formality has been omitted; if those papers are correct, as to which you can very easily satisfy yourself, you know it would be sheer folly to throw a doubt upon the matter."

"I know nothing of the sort," replied Mr. Stick, with some heat.

"Then, if you don't, you ought to," muttered Mr. Hatchett, and there seemed some prospect of an unpleasantness between the two legal gentlemen.

"I should like to speak a few words to you in private, Mr. Stick," said Charlie, "before we go any further."

To this Miss Megaw and Mr. Hatchett assented readily, for they felt they had produced an impression upon the master of Glenriveen, even though his adviser, with legal tenacity, was disposed to concede nothing. Charlie and Mr. Stick accordingly left the room.

"Is there any real doubt about this marriage?" asked Charlie.

"I am afraid not. They would scarcely venture to give us false copies of the French registries, and the marriage certificates bear every mark of genuineness."

"Then you think we can't dis-

prove or dispute the legality of the marriage?"

"I am afraid not. Everything was attended to too well; they were married in both a Catholic and a Protestant church, and the entries in both registers seem to have survived the flight of years, which is more than they always do."

"That is all I want to know," replied Charlie, and they returned to the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE END OF THE MISSION.

WHEN Charlie returned from his short conference with Mr. Stick, Miss Megaw handed him the bundle of letters written by his father to Madame Leriche, as she alleged.

"Is that your father's writing?" she asked, as Charlie turned over one of the letters, after examining it closely and scrutinizing the signature.

"Yes, there can be no doubt about it," he replied, proceeding to glance over the correspondence.

"Don't hurry," said Miss Megaw. "The letters are not very numerous, but they are important. We don't mind waiting, and prefer that you should read them thoroughly."

It took him some time to read the letters; for, after a little, their contents troubled him so much that he had scarcely any heart to go further, and his eyes moved but slowly over the lines that showed him so many painful things. But at last the dreary task was done, and what had of late been a haunting fear was now a positive certainty. His voice was unsteady, and his face very pale, when he laid the papers back on the table before Miss Megaw, and asked her whether the remainder of the business might be transacted by them alone, without the intervention of any third person.

"You will easily understand why

I ask this," he added, fixing his eyes upon her with a look of entreaty. In his shame and sorrow she saw only the humiliation of a man foiled in dishonest schemes, who thinks himself in danger of exposure. But she did not refuse his request all the same, for reasons of her own; and though Mr. Hatchett objected, he had to gather up his precious papers (which he would not trust out of his sight) and depart, followed by Mr. Stick.

"Now that we are alone, Captain Prendergast," said Miss Megaw, leaning forward and looking sternly at him, as he sat before her with downcast eyes and a weary, troubled look, "I think we may as well throw off all reserve. What do you think of that correspondence between your father and Madame Leriche?"

"It shows me what it is a deep humiliation to know. My father's action was false and wicked, and the shame and disgrace he has escaped will be on me all my life long."

"May I ask, have you any idea as to whom I am about to bring forward?"

"I have some idea, but it is based on very slight grounds."

"May I ask the name of the person you fancy may be your cousin?"

"Her name was Violet Thomson. She was, I believe, a ward of my father's. I only saw her once in my life—one day that my father met her and a Frenchwoman, who passed as her nurse. On our return to Ratney that evening my father followed up other hints by asking me to marry her, and he was very much irritated by my refusal to do so."

"He told you why he wished the marriage?" asked Miss Megaw, still looking very hard at her victim.

Charlie saw at once the suspicions she entertained concerning his complicity with his father, and his face flushed with anger.

"Never!" he replied, indignantly; "but I have no right to be angry at

your suspicions. Think what you will of me, I am at your mercy. I can only appeal to your generosity."

"I wonder why your father never hinted, at least, that you would be a great gainer by the marriage."

"He knew it would be useless to do so. I saw my happiness in another direction—a delusive idea it has turned out."

"Will you tell me anything more you know of this Violet Thomson?"

"I saw her, as I said, for a few hours in London. My father did all he could to interest me in her, but I was careful not to raise any false expectations in his mind. I thought of her very little at all, but her schoolmistress chose to assert that she cared for me, and was encouraged by me in the inclination. I cannot believe this is anything but a mischievous exaggeration. She had been brought up in such ignorance of the outer world, and was of such an open, unreserved disposition, that she may naturally have talked a good deal about her first visit to London and her guardian's son; it is quite possible to believe this without calling me a villain. Since the day I saw her in London I have never laid eyes on her. Her schoolmistress, in reply to a letter I wrote asking about her, told me she had run away from school, and intimated very plainly at the same time that I was the cause of her flight. This accusation, which there is not a particle of evidence to sustain, has, somehow or other, become known to the uncle of a young lady I was engaged to be married to, and he has broken off the match in consequence."

"There is a fact, which perhaps you do not know, that would sufficiently account for her sudden flight," said Miss Megaw, touched, in spite of herself, by Charles's sufferings. "She found out who was her mother that day." Miss Megaw then, in a few words, told the story

of Jeanne's sudden claim upon Violet.

"Then Violet Thomson was my uncle's missing child, and the strange Frenchwoman was his wife?" said Charlie.

"Has that suspicion arisen in your mind only since you saw those letters?"

"I wish I could say it had. It is a cruel thing to have to say of one's own father, but ever since I heard my uncle's will read, and knew of his marriage and the disappearance of his child, I thought I understood his quarrel with my father, and I thought my father's conduct with regard to Violet stranger than ever."

"Why did you do so little for the girl after your father's death? You must have known the utterly unprotected state she would have been in had she really been his ward."

"I knew very little about her. I could not tell but that she might have some other guardian, or at least some man of business to look after her interests. I examined all my father's papers, without finding any mention of her beyond a few receipted school-bills. I was very busy at that time. My leave was very short, on account of the state of this country; but as it was, even, I wrote to Mrs. Smith about ten days after my father's death. She delayed some time in answering my letter."

"But though you suspected that Miss Thomson had been kept out of her rightful position by your father's evil conduct, you still took no steps to ascertain whether your idea had any foundation in fact."

"You put the case rather harshly. You must remember that, not many days after my uncle's funeral, I received a notification from Mr. Hatchett that you had discovered an important clue to the missing girl's identity. You may do me the justice to remember that I wrote at once to Mr. Hatchett, saying I only

asked for fairly reasonable proof that she was my uncle's daughter, and I would yield to her claim at once. You suspect me, most unjustly, I see; but you must know, if you look dispassionately into the thing, that I have had no other wish than to act honourably."

"That is a matter between you and your conscience," replied Miss Megaw, coldly. "I have had little reason ever to think dispassionately of your father; and, as his son, I look upon you, too, with distrust. But whether or not you know of your father's wrong-doing, you will suffer for it. This is the Lord's doing, who visits the sins of the fathers on the children."

"I hope I am a different man from my father," said Charlie, sadly. "If you knew more about us, you would know how very little he and I ever agreed."

Miss Megaw remembered she had heard this at Ratney. But still she was not altogether convinced. Charlie and his father might disagree, and yet neither of them be honest men.

"After reading those letters, do you intend to oppose any obstacles to our claimant's due succession to her heritage?" asked Miss Megaw.

"Not if you can show me she is the same child that Madame Leriche carried off."

"Yes, that Madame Leriche carried off, but that your father stole, in reality. I shall have no difficulty in doing that."

"It is hardly generous of you to taunt me so incessantly with my father's wrong-doings," interrupted Charlie, colouring; "the sorrow I feel for them needs no taunts to deepen it—they only add weight to the disgrace that falls undeserved upon my own head. Violet herself can tell you whether or not I ever injured her. Unless she does me this justice, I shall suffer a double wrong."

Not noticing Charlie's appeal further than to leave his father alone for a few minutes, Miss Megaw continued—

"I have to tell you that your ideas on the subject of Mr. Prendergast's marriage and his daughter are utterly wrong. Will you oblige me by listening to the true account of the matter? But, before I begin, I may as well tell you that poor Violet Thomson is dead."

"Dead!" echoed Charlie, growing as white as a sheet.

"Yes, dead. And the credit of her early sorrows and broken heart your father and Jeanne Giron, her mother, may share between them. But though Violet is dead, you are not rid of your cousin—our claimant is alive, and not far from us at this moment. Her history is easily told. When Madame Leriche gave the child first into Jeanne's hands, Jeanne fancied it was only given her to be kept out of the way. But she soon found out her mistake. Money was sent freely to Jeanne, at Tours, where she kept a small lodging-house. But no one came to see the child for more than two years after it was given into her charge. At the end of two years, however, Mr. James Prendergast (who, both before and after Madame Leriche's death, instructed Jeanne in every matter relating to the child) announced his intention of coming over to France, to bring her and her nursing to England, where no expense was to be spared in her bringing up. Now, Jeanne had a child of her own, but it was quite unlike the stolen child. Jeanne's daughter was a little creature, and very dark; Mr. Prendergast's child was fair, and well-grown. It occurred to Jeanne's mind that, as both the children were of the same age, she might procure for her own one the advantages on which Mr. Prendergast dwelt with so much emphasis. At Tours, both the chil-

dren passed for her own, and an English gentleman and his wife, lodging in her house, often admired the fair girl, and having no children of their own, expressed a wish to adopt it—the more so as its reputed mother seemed to dislike and neglect it. Accordingly, about a week before Mr. James Prendergast's arrival at Tours, his brother's child had been handed over to strangers, and carried off by them to another part of the Continent. Now, in all this Jeanne only saw one danger—that of Madame Leriche's having told Mr. Prendergast that the child had fair hair and blue eyes; in spite of the risk, however, she carried out her plan. Mr. James Prendergast arrived at Tours, and, without any suspicion, carried off child and nurse back to England. You know the rest of the poor girl's story—how your father kept her as a powerful weapon wherewith to harass the last years of his elder brother's life—and how the sudden discovery that the coarse Frenchwoman she had only tolerated from early associations was her mother, broke her heart. It is not much more than four weeks since she was laid in her grave. Her mother, stupefied almost by grief and remorse, is in this house, and will have to give you what you require—proofs of what I have asserted. Oh! we have proofs enough, Captain Prendergast. We have Jeanne's declaration—and Mrs. Prendergast's positive testimony as to the colour of her child's eyes and fair hair—and, most important of all, we have your cousin and the English couple who adopted her."

"One thing I want to know," asked Charlie, suddenly; "how did my father become acquainted with this Madame Leriche?"

"Through your uncle's valet, Rutledge, who was a tool of his own. Madame Leriche received money from your father at

once after the marriage, and in return she was to breed dissension—which she certainly did. For her theft of the child she was also well paid. Your father did not stint money for his schemes. Unluckily he was rich, and could afford the luxury of being wicked. Had Madame Leriche not died suddenly and left those letters behind her, his schemes would never have been frustrated."

Miss Megaw paused a moment to let her words sink deep into Charlie's mind.

"All his care and attention were bestowed on the wrong person, however. Madame Leriche had never described the child to him, and Jeanne's piece of deception was perfectly successful in everything but its results."

"But my cousin—Uncle Alexander's daughter," asked Charlie, "what became of her?"

"She has had a happy life, so far, thank God. She fell into good hands, and till a few days ago had no idea that no tie of relationship whatever bound her to the kind people who had been father and mother to her. Will you see her?"

"Not to-day," said Charlie. "I have gone through a great deal. Besides—she must hate my very name."

"I do not quite understand her," said Miss Megaw. "She is in the next room, and stipulated that before you heard her name or anything more about her than what I have told you, she was to see you alone. You need not gratify her wish unless you choose. I think it is a strange one."

"I will go to her," said Charlie, dimly conscious of a hope that a young generous heart might give him some of the trust and forgiveness that it seemed vain to beg from the avenging zeal of Miss Megaw.

Miss Megaw pointed out the room in which his unknown cousin

was waiting for him. He knocked at the door.

"Come in," said a very faint voice.

Charlie opened the door slowly, moved forward a step, and then changed colour violently.

"This is some mistake . . ." he stammered. "I expected to see some one else . . ."

"I know you did, Charlie," said a gentle voice, with so much softness and compassion that it thrilled to the very depths of his troubled heart, and brought tears of gratitude to his eyes. "I was the last person on earth you could have expected to find here. But a strange fate has given me the power of saying that my love for you has blotted out every feeling of resentment against your father."

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When Charlie came back into the room where he had left Miss Megaw, she was at a loss to understand the triumphant expression of his countenance. His eyes were bright and confident, his head erect, and his cheeks as flushed as a girl's.

"You have felt towards me as an enemy," he said, speaking fast and low, "but your actions have been those of a friend. You wanted to visit my father's sins on me—to lay upon me the shame of his evil actions, but you have failed. These sins are not visited as you suppose. The knowledge of their disgrace—the distrust that poisons life and takes away the love of their children—these are the heaviest penalties that the sins of the fathers inflict on children. You wished for more—but more you cannot obtain. You have not taken from me what I value most in life. Christine Dillon is indeed Christine Prendergast; but before she or I had one thought of all the late events she promised to be my wife, and to that we still adhere. I shall my life has been well spent,

and my father's sins atoned, if I make her happy."

There was no need to say more. The force of the blow could not have been intensified. One sharp pang of disappointment, one crushing feeling that the wiles of James Prendergast's son had defeated her in her old age, as his father had worsted her in youth, were enough for poor Miss Megaw, as she sank back fainting in her chair.

Though the whole story was before him in black and white, Charlie Prendergast could scarcely believe the romance of the finding of his uncle's daughter in Christine Dillon to be anything else but an extravagant dream. But this feeling was soon dissipated. Colonel Dillon, no longer doubtful as to Charlie's character, told him all about their adoption of her. "My wife took such a fancy to her," said he, "that as we were not blessed with any near relations to be jealous of our actions, we adopted her, and brought her up, and called her our niece, and, to do her justice, we never had to find fault with her, except—ahem!"

"On one occasion," smiled Charlie, "when she refused to believe a vulgar story against an innocent person. Where did you hear that miserable calumny?"

The Colonel hesitated.

"I'm sure I don't know where he picked his information up," he remarked at last; "but it was from young Singleton I heard the story."

"The miserable cur!" ejaculated Charlie, in his disgust. "It was just like him. But I'll settle the affair with him yet."

Mr. Singleton, however, was almost beyond Charlie's resentment. When it became known that he had given up his pretensions to the hand of the pretty but penniless Miss Dillon, to lay siege to Mr. Prendergast's heiress, he was ridiculed to a moderate extent, but when the ac-

tual results of his manœuvring became generally known, his position was anything but comfortable. His brother officers, long ago disgusted by his selfishness, were glad of an opportunity of being disagreeable to him, and hoped by their contempt and ridicule to induce him to leave the regiment. But worse than their sarcasms was his own disappointment. That he had pursued the shadow and missed the substance was enough punishment to a man of his stamp.

But he had yet to deal with Charlie. Angry and suspicious as to the share he had had in the temporary estrangement of the Dillons, his former captain called on him one day.

"There is a small matter I shall be glad if you'll explain," said Charlie, coolly; "Colonel Dillon tells me it was you who came to him with that nice story about me. I should be glad to hear your authority for that story."

"I've no doubt you would," replied Singleton, insolently.

"And, what is more, I intend to hear it," continued Charlie. "I've heard from Christine how you went on after you succeeded in turning me out of the house. She is one in a thousand, or it might have been the worse for you. You were good enough to ask her to run away with you, I believe. That was pretty well for a young gentleman who is so particular about other people's moral conduct."

"I did nothing of the kind," stammered the dragoon.

"If you give me to understand that Miss Dillon has not spoken the truth," said Charlie, "I shall be under the painful necessity of throwing you out of the window at once, instead of waiting till our personal explanation is over."

"You'd better."

Charlie walked to the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket.

Mr. Singleton's courage oozed out at the ends of his fingers at the sight of these preparations. Charlie next lifted up the sash of the window.

"Now," he said, quietly, "if you don't care to be dropped down into the barrack square, you'd better confess how you picked up that story about me. I'll give you ten minutes to think over it."

But Mr. Singleton, though frightened, was not going to give in easily. The ten minutes passed away in utter silence.

"Very well," said Charlie, "out you go."

A short struggle followed this announcement; after which Charlie held the young man in his arms with a grasp that was anything but comfortable, especially close to a window at a tolerable height from the ground.

"Let me go," said Singleton, wriggling like an eel, "I'll tell you—let me go!" he cried, still louder, as Charlie dandled him in the air outside the window.

"I've a very good mind to let you go once for all," said Charlie, drawing him in again and depositing him on the floor, ruffled, red, and humiliated. "Now, tell the truth, if you can."

Gradually Charlie got the whole story. Singleton had accidentally overheard and misunderstood a conversation of Charlie's with Bob Varley on the subject of Violet. "All's fair in love or war, you know," said Singleton, "so I told old Dillon."

"Well, you'll be kind enough now to write a letter to Colonel Dillon, explaining your code of honour—and telling him what you've just told me, as an example of how you apply it."

It needed some fresh persuasion of no mild kind to induce the future viscount to make the required written statement, but at last the thing

was done, and Charlie handed the interesting document to the Colonel for his satisfaction. After which, Mr. Singleton applied for an exchange and went on leave.

The full facts as to Christine's story were not made public. Colonel Dillon and his wife, and the lawyers and the trustees named in Mr. Prendergast's will, were the only people acquainted with the full particulars of the case. She was married as Miss Dillon, but her fortune became her own at once, as soon as the trustees were fully satisfied of the justice of her claim to be considered the late Mr. Alexander Prendergast's daughter.

In the following winter Charlie Prendergast and his wife returned home, after a visit to the East, and at Christmas a party, very different to former family gatherings, assembled at Glenriveen. Mr. Varley and his wife were there, and Charlie's nearest of kin, together with his French mother-in-law, now nearly restored to health, and last, not least, among his guests, was Miss Megaw, very much changed in appearance by a year of ill-health.

On Christmas morning, Miss Megaw was too ill to come down to breakfast, but before church she sent word to Charlie that she wished to see him alone. He found her sitting before the fire in her room. Her face was very pale and thin from prolonged suffering, and the hand that she held out to him trembled painfully.

"It has occurred to me," she said, with a smile, "that if I tell you nothing of my former life you will imagine your father injured me more than he really did. I am glad I did not say anything to you about him when my mind was so embittered against you, for I thought too much of my own grievances then, and I was justly punished by never enjoying the revenge after which I

hungered. There is no use in going over the whole story of long ago; the facts are simply these: When I was young I was engaged to be married to your uncle Alexander. We loved each other very truly, but your father broke off the match—in a way that was cruel to me—and I married another man whom I disliked very much, and who made me very unhappy. That is the old story of the old woman whose course is very nearly run now, and whose great comfort it is that she has righted her old friend's child, but not in the way she had planned to herself. As you said, God does not visit the sins of the fathers on the children, as we in our anger would have Him do. I understand that now, and on this Christmas morning I want to tell you, that as I hope for His forgiveness, so I forgive your father from the bottom of my heart."

On their return from church Charlie was the first to come into the room where he had left Miss Megaw a couple of hours before. When the door was opened she did not turn her head round, and again when he came and stood beside her she did not move, and he thought her asleep. But after a moment the great stillness of her slumber alarmed him, and touching her hand, which lay on her lap, he found it icy cold.

Miss Megaw's earthly course was indeed run. She had undone the evil work of her enemy, and, last of all, she had forgiven him; and in the hour when all bitterness had passed away from her heart, her weary spirit found its rest. From her very face the traces of lifelong sorrow and resentment seemed also to have vanished, and as Charlie gazed mournfully on the pale marble countenance, the smooth brow and placid smile seemed faintly to image her eternal peace.

QUEEN GWENDOLINE.

BY IDA, AUTHOR OF "LADY BLANCHE," &c.

A QUEEN once, in the olden time,
Look'd from her casement high,
Her winsome form, just in its prime,
Match'd well her flashing eye.

Her warder from his tower that day
A joyous summons peal'd,
That home return'd, with banners gay,
Her warriors from the field.

And then, 'mid salvos loud and long,
They file through gate and square ;
But, in the plumed victor throng,
Rode one sad captive there.

And as she gazed, this virgin queen,
On all that proud array,
Towards that captive's stately mien
Her frequent glances stray.

And then she told her maidens there,
" Bid the great hall be hung
With freshest garlands, bright and fair,
The armoury among :

" There let the minstrels mingle too,
And there the banquet lay ;
Wine and song 's to soldiers due—
We'll hold a festive day !

" And bring my robe, with jewels wrought,
But twine within my hair
Only a simple true-love knot,
Nor crown shall press it there."

Then gaily to the banquet hall
She and her train repair,
And, 'mid her courtly beauties all,
Was fairest of the fair

Then came a knight with pages twain,
Before her bending low,
To say the hostage of their train
Her sovereign will would know.

"Sir Knight," the generous queen replied,
"In honour of thine arms,
Let none who in this castle bide
For this day feel alarms ;

"And if the captive's birth or state
Our courtesy might claim,
Tell him I will reserve his fate,
And now would learn his name."

Who would not fight for such a queen ?
And so the good knight thought ;
And straightway through that brilliant scene
The stranger now was brought.

A manly form, a bronzed face,
With dark eyes flashing keen,
He came, and with an easy grace,
Now thus address'd the queen :—

"Upon the field, Queen Gwendoline,
I fought 'gainst odds to save
A banner that, till yestere'en,
Could still unconquer'd wave.

"But, by thy veterans' arms outdone—
For thee so much men dare—
Our cause was lost, and thine was won,
Men call me Sholto Clair ! "

A free brief speech, that in her breast
A new strange feeling woke—
Half pain, half pleasure, half unrest—
But answering soon she spoke :—

"Sir Stranger ! thus in war it fares,
But in this festive scene
Forget awhile a soldier's cares,
Forget a hostile queen !

"And when the feast and dance are o'er,
If shadows cloud thy brow,
I've but to ask one query more,
Till then no captive thou ! "

PART SECOND.

Now mirth, and song, and Terpsichore,
With youth and pleasure meet,
And fast the golden hours soar,
While faster fly their feet.

And hearts that spurn'd the foeman's steel
Soft glances now enthrall,
And answering glances oft reveal
That love is lord of all !

But most the queen of all her train
Provokes the gentle spell,
And many a gallant sighs in vain
With love he dare not tell.

And when morn stole with silent tread,
The queen with sorrow miss'd
A flower that on her bosom fed,
Whose blossoms oft she'd kiss'd,

And turning where the stranger stands,
She sees it fondly press'd,
With wistful looks and reverent hands,
To lips that oft caress'd !

Ah, then the heart of Gwendoline
Thrill'd strangely at the sight !
'Neath all her jewels' glancing sheen,
It was no longer light.

And now her trembling voice she task'd,
Like sweet chords out of tune ;
For now that query must be ask'd,
Of which she spoke at noon.

" Sir Stranger ! whom war's stern decree
Brought to our castle old,
One question I would ask of thee
Ere I thy fate unfold :

" What is it hardest for to part
When thou art at thy home ?
And what is dearest to thy heart
Where'er thy footsteps roam ? "

Brave Sholto paused ; then raising slow
His eyes to hers, replied—
" Queen Gwendoline, a day ago
The dearest was my bride."

Oh, at the words within her heart
Is born a sudden pain !
But ere she'll brook to own the smart
He shall be free again.

Then quick a ring, with gems so bright,
She from her finger drew—
“ I pray thee take this gift, Sir Knight,
To one so dear to you.

“ For thine own sake, thy banner torn
Shall be my trophy now,
And, for her sake, to-morrow morn
No more a captive thou ! ”

He took the ring, he seized her hand,
And in soft tones he said—
“ My only bride is mine own land,
That by my sword is wed !

“ Nor deem my ancient banner all
That thou, fair victor, won ;
For here, in this enchanted hall,
I've greater dangers run !

“ For dearest on the earth to me—
From whom 'tis death to part—
Is she who bids me now be free,
Yet captive keeps my heart ! ”

The answer of Queen Gwendoline
Her minstrels ne'er reveal'd,
But in a few brief moons, I ween,
Gay wedding bells were peal'd.

And history tells, Sir Sholto Clair
Still own'd her sovereign will ;
And oft vow'd to his queen so fair,
He was her captive still.

HISTORY OF THE MUNSTER CIRCUIT.

BY J. RODERICK O'FLANAGAN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

CHAPTER V.

THE kingdom of Kerry, as Curran called it, in a speech delivered in the Irish House of Commons, on the 23rd January, 1787, was then in a very disturbed state. He speaks of this as owing to the supineness of the local authorities. "The low and contemptible state of your magistracy is the cause of much evil, particularly in the kingdom of Kerry. I say, kingdom, for it seems, absolutely, not a part of the same country as the rest of Ireland."

"Sir, I will relate to you a circumstance that will give you an idea of the vigilance of the magistrates in that quarter. One Laly, a notorious offender, for whom a reward had been offered by Government, appeared openly in the county. A poor cottager was met by a person one morning, who was going to pay his rent. The person asked him, 'Was he not distressed to make up the money?' The poor cottager innocently replied, 'Why should I want money, when I can, at any time, get fifty pounds for informing against Laly?' For having dropped this expression, the wretched cabin was that night broken open by six armed men, and as himself, his wife, and children, sat round a little table, at their tasteless and scanty meal of dry potatoes, a

blunderbuss was discharged on them, scarcely one of the children escaped being wounded; the father was shot dead on the spot. In Tralee another fellow broke gaol, and they are both walking about the country, not skulking or hiding, but in the face of day. To my own knowledge, informations were laid before a magistrate—a very respectable person—but no step has been taken to apprehend them, and the murderers and the outlaw stalk about the land, laughing at the sleeping laws."*

The county of Cork almost equalled Kerry in lawlessness. Men with blackened faces (they could not be designated *White Boys*) roved about armed with swords and bludgeons, and entered the shops of respectable citizens, injuring the goods, and breaking the windows. The only reason which could be assigned for such misconduct being, that the shop contained English and Dublin goods.

The condition of the prisons, in the various towns on the Munster Circuit, towards the close of the eighteenth century, was very deplorable. In those days debtors, who were insolvents, were obliged to herd with criminals, and the following is a strong proof of the sad state to which persons in the always unhappy state of impecuniosity were subjected: "The debtors in the South Gaol of Cork were reduced

* Debates, vol. vii. pp. 41, 42.

to the necessity of drinking salt water for the last three months, their pumps being for a long time dry, and many of them in consequence very ill, they humbly besought the managers of the pipe-water, through the newspapers of the day (Nov. 20th, 1782), to redress that great want." * The prisons were in so insecure a state that escapes from custody were of common occurrence. Several took place in 1782. On December 27th of that year, the criminals in the North Gaol of Cork, by the aid of saws, cut their way into the room where the keys were kept, which they broke open, and got into the upper rooms, and, by making a rope fast, five of them let themselves down into the street and escaped. Among them was a notorious robber, called Jack-a-boy, whose feats seem to have rivalled Jack Sheppard. He was not so lucky this time, for he was captured the following morning, at Blackpool, and conducted back to his old lodgings. He seems to have been long in custody—for, under date of 28th September, 1785, it is related the criminals in the North Gaol attempted to escape. They broke several of the doors to get to the top of the gaol, which they succeeded in reaching. Then, by tying their blankets and sheets together, they made safe their descent to the street. Jack-a-boy, or John Callaghan, which was his proper name, together with a man named Linchan, both under sentence of transportation, made good their escape on this occasion. Another of the band was retaken, concealed under a boat on the quay.

A few years later, in 1787, three felons, prisoners in the South Gaol of Cork, under sentence of transportation, escaped from their cells,

by means of the sewer; and getting into the river at low water, waded across. But it was low water with them, for, on landing, they were recaptured.

In 1791 another attempt nearly succeeded. On the door of the County Gaol being opened a felon rushed out, made towards Hanover Street, over Wandesford Bridge, where the turnkey overtook him; upon this the convict, who was armed, attempted to shoot him, but, luckily for the turnkey, the pistol missed fire, and the convict was brought back in custody.

An amusing instance is related of the ingenuity of a Cork citizen in capturing a thief, which deserves a place in this history. Mr. Nixon, for such was the citizen's name, being repeatedly robbed of articles of jewellery, baited a gin rat-trap with a pair of diamond buckles, and placed the whole under a glass-case. When the thief paid his customary predatory visit, he cautiously removed the case, and tried to snatch the glittering prize, but the effort caused the trap to close with a snap that held his hand tight, until Mr. Nixon caught him in the act, and he was speedily lodged in gaol.

A case of abduction cost a respectable clergyman his life. A party of gentlemen, among whom was the Rev. Emanuel Moore, joined in pursuit of a gang who had forcibly abducted a farmer's daughter, in County Cork, and coming close to them were met by a volley of fire-arms, by which the Rev. Mr. Moore was killed.†

A considerable portion of the Munster Circuit was much agitated by the Rebellion of 1798. The French expedition, organized by Wolfe Tone, who, undoubtedly, was a man fitted to take a leading part in any

* Turkey's Cork Remembrancer.

† *Ibid.*

perilous enterprise, had, in 1796, nearly effected a landing in Bantry Bay. Tone's diary gives ample evidence of what might have taken place had not the same power which saved England from the Spanish Armada saved Ireland from the French invasion. Under date of December 22, 1796, Tone says:—

"This morning, at eight, we neared Bantry Bay considerably, but the fleet is terribly scattered. No news of the *Fratérnité*. I believe it is the first instance of an admiral, in a clean frigate, with moderate weather, and moonlight nights, parting company with his fleet.

"December 25th.—Last night I had the strongest expectation that to-day we should debark, but at two this morning I was awakened by the wind. The wind continues right ahead, so that it is absolutely impossible to work up to the landing place, and God knows when it will change.

"Had we been able to land the first day, and march directly to Cork, we should have, infallibly, carried it by a *coup-de-main*, and then we should have a footing in the country; but as it is—if we are taken—my fate will not be a mild one."

Conway and Swanton, both Cork men, were actively engaged in supporting the cause of the United Irishmen. Conway was one of the Directory. He was a watchmaker. Both he and Swanton were arrested, and lodged in Cork Gaol. Conway's health broke down under the confinement, so he offered to give information against his rebellious associates in exchange for his liberty.

This offer was accepted, and the "Cornwallis Correspondence" informs us, the information he gave was very valuable.*

Mr. Swanton was a native of Dunmanway, and effected his escape. He went to America, and employed his

talents in the legal profession with such success that he became a judge. He revisited his native land in after years.

The unfortunate brothers—Henry and John Sheares—were barristers and members of the Munster Bar. Their father was a highly respectable and opulent banker in Cork, and was remarkable for his humanity—a humanity of deeds, not words. In 1774, he established a society in Cork for the relief and discharge of persons confined in the gaols for small debts. He was a Member of the Irish Parliament, having represented the borough of Clonakilty in the House of Commons, from 1761 to 1768, in place of Lord Boyle, returned for the county. Both these gentlemen—Henry and John Sheares—imbibed the terribly democratic principles of the French Revolution, and O'Connell, who met them on his return from the Colleges of St. Omer and Douai, was horrified at the language in which they boasted of having witnessed the execution of Louis XVI.

They had been friends of Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare, and, it is said, that Henry Sheares was his successful rival in gaining the affections of Miss Swete, to whom Fitzgibbon was greatly attached.

It is highly creditable to the memory of that nobleman to relate the following anecdote, communicated by my respected friend, the late James Roche, of Cork, one of the most learned men of his time, and a frequent contributor to various periodicals†:—

"Before the outbreak of the insurrection in 1798, during the Assizes of Limerick, Lord Clare desired to have an interview with the two Sheareses, to which my father, in the hope of a

* Cornwallis Correspondence, vol. iii. p. 85.

† These valuable papers were printed for circulation among his family and friends in two vols., entitled "Essays by an Octogenarian." He died in 1853.

amicable result, invited them to his house; but it ended, unfortunately, in more intense exasperation and irritation, as was discernible in the young men's flushed features and defiant bearing as they parted. Yet the Chancellor's object was certainly benevolent and conciliatory; but they were intractable. The interview was close and private, still I marked their aspect on leaving the house—inflamed and indignant in every lineament. Possibly, overtures repulsive to their feelings may have thus excited them."

They were, as we know, executed. They were betrayed by Captain John Warnford Armstrong, who visited them as a friend.

The judges who, towards the close of the last century, usually went the Munster Circuit, were Barry Yelverton, Lord Avonmore, the Right Hon. Thomas Kelly, Judge Crookshank, Judge Finucane, and Judge Day. Some anecdotes yet linger of these old judges. Judge Kelly, remarking a sporting juror of the county Clare coming into court after a fine had been recorded against him for absence, reminded the dilatory juror, "You would not have been so late at a fox-hunt."

Judge Day, who was a very tall man, was seen walking with the late Sir Arthur Clarke, whose dwarfish figure presented a very marked contrast with that of the Judge. "There goes," said a witty barrister, "the longest *Day* and the shortest (*K*) *Night*."

At the Assizes of Limerick, in 1790, Judge Day was trying to dispose of the heavy calendar of criminals, so as to keep his time for opening the commission in Tralee. He was going into a fresh case so late as twelve o'clock at night, despite the earnest protest of the bar. He would listen to no remonstrance, and was directing the jury to be sworn, when a note was handed him by the crier. The Judge read it, his features relaxed into a smile,

and he suddenly declared, "He would go no further that night." The note contained the following lines, written by a member of the circuit named Casey:—

"Try men by *night*! my Lord, forbear:
Think what the wicked world will
say;
Methinks, I hear the rogues declare,
That *justice* is not seen by *Day*."

Towards the close of the year 1797, a very tragical occurrence took place on the Munster circuit, for which indictments were preferred at the Lent Assizes, in April, 1798. The going judges were the Right Hon. Thomas Kelly, and the Hon. Matthew Finucane. The grand jury was composed of gentlemen of the highest rank in the county—Lord Boyle, eldest son of the Earl of Shannon (foreman); Deane, Freeman, Uniacke, Fitzgerald, Longfield, Aldworth, Townsend, &c.; and the senior judge charged them carefully, for among the cases to go before them was one charging no less personages than Robert Earl of Kingston, and his son, the Hon. Robert King, with the crime of murder. The evidence proved that the Earl of Kingston, late Lord Kingsborough, accompanied by his son, Colonel King, arrived at the hotel in the principal street of the town of Kilworth, in the county of Cork, in the evening of a day in October, 1797. His lordship inquired whether a strange guest had arrived there that day, and was answered in the affirmative. He then asked if he could see him, and was told, "he was then in the house, but had gone to his room." His lordship then sent up his compliments by the waiter, with the expression of his anxiety to see him on business. The waiter went to the guest's bedroom; the door was locked, and the guest, who, it appeared, was a Colonel Fitzgerald, refused to open it, and told the waiter "not to disturb him at

such a late hour, as he could attend to no business that evening." His voice at once told Lord Kingston and his party that Colonel FitzGerald was the speaker inside. They vociferously demanded admittance. Their request was not acceded to, and the door yielded to pressure, and they rushed into the bedroom. Colonel FitzGerald was armed with a brace of pistols. Colonel King at once rushed towards him, in order to seize him. Colonel FitzGerald grappled with him, when Lord Kingsborough, violently excited, shot FitzGerald, who immediately fell. Dr. Pigot, of Kilworth, was sent for, but the wound was mortal, and the unhappy man shortly ceased to live. Lord Kingsborough at once went to the seat of his brother-in-law, Moore Park, Kilworth, residence of the Earl of Mount Cashel, and offered to take his trial, exclaiming, "God! I don't know how I did it; but I most sincerely wish it had been by some other hand than mine." Bills of indictment were prepared and sent before the grand jury, as I have already stated, and were found against Robert Earl of Kingston, Colonel the Hon. Robert King, and John Harvey. As the Earl of Kingston, father of Lord Kingsborough, had died subsequently to the commission of this homicide, on 13th of November, 1797, Lord Kingsborough became Earl of Kingston, and therefore the indictment found at the Spring Assizes of 1798, was moved by *certiorari* to the High Court of Parliament, in order that the Earl should be tried by his peers.*

The case of Colonel King and Robert Harvey was tried by a petty jury at the Cork Assizes. Both were acquitted, for the witnesses to

sustain the prosecution were not to be found. The circumstances which led to this fatal *rencontre* are of so very romantic a nature, that I cannot forbear narrating them, as, from my knowledge of the Kingston family, and being a native of the locality, I am cognisant of the facts.

Robert, second Earl of Kingston, when Viscount Kingsborough, married, in 1769, Caroline, only daughter and heiress of Richard FitzGerald, Esq., of Mount O'Phaly, co. Kildare. A brother of Lady Kingsborough left an illegitimate son, named Henry FitzGerald, whom Lady Kingsborough, from a motive of compassion, brought up with her own children. One of these children, Mary, was very beautiful, and possessed singularly abundant and curling hair.

Young Henry FitzGerald, when old enough to enter the army, did so, and, backed by the powerful influence of the Kingston family, rapidly rose to the rank of colonel. He was endowed with manly grace of form and feature, had married well, and lived with his wife at Bishopsgate, near the Thames. Not remembering all he owed to the Kingston family, or to his own, he gained the affections of the Honourable Mary King, and induced her to elope with him.

This sad event took place in 1797, and the strange disappearance of the young lady caused deep pain and surprise to her family, especially her agonized parents. Every effort was made to discover her retreat. Not the least suspicion of Colonel FitzGerald being implicated ever entered the minds of the afflicted family of the missing girl. He had been like a brother among them, and was looked on as one of themselves.

* He was tried in the House of Lords, Dublin, on the 18th of May, 1798, and acquitted, there being no evidence adduced to sustain the indictment.

FitzGerald, but thought, if the Colonel acknowledged his baseness, the affair might end." Colonel FitzGerald replied "he was willing to admit he had acted wrong." This not being deemed a sufficient admission under the circumstances, the duel was renewed, and two more shots were exchanged, without any injury to either of the combatants. Then Colonel FitzGerald's powder being all used, he asked for a supply, or the use of one of his antagonist's pistols. Major Wood declined this strange proposal, though Colonel King desired he would grant the request.

An adjournment was then agreed on, and both parties were to renew the duel next morning. This was prevented by the police, who arrested both the principals.

Colonel FitzGerald succeeded in obtaining his release, and, with a determined persistence in his evil designs upon the young lady, went at once to Ireland, resolved to take her away again. He had a confidante in the maid who was the attendant on Miss King, and she acquainted him with her retreat. The town of Mitchelstown is close to the seat of the Earls of Kingston. The entrance to the grounds forms a side of the square, and on the opposite side is the hotel, then kept by Mr. Barry. The innkeeper's suspicions as to the employment of his strange guest were aroused by the conduct of this man. His appearance was singular—he was tall and very handsome, with flowing beard, and whiskers to match—yet he seemed to know no one in the town or neighbourhood. He shut himself up, during the day, in his room, and went out at night. The neighbouring Kilworth mountains were celebrated, at that time, as the resort of highway robbers. Captain Brennan's gang are remembered to this day, and it was thought this military-looking visitor might belong to

the gang, or, maybe, was the bold Brennan himself. He mentioned this man, and his strange mode of passing his time, to Lord Kingsborough, who came over to take command of the yeomanry, as the rebellion was spreading over the land. Lord Kingsborough instantly guessed the visitor was neither Brennan, nor any of his gang, but the terrible wolf who sought to deprive him of his once spotless lamb. Furious at this instance of persevering rascality, Lord Kingsborough went across the square to the hotel, and inquired for the stranger. Whether anything in Barry's manner had alarmed that individual, or finding Lord Kingsborough returned urged his departure, we know not, but a post-boy of the inn told his lordship he had driven the strange gentleman, that day, to the inn of Kilworth. Lord Kingsborough was resolved to ascertain who this stranger was, and with his son, Colonel King, and a servant named Harvey, went to Kilworth. We already know what took place there.

The following extract from my friend, the late David Owen Madden's interesting "*Revelations in the South of Ireland*," gives the conclusion of this romance in high life: "Miss King was removed to England, and was domesticated under a feigned name. She was at last settled in the family of a respectable clergyman of the Established Church in Wales. Her manner was engaging in character, as well as in person; she is described as having been very attractive. The clergyman did not know her real name, or the history of the interesting being domiciled under his roof. For obvious reasons he was kept in error by the friends of the young lady. The termination of her adventures was not the least remarkable fact in her romantic story.

She was very much liked by the clergyman's family, and her conversational powers are described as being of a high order. Her own extraordinary adventures were, on one day, the theme of her narrative powers. She told the clergyman, under feigned names, the whole history of her life, and described, as belonging to the history of another person, the feelings which she had herself experienced, and the incidents which had occurred to her. The delineation, as might be supposed, was highly wrought and spirited. It moved the clergyman exceedingly, and he expressed the deepest pity for the victim painted by Miss King. While he was so expressing his feelings, Miss King suddenly revealed to him who she was. 'I am that very person for whom you have expressed so much interest.'

"The clergyman was astonished at the intelligence, and showed, at first, more surprise than pleasure at the information. Miss King repented of her frankness, as she thought it likely that she would be removed to another abode. She told the clergyman that she supposed, after that information, he would not permit her to continue an inmate of his household. He disclaimed such an intention; he saw that the young lady was 'more sinned against than sinning,' and he felt sincere compassion for her sufferings, and sympathy for her misfortunes. In many cases, especially where the sex is concerned, 'pity is akin to love.' It was so in the present instance, and the adventures of Miss King were finally closed more happily than might have been augured from their commencement. She was not long after married to this clergyman, and lived with him a very happy and exemplary life. She died several years ago in Wales."

CHAPTER VI.

AT the opening of the nineteenth century the Munster bar comprised a number of singularly able men. Curran of course was the chief, next came, if not in point of standing, certainly in point of ability, Charles Burton. He was an Englishman by birth, and while some investigation respecting the intricate title to an estate in Ireland, then for sale, brought Mr. Burton, a law clerk in an English solicitor's office, to Dublin, he came in contact with Curran, who was at once captivated with the young Englishman's legal acquirements, and modest demeanour. Curran saw the great advantage he would derive by securing Mr. Burton's aid in noting his briefs and supplying his legal arguments. He accordingly made overtures, which Mr. Burton readily acceded to. Curran had no reason to repent his selection. Fond of pleasure, delighting in society, and never a very profound lawyer, he found in Mr. Burton one he could implicitly confide in. Thus Curran's cases were soon distinguished by a clearness and depth of legal learning they never displayed before. In the admirable "*Sketches from the Note-Book of an Irish Barrister*," which appeared, very many years ago, in the *London Metropolitan Magazine*, the gifted writer mentions the following anecdote: "We heard an eminent solicitor say that he was once despatched, with a very heavy brief, in a very important cause, to Curran, who was then circulating his flashes of wit and merriment at a dinner table, and he wrote with a pencil on a slip of paper, 'Carry the brief to Mr. Burton, but I will thank you for the fee.' The attorney did so. Mr. Burton happened to be also at dinner—a very light one, a small roll, coffee, and an egg or two. He had companions, too, in the shape of

a pile of law books, which he consulted alternately with a draught of the sober berry's decoction."

There is no doubt Mr. Burton's well-known services to Mr. Curran was a great introduction for him. He was called to the bar Michaelmas term, 1792, and soon after joined the Munster circuit. Had it not been for this connection with Curran, I can hardly suppose he would have had the courage to come, as a stranger to the land and the people, amongst the members of the Munster circuit. But they soon learned to appreciate the little Englishman. The circuit business is usually more difficult of attainment than that in Dublin. Family ties, long association, private friendship, often direct the briefs in cases on circuit, and it is to Curran's influence Mr. Burton probably owed his ready acceptance by the practitioners of Munster. It is said that a fishery case, bristling with difficult sections of Acts of Parliament, tried at the assizes for Kerry, first brought Mr. Burton to the front. He held the junior brief, and had made himself well up in the law of the intricate case. As sometimes happens, when the case was called, Mr. Burton's leader was engaged elsewhere, and the second counsel, though an excellent judge of fish on the dinner table, was not equally at home with the Fishery Acts. To his great relief, therefore, he soon ascertained that his unknown junior was a powerful and most efficient support. He evinced his opinion of Mr. Burton's skill and legal acumen in this particular branch of legal learning so highly, that he entrusted him not only with the conduct, but the arguing the case. The admirable manner in which the young lawyer acquitted himself made such an impression upon the Kerry attorneys, that Mr. Burton was always in great request at all future assizes of Tralee.

The fishery case did not end there.

Points saved were argued in the King's Bench, Dublin; and here, again, Mr. Burton greatly added to his reputation. He was much admired for the closeness of his reasoning, the clearness of his statements, the aptitude of his cases in point. He soon was recognized as one of the leaders of the Munster circuit.

Another eminent member of the Munster circuit in 1800 was Mr. Quin. Solemn, dramatic, melancholy, but learned, earnest, and eloquent, "he was," says Madden, "a grave elocutionist, and delivered his speeches in the stately style of Kemble playing Cato. In some cases he was most imposing and effective; but his style was too tragic for the every-day cases of the bar. In the case of a Higgins or a Murphy he was as grand in his manner as if the house of Atreus were his clients. In stating a case in trover you were reminded of the soliloquy in *Hamlet*. I know not whether he was a distant relative or connection of his namesake, the celebrated actor; but certainly the King's Counsel of the Munster Bar had all the air of a stage-taught and perhaps a stage-struck lawyer. Like his namesake, the great actor, he was heavy and monotonous. The actor and the advocate both wanted variety. Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff, still was Quin. Quin's business was not of a very enduring character, and it is said an opinion he gave, during a Cork election, which was wrong, caused him to lose a great share of his civil business. As a crown prosecutor, of course he was not subject to the caprice of fortune, and the misdemeanants who figured in the calendar of prisoners during each assizes he attended, found their depredation upon purses and pockets, their head-breaking and felony, publicly prosecuted in a lofty style which would well have suited the bar of the House of Lords.

In contrast to Quin, wide as the poles asunder, may be named Ned Lysaght and Jerry Keller. Full of fun, frolic, *bon mot*, jest, they were the delight of the bar mess, and preferred the social board to the board of green cloth on which witnesses were placed. Lysaght was a native of the county of Clare, born at Brickhill in 1763. He first intended applying himself to practice as a barrister in England, and was called to the English bar in 1798, and, in the same year, to the Irish, and had some practice in Westminster. But the steady, technical, and matter-of-fact habits of the English courts were not suited to the jovial, social temperament of the devil-may-care Clare man. He told a friend, "he had not law enough for the King's Bench, he was not dull enough for the Court of Chancery, and that before he could make way at the Old Bailey, he must shoot Garrow (then the most celebrated practitioner in criminal cases), which would be very unpleasant to him."

Accordingly, Ireland became the scene of his labours, and her politics the theme of his ready pen.

He got business on circuit, but was never in much repute as a lawyer. He laughed an opponent out of court rather than overthrew him by legal weapons. He was great at the bar mess, full of anecdote and epigram; but I was not able to collect as many of his *bon mots* as I could have wished. My note-book, however, contains the following:—

Lysaght rather startled the well-known Dublin banker, of Cork Hill, Mr. Latouche, one day as he was walking home from the bank, by asking him for employment in the bank.

"You! my dear Lysaght," exclaimed the banker, "what situation in my concern would suit you?"

"I could manage two, if you'd let ."

"Tell me what they are?" asked the astonished banker.

"If you let me act your *cashier* for one day, I'll turn *runner* the next," replied the wag.

A gentleman with the somewhat strange name of Flatly, had a handsome villa near Castle Connell, and frequently invited friends of the bar to dine with him during the Limerick assizes. On one occasion, when Lysaght was present, some barrister, addressing the host, said, "I wonder you are allowed to continue a bachelor, when you have such a handsome establishment, and there are so many beautiful Limerick lasses—any one of whom you might be proud to see as your wife at your table."

"Ah, my dear friend," replied the host, with a genuine sigh, "I would very readily change my condition, but, unfortunately, I never could muster up sufficient courage to pop the question."

"I tell you what," said Lysaght, "depend on it, if you ask any one of them *boldly*, she never will refuse you *Flatly*."

Lysaght was a distinguished song writer, as his "Grattan and freedom," "The Man who led the Van of the Irish Volunteers," "The Sprig of Shillalegh," "The Rakes of Mallow," "Kate of Garevilla," and others denote. He would compose an impromptu with great readiness, as the following may prove. One evening at Tralee—during the assizes—the conviviality of the Munster bar was rudely disturbed by a terrible noise, which proceeded from the apartment beneath. Voices in altercation, smashing of glasses, overturning of chairs, showed there was something unpleasant going on. A waiter, who had brought in a fresh supply of claret to the bar-room, was asked to explain the cause of the disturbance.

"'Tis the gentlemen of the grand

jury that's having a fight, after dinner," was the response.

When silence was at length restored, Lysaght, who had been plying his pencil on a scrap of paper, read,—

"Here we sit, like merry lads,
Laughing at all silly asses,
While below the Kerry cads
Are breaking their heads and
glasses.

What care we for bluster or riot?
No matter who's right, or who's
wrong,

While we sip our claret in quiet.

Mr. Lyne—won't you give us a
song?"

Lysaght—like most men of his disposition, was always in embarrassed circumstances. When a friend was giving him his name on an accommodation bill, he said, "Now, my dear Ned, I hope you won't fail to take up this bill."

"Depend on it," replied Ned, "I surely will, and the *protest along with it*."

A fair lady, who had gone on a love-chase after a truant member of the bar, was induced to travel home again in the postchaise which brought him on circuit. Lysaght immediately exclaimed: "How sweet's the love that meets *return*."

He left the circuit in 1810. He was then appointed one of the divisional magistrates of the city of Dublin, but he was not destined long to enjoy the emoluments of office. He died that same year, leaving a widow and three daughters. One became the wife of the Right Rev. Dr. Griffin, Lord Bishop of Limerick.

As a substantial proof of the respect felt for him and his amiable family by the bench and bar of Ireland, the very handsome sum of £2,484 was subscribed for them. John Lloyd and Peter Burrowes were the treasurers, and received a very grateful expression of thanks from the widow and her daughters

for their attention during the collection of this fund.

Mr. Keller, or Jerry, as he was generally called, was one of the celebrities of the Munster bar. I am told by those who were personally acquainted with him, he had the most mirth-provoking countenance ever seen, and this, added to the natural drollery of the man, must have been irresistible. With his son and daughters I was very intimate, and they presented a strong contrast to their sire, for the son was grave, and the daughters serious—almost puritanical in their manners.

The earliest anecdote I have of Keller is connected with the birth of Thomas Moore. This occurred on the 28th May, 1780. A young barrister who lodged in the house of the grocer, Mr. Moore, in No. 12, Aungier Street, Dublin, corner of Little Longford Street, invited a few choice companions, Jerry Keller being one, to dine with him on that day. When they had assembled and dined, and were disposed to enjoy a convivial evening, the servant announced "that Mrs. Moore was confined, and the baby was a son." Thereupon the young host very considerably proposed an adjournment of the party to a neighbouring tavern, where they could indulge their merriment without disturbing the lady of the house. This met a ready approval. "Quite right," said Keller, "that we should adjourn *pro re nata*."

When Barry Yelverton was raised to the peerage as Lord Avonmore, he asked Curran, Egan, and Keller to dine with him, in order that they might read his patent, and see it was accurate. It was rumoured Yelverton got it from the Crown in return for his supporting the Union, then recently introduced.

The patent recited, in the customary formula, "George, of the United Kingdom," &c. Curran and

Egan both concurred in considering it was all quite right, and said so—Keller was silent.

"Anything wrong, Keller?" asked the new peer.

"I'm not quite sure that your lordship will allow my objection," replied Keller, with a comic twist of his visage that denoted fun, "but don't you see it recites, 'George, of the United Kingdom, King,' &c.?—Now, my lord, my notion is, the *consideration* comes too early in the deed."

The palpable hit amused all very much, and Keller was rewarded with loud laughter.

He had a relation, a wine merchant, who supplied the wine drunk at the Munster bar mess. A young fop wished to raise a laugh at Jerry's expense, and one day asked Keller "what he thought of the claret?"

"I think it is excellent," replied Keller.

"Of course you do, as it is your cousin supplies it," retorted the junior. "But how do you account for this?" he continued, holding up a claret bottle, "I think these bottles decrease in size every assizes, though, I'll be bound, the same price is charged."

"That's easily accounted for," replied Jerry, with a wink, that told his hearers something good was sure to follow; "if you had as much knowledge of wine at home as you have on circuit, you'd know *the bottles shrink in the washing.*"

When Edward Mayne, a heavy dull lawyer, was elevated to the King's Bench, on the death of Judge Osborne, in 1817, it is said when Keller entered the court he was so convinced his jocose character militated against his preferment, that he muttered to himself, "Mayne, your *gravity* has placed you up there, while my *levity* keeps me down here."

There were two Grady's, besides

the Chief Baron O'Grady, at the bar, and of these Harry Deane Grady had great repute on the Munster circuit. He was low-sized, had a rubicund countenance, with a stentorian voice that almost blew a witness out of the chair. He was by far the most able cross-examiner in the circuit. He delighted in tackling an obtuse-looking, but really sharp-witted peasant, who had made up his mind to tell as little against his side as he conveniently could. With such a witness Harry Deane Grady played, as a practised angler with a stubborn fish. He gave him line enough, and, with a "Just so," "Quite right," "Exactly," lured the witness into the notion he was outwitting the counsellor; but all this time Harry Deane Grady was winking knowingly at the box containing the important twelve with his *jury eye*.

We are told his right eye was so frequently employed in this aid to his cross-examination, the sight was occasionally impaired. One morning, appearing in court rather depressed, a circumstance so unusual as to be noticeable, a friend asked, "What is the matter, Harry? Are you ill?"

"Indeed I am not myself at all," he replied; "there is something wrong with my *jury eye*!"

While the witness, who, under the notion he was giving the cross-examining counsel very little in return for his questions, Grady was every instant involving in a mesh of contradiction, and, when he completed his object, it was comical to hear how he made the keen lad on the table admit the very matters he thought he so successfully concealed. Then Grady, with the voice of Stentor, and the breath of Boreas, turned him clean inside out, and wrung from him all that suited his client's need.

The other Grady was Thomas, so

very near-sighted, he read with difficulty, and was called "Spectacle Grady." He also was a wit, but not so popular as either Keller or Lysaght, for his wit was steeped in venom, and he had once to pay dearly for it. He wrote the fiercest satire ever penned, as we shall have occasion to see later on, when his poem, "The Nosegay," subjected him to an action for libel at the suit of Mr. Bruce of Limerick. Tom Grady was one of the minority of the Irish bar who supported the Union, and, if reliance is to be placed upon Sir Jonah Barrington, delivered the following singular speech at the bar meeting, held in the Exhibition Room, in William Street, Dublin, on the 9th December, 1799. "The Irish," he said, "are only the rump of an aristocracy. Shall I visit posterity with a system of war, pestilence, and famine? No! No! Give me an Union; unite me to that country where all is peace, and order, and prosperity. Without an Union we shall see embryo Chief Judges, Attorney-Generals in perspective, and animalculæ Serjeants. All the cities on the South and West are on the Atlantic Ocean, between the rest of the world and Great Britain; they are all for it—they must all become warehouses—the people are Catholic, and they are all for it."

Mr. Grady was appointed an assistant barrister by Lord Clare, but he did not continue to practise at the bar. Satire was his *forte*, and he wielded a scathing pen.

Another of the most eminent members of the Munster circuit was Richard Pennefather. He was born in 1773, and his equally distinguished brother, Edward, a year later. Their father, Major Pennefather, was member for Cashel. Richard's career in Trinity College

was distinguished by his taking an *optime*. Both these famous lawyers were called to the Irish bar in 1795, when Richard went the Munster circuit. He was pre-eminent in his professional career, and justly regarded one of the leaders of the Munster bar, while he continued on circuit. His elevation to the Exchequer bench being already recorded in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE,* it is unnecessary to relate it here. Suffice it to say, the talents and learning which procured him large practice at the bar shone with increased lustre on the bench for many years.

Thomas Goold was a very celebrated member of the Munster circuit. He was of an old and distinguished County of Cork family, and had great personal recommendations. He was born about the year 1770, and early acquired a name in literature. When the Right Hon. Edmund Burke published "Reflections on the French Revolution," a host of critics violently attacked his work. Mr. Goold, who, while in Paris, witnessed some of the horrors of the Revolution, felt able to undertake a "defence" of Mr. Burke's book. He wrote ably, and successfully, and made a friend for himself in the great statesman. On being called to the bar, Mr. Goold obtained practice at *nisi prius*, and was one of the most unflinching opponents to the Union. He made a vehement speech at the bar meeting already referred to, and concluded in these impressive words:—

"There are 40,000 British troops in Ireland, and with 40,000 bayonets at my breast, the Minister shall not plant another Sicily on the bosom of the Atlantic. I want not the assistance of divine inspiration to foretell, for I am enabled, by the visible and unerring demonstration of Nature, to

assert, that Ireland was destined to be a free and independent nation. Our patent to be a state, not a shire, comes direct from heaven. The Almighty has, in majestic characters, signed the great charter of our independence. The great Creator of the world has given our beloved country the gigantic outlines of a kingdom. The God of Nature never intended that Ireland should be a province, and, *by G——, she never shall!*"

Goold soon got into extensive practice on the Munster circuit, and was sure to be retained in all important cases. He was appointed a serjeant-at-law in 1823, and his rank got him into some trouble. He had dined at a friend's house in the neighbourhood of Limerick, while attending the assizes, and when returning to his lodgings, late at night, was met by a patrol of soldiers—commanded by a Scotch serjeant.

"Wha gangs there?" demanded the non-commissioned officer.

"Serjeant Goold," was the reply.

"Weel, Serjeant Goold, produce your furlough," said the Highlander.

The serjeant-at-law failed to comply with the request of the serjeant-in-arms, who could not, in his turn, be made to comprehend that such a rank as serjeant obtained in the learned profession of the law. He was proceeding to march the learned serjeant to the guard-house, when, fortunately, one of the officers, who had been in the court when Goold was addressing the jury, recognized him, and at once procured his release. He continued on the circuit until 1832, when he was appointed a Master in Chancery. He died in 1846.

William Waggett, Recorder of Cork, was, for many years, in great repute on the Munster circuit. He always attended the assizes of Limerick and Cork, and in all cases where appeals to the passions were to be made, was sure of a brief. Mr.

Madden relates the following specimen of his peculiar oratory:—

"He was a man subject to strong antipathies, and had a great hatred of all base, vulgar spirits. Amongst others whom he abhorred, was an attorney who practised in Limerick, and who had obtained an unenviable reputation for dragging people into law-suits. Waggett lost no opportunity of denouncing this attorney in invectives of withering force. On one occasion, a very bad case was brought into court, in which this attorney was agent for the plaintiff, and Waggett was leading counsel for the defendant. The case was one which was likely to call forth all Waggett's fine powers, and the court was crowded with persons waiting to hear him address the jury. When his turn came to speak for the defendant, he rose, labouring under emotion, and remained silent for a time. But instead of commencing with: 'My lord and gentlemen of the jury,' he thus began, in his deep and solemn voice: "'Long live the Sultan Haroun," said the Owl in the Arabian tale.' At this singular beginning of a lawyer's speech, the audience was much surprised. The judge looked amazed, and the bar were all eager to hear what would come after so strange a preface. Amid deep silence Waggett continued: "'Long live the Sultan Haroun," said the Owl in the Arabian tale. "While he lives we'll have ruined palaces and roofless cottages to roost in. Widows shall bewail their husbands, and orphans weep for their murdered parents. While he lives there shall be gloom upon the land, and the light of day shall shine upon desolation. Long live the Sultan Haroun," continued the Owl. "in order that birds of ill omen may brood over congenial gloom;" and Long live Charley Carroll, cried Waggett, turning to the plaintiff's attorney, at whom he pointed his finger, derisively. "Long live Charley Carroll," says the professor of the law; "while he lives clients shall be ruined, and litigation shall fill the courts with half-ruined suitors, while he lives, there shall be endless contention amongst neighbours, and friends shall be made to hate each other. The father shall quarrel with the son, and brother shall turn against sister." He then went on

pursuing the metaphor, and denounced the attorney, who cowered, with down-cast head, under the vehement and eloquent invective."

He had been called in 1798, and was shortly elected Recorder of Cork. A very great proof of his disinterestedness in regard of money is so creditable that I give it room here, though it did not take place until the year 1816.

Mr. Waggett had discharged the duties of Recordership by deputy until 1815, when his deputy, Mr. Wilmot, dying, he went to Cork to reside. Upon which, at a Court of D'Oyer Hundred, held at the Guildhall, Cork, on the 24th June, 1816, it was resolved:—

"That, in consequence of our respected and worthy Recorder, William Waggett, Esq., having given up his attendance at the superior courts of law for the last twelve months, and entirely devoted his valuable time to the labours in discharge of his duty as Recorder, personally, it is peculiarly incumbent on the Court to make some adequate remuneration for such a sacrifice to the public good, and that the Council should be requested to make an order that the Recorder should be paid the sum of £500, out of the Corporation revenues, to be annually continued whilst he shall so devote his time in discharging the duties of that important office."

This very considerate and proper proceeding on the part of the Corporation of Cork produced the following letter, addressed to the Mayor, from the Recorder:—

"Cork, June 25th, 1816.

"My dear Sir,—I beg leave to trouble you on the subject of the resolution passed at the Court of D'Oyer Hundred on Monday, by which a large sum of money was voted to me. When I sought for the honour of being elected Recorder of this city, I formed a determination not to accept of any remuneration for performing the duty of the office, beyond

the salary and ordinary emoluments enjoyed by my predecessors. Many reasons combine to prevent me from departing from such a resolution. You will, therefore, much oblige me by communicating to the freemen, at the opening of the Court, on Thursday, that I feel the deepest gratitude for their good opinion, and wishes to serve me, but I must most respectfully, yet firmly, decline the boon which their kind, yet excessive, liberality would bestow.

"I hope I shall not be thought presumptuous in requesting that the resolution be rescinded, and not sent up to the Council.

"I have the honour to be,

"My dear Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

"WM. WAGGETT, Recorder.

"To the Right Worshipful
the Mayor."

The letter of the Recorder was duly laid before the Court of D'Oyer Hundred, on the 27th June, when it was unanimously resolved:—

"That so disinterested and honourable a letter should be entered on the records of the Court, and that the above proceedings should be published in the Cork and Dublin papers.

"By the Court,

"W. JONES, Town Clerk."

One more reference to this great lawyer must close my notice of the leaders of the circuit at the opening of the present century.

The following verses, written, as is supposed, by a brother barrister, the late Henry Bennett, Esq., were found pinned to Waggett's wig:—

"Sometimes beneath this legal sign,
Is placed a head of curious mould;
With noble thoughts and genius fine,
Oft sway'd by passion uncontroll'd.

A brain with law and justice fill'd,
Estranged from every selfish view;
And in that temper'd mercy skill'd,
Which gives the guilty wretch his due.

For, with a true Shandean start,
 He flings all gravity aside,
 And bids the feeling of the heart
 O'er law's harsh quibbling to pre-
 side.

Still, ne'er beneath a judge's wig
 Did fate intend that such a brain
 Should through law's rubbish daily
 dig.
 Its mouldy precepts to explain.

For better purposes design'd—
 With lofty soul and prouder aim ;
 The bent of such a noble mind
 Should be the highest point of fame.

But here 'tis useless to repine—
 Of such the instance is not rare ;
 With flowers which should with splen-
 dour shine,
 To 'waste their sweets on desert
 air.' "

I might swell my catalogue with
 notices of Messrs. Hoare, Townsend,
 White, FitzGerald, Franks, Lloyd,
 and other eminent members of the
 circuit, but I prefer now relating
 some of the remarkable trials which
 employed their abilities, their learn-
 ing, and their eloquence.

THE BROOK :

AN ALLEGORY OF PROGRESS.

THE Brook comes rushing and whirling by,
 With a song of gladness, never a sigh,
 Singing to all who may wander nigh
 Of joy and of beauty that cannot die ;
 Yet pausing anon in its song of gladness
 To murmur sympathy with sadness.

Down from its home in the mountain's breast,
 Where the sunbeams play and the shadows rest,
 Where the lordly eagle builds his nest,
 Feather'd high in the mountain's silver'd crest :
 Dancing, rippling, skimming along,
 With no thought of care, and no touch of wrong.

Tossing madly—wildly—down,
 Always a laugh, never a frown,
 Over the carpet, crimson and brown,
 Under the silvery larch-tree crown,
 Meet for a chamber of purple state,
 For king and queen to hold revel late.

Emerald, crimson, silver, and gold,
Mosses and lichens in numbers untold,
Tapestry rich as in days of old,
When kings met together on cloth of gold ;
 Yet, heedless of kings and purple state,
 The brook rushes on to meet its fate.

Over the breezy moorland fell,
Into the shady woodland dell,
Where elves weave nightly their charmed spell,
In measured dance to the fairy bell,
Round and round the moonlit magic well,
 Onward and onward, nor stopping to look,
 Speeds the triumphant, sorrowless Brook.

A pause—a start—and a sudden spring
Over the cliff on a snowy wing.
A laughing, living, triumphant thing,
Speeding onwards through all like a conquering king ;
 Tossing and tumbling more and more,
 A tiny cataract, with miniature roar.

Over the stones with a start and a bound—
A passage through every barrier found—
Over the knoll and mossy mound,
In through the rushes eddying round,
Past the grand old hills with larches crown'd,
On through the woodlands with gentler sound,
Till it enters the lowlands' marshy ground,
 Its careless song of gladness past,
 It enters in silence the desert vast.

Through the choking reeds of the dismal fen
The Brook struggles yet on its way again ;
Struggles on as in dread of fear and pain,
Under clouded skies and the chilling rain,
Gathering strength in its path of pain
Through the dreary wastes of the dismal fen,
Till it enters the homes and haunts of men
 A stately river, broad and fair,
 Matured to help, to work, and bear.

Spann'd by bridges, it passes along,
Crowded with ships, and ringing with song ;
The distant murmur grows loud and strong,
And the river passes in and among
 A busy city's thousand homes,
 Gleaming spires and gilded domes.

Laden with vessels stately and fair—
Shouts of mariners ring through the air—
Laden with merchandise, costly and rare,
The wealth of the nations is gather'd there.
But often, when hush'd is day's noise and glare,
Is flung o'er the waves the low cry of despair,
And they tenderly hear the sad tale of woe,
And bear it away in their onward flow,
And whisper sweet peace as they softly go.

On, on speeds the River, nor stoppeth to rest
Till it reaches its home in the ocean's breast ;
The pearly dawn rises crimson and white,
Chasing away the dark shadows of night ;
And the loving sunbeams each tiny wave
Of the distant brooklet in glad light bathe,
Gild the trembling sea with their liquid gold,
And the city homes in one glory fold ;
And the dreary marshes—a wonderful sight—
Glow like crimson flame in the sunrise light *
As the river reaches its longed-for home
In the welcoming ocean's billowy foam.
The battle is ended, the race is run,
The victory gain'd—the crown is won—
It has laboured and conquered, its task is done !

J. C.

* The brilliant crimson colouring in the marshes in the west of Ireland at sunrise is a times marvellous.

NOMS DE PLUME.

BY JAMES PURVES.

TACITUS, the terse Roman historian, tells us that mysteries always magnify themselves. Secrets possess great charms. Each of us is more or less subject to the passion of curiosity, though some very ungallantly say it is the special weakness of the fair sex. An interest is often caused, which, but for the air of mystery, would have never been roused. One's tongue is straightway loosened, and one's thoughts are at once endeavouring to find out the unknown. Each of us has a solution of the enigma; paragraphs are penned; rumours are spread, like straws in the midst of a gale, but very often they are entirely wrong. "Junius" lived with his secret for many years, and the "Man with the Iron Mask" continues in his hiding-place; both are complete puzzles, and puzzles they are likely to be.

"What's in a name?" Shakspeare puts into the mouth of one of his heroines; but before we have time to think she answers it in a manner that shows Juliet only propounded it to disparage the unfortunate term.

"Romeo would, were he not Romeo
call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he
owes,
Without that title."

The query might very well be answered by asking, "What is not in a name?" A name familiar to us is the essence of ideas, associations; the epitome of some stages of our

life's experience; the sum total of our joys, hatreds, or fears. It recalls many bygone feelings, and awakens thought. The mere mention of some names, to many of us, is like the voice of the theatre call-boy in the green-room; actors and actresses trip to the side scenes, and thence to the footlights, at his word. A name is the staff with which we often walk, without which we would be cripples; an article which many countries and tongues have combined in making, and which can never be said to be finished. What's not in the name of William Shakspeare? In an Englishman's mind it is the next best name to the Deity.

Several elements enter into the composition of a good *nom de plume*. It should contain an indication of the subject-matter of the book, or should have special reference to the character of the author. When applied to the book, it should have such a meaning as to be clearly understood; there should be a harmony between the assumed name and the tone or object of the book or article. It must be said that, although most of them aim at that object, very few attain it, for by far the most are, in this light, quite meaningless.

The adoption of assumed names is of comparatively recent origin. There are, no doubt, instances where they were employed upwards of a century ago, but they were used for good and sufficient reasons. Junius used them because it was necessary; had he written under his proper

name the consequences would have been very unpleasant. Writers use them now for other reasons; because they are become fashionable; and doubtless the large number of magazines, together with the custom of signing the articles, have had something to do in the origin and the continuance of the practice.

No name is too ridiculous or nonsensical. At first it may be laughed and jeered at, but once the name becomes well known the laughter and jeers turn gradually into approving smiles. Fictitious names are thought to contain some strange unaccountable virtue with the public. They are new, and some think they may catch the dull-eyed readers. The writer must, however, first show that the book is worth the reading before people begin to think of his name; the smell of the rose would be as sweet were it known by another name. Had our master dramatist lived in these days of magazines he would have felt the propriety of assuming some name to distinguish himself from the common herd. It may be noticed as somewhat remarkable, that all our great authors, and even our writers lower down in the ladder of fame, possess uncommon names—names as peculiar as any *noms de plume*. Thus, the names of Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Chaucer, Pope, Fletcher, Smollett, Fielding, Thackeray, Dickens, Lever, Disraeli, are very rare, but even their rarity did not prevent some of them, as we shall see, from using fictitious names. Frequently one feels the propriety of assuming a name to distinguish himself from the common herd. He will not now choose Alpha, Beta, Delta, or Omega, as these being public, and in some cases private, property by usage, he would most likely be bereft of the laurels that were his; or, he would have to share his triumphs with the users of the

other Greek letters. If the new writer be anything superior he will not find any consolation for his having unwittingly appeared on a common pasturage, from the reflection that it is public property, and that all the adjoining fieurs reap the benefits in common. There are writers who are not remarkable for what they have written, but for the names they write under. Like a beau or a fop, their dress is the most valuable thing they possess, for there is nothing in them. A beautifully-coloured perfume bottle is more admired than the paltry essence it contains; the bottle is kept when the scent has been used or emptied out; indeed, the bottle is purchased to look at, and not the scent to use.

It is very remarkable the amount of bombast, conceit, and impudence that one will indulge in under cover of an assumed name. Some writers seem to think that, because they write under such a cover, they are not bound to observe those rules of courtesy and gentlemanly bearing they would observe under their own name. This is like a gentleman we know, who frequently, under guise of another's name, perpetrates monstrous falsehoods. It seems to be a peculiar pleasure to him; he means no harm, and does us none, now that we have got accustomed to him; it is, however, most remarkable, that although the fiction is quickly found out, the next time we meet he is as ready as before with some new stories. A *nom de plume* is a fine mask, behind which one may conceal his features, and many men, like ostriches, seem to labour under the idea that they are safe from recognition when their faces or heads are hidden. Behind such a mask writers speak with greater bluntness and candour; their long pent-up thoughts obtain vent; prejudices, fancies, conceits, and whims pour forth in uncon-

trolled sway ; between the masked lips the humour of many so-called wits and humourists find a suitable, if not a happy, means of exit and entrance to the world. Occasionally bitter and splenetic remarks are made, on purpose to provoke another mask to speak, that a clue may be obtained to the masker's identity from his tone of voice and the construction of his sentences. Literary men and women would soon get tired of attending a masquerade every week or every month, and listening to town and table talk from some great unknowns. The conversation, if not horribly personal, and confined to fishing for identity, would be past finding out. Yet this is what is in reality done once a week, and once a month on a larger scale ; a few of our monthlies have their monthly masquerade under the direction of the editor or editress. Behind a mask we lose our personal identity for the nonce ; we act the part of our own imagination. We can ascertain, if it be prudent to do so, if there is really anything in what we say apart from our own Christian name. Dressed in a handsome chevalier dress, with false curls, rouged cheeks, long sword, Spanish slouched hat, does he not look the very impersonation of any romantic character, a Sir Patrick Fitzpatrick, a Sir Home Douglas, or a Charles Alfred de Vere, Esq. ? What fair lady would barter her dignity and her supreme self-esteem by speaking to him, if she were told his real name was John Smith or Peter Davidson ? It is noticeable how many writers, under disguise of a *nom de plume*, express opinions and sentiments at utter variance with their real self. The opinions are put on for the time as the name is assumed for the occasion ; the actor, as he casts the long cloak off him and puts aside the rapier, throws to the winds the tragic feelings which the wearer of

these articles in the drama should for the occasion possess.

Since grand old Isaac Disraeli, we have had no workers and searchers after the manifold curiosities of literature. A few hands here and there have been thrust idly and occasionally into the bag of jumbled facts and anecdotes, but no one has set himself to range and assort them as he did. Will no one be found to throw Isaac's cloak over his shoulders ? In the byeways of literature, and the side-views of authors, are to be found many literary facts and anecdotes that not only the literary, but the reading world, would be glad to get presented in a systematic manner. In *noms de plume* one's curiosity is certainly excited, but unfortunately there are no means of satisfying that craving at present, though the late Librarian of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, was, we understand, engaged on a collection of pseudonyms, on which his predecessor in office had long been employed. It is uncertain when it will appear. We venture to think, in the interim, that a few of them thrown together in a short paper may prove not unwelcome to many magazine readers.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that only our medium authors write under assumed names ; the foremost authors of the present day have published under an *alias* ; all kinds and classes use *noms de plume* ; every paper, daily and weekly, has got its disguised contributors. It is a literary freak which seems to be imbibed from the ink-bottle, or wafted from the fresh pages of a book, or ream of foolscap. This cacoethes has infected nearly every literary man of the present generation ; perhaps our children will, to stop the disease, have to adopt something like vaccination in the writer's youth. The system or disease is but in its in-

fancy, and while even now it is a severe task to keep in memory the proper names of many writers, far less the discernment of their sex, we hesitate to speculate as to the amount of trouble and suffering editors, critics, and students of the future must undergo in keeping in their memory all the strange and unreasonable names that a century will add to the list. Then most probably only ten of our present *noms de plume* will, by their books, be preserved. Under this passing secret disguise we find many well-known writers, whom we would have supposed from their character to have been the very last in using a pseudonym. The perusal of the lives of some of them explain the reason. Take John Stuart Mill. One would naturally suppose, from his austerity and openness, that he would have scorned to write under a pseudonym; yet in 1823 he wrote a series of letters in the *Morning Chronicle*, going over the subject of free publication of all opinions on religion, under the signature of "Wickliffe." Dean Swift is of the same class; one is surprised to find him among the number that decline to put their proper names to their writings. He published his "Tale of a Tub," and a few essays on ecclesiastical subjects, and some inimitable ridicule of astrology, under "Isaac Bickerstaff,"—a very appropriate name indeed. Sydney Smith wrote his letters on the subject of the Catholics under "Peter Plymley," addressed, as he facetiously put it, "to my brother Abraham, who lives in the country." The Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, under the historic name of "Runnymede," also published a series of letters. W. H. Russell, before he earned the reputation he now so justly possesses, wrote a "Boy's History of England" under "Lieut. Warnesford." "Owen Meredith," the author of a

volume of poetry, is the present Lord Lytton.

A very suggestive *nom de plume* is William Cobbett's "Peter Porcupine," under which he first attracted notice as a political writer of a series of pamphlets. The name is very characteristic of the determined, bristling nature of the man. "Peter Pindar" was a *nom de plume* well known in the eighteenth century, the real name being Dr. John Walcot, a coarse, but lively and powerful satirist. Another Peter was Mr. John Gibson Lockhart, who wrote letters to his kinsfolk under the title of "Peter Morris," which contain a great deal of gossip and chit-chat about Edinburgh circles sixty years ago. The erratic but kindly Dr. F. Maginn wrote tales for *Blackwood* under "Sir Major O'Doherty." Indeed that magazine has turned out a number of well-known *noms de plume*. The "Noctes Ambrosianæ," which discussed everything in heaven and on earth in so felicitous a manner, were written by the ever genial Professor Wilson under the happy pseudonym of "Christopher North." Many years afterwards the Noctes were imitated in an Irish manner by "Cornelius O'Dowd," the racy, pleasant Charles Lever. Professor Aytoun wrote for that magazine the story of the "Glenmutchkin Railway," a most laughable story, under the *nom de plume* of "Augustus Dunshunner." Dr. David M. Moir wrote some touching domestic poems for its columns under "Delta;" who is also the author of that remarkable Scotch story "Mansie Waugh." Another contributor to its columns was R. Macnish, whose pseudonym was the "Modern Pythagorean."

That the using of *noms de plume* is not entirely confined to small men, and that even authors who dislike anything in the shape of cant or humbug throw over their shoulders

the cloak of disguise occasionally, is evidenced by the fact that Thomas Carlyle published his "Sartor Resartus" under the name of "Herr Teufelsdröckh," a rather fortunate one. When we find such men also cloaked and hooded betimes as the versatile Archbishop Whately, the fearless Lord Byron, the sedate Robert Southey, and the gentle Charles Lamb, we begin to moralize. We begin to think that it is as proper for a *litterateur* to have a *nom de plume* hanging by him ready for use, as it is for a dragoon on full parade to have a carabine slung across his shoulders, though he should never have to use it in actual warfare during the whole period of his enlistment. On two certain occasions Byron wrote under a pen-name, and at first sight this may startle one who may be passionately fond of the independent and aristocratic lord. "The Waltz" purported to have been composed by "Horace Hornem," and "The Vision of Judgment" by "Quevedo Redivivus." Under the name of "John Search," Archbishop Whately produced his "Religion and Her Name;" and Robert Southey published a volume of "Letters from England" under "Espriella Alvarez." One can easily understand how the genial, timid, stuttering Charles Lamb, with always little self-esteem, should have thrown the onerousity of the authorship of his quaintly delightful essays upon the shoulder of one named "Elia." It was very characteristic of the name; the name assumed is like his signet seal. One can easily fancy how wondrous bold he spoke, and how marvellously witty he became, in his manuscripts—once he had dismissed his own name and taken the pseudonym. Had he been obliged to put his own name to his articles it is very questionable if they would have seen the light

of the world; the fatherhood of them would have been too much for Lamb.

John Ruskin, under the modest title of "A Graduate of Oxford," produced his "Modern Painters." "Henry J. Thurston," author of the "Passionate Pilgrim," is Mr. F. T. Palgrave. Even poor John Timbs—whose own name one would have thought would have been too valuable for him to have bartered for a fictitious name—cast the cloak over himself and entered the arena in disguise once upon a time. When he compiled the "Signs before Death," and published it as the work of "Horace Welby," he probably had an idea that his reward would be greater. Leigh Hunt wrote his "Wishing Cap Papers" under the sign of the hand, and he signed the charming paper on "Coffee Houses and Smoking" under the *nom de plume* of "Henry Honeycombe," a pretended descendant of the famous Will Honeycombe of the *Spectator*. "Paul Prendergast," in the "Heads of the People," was Douglas Jerrold. It is noteworthy that Edgar Allan Poe first published his ever remarkable "Raven" in the columns of a journal under the signature of "Quarles." The lamented Thomas Love Peacock wrote poems to a daily newspaper for a time under "Peter Peppercorn."

There are a considerable number of authors and poets who have clung to the *noms de plume* they first assumed, and by which they are now known. These pseudonyms possess a most striking appearance, and at once catch the eye. They all bear the modern stamp, and have a delightful smack of newness; to a great extent they have been coined across the Atlantic; and bear the impressions of having been laboriously manufactured. Most of them are highly ingenious; their devices

are fresh and startling, and are, until the novelty wears off, exceedingly ludicrous. They have become familiar words, and now we never think of the authors' proper names. It is often only when death strips the actor of his togs and make-up, and lays bare to the world his well-worn pseudonyms, that the annals of literature register his part under his own name, and not that of the character he so long played. Sydney Dobell is now known, and not "Sydney Yendys"; Bryan W. Proctor is now registered as a poet, and "Barry Cornwall," under which colours his ship so long sailed in the ocean of poesy, now finds a berth in the haven of our departed poets. The poems of both of these poets and their pseudonyms are like new wine corked in new bottles; the dust of age has not had time to settle on their glittering glasses; their names are handed round yet in company very frequently; a few years will come and find the newer drinkers going to newer wines, and the bottles will then be slowly gathering dust in an odd corner; but an enthusiastic drinker shall come who will cause the dust to be wiped off, the bottles to be freely passed, and the ripened, mellow wines to be quaffed in delightful mouthfuls.

"Zadkiel" the astrologist, author of the well-known Zadkiel's Almanacks, and various other works, was a captain in the Royal Navy, of the name of Richard James Morrison, who died on May 6th, 1874, about eighty years of age. Of this class is "Cuthbert Bede," the Rev. E. Bradley. But there are a host of American authors and poets who are only known by their *noms de plume*. It is needless to say that they are all rather remarkable for their strangeness. Thus "Artemus Ward," perhaps the cleverest of them all, and the forerunner of that
 ol of humourists, whose early

death was so much lamented, was Charles Browne; "Bret Harte," the witty author of the remarkable "That Heathen Chinee," is C. B. Hart; "Hans Breitmann," whose ballads are now familiar to every English reader, is Charles G. Leland; "Joaquin Miller," the poet, is C. H. Miller; the humourist "Josh Billings," whose "Sayings" are so popular, is A. W. Shaw; and "Mark Twain," it is perhaps unnecessary to say, is S. L. Clemens.

One of the strangest phases in the literature of this century, which is deserving of more than a passing notice, is that of ladies in many instances using a masculine *nom de plume*. It is a fact significant politically and socially. Not unfrequently their books, which chiefly, if not entirely, are novels, depict scenes and characters of a nature extremely masculine. Some of their characters are intensely masculine; their heroes are of such stuff that one wonders how it is in the command of any of the gentler sex to depict such strong, flesh-and-blood, masculine men. Their men are stronger in rude character, and stand out more prominently in the drawing-room collections and plots of life, than some of the most masculine heroes of the novelists of our own sex. The lady novelists of the present day seem to take more delight in portraying characters of the stronger sex than they do of their own. We often find that men cannot describe, far less characterize, a lady with neatness, precision, and truth; Scott's heroines are drawn after the one pattern, their actions only differ. The ladies portray men far better than men portray women. Notably is this the case in George Eliot's novels; her men are true to nature, so life-like that each man of any amount of knowledge of human nature can find within the circle of his own friends duplicates of her men. "Currier Bell," Charlotte

Brontë, probably stands in the first rank of strong masculine character sketchers; her men probably overleapt the orthodox standard. When she and her sisters, Emily Jane and Anne, published their volume of poetry under the names respectively of "Currer," "Ellis," and "Acton Brontë," the *Athenæum*, which is usually well informed and correct, made the pardonable mistake of thinking that they were three brothers. Others made the same mistake; Miss Martineau addressed Miss Charlotte Brontë as "Currer Bell, Esq."

Another sexless *nom de plume* is "Holme Lee," Miss Berwick. It is singular that although she was the daughter of a *litterateur*, and personally known to Mr. Dickens, yet she never informed the novelist that his contributor "Holme Lee" was her own self. Her letters, by her own request, were addressed to that name at a circulating library, and little did the novelist know for a long time that the poetry he so much praised was written by a young lady he frequently met. Her friends were the first to inform him of the pseudonym. This incident shows us that the lady preferred to have her effusions printed for their own value, and not in any way because they were written by a daughter of the editor's friend. Truly a very praiseworthy desire. Miss Eliza Meteyard got the name of "Silverpen" given her in a rather peculiar manner. When connected with the metropolitan press she wrote an article to which Douglas Jerrold, in his editorial capacity, and as characteristic of the style of the paper, appended the name "Silver-pen." Mrs. Stowe has written under "Christopher Crowfield." "George Sand," as all novel readers know, is Mdme. Dudevant; "Hesba Stretton" is Miss Sarah Smith; "Nelsie Brook" is Mrs. Ellen Church; "Ouida" is Mdme. De

La Kamé. Mrs. J. H. Riddell produced her novel "George Geith" under the pseudonym of "F. G. Trafford." The list would be incomplete were we to omit Miss Braddon (Mrs. John Maxwell); she has also used one or two *noms de plume*, but that in her earlier career—"Gilbert Forrester" and "Lady Caroline Lascelles."

The assumption of pen-names has been attended with considerable danger to the interests of the authors and authoresses, as recent events have shown. Mrs. G. H. Lewes set the whole literary world at loggerheads by publishing "Adam Bede" under the authorship of "George Eliot." The book forthwith excited the public attention, the new name took well with many, and it is said that one or two unprincipled writers of fiction made claim to its authorship. A country rector wrote that "The author of 'Adam Bede' is Mr. Siggins, of Nuneaton, Warwickshire, and the characters whom he paints in 'Scenes of Clerical Life' are as familiar there as the 'twin spires of Coventry.'" That the scenes might have been as true to the district as the twin spires we could readily believe, as all characters of fiction and all word-painted scenes in novels are extremely Catholic, and merely reprints of our common humanity and common landscape. With that emphatic paragraph everybody thought that the secret author was at last ferreted out, and many felt obliged to the country rector for his act of kindness. It, however, reached the eyes of the veritable "George Eliot," who set the ball spinning again by wrathfully asking "whether the act of publishing a book deprives a man of all claim to the courtesies usual among gentlemen?" There the matter was allowed to rest for a short time. A gentleman (?), however, broke the ice again by impudently receiving subscriptions as the

ill-used author of "Adam Bede." This was too much for human nature to bear, even for a kind-hearted lady. Messrs. Wm. Blackwood and Sons, the publishers, came to the front, and, in their usual pointed and business-like manner, declared that "These works are not written by Mr. Siggins, or by any one with a name like Siggins." This shows us that there are people who look upon pen-names as much their own as the authors', and are even ready to risk the present profit for the contempt which truth in the long run brings upon them.

Clergymen are to be excused when they write under disguise. We can easily understand and sympathize with their reasons for so doing. An idea has long got abroad that a clergyman cannot perform his duties if he engages in literature. From our personal knowledge we can say that there is no truth in this. From the numerous excellent examples in the profession, who have not only excelled in literature, but in their own profession, it can be shown that there are many preachers possessed of power of work, and many-sidedness of mind, who are able to benefit not only their own worshippers, but many thousands who know them only by name and by their thoughts. Many people are yet to be met who shrug their shoulders and draw their eyebrows together with an ominous scowl when they find a work of literature by a clergyman. This is not as it should be. Literary clergymen, finding this, not unfrequently omit the "Rev'd." altogether from the title-page. To argue from analogies, why should we object to a clergyman in literary work dropping the title from his name when we do not object to him throwing off the priestly black coat and white tie when he holidays on the continent? Why should a clergyman, any more than a barrister, a

doctor, or an artist, flourish his profession in the title-page when there can be no necessity for it? Many a barrister in practice writes articles and books, as also do doctors with many patients, but they do not tell us on the title-page what they are; it would be presumptuous to ask them to do so; yet why should people persist in saying a clergyman should proclaim himself to be a clergyman? For our part, we would rather that they write under their own christened names, as George Gilfillan, than that they write under *noms de plume*.

The lamented Rev. Canon Kingsley delighted to puzzle critics and readers, and he wrote under several pseudonyms; "Alton Locke" was produced under the authorship of a "Minute Philosopher," "Cheap Clothes" under "Parson Lot," while many of his magazine articles were signed the "Chartist Parson," by which he was very well known from his efforts to ameliorate the condition of the working classes. The late Rev. Dr. Thomas Binney, a celebrated Independent divine, gave pen-names a reverential recognition by his pamphlet on several current topics under "Fiat Justitia." The garrulous "concerning A. K. H. B." is Rev. Dr. Boyd, minister of the University town of St. Andrews. "Arthur Sketchley," the writer of light entertaining sketches, is the Rev. George Ross. The Rev. Derwent Coleridge, son of the famous Samuel Taylor Coleridge, is known under "Davenant Cecil." "Thomas Ingoldsby," the author of those inimitable spicy legends, originally contributed to "Bentley's Miscellany," is exceedingly well known under Rev. Richard Harris Barham, a poetical Sydney Smith. Few readers, unless admitted within the charmed circle, could have imagined that the author of these remarkably written legends was a dignitary of the old Church of England, a minor

canon of St. Paul's, a rector, and a Royal Chaplain. The able Dr. Doyle, a Roman Catholic Bishop in Ireland, published his celebrated "Letters" under the well-known initials "J. K. L."

A few of our more eminent authors of recent years have delighted in changing their *noms de plume*. A few have taken a delight in puzzling the public occasionally by issuing some of their works anonymously. Bulwer Lytton was especially fond of this in his latter years. One can easily understand the feelings which prompt an experienced writer to do so. He has been satiated with the praise of the press; indeed, he can count upon the criticism a book with his name appended to it will receive, long beforehand. Many a highly imaginative, sensitive author gets tired of this. He often desires to get into the reader's confidence in disguise. He wishes to tread the familiar path unknown to the on-lookers. Hence the frequent change of name; and very gratifying it must be to a star actor, on essaying a less ambitious part, to find that he is received with the same loud applause as has been bestowed on him in the representation of his great character. The motive is to find what the public, disinterested in regard to its authorship, honestly think of the book to which his name has not been attached. It is the feeling of curiosity—the ruling passion of all our actions. He is anxious to find people's true opinions unprejudiced by his name.

W. M. Thackeray made several decided hits in his choice of names. They correspond with his works, in so far as they both were satires on the fancies of the time. His *noms de plume* are highly characteristic. Under the *alter ego* of "George FitzBoodle, Esq.," he contributed a series of papers typical of the artistic and satiric production. When *Punch* was in its infancy

—but, unlike infants, *Mr. Punch* was born with sharp teeth and the powers of speech, which he has never surpassed in his manhood—he signed his papers under "The Fat Boy." With him a *nom de plume* was not a mere thoughtless, aimless freak; it was meditated over and thought out. The last, and perhaps most finished, of his novels, "The Newcomes," was published under the name of "Arthur Pendennis," by which he is now familiarly known. He wrote the "Paris Sketch Book" under the burlesque pseudonym of "Michael Angelo Titmarsh," and contributed another series of papers to *Punch* under the signature of "Jeames." Nor did Washington Irving disdain to play at hide-and-seek with his readers. He assumed strange names, but they are all of the same genius. His "History of New York" was written under two names, "Jonathan Oldstyle" and "Diedrich Knickerbocker." These were followed up by names of a similar stamp. He wrote "Salmagundi" under "Launcelot Langstaff;" "Conquest of Granada" under "Fray Antonio Agipida," and his "Sketch Book" under "Geoffry Crayon." Sir Walter Scott's names bear a close resemblance to Irving's; they are children of the same playground. Some of Scott's best novels were written under disguised authorship. The "Fortunes of Nigel" under "Capt. Cuthbert Clutterbuck," and "Ivanhoe" under "Laurence Templeton." When "Tales of my Landlord" were published, they bore to have been written by "Jedediah Cleishbotham, Schoolmaster and Parish Clerk of Gandercleugh," and one "Peter Paterson" also was said to have written some of them. He lifted his pen on behalf of the Scotch currency with great effect in his "Letters on the Currency," which were palmed off under the authorship of "Malachi Mala-

growth." Charles Dickens also amused himself with new titles. Every reader of fiction knows who "Quiz," "Boz," and the "Uncommercial Traveller," are; but his best *alias* is his "Godfrey Sparks," under which he published his "Bloomsbury Christening." The lamented, intelligent publisher, J. C. Hotten, who wrote as well as sold books, hit upon some happy names; but with him new names had a commercial interest. His interesting "Slang Dictionary" was published by him under the *nom de plume* of a "London Antiquary." "Awful Crammers" was the avowed work of "Titus A. Brick." Even Thomas Moore was infected with the passion of novelty, and sent his trifles to the public market under disguise. He, like other men, followed the leaders. He was fond of his surname. His first poems were said to have been written by one "Thomas Little;" his "Twopenny Post Bag" was the work of "Tom Brown the Younger," and "Memorial to Congress" under "Tom Crib." His "Letters to George IV." were published under "Captain Rock."

Pseudonyms cannot be said to be entirely confined to authors; although sculptors, artists, and musicians have but rarely adopted names, actors and actresses are notorious for their *noms de théâtre*. Literature of all professions possesses the widest limits to human thought and expression; within

the compass of language the most spider-webbed thoughts can be expressed; an author can think for and with all kinds of men. To maintain the harmony a name is adopted to suit the tone and character of the work. It now seems quite proper to give the author of a book of fiction a fictitious name. If my thought, it may be said, can invent certain events, and light upon new names for characters, why should I not invent a name for myself, the author?

The moralist may, as he reads these paragraphs, not unreasonably come to the conclusion that literary men in such masks are like actors in an old comedy; the thick powder, the heavy wig, the hose and doublet, completely transform the outward man. Many of our most respectable authors in their dog-days play the parts of harlequin, pantaloon, and even clown, as if they were to the characters born. He laughs best, when he laughs, who stands at the side scenes, having the unemployed actors around him, the stage with the players alongside, and the impressive audience in front. From such phases of literary tricks and somersaults we obtain abundant materials for solid reflections. We must leave it to others to determine the real cause of the use of pseudonyms, though we incline to the opinion that the love of humour has been the principal reason.

LAYS OF THE SAINTLY.

BY THE LONDON HERMIT.

AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF SINGULARITY," "PEKPS AT LIFE," &c.

No. 3.—MORTE D'EDMUND: AN IDYLL OF THE KING.

*I waited for the 'bus at Oxford Street,
I stood with touts and shoeblacks on the kerb,
I watch'd the passing throng, and then I shaped
An ancient Saxon legend into this:—*

EDMUND the Good, Edmund the Wonderful,
Edmund the Saintly King of Angle-land,
High in the regal halls of Hagelsdune,
Sat girt with knights; his many-muscl'd form
Clothed in fine flannel, 'lastic, comf'table,
Enrich'd with oroide, and Bristol gems
Of pastiest sheenery; his brow sustain'd
The aluminium coronal of power.
Closed were his optics, and his kingly nose
Tip-tilted like the handle of a jug.
And his long locks of auricomous-gold
Were such as might have deck'd Sir Lancelot,
Sir Bedivere, or Galahad the good,
Or Him who held the Great Pendragonship,
And ate his dinner off the Table Round.

That afternoon a Summer-dreaminess *
Reign'd in the regal halls of Hagelsdune,
The sunlight jugg'd upon the plaster'd wall,
And nodding pear-trees bobb'd against the panes,
The blue-fly humm'd a tune, the while, without,
The murmur of innumerable spelling-bees
Fell on the ear, and mingling came the roll
Of skates from where, athwart an inner room,
Wheel-footed, many maidens of the court
In airy fairy lightness skimm'd the floor;
So blent the lulling sounds, and all was peace.

* This is a poetical license: the martyrdom of St. Edmund took place in November (A.D. 870).

Sudden the silence into pieces smash'd,
 With tumult that to bursting fill'd the place ;
 And swarming in the halls of Hageledune,
 A tribe of Pagan Danes, all arm'd and mail'd,
 And thirsting equally for blood and beer,
 Led by a bulky bandit, with a head
 Like densest door-mat, startled all the Court,
 No greeting gave, but made themselves at home.
 And all unbidden grabb'd the food and wine,
 While gruff their leader faced the Saintly King.

“ Thus saith my Chieftain, Hinguar the Dane,
 Victor of many tribes upon these shores :
 ‘ Tell Edmund he must share his kingdom with me,
 Own me his suzerain, and to me resign
 One-half his treasures, whether gems or gold,
 Silver, mosaic, or electro-plate,
 On pain of fate too terrible to name ;
 Tell him my will is law, and that unless
 He give me half, no quarter shall he have.’ ”

Then Edmund held a parley with his knights,
 And ask'd his bishops what he'd better do ;
 So, like a dozen in a jury-box,
 They wrangled for an hour, till, all agreed,
 The King turn'd envoy-wards, and thus replied :—

“ I will not share my kingdom with the Dane,
 I will not swear allegiance to his might.
 I will not halve my wealth with Hinguar ;
 Tell him he needs rise early in the morn
 To get the slightest boon or gain from me ;
 Tell him to go to Jericho or Bath ;
 This tell him, with King Edmund's compliments.”

Back spurr'd the rugged Norseman to his chief,
 And found him arm'd in proof, sharpening his sword,
 And quaffing hugeous draughts of Danish ale ;
 Fierce as a creature born of *Lyonnessar*,
 Or wild inhabitant of *Tiger Bay*,
 Eager to slaughter all who cross'd his will ;
 And brief the soldier told him all in all—
 How Saxon Edmund had defied his power.

Then strode the fierce Dane up and down the hall,
 And took his carrot locks between his teeth,
 And could not speak for swearing ; whilst his eyes
 Flash'd fire that might have set the place in flames,
 And crozzled up the furniture to dust ;
 Choked had he been with rage and Northern oaths
 But that the flowing flagon wash'd them down.

"Am I to be defied? By Odin, Thor,
Freyga and Seatur, Sun and Moon and Tuisco,
This must not be! Have out ten thousand spears,
Saddle my steed, and we will issue forth
And slaughter all the Saxons we can find;
Edmund I'll kill more dead than all the rest,
And of his churls my sword Excrucior
Shall chop and fritter twenty million lives!"

Thunder'd the Pagan's charger thro' the wold,
Crushing the snails beneath his iron hoofs,
Making each leaf, like aspen's, quake with fear;
The birds were scared from song; the timid bull
Trembled and fled; the bold-faced rabbit "cut"
Before the wrathful gaze of Hinguar.

And soon the horrid din of clashful fight
Disturb'd the tasteful grounds of Hagelsdune,
And play'd Old Harry with the garden-beds.
The Saxon band, led by the sainted king,
Fought man to man, or rather man to men:
For them outnumb'ring far, the Danish force
Bore down upon them like a thousand bricks;
The air with arrows was as dark as night,
Tho' shone the sun in that tremendous shine;
And in the midmost charging, Hinguar
Drove his long spear thro' many men at once
(A feat well worthy of Sir *Lance-a-lot*),
Or with his Viking axe or Runic mace
Knock'd down some three or four at ev'ry blow;
And ev'n the stoutest knight, whose twenty stone
Might make the dwindled "Claimant" smite the beam,
Went down before him, as the fluent pap
Goes down the throat of meek-eyed infancy.
Borne on a piebald-horse, whose kick was death,
Crash'd on the Dane; the leaders each to each
Oft urged, for in the thick St. Edmund rode,
Clothed in fine flannel, 'lastic, comfortable,
But over that a coat of ringed mail
(Head helm-crowned), and pitch'd into Hinguar,
As "virtuous peasant" on transpontine boards
Struggles with "'arden'd ruffian"—so the King.

And all day long the noise of battle roll'd,
Till earth and heaven were hush'd to hear its din;
The very thunder own'd itself outvoiced,
And sunk to silence, broken by a roar
Which shook the air a thousand miles around.

The hardy Breton, trembling, heard the row,
 In German forests, and on Scottish hills.
 O'er Norway's fjords, and Schleswig-Holstein's downs,
 Thro' bogg'd Hibernia, and leek-teeming Wales,
 The echoes linger'd—ending when they ceased.
 Until the Saxon knights could brook no more
 The Danish numerosity of men :
 'Twas twelve to one—long odds against the good ;
 And heaps lay slain, heaps more had run away,
 And other heaps fell captive, till alone
 King Edmund still fought on, with ring by ring
 Hack'd off his hauberk, all his weapons broke,
 And not an inch of skin without a wound,
 So judged it time to yield him to the foe,
 Who, when they clapp'd the rusty darbies on,
 Laugh'd like hyenas.—And so closed the fight.

And while the sun still linger'd in the east,
 Where in those ages it was wont to set,
 And cast his silver beams across the lawns,
 And deck'd the ditches, green with water-cress,
 The savage Danes led out the blameless King,
 Clothed in fine flannel, 'lastic, comfortable,
 Fearful of nought but fear, and dreading dread,
 And cowardly of showing cowardice—
That was the sort of man King Edmund was.
 So rode they till they stopp'd ; a poplar there
 Flung wide its sturdy arms athwart the mere,
 To this they tied him, and began to flog
 With rods that long in pickle had been steep'd,
 With birch the same that grocers put in tea,
 With leather straps of toughest donkey hide .
 He bore it like a lamb, whereat enraged,
 Cried Hinguar, " Let's make a butt of him,
 For ridicule to kings is worse than pain.
 Shoot ! " so their arrows sought the living mark
 Unmissingly, till he was riddled so
 'Twas quite a riddle how he lived so long.
 But still the regal martyr would not die.
 At length the Dane, impatient, swore and growl'd,
 " Excrucior shall end him ! " so he drew
 His notchy brand from out its war-worn sheath,
 Raised high the fateful blade, and with a sweep of it,
 The auburn-tressed head roll'd on the sward ;
 This Hinguar picking up, and yelling " Play ! "
 As one who bowls when cricket is the game,
 He hurl'd the missile far into a bush.

Meanwhile such doughty knights of Edmund's court
 As with discretion—valour's better part—

Had fled the massacre, and safely hid
Within the vinous vaults of Hageledune,
Had heard the trample of the foe o'erhead,
Had heard the echoes striking on the walls,
And the long arrows whizzing in the air,
Till by degrees the tumult died away,
And all was vanish'd, as the mountain dew
Melts from the spirit-haunted Glenlivát.
Now, seeing all was clear, they issued forth
And found no foe, but found the headless king
Tied to the tree. Some wept, some ran away,
But others took another corse (the King's),
But wonder'd where on earth his head had gone.

And so they sought and sought throughout the wold,
And calling to each other, "Where are *you*?"
A voice like Edmund's answered, "Here! here! here!"
As do the members of a ministry
When telling "points" adorn their leader's speech.
'Mazed at the marvel, follow'd swift the knights,
And came where lay the head, and, strange to say,
A grey gaunt wolf was guarding it, and wept
The bitterest tears such creature ever shed,
Tamed to unwolfly gentleness by grief.
But let me tell the story in the words
Of one who, in a happier olden day,
Was Laureate in the halls of Hagelsdune.

Home they brought the martyr dead,
Many wept, the rest did cry,
But they could not find his head,
Much as ever they might try.

Rose a page with a chubby face,
Softly to the scull'ry crept,
Deeming *that* must be the place,
Where the victims' heads were kept!

Then they sought him high and low,
Call'd him—lo! the voice they loved
Answering show'd them where the foe
Had the kingly skull removed.

Rose a wolf of sixty years,
Paw'd the head beneath his knee,
Murmuring, "Here it is, my dears,
Do not be afraid of me!"

NOTICES.

clearly seen in his mind, as the quartz and mica, and hornblende particles on the brook's white floor. If there was one vice which, with his whole soul, he abhorred, it was treachery in its every form:—

"Be true to Church, be kind to poor,
O minister, for evermore!

were the lines cut by him over his vicarage door."

Not only do the facts of his whole life, but even the manner of his death, supply convincing proof that there was not a particle of truth in the scandalous hypocrisy imputed to him. He was in some things exceedingly superstitious and eccentric, as we shall see, but he was thoroughly firm, consistent, and honest in his adhesion to the Church of England, and in his repudiation of the pretensions of Rome.

"You know, Mr. Hawker," said an old parishioner to him shortly before his death, "what names you have been called in your day. They have said you were a Roman Catholic."

"Hockeridge," replied the Vicar, emphatically, "I am a priest of the Church—of the Church of God—of that Church which was, hundreds of years before a Pope of Rome was thought of."

Some months before his last illness he said to a friend who was about to visit Exeter to preach at an ordination in the cathedral, "Go, and bid the young men entering the holy ministry be honest, loyal, true." "Is that," observes

Mr. Baring-Gould, "the exhortation of a man conscious in his own heart that he is a traitor?"

In one of his published sermons he thus expresses himself respecting Rome:—

"It is a function of the chief shepherds to defend the flock from the secret or open ravages of heresy and schism; more especially here in England, and in these troublous times, it behoves them to watch and ward against all attempted return to the old innovation by the See and Bishop of Rome. For the transit of our apostolic lineage through Roman times in England is like the temporary passage of a well-known foreign river through one circumfluent lake: where-in although the waters intermingle a little as they glide, yet the course of the mighty Rhone is visible throughout, in distinct and unbroken existence! So it is with us who have inherited the genealogy of the Apostles in these lands. We came from British fountains, and flowed in Saxon channels; we glided through Romish waters, but we are not, we are not, we will not be, of Rome; for we will preserve, God willing, the unconquered courses of our own ancestral stream."

This is very decided testimony, and Mr. Baring-Gould testifies that he has perused a great number of the Vicar's letters to his most intimate friends, and in not one of them has he "traced the slightest token of unwavering fidelity to his Church, of perfect confidence in the validity of her ministry and sacraments, points on which he dwelt repeatedly in his sermons, on which he leaned his whole teaching."

How, then, it may be asked, did such a grievous imputation come to be cast on the Vicar's character? Was there no grounds for his alleged conversion to Rome? A satisfactory reply involves an explanation which, perfectly conclusive in itself, reflects, in our opinion, very deep discredit on the Roman

Catholic priest who was the chief actor in the shameful farce that was enacted when the Vicar lay paralyzed and unconscious in his expiring moments.

On the death of his first wife, in February, 1868, to whom he was devotedly attached, the Vicar fell into a condition of piteous depression. He was afflicted with sciatica, and sought alleviation in the pernicious practice of opium-eating. He moped about the cliffs of his Cornwall home, or sat listlessly in his study, and lost interest in his usual occupations. In this state he was the victim of dyspeptic fancies. He thought he could eat nothing but clotted cream, and would partake of nothing else for breakfast, dinner, and tea! He consequently became exceedingly bilious, and his despondency increased.

"He was sitting, crying like a child, one night over his papers, when there shot a spark from the fire among those strewn at his feet. He did not notice it particularly, but went to bed. After he had gone to sleep his papers were in a flame, the flame communicated itself to a drawerful of MS. which he had pulled out and not thrust into its place again, and the house would probably have been burnt down had not a Methodist minister seen the blaze through the window, as he happened to be on the hill opposite. He gave the alarm, the inmates of the Vicarage were aroused, and the fire was arrested.

"Probably much of his MS. poetry, and jottings of ideas passing through his head, were thus lost. 'O dear!' was his sad cry, 'if Charlotte had been here this would never have happened.'"

Brain-fever followed shortly afterwards, from which he slowly recovered. It was then that "a new interest grew up in his heart." He became acquainted with the granddaughter of a British count, who was living with a family recently

settled in his parish. She was a Roman Catholic, and he married her in December, 1864. They lived happily together for some years, until his health became seriously affected. He had three children, and "the old man's mind was filled with anxiety for the future."

"The earth must soon close over him, and he would leave a widow and three helpless orphans in the world, without being able to make any provision for them. This preyed on his mind during the last year or two of his life. It was a cloud that hung over him, and never was lifted off. As he walked, he moaned to himself. He saw no possibility of securing them a future of comfort and a home. He could not shake the thought off him: it haunted him day and night."

The Vicar was sorely beset with pecuniary and other troubles. His health became seriously affected. He had a complication of maladies. Besides the torture of sciatica, he suffered from his heart, eczema, and ulcerations in his legs. "He could not sleep at night, his brain was constantly excited by his pecuniary troubles, and the sufferings he endured from his malady." In this pitiable condition he again had fatal recourse to narcotics. In June, 1875, he went to Plymouth for the benefit of his health, but gradually growing worse, he became nervously impatient to return to his beloved Morwenstow, endeared to him by the associations of more than forty years. On the eve of his departure from Plymouth, the 9th of August, he was struck down with paralysis. His solicitor at Stratton was telegraphed for, but on his arrival, on the 12th, "was informed by Mrs. Hawker that her husband was quite unconscious, and not fit to see any one." He returned to Stratton. Until Saturday, the 14th, the dying Vicar lay with his brain partially paralyzed, hovering between semi-

consciousness and torpor, "like a flickering flame, or the state of a man between sleeping and waking."

"In the evening, at half-past eight o'clock, he was visited. He was then in a comatose condition, and if able to recognize his visitor, it was only that the recognition might fade away instantaneously, and he lapsed again into a condition of torpor.

"It was then clear that Mr. Hawker had not many hours to live. *His manservant was despatched on a distant errand*, and during his absence, at ten o'clock at night, Canon Mansfield was introduced into the dying man's chamber, and the Sacraments of Baptism, Penance, Extreme Unction, and Communion, four in all, were administered in succession.

"During the night his groans were very distressing, and seemed to indicate that he was in great suffering. At eight o'clock next morning he was lifted up in his bed to take a cup of tea, with bread sopped in it. A change passed over his face, and he was laid gently back on the pillow, when his spirit fled."

Such was the alleged conversion of the Rev. Robert Stephen Hawker, Vicar of Morwenstow. Mr. Baring-Gould fails, we consider, to censure as he ought the conduct of Canon Mansfield in lending himself to such a palpable imposture, for it is self-evident there was no "*conversion*" whatever in the case. It is nothing to the purpose that the Romish Church, for its own ends, sanctions the practice of administering the sacraments even to a raving madman, to bring him within "the one true fold"—it being assumed that he *might*, when sane, have wished to embrace Romanism! Such a practice is dishonouring to the sacraments, and burlesques the sacred offices of religion. It was never pretended, nor has it been since his death pretended, that the Vicar ever expressed a wish to abandon the religion and the Church of his reason and con-

viction, while there is a superabundance of very decisive evidence to the contrary.

Having thus adverted to the scandalous circumstance that gave a factitious interest to the death of Mr. Hawker, we may now refer to some of the incidents of his life, which, notwithstanding what may be deemed serious imperfections of character, was on the whole highly useful and honourable.

His father was a medical practitioner in Plymouth, who subsequently took holy orders, and laboured for thirty years as Curate and Vicar of Stratton, in Cornwall, where he died in 1815. His grandfather was Dr. Hawker, Incumbent of Christ Church, Plymouth, "a man as remarkable for his abilities as for his piety," and author of "Morning and Evening Portions." Robert Stephen was born in December, 1804, and, in due course, was committed to his grandfather to be educated. This had a permanent, and, in some respects, not a favourable, influence in the formation of his character; for the Doctor was not less remarkable for his eccentricities than for his deep religiousness, while his generosity was profuse and indiscriminating to a fault. "His wife, as long as she lived, found it a difficult matter to keep house. In winter, if he came across a poor family without sufficient covering on their beds, he would run home, pull the blankets off his own bed, and run with them over his arm to the house where they were needed."

He is stated to have had an immense following of pious ladies, who were oftentimes very troublesome to him. In one of his sermons, addressing them, he said, "I see what it is, you ladies think to reach heaven by hanging on to my coat-tails. I will trounce you all. I will wear a spencer!" It is rather common for ladies of a certain class of mind to think of entering paradise in such a way,

while some clergymen are not so emphatic as Dr. Hawker was in discountenancing the idea.

Dr. Hawker composed a hymn, "Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing," and he always closed the evening service in his church by having it sung. Young Robert did not know his grandfather was the author, so one day he went to him with a paper in his hand. "Grandfather, said he, 'I don't altogether like that hymn, 'Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing;' I think it might be improved in metre and language, and would be better if made somewhat longer."

"Oh, indeed!" said Dr. Hawker, getting red; "and pray, Robert, what emendations commend themselves to your precocious wisdom?"

"This is my improved version," said the boy, and read as follows:—

"Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing.

High and low, and rich and poor:
May we all, Thy fear possessing,
Go in peace and sin no more.

"Lord, requite not as we merit,
Thy displeasure all must fear;
As of old, so let Thy Spirit
Still the dove's resemblance bear.

"May that Spirit dwell within us!
May its love our refuge be!
So shall no temptation win us
From the path that leads to Thee.

"So when these our lips shall wither,
So when fails each earthly tone,
May we sing once more together
Hymns of glory round Thy throne.

"Now listen to the old version,
grandfather—

"Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing.
Fill our heart with joy and peace:
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace
O refresh us
Travelling through this wilderness.

"Thanks we give and adoration
For the Gospel's joyous sound:
May the founts of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

"This one is crude and flat, don't you think so, grandfather?"

“‘Crude and flat, sir! Young puppy, it is *mine*. I wrote that hymn.’

“‘Oh! I beg your pardon, grandfather, I did not know that; it is a very nice hymn indeed, but—but,’ and as he went out of the door, ‘mine is better.’”

Shortly after this escapade, Robert was sent to a boarding-school, but only stayed one night. He arrived in the evening after tea, and the miserly master sent him to bed supperless, while the furniture of the room was not to his taste:—

“Next morning, the dominie was shaving at his window, when he saw his pupil, with his portmanteau on his back, striding across the lawn, with reckless indifference to the flower-beds, singing at the top of his voice, ‘Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing.’ He shouted after him from the window, but Robert was deaf. The boy flung his portmanteau over the hedge, jumped after it, and was seen no more at that school.”

He was then sent to the Liskeard Grammar School, where he was happy. He spent his holidays partly with father at Stratton, and grandfather at Plymouth. His mischievous exuberance of spirits found scope in all sorts of tricks and pranks. At Stratton, he delighted to torment an old shop-keeper. One day he slipped into the house when the old man was out, and found a piece of mutton roasting before the fire. He took it off the crook, hung it up in the shop, and placed a bundle of dips to roast in its place!

He married when in his twentieth year, and even then his indulgence in humorous exploits continued. He resided with his wife in a cottage near Bude, and the following is a capital trick he played on the superstitious ignorance of the people:—

“At full moon in the July of 1825

or 1826, he swam or rowed out to a rock at some little distance from the shore, plaited seaweed into a wig, which he threw over his head, so that it hung in lank streamers half way down his back, enveloped his legs in an oilskin wrap, and, otherwise naked, sat on the rock, flashing the moonbeams about from a hand mirror, and sang and screamed till attention was arrested. Some people passing along the cliff heard and saw him, and ran into Bude, saying that a mermaid with a fish’s tail was sitting on a rock combing her hair and singing.

“A number of people ran out on the rocks and along the beach, and listened awe-struck to the singing and disconsolate wailing of the mermaid. Presently she dived off the rock and disappeared.

“Next night crowds of people assembled to look out for the mermaid, and in due time she reappeared, and sent the moon flashing in their faces from her glass. Telescopes were brought to bear on her, but she sang on unmoved, braiding her tresses, and uttering remarkable sounds, unlike the singing of mortal throats which have been practised in Do-re-mi.

“This went on for several nights, the crowd growing greater, people arriving from Stratton, Kilkhampston, and all the villages round, till Robert Hawker got very hoarse with his nightly singing, and rather tired of sitting so long in the cold. He therefore wound up the performance one night with an unmistakable ‘God save the King,’ then plunged into the waves, and the mermaid never again revisited the ‘sounding shores of Bude.’”

After he left school he was articled to an attorney, but this proving distasteful to him, he induced his aunt to send him to Cheltenham Grammar School. He had great natural abilities, was passionately fond of books, but was a very desultory reader and wanted application. He was a good classical scholar, but had such an unpractical turn of mind that he could never master a proposition in Euclid. After leaving Cheltenham he went to Oxford, in 1823, and

wants to come upstairs and sit with you a little.'

"'With me, good heavens!' gasped Parson Radford. 'No, go down and tell his Lordship I'm took cruel bad with *Scarlet Fever*, it is an aggravated case, and very catching.'

"In the neighbourhood of Morwenstow, a little before Mr. Hawker's time, was a certain Parson Winterton. He was rector of Holsworthy, rector of Hollacombe, rector of Marham Church, rector of Pyworthy, and vicar of Bridgerule. When Parson Winterton lay on his death-bed, he was visited and prepared for dying by a neighbouring clergyman.

"'What account can you render for the talents committed to your charge? What use have you made of them?' asked the visitor.

"'Use of my talents?' repeated the dying man; and then, thrusting his hands out from under the bedclothes, he said, 'I came into this diocese with nothing,—yes, with nothing, and now,—and he began to check off the names on the fingers of the left hand, with the forefinger of the right hand,—'I am rector of Hollacombe, worth £80; rector of Marham Church, worth £450; rector of Pyworthy, worth £560; vicar of Bridgerule, worth £300; and rector of Holsworthy, worth £1,000. If that is not making use of one's talents, I do not know what is. I think I can die in peace.'"

The church of Morwenstow was in a most dilapidated state, crumbling to decay amid a luxuriant growth of rank weeds, while the manse was in ruins, and partly used as a barn. The population had acquired an unenviable character as addicted to the pursuits of wrecking and smuggling, while there were no resident gentry. It was among such a people that Mr. Hawker, "with his great heart overflowing with love and burning to do good to their souls and bodies," commenced the great labour of his life. "He was about the parish all day on his pony, visiting every one of his flock, taking vehement inte-

rest in all their concerns, and doing everything he could to win their hearts. But two centuries of neglect by the Church was not to be remedied in a generation, and Mr. Hawker was surprised he could not do it in a twelvemonth."

In his habits Mr. Hawker was most eccentric, and many of his opinions were deeply tinged with superstition. He believed in witchcraft, was firmly persuaded that he had held direct intercourse with St. Morwenna, who gave origin to the church and parish of Morwenstow, and whose reputed cell, in a cliff 350 feet above the Atlantic, he held sacred. When he was told that her bones did not rest in Morwenstow, he exclaimed: "What! Morwenna not lie in the holy place at Morwenstow! Of that you will never persuade me—no, never; I know that she lies there. I have seen her, and she has told me as much, and at her feet ere long I hope to lay my old bones."

Comparatively speaking, his superstitious were of a harmless character, begotten of his enthusiastic, highly sensitive poetic temperament, and not out of keeping with the feelings of his people and the legendary atmosphere which he breathed. He believed in the alleged power of "the evil eye":—

"There was an old woman at Morwenstow who he fully believed was a witch. If any one combated his statement, he would answer, 'I have seen the five black spots placed diagonally under her tongue, which are evidences of what she is. They are like those in the feet of swine, made by the entrance into them of the demons at Gadara.'

"This old woman came every day to the vicarage for skimmed milk. One day there was none, and she had to leave with an empty can. 'As she went away,' said the Vicar, 'I saw her go mumbling something beside the pigstye. She looked over at the pigs, and her eye and incantation worked. I ran out, ten minutes after, to look at my

sow, which had farrowed lately. And there I saw the sow, which, like Medea, had taken a hatred to her own offspring, spurning them away from her milk, and there sat all the nine sucking-pigs on their tails, with their fore-paws in the air, begging in piteous fashion; but the evil eye of old Cherry had turned the mother's heart to stone, and she let them die one by one before her eyes."

His credulity extended to the crediting the existence of Pixies, or elves who dance on the green sward, make fairy rings, work in mines, and haunt old houses:—

"Mr. Hawker had a curious superstition about fairy rings. There was one on the cliff. Some years ago he was visited by Lady —, who drove over from Bude. As he walked with her on the sward, they came to the ring in the grass, and she was about to step into it, when he arrested her abruptly, and said, 'Beware how you set foot within a fairy ring; it will bring ill-luck.'

"'Oh, nonsense, Mr. Hawker, the circle is made by toadstools. See, here is one. I will pick it.'

"'If you do, there will be shortly a death in your house.'

"She neglected his warning, and picked one of the fairy champignons.

"Within a week a little daughter died.

"Another similar coincidence confirmed him in his belief. The curate of Bridgerule and his wife came to see him, and much the same scene took place. The curate, in spite of his warning, kicked over a toadstool in the ring, and handed it to his wife.

"Ten days after, Mr. Hawker got a heart-broken letter from the wife, an Irish lady, in which she said, 'Oh, why did we neglect your prophecy—why did we give no heed to your word! When we returned to Bridgerule our little Mary sickened, and now we have just laid her in her grave.'

"Mr. Hawker was a High Churchman," says his biographer, "but one of an original type, wholly distinct from the Tractarian of the first pe-

riod, and Ritualist of the second period, of the Catholic revival in the English Church. He never associated himself with any party." He had very strong and prejudiced feelings against "Low Churchmen" and Dissenters, against whom he said many bitter things. When his feelings were excited he expressed himself strongly, yet while smiting with his tongue he was ever ready to extend a helping hand to all who required assistance without regard to religious profession. Among the many estimable traits in his character must be reckoned an intense love of truth and an unbounded devotion to the poor. His hospitality far exceeded his means, and increased the pecuniary difficulties that embittered his life, and tortured his last years. His vicarage was only worth £365 per annum, and he wrote over his porch:—

"A house, a glebe, a pound a day,
A pleasant place to watch and pray;
Be true to Church, be kind to poor,
O minister, for evermore!"

Like all impulsive, deeply sensitive natures who are led more by feeling than by judgment, Mr. Hawker's generosity was too frequently inconsiderate, and he was often in straitened circumstances himself, owing to the open house he kept, and the profusion with which he gave away to the necessitous. But he never repined, nor sought for money save for the purpose of devoting it to useful objects. We have said that he was keen and cutting in repartee, and seldom hesitated in expressing himself unmistakably.

The glebe house being in ruins, he resolved, after he had been a few years at Morwenstow, to build himself a vicarage. When the house was in course of erection a Mr. King called on the vicar, and between them there was not over much cordiality:—

“ ‘Ha!’ said Mr. King, ‘you know the proverb, Fools build houses for wise men to live in.’ ”

“ ‘Yes,’ answered the Vicar promptly; ‘and I know another. Wise men make proverbs, and fools quote them.’ ”

Bishop Wilberforce, when Archdeacon, was in Mr. Hawker’s neighbourhood for the purpose of advocating the cause of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

“ ‘Look here,’ said the Archdeacon to him, ‘I have to speak at the meeting at Stratton to-night, and I am told that there is a certain Mr. Knight, who will be on the platform, and is a wearyful speaker. I have not much time to spare. Is it possible by a hint to reduce him to reasonable limits?’ ”

“ ‘Not in the least; he is impervious to hints.’ ”

“ ‘Can he not be prevented from rising to address the meeting?’ ”

“ ‘That is impossible; he is irrepressible.’ ”

“ ‘Then what is to be done?’ ”

“ ‘Leave him to me, and he will not trouble you.’ ”

“At the S.P.G. meeting a crowd had gathered to hear the eloquent speaker. Mr. Tom Knight was on the platform, waiting his opportunity to rise.

“ ‘Oh! Knight,’ said Mr. Hawker, in a whisper, ‘the Archdeacon has left his watch behind, and mine is also at home, will you lend yours for timing the speeches?’ ”

“With some hesitation Mr. Knight pulled his gold repeater, with bunch of seals attached, from his fob, and gave it to the Vicar of Morwenstow.

“Presently Mr. Knight was on his legs to make a speech. Now the old gentleman was accustomed, when addressing a public audience, to swing his bunch of seals round and round in his left hand. Directly he began his oration his hand went instinctively to his fob in quest of the bunch. It was not there. He stammered and felt again, floundered in his speech, and after a few feeble efforts to recover himself and find his bunch of seals, sat down, red, and melting, and angry.”

The Vicar had a pair of stags

which he called Robin Hood and Maid Marian, and one day Robin nearly killed the person above represented as Mr. Knight. Shortly afterwards—

“Dr. Philpotts, the late Bishop of Exeter, not long after this occurred, came to Morwenstow to visit Mr. Hawker. Whilst being shown the landscape from the garden, the Bishop’s eye rested on Robin Hood.

“ ‘Why!—that stag which butted and tossed Mr. Knight is still suffered to live! It might have killed him.’ ”

“ ‘No harm done, my Lord,’ said Mr. Hawker. ‘He is a very Low Church parson.’ ”

The disestablishment of the Irish Church excited the Vicar’s deepest ire against Mr. Gladstone, and the Public Worship Act carried by Disraeli also called up feelings that found vent in the following bitter epigram:—

“An English boy was born, a Jew, and then
On the eighth day received the name
of Ben.
Another boy was born, baptized, but still
In common parlance call the People’s
Will!
Both lived impenitent, and so they
died,
And between both the Church was
crucified.
Which bore the brand, I pray thee
tell me true,
The wavering Christian, or the doubtful
Jew?”

Although he could express himself so bitterly pungent, the Vicar had a heart overflowing with the milk of human kindness. He had a great love for the animal creation, and could not abide cruelty. He commenced early in life by training a little black Berkshire pig to follow him like a dog, and Gyp, as he called it, became so intelligent and obedient that when Mr. Hawker saw its presence was not acceptable

to those he visited, "he would order it out, and the black creature slunk out of the door with its tail out of curl." We think, however, that in the following case he was rather hard on poor pussy:—

"He was usually followed to church by nine or ten cats, which entered the chancel with him, and careered about it during service. Whilst saying prayers, Mr. Hawker would pat his cats or scratch them under their chins. Originally ten cats accompanied him to church, but one having caught, killed, and eaten a mouse on a Sunday, was excommunicated, and from that day was not allowed again within the sanctuary."

Here is a good anecdote of the kind-hearted old man:—

"The birds of Morwenstow became quite tame, and fluttered round him for food. 'Ubi aves,' he said, 'ubi angeli.' To the north side of the church, above the vicarage, is a small grove of trees, oaks and sycamores. There were nests in them of magpies: Mr. Hawker thought of jackdaws, but these birds do not build nests among branches. He was very anxious to get rocks to inhabit this grove; to obtain them he went to his chancel, and kneeling before the altar, besought God to give him a rockery where he wanted. Having made his prayer, full of faith, he had a ladder put to the trees, and he carefully removed the nests to a chimney of his house which was rarely used."

"Jackdaws," said he, "I make you a promise: if you will give up these trees to rocks, you shall have the chimney of my blue room *recula sculorum*."

"The jackdaws took him at his word, and filled the chimney with their piles of sticks which serve as nests. Some-how rocks were persuaded to settle among the tree tops of his grove, and there the colony subsists to the present day."

"Some years ago, when Dr. Philpotts was Bishop of Exeter, a visit of the Bishop to Morwenstow had been planned and decided on. Mrs. Hawker insisted on having the blue room fitted up for his lordship. A fire would have to be

lighted in the grate; the chimney would smoke unless cleared of nests."

"Mr. Hawker stood by whilst Mrs. Hawker and the maid prepared the blue room. He would not have the jackdaws disturbed. He had given them his word of honour. Mrs. Hawker argued that necessity knows no law; the Bishop must have a fire, and the jackdaws must make way for the Bishop. She prevailed."

"I wrung my hands, I protested, entreated, and foretold evil," was the Vicar's account of the affair.

"Well! and did evil come of it?"

"Yes, the Bishop never arrived after all."

We have lingered so long over the general character of the Vicar, that we have not space to do the ample justice we desire to his undoubted literary merits. As in most concerns of life, where his own mere self was concerned, he was exceedingly careless about his own reputation, and allowed with a reprehensible indifference unprincipled pretenders to claim merit for what was his own. He felt this, but took no proper steps to check it. Writing to a friend in 1856 he says:—

"It has always been my fate to build other people's houses. For others I usually succeed; for myself, always fail. Let me tell you one strange thing. Every year of my life, for full ten years, I have had to write to some publisher, editor, or author, to claim the paternity of a legend or a ballad or a page of prose, which others have been attempting to foist on the public as their own. Last year I had to rescue a legendary ballad, 'The Sisters of Glennectan,' from the claims of a Mr. Hingeston, of Exeter College. Yesterday I wrote for the January number of *Blackwood*, wherein I see published 'The Bells of Bottreaux,' a name and legend which, if any one should claim, I say with Jack Cade, 'He lies, for I invented it myself!'"

"The Silent Towers of Bottreaux" is an exquisite ballad, one of

his very best; but perhaps the most popular of all the ballads he wrote is contained in his first publication. When at Oxford he employed his leisure hours in composing ballads on the most fertile theme of Cornish legends, and in 1832 he published his first venture under the title of "Records of the Western Shore," a work of singular fancy, strength, and beauty.

One magnificent ballad in this collection, which will endure while the English language survives, is the "Song of the Western Men." He found among the traditions of Cornwall the burden of an old song, of which all that survived were the lines,—

"And shall they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen,
And shall Trelawney die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!"

Trelawney was one of the bishops arraigned by James, and with nothing more to work on than the above, Mr. Hawker produced this glorious ballad:—

"THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN.

"A good sword and a trusty hand,
A merry heart and true,
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do.
And have they fixed the Where and
When,
And shall Trelawney die?
Then twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!
What! will they scorn Tre, Pol, and
Pen,
And shall Trelawney die?
Then twenty thousand underground
Will know the reason why!"

"Out spoke the Captain brave and
bold,
A gallant knight was he:
'Though London's Tower were
Michael's hold.
We'll set Trelawney free.
We'll cross the Tamar hand to hand,
The Exe shall be no stay;

We'll side by side, from strand to
strand,
And who shall bid us nay?
What! will they scorn Tre, Pol, and
Pen,
And shall Trelawney die?
Then twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!"

"And when we come to London Wall,
We'll shout with it in view:
"Come forth, come forth, ye cowards
all,
We're better men than you!
Trelawney, he's in keep and hold,
Trelawney he may die;
But here's twenty thousand Cornish
bold
Will know the reason why!"
What! will they scorn Tre, Pol, and
Pen,
And shall Trelawney die?
Then twenty thousand underground
Will know the reason why!"

It was certainly a great triumph that this ballad should be accepted by Sir Walter Scott as having the "true twang" of the ancient minstrelsy, while after him came Lord Macaulay, who quoted it in his history, but he subsequently wrote to Mr. Hawker, admitting that he was deceived by the "true ballad spirit" of the composition, and that he had always supposed the whole song to be of the time of the bishops' trial.

We have marked many more extracts which we think would be interesting to our readers, and serve to do justice to the unobtrusive career of a truly religious and patient worker. But we must now conclude, and we cannot do better than quote what his biographer says: "*He loved children, and they loved him!*" What an amiable character in a few words:—

"He loved children, and they loved him. It was his delight to take them by the hand, and walk with them about the parish, telling them stories of St. Morwenna, St. Nectan, King Arthur, Sir Bevil Granville, smugglers, wreckers, pixies, and hobgoblins, in one unflag-

ging stream. So great was the affection borne him by the children of his parish, that when they were ill and had to take physic, and the mothers could not induce them to swallow the nauseous draught, the Vicar was sent for, and the little ones, without further struggle, swallowed the medicine administered by his hand.

"A child said to him one day, 'Please, Mr. Hawker, did you ever see an angel?'"

"'Margaret,' he answered solemnly, and took one of the child's hands in his left palm, 'there came to this door one day a poor man. He was in rags. Whence he came I know not. He appeared quite suddenly at the door. We gave him bread. There was something wonderful, mysterious, unearthly in his face. And I watched him as he went away. Look, Margaret! do you see that hill all gold and crimson with gorse and heather?' He went that way. I saw him go up through the gold and crimson, up, still upwards, to where the blue sky is, and there I lost sight of him all at once. I saw him no more, but I thought of the words, 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.'"

Although in some respects Mr. Baring-Gould's biography is imperfect and disappointing, still it is written in a candid and sympathetic spirit, and is exceedingly interesting. He writes with an evident desire to do Mr. Hawker justice, and his delineation bears on it the impress of impartiality. Undoubtedly Mr. Hawker had great originality of character, which was intensified by the training and associations of his youth, as well as by the secluded life he led in a remote Cornish parish, shut out, comparatively speaking, from contact with the world of action and progress. He possessed powers and activity of mind far above the common, had high poetic aptitudes, and, while fanciful, was superstitious. Admittedly he was self-willed, egotistical, deeply prejudiced, and capable

of indulging in deeply sarcastical and cutting sayings, still, amid all such minor imperfections of character, the grand amiability of his nature was ever cropping up and asserting itself—ever exercising a predominating and wholesome influence—so that we cannot regard the Vicar of Morwenstow otherwise than as a man of distinguished ability and great kindness of disposition.

Songs of Religion and Life. By John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh, Edmonston and Douglas. 1876. — Our last number contained a portrait and memoir of Professor Blackie. We have now the pleasure of bringing under the notice of our readers a new volume of poems from his fertile pen.

We have only one fault to find with the Professor, and we state it at the outset. To separate Religion from Life is unphilosophical. Professor Blackie separates them—but only on his title-page. His songs of Life are the *Religio Vita*.

Would that Scotland had many such sons—men who can be religious without being sectarian. Discord prevails there on every religious subject on which diversity of opinion is possible. Whether it is correct to pay for religious education: whether the Confession of Faith is to be swallowed entire or only in part: whether the sheep should elect their own shepherd or obey the instructions of a shepherd chosen for them otherwise: whether the "Covenant" and the burgher oath can be conscientiously sworn to, and similar questions, form nine-tenths of the so-called Religion of religious Scotland.

Professor Blackie takes us into

a broader path, a diviner air. The littlenesses of religionists (not of religion) have no place in his song. He knows his God and worships him. But he worships neither priest nor parson, nor creed nor people.

Here is healthy worship—doubt it who may:—

“THE GOD OF GLEE.

“*Aber die Götter lieben der Menschen
Weitvorbreitete gute Geschlechter.*

—GOETHE.

“If a mortal man might sing
Theme above all mortal wing;
If the creatures of the clay
With the name of God might play;
If the moulded breath might tell
All that stirs the soul's deep well,
I would sing a song of glee,
Father of all songs, to Thee!

“Thou art not the awful thing,
Iron ruler, despot king,
Harsh, revengeful, stern, severe,
Child of terror, birth of fear:
Thou art nothing like to him,
Ghost of sickly dreamer's whim;
If I sing a song to Thee,
It shall be a song of glee.

“Fools may rant, and fools may rave,
Loudly damn and loudly save,
With a solemn sounding swell,
Sweeping honest souls to hell,
With church-blasts of mimic thunder
Turning every over under;
Thou from wrath of man art free,
God of gladness, God of glee!

“What Thou art no tongue may say;
I remember I am clay;
Scarcely knowing brother man,
Shall I venture God to scan?
From within and from without
Full of dream and full of doubt,
Feeling only lent from Thee,
This glad Being, God of glee!

“Shall I set Thee on a throne
Ruling solemnly alone?
Shall I dress Thee in strange glory?
Grandly chant thy epic story?
Shall I lodge Thee in the tomb,
There to lighten up my gloom?
Shalt Thou sleep in death with me,
God of gladness, God of glee?

“Shall my wit be Thine inspector?
Shall my knife be Thy dissector?
Shall I perch Thee on a steeple,
To feed the gaze of gaping people?
Shall I show Thee round and round—
Here explain and there expound?
In a cold creed prison Thee,
God of gladness, God of glee?

“Shalt Thou be my sworn director,
Patroniser, and protector?
Shall I stamp with Thy great seal
All I think, and all I feel?
Shalt Thou be a horse to ride
For the pranks of human pride?
And shall strife be born of Thee,
God of gladness, God of glee?

“Shalt Thou hug me in Thy breast,
Fledgling of no human nest?
Shall I be the one pet-lamb
Of the terrible I AM?
I the called and the elect,
Thou Jehovah of a sect?
Bastards all, save only me,
Thou my Father, God of glee?

“O! it is a hard assay
For the reach of human clay,
And yet every fool will mount
Thee to number, Thee to count,
With a plummet and a square
Meting out the pathless air;
Teach me how to think of Thee,
God of gladness, God of glee!

“If my tongue must lisp its lay,
I will speak what best I may:
I will say, Thou art a Soul,
Weaving wisely through the whole;
I will say Thou art a Power
Working good from hour to hour,
I will say Thou art to me
Light and Life, and Love and Glee.

“Thou art each, and Thou art all
In Creation's living hall,
Every breathing shape of beauty,
Every solemn voice of duty!
Every high and holy mood,
All that's great, and all that's good,
All is Echo sent from Thee,
God of gladness, God of glee!”

We have preferred to quote an entire poem rather than make a selection of verses from the various “Songs” which are contained in

Professor Blackie's volume. The distinctive characteristic of his verse is not the polish of solitary phrases or stanzas, but the healthy, manly way in which he deals with the subjects of his choice. Detached verses would not have so well shown this as an entire poem does.

Professor Blackie is "at war with the whole overstrained style of existing poetry." We quote his own words. We cordially agree with him. Most of our poets give us phrases instead of thoughts. We do not consider it a good symptom of the times that our most melodious versifiers are more given to imitate or reproduce the classics than to think the thoughts of the day. Yet such is the fact; and the question is worthy of consideration—whether that fact is evidence of degeneracy in our English literature?

We commend Professor Blackie's book to our readers. His prayer, "*Sincke Socrates, Ora pro Nobis!*" an invocation to the Greek Sage to come down and help to clear away the trivialities of modern religious thought in Scotland, is a piece of sarcasm we have seldom seen equalled since the days of the Dean of St. Patrick. "Trimurti," a hymn to the Hindoo Trinity, is a religious lesson that has never before been read so firmly. For part of "The Hope of the Heterodox" we must find room. It is a creed that all should believe:—

"In Thee, O blessed God, I hope,
In Thee, in Thee, in Thee!
Though banned by Presbyter and Pope
My trust is still in Thee.
Thou wilt not cast thy servant out
Because he dared to see
With his own eyes, and dared to
believe
What preachers preach of Thee.
O no! no! no!
For ever and ever and aye
(Though Pope and Presbyter may)
Thou wilt not cast away
honest soul from Thee.

"I look around on earth and sky,
And Thee, and ever Thee.
With open heart and open eye
How can I fail to see?
My ear drinks in from field and fell
Life's rival floods of glee;
Where finds the priest his private
hell
When all is full of Thee?
O no! no! no!
Though flocks of sacred geese
Give Heaven's high ear no peace,
I still enjoy a lease
Of happy thoughts from Thee."

The volume is an admirable specimen of typography, and is a credit in every sense to the publishers.

Lectures, Addresses, and other Literary Remains. By the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, M.A. London: H. S. King & Co. 1876. —Though the contents of this volume were called forth by circumstances of a local and temporary character, they have a claim to general consideration, both as biographical reminiscences and on account of their intrinsic value. Robertson was a man of no ordinary mould. He was at once a hero and a martyr, a clergyman of fervent piety, powerful eloquence, and rare freedom of thought, of wide and warm sympathies, of unselfish aims and untiring exertions for the good of others, of high-spirited honour and child-like humility, of unflinching daring and delicate sensibility, of unmitigated hatred and scorn for hypocrisy, bigotry, tyranny, and injustice, and at the same time of kindly sorrow for the frailties of human nature, and tender compassion for the oppressed and afflicted. Eloquent as were his sermons—and the more impressive because delivered extemporaneously—his daily life was still more effective in diffusing the spirit of Christianity

around him. In the short space of six years he endeared to himself persons of all classes at Brighton, especially the thoughtful and inquiring, the toiling and the suffering.

Any memorial throwing light upon such a mind and character is to be prized. The present volume may be recommended as a valuable supplement to Mr. Stopford Brooke's admirable *Life of Robertson*, one of the few really good biographies to be met with. But it also deserves attention for the independent, if not original, thoughts, and the noble sentiments, expressed in forcible, clear, and eloquent language, it contains. As at once an illustration and a proof, we may cite a passage from a lecture on the influence of poetry:—

“Lastly, I name the refining influence of Poetry. We shall confine our proofs to that which it has already done in making men and life less savage, carnal, and mercenary; and this especially in the three departments which were the peculiar sphere of the Poetry which is called romantic. Beneath its influence passion became love; selfishness, honour; and war, chivalry.

“The first of these, as a high sentiment, can only be said to have come into existence with the Christianity of the Middle Ages. All who are familiar with the Greek and Roman Poetry, know that the sentiment which now bears the name, was unknown to the ancients. It became what it is when passion had been hallowed by imagination. Then, and not till then, it became loyalty to female worth, consecrated by religion. For the sacred thought of a Virgin Mother spread its sanctity over the whole idea of the sex. Christianity had given to the world a new object for its imagination; and the idolatry into which it passed in the Church of Rome was but the inevitable result of the effort of rude minds struggling to express in form the new idea of a divine sacredness belonging to feminine qualities of meekness and purity, which the ages before had overlooked. That this influence of the religious element of the

imagination on the earthlier feeling is not fanciful but historical, might be shown in the single case of Ignatius Loyola, on whose ardent temperament the influences of his age worked strongly. Hence it was that there seemed nothing profane when the chivalrous gallantry of the soldier transformed itself by, to him, a most natural transition, into a loyal dedication of all his powers to One who was ‘not a countess, nor a duchess, but much greater.’ But only think how he must have shrunk from this transference of homage, as blasphemous, if his former earthlier feelings had not been elevated by a religious imagination; if, in short, his affections had been like those of the Greeks and Romans!

“And while on the subject of the influence of all the higher feelings in elevating passion into that which is unselfish and pure, and even sublime, I will remind you of those glorious lines of *Lovelace* in reply to a reproach on account of absence caused by duty:

“‘Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.’

“Under the influence of imagination, selfishness became honour. Doubtless, the law of honour is only half-Christian. Yet it did this: it proclaimed the invisible truth above the visible comfort. It consecrated certain acts as right, uncalculatingly and independently of consequences. It did not say—it will be *better* for you in the end if you do honourably. It said—you *must* do honourably, though it be not better for you to do it, but worse, and deathful. It was not religion; but it was better than the popular, merely prudential, mercenary religion, which says, ‘Honesty is the best policy: godliness is gain: do right and you will not lose by it.’ Honour said, Perhaps you *will* lose—all—life: lose then like a man; for there is something higher than life, dearer than even *your* eternal gain. It was not purely religious: for it retained the selfish element. But it was a more refined selfishness which permitted a man to take another's life in defence of his honour, than that which requires him to do it in defence of his purse.

“Finally, through poetic imagination

war became chivalry. The practice of arms ceased to be 'a conflict of kites and crows'; it was guarded by a refined courtesy from every rude and ungenerous abuse of superior strength.

"Upon this point there is much sophistry prevalent; therefore it is worth while to see how the matter really stands. A truly great man—the American Channing—has said, I remember, somewhere in his works, that if armies were dressed in a hangman's or a butcher's garb, the false glare of military enthusiasm would be destroyed, and war would be seen in its true aspect as butchery.

"It is wonderful how the generous enthusiasm of Dr. Channing has led him into such a sophism. Take away honour, and imagination, and Poetry from war, and it becomes carnage. Doubtless. And take away public spirit and invisible principles from resistance to a tax, and Hampden becomes a noisy demagogue. Take away the grandeur of his cause, and Washington is a rebel, instead of the purest of patriots. Take away imagination from love, and what remains? Let a people treat with scorn the defenders of its liberties, and invest them with the symbols of degradation, and it will soon have no one to defend it. This is but a truism.

"But it is a falsity if it implies that the mere change of symbolic dress, unless the dress truly represented a previous change of public feeling, would reverse the feeling with which the profession of arms is regarded. So long as people found it impossible to confound the warrior with the hangman, all that a change of garb could do would be to invest the sign with new dignity. Things mean become noble by association: the Bible—the Locket—the Broom of the Plantagenets—the Garter—and the Death's Head and Cross-Bones on the front of the Black Brunswickers, typical of the stern resolve to avenge their Chief—methinks these symbols did not exactly change the soldier into a sexton."

But the truth is that here, as elsewhere, Poetry has reached the truth, while science and common sense have missed it. It has distinguished—as, in spite of all mercenary and feeble sophistry, no power will distinguish—war from mere bloodshed. It has discerned higher feelings which lie beneath

its revolting features. Carnage is terrible. The conversion of producers into destroyers is a calamity. Death, and insults to woman worse than death—and human features obliterated beneath the hoof of the war horse—and reeking hospitals, and ruined commerce, and violated homes, and broken hearts—they are all awful. But there is something worse than death. Cowardice is worse. And the decay of enthusiasm and manliness is worse. And it is worse than death, ay, worse than a hundred thousand deaths, when a people has gravitated down into the creed that the 'wealth of nations' consists, not in generous hearts—'Fire in each breast, and freedom on each brow'—in national virtues, and primitive simplicity, and heroic endurance, and preference of duty to life;—not in *mes*, but in silk, and cotton, and something that they call 'capital.' Peace is blessed. Peace, arising out of charity. But peace, springing out of the calculations of selfishness, is not blessed. If the price to be paid for peace is this, that wealth accumulate and men decay, better far that every street in every town of our once noble country should run blood!"

It may be questioned whether this conclusion will bear strict investigation. Robertson, in his eagerness to express himself with striking force, is sometimes betrayed into paradox. Thus, in one of his addresses, he says: "There is a deal of religion in an earnest hearty laugh, that comes ringing from the heart. That man is a bad man who has not within him the power of a hearty laugh." This is of course suggested by what Shakspeare says of music, but is much less defensible. The great objection to peace obtained by a sacrifice of honour is the certainty that it must soon lead to further unworthy concession, and ultimately to war, under most unfavourable circumstances. There is truth in the following distinction between Shakspeare and Wordsworth:—

"Shakspeare is an universal poet

because he utters all that which is in men; Wordsworth, because he speaks that which is in all men. There is much difference between these two statements.

"The perfection of Shakspeare, like all the highest perfection, consists, not in the predominance of a single quality, or feeling, but in the just balance and perfect harmony of all. You cannot say whether the tragic element of our nature, or the comic, predominates; whether he has more sympathy with its broad laugh, or its secret sigh; with the contemplativeness of Hamlet, which lets the moment of action pass, or the promptitude of Hotspur; with the aristocratic pride of Coriolanus, which cannot deign to canvass the mob for votes, or the coarse wit and human instincts of the serving men.

"Wordsworth, on the contrary, gives to us humanity stripped of its peculiarities; the feelings which do not belong to this man or that, this or that age, but are the heritage of our common nature. 'That,' says he in a private letter, 'which will distinguish my poems hereafter from those of other poets is this: that while other poets laboured to exhibit that which distinguishes one man from another, especially the dramatic poets, I have made it my concern to exhibit that which is common to all men.'"

Robertson, though a man of refined taste and a staunch supporter of hereditary rank, showed remarkable interest in the welfare of the working classes, for whose benefit most of the addresses in this volume were composed. By his evident sincerity and earnestness he completely

gained their confidence, and by his plain-spoken fidelity, sound advice, and noble example he rendered them invaluable service. He thus did much to render the Church popular amongst them; yet, strange to say, the clergy and members of the Church were his most cruel persecutors, even to death.

This was owing to his remarkable independence of thought. In matters of doctrine he called no man master, nor did he claim to be any man's master. Like every one who thinks for himself, he stood alone, and often painfully felt his isolation. He could find something to approve of in nearly every school,—except, perhaps, the evangelical, to which he originally belonged,—but at the same time something he could not accept; and, as he abhorred all compromise, and asserted his opinions without disguise or attempt to soften them down, he provoked hostility rather than inspired confidence. It must be admitted that there was a certain degree of crudity and instability about his views, which, with all his ingenuity and subtlety, he could hardly render consistent and generally acceptable. Still, the undeniable purity of his intentions, and great public usefulness of his labours, both in the pulpit and every-day life, might, one would think, have screened him from the misrepresentation, calumny, and odium to which he was exposed.

The Epic of Hades. By the Author of "Songs of Two Worlds." London, H. S. King & Co. 1876.—The author of the present volume, who introduced himself to public notice four or five years ago as "A New Writer," has by this time secured an honourable position among living poets. His three series of "Songs of Two Worlds" have each arrived at a second edition, and are considered to indicate continued advance in power and skill. On publishing the third series, he intimated that it might be his last work, but encouraged, it would seem, by the favour awarded to three stories entitled "From Hades," he has republished them with a number of other similar tales in the volume before us. In so doing he has acted wisely, both for his own reputation and the

public interest. So sweet a singer and so sound a thinker ought not to be silent in this busy bustling age, when visible and tangible objects absorb men's thoughts to the exclusion of higher and purer realities, and when even science, literature, and art are cultivated with a view to their practical advantages rather than for their own sake. It is no less true now than it was in Wordsworth's time, that "the world is too much with us," and the refining and elevating influence of poetry is required to raise us above the dead level of hard matter of fact to a purer and brighter atmosphere of beauty, love, and truth.

We say, then, the author of this volume has done well not to discontinue writing. He has also chosen his subject well. As to the difficulty under which the modern poet labours in this respect, he says:—

" We have no more
The world to choose from, who, where'er we turn,
Tread through old thoughts and fair.
Yet must we sing—
We have no choice; and if more hard the toil
In noon, when all is clear, than in the fresh
White mists of early morn, yet do we find
Achievement its own guerdon, and at last
The rounder song of manhood grows more sweet
Than the high note of youth."

The beautiful legends of classical antiquity deserve to be kept in remembrance, and are well suited for this writer's powers. He has an evident relish for them, and reproduces them with graceful skill. If his interpretation of them be not in accordance with the latest teachings of comparative mythology, or the ancient modes of thought, the lessons he derives from them are at least appropriate and wholesome. From the legend of Actæon he deduces two distinct though similar morals. Actæon, after having told how he was torn to pieces by his dogs, thus concludes:—

" Wherefore I walk
Along these dim fields peopled with the ghosts
Of heroes who have left the ways of earth
For this faint ghost of them. Sometimes I think,
Pondering on what has been, that all my days
Were shadows, all my life an allegory;
And, though I know sometimes some fainter gleam
Of the old beauty move me, and sometimes
Some beat of the old pulses, that my life,
For ever hurrying on in hot pursuit,
To fall at length self-slain, was but a tale
Writ large by Zeus upon a mortal life,
Writ large, and yet a riddle; for sometimes
I read its meaning thus: Life is a chase,
And man the hunter, always following on,
With hounds of rushing thought or fiery sense,
Some hidden truth or beauty, fleeting still
For ever through the thick-leaved coverts vast
And wind-worn wolds of life. And if we turn
A moment from the hot pursuit to seize
Some chance brought sweetness, other than the search
To which our life is set,—some dalliance,
Some outward shape of Art, some lower love,
Some charm of wealth and sleek content and home,—

Then, if we check an instant, the swift chase
 Of fierce untempered energies which pursue,
 With jaws unsated and a thirst for life,
 Bears down on us with clanging shock, and whelms
 Our prize and us in ruin.

And sometimes
 I seem to myself a thinker, who at last,
 By some dark lake of thought unknown, unseen,
 Amid the chase and capture of low ends,
 Comes one day on some perfect truth, and looks
 'Till the fair vision blinds him heart and brain,
 And, all his former nature hurrying on,
 The strong brute forces and unchecked desires,
 Finding him bound and speechless, think him now
 No more their master, but some soulless thing;
 And leap on him, and seize him, and possess
 His life, till through death's gate he pass to life,
 And his own ghost revives. But looks no more
 Upon the truth unveiled, but through a cloud
 Of creed and faith and longing, which shall change
 One day to perfect knowledge.

But whoe'er
 Shall read the riddle of my life, I walk
 In this dim land amid dim ghosts of kings,
 As one day thou shalt; meantime, fare thou well."

It may be questioned whether the author has chosen the most appropriate title for his work, which is not so much an epic as a series of charming myths, charmingly related and interspersed with thought. Like Dante, he represents himself as passing through the region of departed spirits, some of the most distinguished of whom he describes, and hears from them the circumstances of their life and death.

In thus reproducing ancient legends he follows Tennyson, something of whose manner he has caught, particularly his fondness for alliteration, but he cannot be fairly charged with slavish imitation. He has innate power of his own, and a distinct individuality. If not a poet of the highest creative order, he possesses real poetic feeling and true artistic taste. His verse is highly finished, smooth, and sweet, yet strong and clear. Its chief deficiency is want of warmth. It is chaste but cold, more like a marble statue than a glowing picture. One cannot but admire the perfection of the workmanship, the classic repose and freedom from exaggeration, the even flow of the metre, the variety of the rhythm, and the aptness of the diction. At the same time there is little to stir the feelings or soften the heart. The reader is neither fired with indignation nor touched with pity. This is no doubt owing in a great measure to the nature of the subject. The persons and events described are so unlike those we now meet with, that they fail to awaken our sympathies, and are even hard to realize. Perhaps the most successful of the author's efforts to assist us in doing this is his story of Eurydice, thus told by herself as she addresses Orpheus:—

" Dear voice and lyre now silent, which I heard
 Across yon sullen river, bringing to me
 All my old life, and he, the ferryman,
 Heard and obeyed, and the grim monster heard
 And fawned on you. Joyous thou cam'st and free,
 Like a white sunbeam from the dear bright earth,

Where suns shone clear, and moons beamed bright, and streams
 Laughed with a rippling music (nor as here
 The dumb stream stole, the veiled sky slept, the fields
 Were lost in twilight). Like a morning breeze,
 Which blows in summer from the gates of dawn
 Across the fields of spice, and wakes to life
 Their slumbering perfume, through this silent land
 Of whispering voices and of half-closed eyes,
 Where scarce a footstep sounds, nor any strain
 Of earthly song, thou cam'st; and suddenly
 The pale cheeks flushed a little, the murmured words
 Rose to a faint, thin treble; the throng of ghosts
 Pacing along the sunless ways and still,
 Felt a new life. Thou camest, dear, and straight
 The dull cold river broke in sparkling foam,
 The pale and scentless flowers grew perfumed; last
 To the dim chamber, where with the sad queen
 I sat in gloom, and silently inwove
 Dead wreaths of amaranths; thy music came
 Laden with life, and I, who seemed to know
 Not life's voice only, but my own, rose up,
 Along the hollow pathways following
 The sound which brought back earth and life and love,
 And memory and longing. Yet I went
 With half-reluctant footsteps, as of one
 Whom passion draws, or some high fantasy,
 Despite himself, because some subtle spell,
 Part born of dread to cross that sullen stream
 And its grim guardians, part of secret shame
 Of the young airs and freshness of the earth,
 Being that I was, enchained me.

Then at last,

From voice and lyre so high a strain arose
 As trembled on the utter verge of being.
 And thrilling, poured out life. Thus closer drawn
 I walked with thee, shut in by halcyon sound
 And soft environments of harmony.
 Beyond the ghostly gates, beyond the dim
 Calm fields, where the beetle hummed and the pale owl
 Stole noiseless from the copse, and the white blooms
 Stretched thin for lack of sun: so fair a light
 Born out of consonant sound environed me.
 Nor looked I backward, as we seemed to move
 To some high goal of thought and life and love,
 Like twin birds flying fast with equal wing
 Out of the night, to meet the coming sun
 Above a sea. But on thy dear fair eyes,
 The eyes that well I knew on the old earth,
 I looked not, for with still averted gaze
 Thou leddest and I followed; for, indeed,
 While that high strain was sounding, I was rapt
 In faith and a high courage, driving out
 All doubt and discontent and womanish fear,
 Nay, even my love itself. But when awhile
 It sunk a little, or seemed to sink and fall
 To lower levels, seeing that use makes blunt
 The too accustomed ear, straightway, desire
 To look once more on thy recovered eyes
 Seized me, and oft I called with piteous voice,
 Seeking thee to turn. But thou long time

Wert even as one who heard not, with grave sigh
 And waving hand denying. Finally,
 When now we neared the stream, on whose far shore
 Lay life, great terror took me, and I shrieked
 Thy name, as in despair. Then thou, as one
 Who knows him set in some great jeopardy,
 A swift death fronting him on either hand,
 Didst slowly turning gaze ; and lo ! I saw
 Thine eyes grown awful, life that looked on death,
 Clear purity on dark and cankered sin,
 The immortal on corruption,—not the eyes
 That erst I knew in life, but dreadfuller ;
 And stranger ; as I looked, I seemed to swoon,
 Some blind force whirled me back, and when I woke
 I saw thee vanish in the middle stream,
 A speck on the dull waters, taking with thee
 My life, and leaving love with me. But I
 Not for myself bewail, but all for thee,
 Who, but for me, wert now among the stars
 With thy great Lord ; I sitting at thy feet.
 But now the fierce and unrestrained band
 Of passions woman-natured, finding thee
 Scornful of love within thy Thracian cave,
 With blind rage falling on thee, tore thy limbs,
 And left thee to the Muses' sepulture,
 While thy soul dwells in Hades ; but I wail
 My weakness always, who for Love destroyed
 The life that was my Love. I prithee, dear,
 Forgive me if thou canst, who has lost heaven
 To save a loving woman."

This is powerful and vivid description in highly-wrought verse. It is unfortunate, however, that in the line,—

"To the dim chamber, where, with the sad queen,

the accent should twice fall on the insignificant little word *the*, and that two verses ending with the same alliteration, "and life and love," should be so near each other.

Now that the author has got into a vein which he has hitherto worked with such success, we trust he will continue his operations in the same direction, and bring to light other valuable gems of ancient lore.

Charold: The Heart-History of a Poet's Youth. By Ernest Playne, B.A. Dublin, Hodges, Foster & Co. London, Simpkin & Co., 1876.—This is not Mr. Playne's first appearance as an author. Some six years ago he published, as he says, not a few verses entitled, "A Young Poet's Last Words." He now comes before the public with more last words, in five books, the first two and part of the third of which appear in the present volume, and are to be followed by the remainder as soon as possible. The form of this "heart-history" is neither biographical nor autobiographical narrative, but rather that of a drama, consisting of soliloquy and dialogue, from which the circumstances of the young poet's life, and the various phases of thought, opinion, and feeling, through which he passed, may be gathered indirectly. To render such a method of repre-

sentation effective, requires a greater power of dramatic construction than falls to the lot of many, and we think Mr. Playne would have been wise to confine himself to a simple narrative form.

The author makes no pretension to originality, acknowledging that he is largely indebted to Wordsworth's "Excursion" for his synopsis, and to other writers for many of his materials. "It is also to be understood," he says, "on all occasions in which the reader of 'Charold' shall suspect that he has already met with this thought and the other illustration, he is forthwith to change his suspicion into conviction, but cherish the idea in question, so it be worthy, and thank the Author of 'Charold' for having introduced it to him first-hand or second." The charming *saireté* of this confession will not prevent many readers from seeing that it amounts to a defence of wholesale borrowing, provided the ideas borrowed are good. It is a pity that even the name of Mr. Playne's poem should so irresistibly remind one of "Childe Harold."

A more serious objection to the work is the excessive amount of space devoted to religious discussions. A poet, like all thoughtful persons, may be imagined to have his difficulties and doubts on such subjects, and they may therefore be fairly allowed a place in the history of his inner life, but it should be a subordinate place in a poetic representation. Versified argumentation is not poetry, nor can it be made to harmonize well with poetry. Mr. Playne admits that his arguments are not new, and even supposing them satisfactory, we cannot help thinking them out of place in a work of this nature.

To give some idea of the author's mode of treating the main subject he has taken in hand, we will quote part of a speech by the imaginary poet:—

"The bright child-brother often, when he hears
His full-grown seniors talk of long-past years,
The games and sports in which they took delight—
Often will picture to his inward sight
Those bearded, bronzed, athletic men when they
Like unto him enjoyed their fill of play;
While therefrom drawing earnest sanguinely
Of the sure, if slow, advancing time, when he
Must buckle on his armour too, and shall
Like them be wonder'd-at, strong, grand, and tall.
Ev'n so, while on the more conspicuous
Of the universe's marvels gazing thus,
I pictured a far time when they, like me,
Were just aspiring from their infancy.
Such wild, vague longings flitted through my brain!
Swift vanishing-- but to return again:
Their re-appearings, too, so unexpected,
They oft had flown before their presence was detected.
Nor was their being, power, a whit less real
That they too spiritual were—ideal—
For language to embody: they by Thought
Were often too ethereal to be caught:—
'Unthought-like thoughts that are the souls of thought.'
At such times felt I like the seer of old
About some dread monition to unfold:
Straight up he stands, with flashing eye,—his breast
The informing deity oppress
Swollen! Raptured, to the force subdued

Of the incumbent and inspiring god,
 Passive and powerless ! Violent trembling seizes
 Heart, body, limbs ; the blood within him freezes—
 His hair, too, startles ! Thus transported, I
 Have sometimes paused beneath the broad deep sky,
 On hill-top, shore, or plain, when the elements
 Slumbered or warred. A secret influence,
 Subtle and unaccountable, which Will
 Could not resist, would my whole being thrill,
 My blood commingling with and urging on ;
 And causing when it through me thus had gone,—
 The functions abrogating of my brain,—
 Joy so exceeding 'twas exceeding pain !
 Mine eyeballs strained and glisten'd, tingled mine ears :
 I'd seem as one o'ercome of mortal fears
 If any had beheld ; and almost aye
 The ecstatic transport wept itself away.
 Till once—the scene lives now before my sight ;—
 ' The moon is up, and yet it is not night ;
 Sunset the sky divided with her ' still :
 I stayed me on the beach beneath the hill.
 Not in tears only from this trance I woke :
 First into frantic utterance I broke,—
 Even as the Sybil in the spell-thralled hour
 Pronounceth words o'er which she hath no pow'r :—
 ' Ye are my Brothers, Sun, Wind, Stars, Hills, Sea !
 Ye are my Brothers, though a child I be :—
 Ye are my Brothers, and have been like me !
 O Sun, Parent of Beauty, Source of Light !
 I'll be, like thee, beneficent and bright.
 Hail, wondrous Ocean ! Worship's stateliest Shrine !
 Thy vastness, strength, sublimity,—all thine ;—
 Thy oneness through all changes,—shall be mine.
 O stars, illumining night's vault of blue,
 Or lonely smiling storms and darkness through !
 I shall be loving, gentle, pure, like you.
 Like thee, Pale Queen, mute-moving to thy reign,
 Duty and patience I'll oppose to pain !
 Free Wind, far-wand'ring—whither, whence, unknown !
 A viewless Spirit potent as thine own
 For love and wrath, within me hath its throne.
 O cloud-crowned mountain, rooted in the sea !
 Mysterious, great, and calm, I too shall be.
 Steep, darkling cliffs—how stern ye are, how grand !
 How ye the elemental shocks withstand !
 Though on your fronts, of most unrighteous wars
 Ye, unresenting, bear so many scars,
 Upon your foreheads many a lightning-rift,—
 Serene, majestic, still, your heads you lift,
 Unawed, uncowed ! Unyielding, fixed as you.
 Resigned and tranquil, I, your Brother, shall be too !
 For we are Brothers,—Sun, Wind, Stars, Hills, Sea !—
 I am your Brother, though a child I be !
 Ye are my Brothers, and have been like me ! ”

Mr. Playne may here be considered at his best. Elsewhere he is not so successful. He says he has “ worked and thought earnestly, and trustfully, and patiently,” and therefore claims consideration, which we most willingly accord him. At the same time he must excuse us for saying

that some of his lines are not so smooth and elegant as could be wished, as for example :—

“ I never cared to leave it ; saving when
My mother told some tale of Italy,
Its skies and glories, I used think how I
Might like myself hereafter to behold
The scenes she spake about that charm'd her so.”

The third line is not only clumsy in the extreme, but positively incorrect. Mr. Playne affects the free-and-easy style rather too much ; after the manner of Browning, whom it is not safe for other writers to imitate. To use his bow with effect, one must have his strength of arm. Mr. Playne is also too fond of using French words and phrases, and introduces strange words into our language, such as *all-where* and *greaterness*.

Shadows of Coming Events ; or, the Eastern Menace. By Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Cory. Bengal Staff Corps. Henry S. King and Co., London, 1876.—It may be taken as an axiom of sound statesmanship that the greatness of the British Empire is identified with the prosperity of its colonial possessions. Interwoven with those possessions are interests of vast imperial magnitude, the importance of which are scarcely susceptible of exaggeration. We hear, indeed, a great deal of flippant assertion of late about the burthensome mutility of our colonies—that they are an exhaustive drain on the mother country, and a source of weakness rather than of strength. With such political philosophy we have no sympathy whatever. It is a pseudo-philosophy based on a very unenlightened view of the relations that naturally subsist between a mother country and its colonial offshoots.

Colonies, no doubt, may be made a source of weakness by the blind and perverse rule of the home government. As in the case of our North American States, a policy of wanton injustice may be followed to such an extent, as not only to justify revolt, but compel the assertion of their absolute independence.

But there is no fear that such a grievous policy will ever again be adopted by British ministers, or sanctioned by a British Parliament. Our colonial policy is now based on wise, considerate, and enlightened principles of reciprocity, and such a policy is the strongest tie that can bind colonial and home interests together.

So far from considering our colonies a source of weakness, we contend that, under enlightened government, they become a great source of prosperity and strength. In fact, the more closely we investigate the elements of British power and greatness, the more clearly will it be seen how intimate is their dependency on the growth and prosperity of our colonial possessions ; while most assuredly beyond all comparison the greatest of those possessions is our vast Indian Empire. As Colonel Cory observes,—

“ Important as our relations are with America, and injurious to our interests as would be any loss to us of territory in that continent, both loss and injury would shrink into absolute insignificance if compared with that which threatens us in the prospect of any decline of our empire in India. It is mainly from her that we derive our

vast wealth and the boundless prosperity we enjoy. It is from her, 'the storehouse of the world,' as Peter the Great called her, that our coffers are filled to overflowing. Thousands of English families owe competence and affluence to India alone. She supports half our army. The greatest trading company in the world owed its existence to her. It is not too much to say that it is the possession of India which confers on Great Britain her only claim to be a first-rate Power. Statistical information concerning this great and to us essential dependency is on so vast a scale, and so easy of access to all readers, that it is no part of the design of this volume to reproduce it here. But we have only to bear in mind a few significant items of it to perceive how all-important she is to us.

"A dominion of more than a million square miles, producing a revenue of more than fifty million pounds sterling annually, remits directly and for expenditure in Great Britain fourteen millions a year. Add to this profits on trade, private remittances, interest on loans, on public works, railways, and telegraphs, and then conceive what would follow if India were severed from us. Her resources have not yet approached their full development; they are practically inexhaustible, and their flow to us, great as it is, only at the comparative commencement of its course. Indicating, then, only what she really is to us, and assuming it to be generally understood, we shall pass on to the main object of our inquiry, not forgetting, though without expatiating on, what she is to us in other respects than mere money profit. We shall assume that England does not forget that for more than a century India has been the scene of some of her proudest triumphs, the training-ground of some of her best soldiers, the school of some of her truest heroes. We shall take it for granted that our national pride, as well as our national sense of profit, certainly precludes our acquiescence in the tame delivery of such a possession to another Power.

"In that assumption we have now to inquire of what nature is our tenure of this dominion to which we owe so much? What have we to fear for it? How are we to maintain it?"

The inflexible policy of Russia is directed to the conquest of India. Such appears to be the settled conviction of our author's mind, and the attempt may be made, he thinks, much sooner than is generally apprehended; while, as regards the means we could command to resist such an aggression, he takes a very desponding view. He considers the efficiency of the army now maintained in India to have been sadly impaired under the system that now prevails. The changes introduced since the mutiny he regards as singularly unfortunate; and in fairness it must be admitted that he sustains his case by a large body of evidence. The native army, more especially, he asserts has greatly deteriorated from the high standard it had attained under the Company:—

"The present state of the native army may be summarised thus: It is much too small for its purpose even in peace, and we have no troops adequate to a war. It is under-officered to a state of inefficiency. The pressure on those officers it has is far too great; and where men have more to do than they can possibly do well they break down of necessity. This will be made manifest in the moment of any difficulty. The officers are divided into two classes—the old, who are well-nigh despairing; and the young, who are contemptuous. The reaction of these evils cannot but affect the native soldiers. They cannot but perceive the lack of interest and the loosening of the ties between themselves and their superiors. They are patient and bide their time; they draw their pay, and do their work perfunctorily. But the vital spark that should animate an army to render it a sentient as well as a corporate body, and to confer upon it the best portion of its power, is extinct."

Admitting the correctness of our author's views respecting Russian ambition, and that the time will come when we shall be compelled

right for the retention of our Indian Empire, still, such a time, according to all reasonable calculation, must be very far distant indeed. Accepting all that is imputed to Russian ambition, and admitting that in territorial extent, population, and material resources, Russia possesses all the elements of a colossal military power, it is, nevertheless, evident that many generations must elapse before that power can attain anything like a development so formidable as to endanger our Indian Empire. Besides, what reason have we to suppose that the views of the European powers would then be more favourable to Russian aggression and aggrandizement than they are now?

Whatever may be the military development attained by Russia a century or so hence, we regard any hostile movement against India in our day as the wildest of improbabilities. The supposition that such an aggression is now contemplated is the most gratuitous and imaginary possible. The mind must be far gone under the influence of *Russophobia* to entertain it.

People who talk loosely of Russia appearing suddenly some morning on our Indian frontier with an overwhelming force, and conquering the whole empire by a *coup de main*, really indulge in an unpardonable amount of folly. Besides other most important mistakes, they appear to be totally insensible to the vast difficulties of the geographical position—thousands of miles intervening between the centre of India's strength and the frontiers.

It is reasonable to assume, after dearly bought experiences of Crimean War, that Russia

is so infatuated as to
could be con-
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Prussia mar-
This would

involve having a mobilized force of not less than two millions of men, with all the necessary adjuncts. Prussia, one month after the declaration of war by France, had mobilized at command 1,124,000 infantry, 104,400 cavalry, and 1,950 guns, besides transport and other services.

But Prussia had this immense advantage, that, as we may say, she waged war at home—in the immediate vicinity of all her own resources and those of her German allies; whereas the invasion of India by Russia would necessitate a campaign more than two thousand miles away from her resources, and this would require stupendous efforts, very far exceeding those of Prussia against France. Not only would vast desert plains and rugged mountains have to be traversed under varied unfavourable climatic influences, while the invaders would be exposed to the hostility of warlike tribes, but an invading army should carry with it everything necessary for an offensive campaign, and also for its own subsistence.

Thus, in the contemplation of such an invasion, we must take into account the vastness of the transport required for munitions of war, for provisions, baggage, and the necessary *impedimenta*, without which a military campaign cannot be undertaken—much less a campaign of such vast magnitude as the one we are considering. We question, indeed, if Russia could place an army one million strong on the banks of the Indus without having at least two millions of men under arms, because operations would have to be carried on so far from her own frontier that the most advanced basis of operations should be established, positions occupied and fortified all along two thousand miles and more, to keep that route open, maintain depôts for provisions, hospitals, &c.

To make provision for such a campaign would require not less than six months' most active and open preparation, while not less time would be occupied in the march. This is a very moderate estimate; and, pray, what would England be doing all the while? Clearly, an invasion of India would impose a tax on the military resources of Russia which they could not bear, and which in all human probability they will not be able to bear for a century or more to come. We may dismiss, therefore, the idle fears of such Russophobists as our author, for, as far as our times are concerned, they are purely imaginary. Before Russia can safely venture on an attempt to conquer

India she must obtain possession of Constantinople, secure Asia Minor, occupy or neutralize Persia, and adopt measures for the protection of her flanks along the whole route. This involves a succession of successful enterprises, and an expenditure of means on such a gigantic scale that ordinary calculation is at fault, and imagination has to supply the place of sound political judgment.

Apart, however, from the unreasonable fears under which our author evidently labours respecting Russian aggression in the East, his work contains a good deal of useful information, and may be consulted with advantage.

Monacella. A Poem. By Agnes Stonehewer. H. S. King & Co. —Monacella, the heroine of this legendary poem, was the daughter of an Irish king who wished to marry her to one of his nobles. But having been favoured with a vision of her mother, who died shortly after her birth, she had, in gratitude to the Virgin, to whose interposition, in answer to prayer, she ascribed the vision, taken a vow of perpetual celibacy; and in some mysterious manner she managed to escape to Wales, where she lived in solitary seclusion. It chanced one day, that as Brochmail, Prince of Powys, was hare-hunting, he was startled on reaching a thicket to behold her at her devotions. This romantic incident naturally led to mutual inquiry and explanation, followed by subsequent interviews. The prince offered her his hand, which she felt bound by her vow to decline, though not without a great struggle of conflicting emotions. But at her request he built an abbey, where she ministered to the

wants of the sick and the poor, and died revered as a saint.

Out of these scanty materials the authoress has constructed a poem of considerable dimensions. But, to accomplish the object, she has been driven to a plentiful use of padding in the shape of frequent and lengthened dialogue, and a wire-drawn diffuseness throughout the whole, which becomes wearisome to the reader. There is not sufficient substance in the story, or sufficient art in the composition, to sustain the interest. The work is deficient in the essential elements of poetry, and rarely rises above the level of versified prose. Even as mere verse it is by no means polished, or possessed of much smoothness or sweetness. The general tone and sentiment are good, but the thought is wanting in freshness and force. Tameness and flatness prevail throughout the work, especially in the dialogue. A single passage will suffice to illustrate the narrative and descriptive portions:—

"The days slipt each in other with slight change ;
 The summer slumbered in the trees, till blasts
 Awoke the leaves and shook them, wailing, down,
 And silent snows brought burial for their blight.
 Then came a darker gloom than shortening days
 Within the palace walls : the nurse lay sick,
 And Monacella learned to pray for life.
 The sickness was no sudden smite, but more
 A slowly-growing languor in the frame,
 A gradual slackening of her hold on life ;
 Not strength of ailment, only loss of strength.
 So Monacella daily watched and prayed ;
 And she, the nurse, watched also wistfully.
 And followed her, the damsel, with keen eyes,
 Which would have told the longing of the heart
 To speak about the vow, but silence kept,
 Not knowing which were best—to speak or pray ;
 So, doubtful, prayed the vow might prove no vow,
 Or childishness which yet should melt with years.

"Once more there came a message from the king.
 He did require the princess. So she went,
 Not now in rich apparel, lovingly
 Put on. The nurse's hands were weak, her eyes
 And ears were closed in fitful sleep, nor heard
 The royal word. Then Monacella sped,
 Straight from the couch of sickness where she watched,
 Unto her sire, nor stayed to add unto
 Her simple robe, nor coil her hair, nor yet
 To sandal her bare feet, lest aught should rouse
 The sufferer's slumber till she had returned.
 Wrapt in white garments clinging flutteringly
 She passed into the presence-hall, and looked
 As though a spirit, folded reverently
 In subtle, earthly clothes, had come to wait
 Upon the king from other realms.

"Her step,
 Lighter than most that trod the sombre floor,
 Told not her coming, till the embers' blaze
 Warned her bright hair and made a glory there,
 Which seeing suddenly, amazed the king.
 And, moved to restlessness, he spoke to her."

On the whole, we cannot congratulate the authoress on having produced a poem of great merit. It is too much spun out and too imperfectly finished to be considered a success.

The Limitations of Christian Responsibility. By Henry Dunn. London, Simpkin, Marshall & Co. —The object of this work, the author tells us, is twofold—"to set forth the limitations of Christian responsibility in relation to the un-

godly ; and, if it be possible, to promote the re-consideration by qualified persons of much that is embodied in evangelical theology."

As regards the first object, we are told that "what the Holy Spirit does, the believer is also to do. He

is not called upon to denounce, but to instruct." This is rather indefinite, and we find that a similar indefiniteness pervades the whole book.

The elucidation of the second object can scarcely be considered more satisfactory. It starts on the assumption that the first object carried out establishes "a divine basis of character and conduct;" hence "the kind of judgment that follows death becomes obvious. It is a judgment of works; a strictly righteous judgment; a reaping-time, naturally and necessarily following the period of sowing."

The work is written in a good spirit, and therefore we commend it.

Guilty or Not Guilty of Conduct Unbecoming an Officer and a Gentleman. By T. Henry Kavanagh, V.C., late Deputy-Commissioner, Oudh, Lucknow. 1876.—This is a very painful publication. Mr. Kavanagh, during the Indian mutiny, distinguished himself by a daring act, which the late Lord Clyde declared to be "the most daring feat ever attempted," and in its result "most beneficial."

It would serve no good purpose to submit the contents of this publication to our readers. It is enough to say, that Mr. Kavanagh, when in bad health, and about to start for England on furlough, committed an indiscretion. This he himself admits. Those in authority above him took an unfair advantage of this, and he was requested to send in his application to retire on a pension.

Of course it is sheer folly to kick against the Government pricks. It is a rule of official life, that "only subordinates can do wrong;" but in the case before us, there can be no hesitaton in saying that Mr. Kavanagh, despite his faults, has been most unfairly treated.

The Secret of the Circle: its Area Ascertained. By Alick Carrick. London: H. Sotheran & Co. 1876.—According to the would-be sensational sort of prefatory notice, the manuscript of this pamphlet was given to a medical man, with £10 to defray the expense of publication, by the author, whose real name, it is said, "will probably never be known;" but who claimed to be of the family of the Bruce, and accompanied the manuscript with the present of a box containing an emerald, said to have been found with the celebrated coronation stone, afterwards removed to Scone, and now in Westminster Abbey. The "secret of the circle" turns out to be that the circumference is "exactly in the ratio of $3\frac{1}{4}$ to the diameter." This will, probably, be sufficient for most readers. If any wish further satisfaction as to the mathematical accuracy of the conclusion, we must refer them to the pamphlet for the proof.

Historic Scenes in Forfarshire. By William Marshall, D.D., Coupar-Angus. Edinburgh, William Oliphant & Co.—This volume on the history of Forfarshire will be welcome to students of county history in Scotland. Originally published in the Dundee *Weekly News*, it has been issued in the form of a book.

It is strictly a narrative of events. It goes over the county, parish by parish, recounting the tales that the years have bequeathed to us. Some are "historic," in the proper sense of the word; others are legendary. But the author seems to have spared no pains to ferret out all the information suitable to his purpose, and he has produced a volume at once accurate, varied, and eminently readable.

Our Seamen: Speeches and Facts. By Samuel Plimsoll, M.P. London: Kelly and Co.—In this publication we are presented with some of the speeches delivered by Mr. Plimsoll relative to the proper regulation of our Merchant Shipping. The publication, he tells us, would have appeared sooner, and been more complete, "had not ill-health, in the shape of continuous and distressing sleeplessness, disabled me utterly, since the first week in February until now."

Mr. Plimsoll has undoubted claims to the high position of a

national benefactor. This admits of no doubt. He hit upon a foul blot that was corrupting to the core our mercantile marine, and if he sought to apply a rough remedy, and was oftentimes carried away by his zeal beyond the bounds of discretion, still he unquestionably meant well; and although it is a bad doctrine that "the end justifies the means," in Mr. Plimsoll's case the "end" was unquestionably good, and his "means" equally so; while the imperfection lay in his advocacy—in his application of the means to the end.

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BLUE BLOOD AND RED:

A TALE OF MADRID IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER I.

ONE fine evening in the spring, some years ago—how many it imports nobody to know—I was sauntering along the Puerta del Sol, near the Casa de Correos in the Spanish capital, the good city of Madrid. Of all the localities in the city in which a stranger can best study the lives and manners of the Madrileños, commend me to the Puerta del Sol. There you will find every grade of society, every class of citizen—men of all businesses, and men of no business at all—traders, idlers, beggars, readers of journals, talkers of gossip, loungers, lovers—men, women, and children. Well, as I sauntered along with nothing particular to do or think of, I heard my name pronounced with an exclamation of surprise:—

“Hola! Señor Slingsby! Is that you? Valgame dios! what brings you here? Ave Maria Purissima! but I am glad to see you.”

I turned round and encountered

the person whom of all in the world I least expected to see.

“My dear Don Baltasar, what a happy rencontre! Why, I thought you were in New York by this time.”

“Oh, no, I had to change my plans and come home. But what brings you here?”

“Quien sabe,” said I. “God knows.”

“And what are you doing just now?”

“No se sabe. Nothing.”

“Well, then, come along with me, and we shall dine at my club at the Casino in the Carrera San Jeronimo. Es casa de mucho aseo. It is a very comfortable house I can assure you. Vamos.”

“Con todo mi alma. With all my heart,” said I. So off we went.

My friend, Don Baltasar de M——, was a merchant, a partner of a very distinguished house in Madrid, an intelligent and well-informed man, whose acquaintance I had made in London. He had travelled much, and had learned to divest himself of much of national prejudice and national vain-

glory: to detect the shortcomings and failings of his own countrymen, as well as to discover things in which other lands were superior to Spain; and should these pages ever meet his eye—as it is not at all unlikely they may, seeing that he is a great lover of English periodical literature—I beg he will accept my best acknowledgments for the many favours he has accorded me, and will not consider the disclosures in the following tale as any breach of confidence. Amongst other obligations to Don Baltasar, I owe him that of procuring me admission as an honorary member into his club during my stay in Madrid. I found it a very agreeable lounge—a good table d'hôte—English and French journals, and some very conversable people. Many a time, as the shades of evening were deepening around us, Don Baltasar and I sat in the window which looked into the *patio*, in all the indolent luxury of Spanish life, inhaling tranquilly the mildest of *cigaritos*, and sipping the purest of red Valdepeñas, or a cool, delicious draught of *Agraz* mixed with Manzanilla wine. Ay de mi! that is all past and gone—a thing of memory for me now as I sit in my lonely chambers; and, like all things of memory, tinged with more or less sadness. Well, on one of those evenings our conversation turned upon the pride of the Spanish noblesse and the great estimation in which a Spanish *hidalgo* holds pure blood.

“Aye, Señor Slingsby,” said my friend, “we Castilians believe our *sangre azul*, our blue blood, to be the purest in the world. A *Castellano riego y rancio* would not taint his stock with a drop from plebeian veins.”

“Well,” said I, “this is not, after all, a healthy state of things. Blood is a very good thing in its way, but, like many another good

thing, it may want renovating. We in England never let it grow too thick or stagnate; and the noble constantly renovates the vigour of his race by intermarriage with the healthful daughter of the class below him.”

Don Baltasar smiled. “And you do well,” said he. “Such things will now happen amongst us occasionally, and the progress of human thought is making inroads upon our ancient prejudices. But long ago a *misalliance* of this kind was a rare occurrence. And a *hidalgo* who loved beneath him scarcely ever had the courage to sacrifice his pride to his passion, and many a tragic result followed from affection so placed.”

My friend paused for a moment, and lapsed into thought—then he resumed: “I will tell you a story, for the truth of which I can vouch; so fill your glass, and let us make another cigar—*Echemos un cigarito*.”

Don Baltasar took out his little book of *papel de hilo* and rolled up a couple of *cigaritos*, as a Spaniard alone can do; and handing me one, he proceeded with his narration.

“I presume, Señor Slingsby, you have made yourself tolerably well acquainted with the *Puerta del Sol* before this? It is hard by, at the end of the street.”

“That I have, Don Baltasar. It was my daily lounge before I met you there. I used to go there to learn life.”

“Just so. Well, in the place that the *Puerta del Sol* now occupies there stood, nearly two centuries ago, the church of San Felipe, with its flight of steps in front. Then, as now, this spot was the great point of reunion for all the idlers and sharpers of the city—the gossiping corner for the whole court. In those days, I doubt not, San Felipe sufficed pretty well for such purposes; but now-a-days, my dear friend, our requirements are much

greater. Every café in our capital, every *gabinete de lectura*, every office of a public journal, may now, in a sense, be considered as a Puerta del Sol. I think, indeed, I may affirm, without any scruple of conscience, that the breaches of the eighth commandment (and I might throw in two or three others) which are committed at the present time within this our 'muy noble, leal, imperial, coronada, y muy herioca villa de Madrid,' as we pompously call it, are far more numerous than in the days to which I refer."

"A pleasant picture of your progress in morality, Don Baltasar. I suppose it must be set down to the account of civilization."

"Well, partly so, I believe. In fact, it is due to several causes. We have, for instance, in our days more Andalusians, more *diplomaticos*, more pretenders, more hunger—in fine, more population, and, as you say, more civilization, and therefore, more who are forced to live by their wits, than we had in those good old times I was speaking of. But, pido a usted mil perdones, Señor Slingsby; I am philosophizing, instead of telling my story.

"Well then, nearly two centuries ago when, as I said, Madrid could boast of fewer scoundrels than she can now, a man walked slowly and thoughtfully one morning up the flight of steps that led to the portico of the church of San Felipe. He was somewhat advanced in years, with hard and sharp features, so far as one could see them, for the upper part of his face was concealed by the leaf of his broad sombrero, which had neither ribbon nor lace, as a fashionable sombrero should have had; moreover, what could be seen of his face was anything but clean. His capa was of common baize, his doublet was of black cloth of a coarse, strong fabric, and his nether garments of the same, with a patch on each knee, very

skilfully put on. Upon the whole, Señor Slingsby, you will admit that he had not much the appearance of a man of fashion. The beggars, or *pordioseros*, as we call them, who plied their vocation then upon the steps of San Felipe, as they do now at the Puerta del Sol, to the disgust and annoyance of all passers, looked at the old man contemptuously, as they asked him for alms. He gave a small coin to the most ancient of those nuisances, who scarcely deigned to acknowledge the charity with a grunt. As he passed each of the other mendicants, he courteously excused himself in the conventional phrase with which a Spaniard from time immemorial is wont to soften his refusal. 'Perdona vuestra merced por Dios, hermano'—'Brother, let your worship pardon me, for God's sake.' In return he received from each a contribution in the way of abuse. One called him a robber, another a Jew, a third a miser, and the rest, with their opprobrious epithets, chanted in chorus a complete litany of maledictions. He of the patched knees received these complimentary notices with profound silence, and wended his way to the top of the flight of steps. Upon the open space before the church stood a group of young fellows, evidently gentlemen of quality—fast young men: some of them lounging against the pillars of the portico, and all listening to the discourse of a brother worthy, a youth of very fashionable appearance, though his apparel looked a little the worse of the wear. The old man paused for a moment somewhat hesitatingly, then he advanced six or seven paces, with his sombrero in his hand, towards the orator; then he stepped back again, convinced that the caballeros did not, or would not, take any notice of him. The subject of discussion was the merits of a comedy of Calderon, which had been per-

formed a day or two before at the palace of Buen Retiro. The speaker was delivering himself of a critical analysis of the chief features of the composition, and pointing out, at the same time, at least as many faults in it as he discovered beauties. To prove all this satisfactorily to his auditory, he began to repeat some verses of the play, which he had picked up from the actors, and, designing to give an imitation of the action and style of one of the performers in a most effective passage in the drama, he suddenly stepped two paces backwards, and flung out his right hand violently as if in the act of drawing his sword. The old man at the instant had just again approached him, and was patiently awaiting the conclusion of the critical dissertation. Accordingly, he had the good fortune to receive the booted heel of the caballero on a very tender corn that studded one of his toes, and to catch a blow from a clenched fist, emphatically planted between his nose and beard. The young critic turned round his face to see the person he had encountered, and beheld the old man, evidently the worse of the very impressive lecture on the drama.

"The youth recognized his presence with an oath.

"'Abi! Moncada! was it thou that interrupted me? The devil take thee for a churl—thou art always ready enough with the ell-wand to measure a lace ruffle, but it is plain thou canst not calculate the distance that should be kept between me and thyself.'

"The old man gulped down a sigh, for he felt keenly the double meaning of the youth's remark; however, he contented himself with answering the caballero in a very submissive manner.

"'Señor don Guzman, if your worship will be so good as to inform me where and when it will be

possible for me to have the honour of an interview with you, without causing you any inconvenience, you will do me a favour for which I shall be grateful with all my heart.'

"'Por Dios!' replied the youth, 'I had some notion, Moncada, of paying thee a visit this very day, because, in fact, I must have a hundred ducats by night.'

"'I shall have them ready for your worship without fail,' said Moncada, this time giving vent to the groan which he had swallowed just before. 'I presume your worship will honour me with a visit at night. I know very well that you would not be seen entering my house by day.'

"'I will go to thee at night,' replied Guzman, turning his shoulder coolly upon the old man.

"'And hark'ee, Moncada, tell Beatriz I should wish to hear her sing a new song.'

"Moncada made an obeisance to each of the young gentlemen of the group, who, by the way, had stood a little apart while the brief dialogue was going on between Guzman and him, and made haste to leave a spot where his presence was manifestly out of place.

"'Gracias a Dios!' exclaimed the old man, in a voice full of hope, when he was fairly out of their hearing. 'God be praised! he has promised to come, at all events. So far it is well.' And in order to show his gratitude as he descended the steps, he bestowed a *marvedi* upon each of the *pordioseros*, who had a short time before vituperated him. The rascals received the alms, but according to their wont, they abused him as much as ever, waiting only till he was a little way removed from them to bestow upon him the epithets of usurer, mean dog, and hunchback.

"Moncada did not hear them, and if he had done so the matter would

not have given him much concern ; and so he passed on his way out of the Puerta del Sol.

“ Señor, we will have another bottle of this Valdepeñas, if your worship has no objection.”

“ With all my heart,” said I.

“ That’s a capital glass of wine—full-bodied, rich, and fruity,” said Don Baltasar, as he sipped the fresh importation and puffed his *cigarito* contemplatively for a moment. “ It is not easy to procure a genuine *cuero* of it even in Madrid ; you Londoners rarely, if ever, get such a thing in your city. Pues, Señor, let us resume our narrative.”

And my friend recommenced accordingly.

CHAPTER II.

THE MERCHANT AND HIS DAUGHTER.

“ No doubt, Señor don Juanatan you are curious to know who this old man may be. He is not a very interesting person, you will say, with his sneaking manner, his patched garment and dirty person, with all the humility of a poor man, and yet with certain indications of being a wealthy one. Well, then, let us follow his steps, and your curiosity shall soon be satisfied. He has turned into the Calle Mayor, the street that runs out of the Puerta del Sol in the opposite direction from that one in which we are now sitting. And now you may see him entering a shop there. It is thronged with persons who have come to purchase goods. He opens a passage for himself through them with as much rudeness as he had shown consideration and humility a little time before in front of the church of San Felipe. This shop and this house are his. You would make a very great mistake were you to imagine that the *tienda* of Moncada

was similar to those which you may now see in the same neighbourhood. Very handsome indeed they are, but, if the truth must be told, immeasurably behind those of London and Paris (though I would not for the world hint such an opinion to the worthy Madrileños who have never been out of Spain). In the shop with which we have now to do there were no commodious and elegant seats, no magnificent lamps, no mirrors, no pillars, no gilding, no carving, no marble pavement—nothing of the sort. It was simply an apartment, low, narrow, and dark, the walls of which, moreover, were very much discoloured. You had to descend three steps to reach the floor, which was laid down in a rude and uneven fashion, and, instead of a counter, there was only a large unpainted deal table, that looked like boards put together in a very slovenly manner. Such was a first class *magasin des modes* of that day in the capital of Spain, the mistress of two hemispheres, as our ancestors used to say. Nevertheless, in this *tienda* were now congregated ladies of fashion in their farthingales, escorted by page and dueña ; caballeros in the dress of their orders ; seamstresses, tailors—men and women, young and old. The moment Moncada made his appearance, the whole crowd of customers assailed him, clamorously demanding that he would serve them without further delay. The old man, in a peevish and *nonchalant* manner answered them all, and went inside to take off his sombrero and capa. After a minute or two he appeared amongst the throng, with a little dirty, faded skull-cap pulled over his brows ; and, having administered a buffet with the back of his hand upon the face of one of the apprentice lads that were arranging the bales and parcels, he began to enquire of each of his customers what it was that he or she desired.

“‘A muff of marten’s fur,’ said a señora, ‘show me the richest you have got.’

“‘I want silk stockings—of the best quality, mind,” said an exquisite young fop.

“Then came a babel of vociferous demands from all the rest—‘Satin! serge! camlet! silk! ribbons!’ And so on, through every article of dress.

“‘I wish ye were all with the devil, with your screaming,’ growled Moncada under his breath—‘ill betide your clamorous tongues!’ Then he called out, ‘Gently! gently!’—every one in his turn—have patience—let me take my time—what good is being in a hurry?’ Such were the civility and politeness which the shopkeepers of Spain displayed in those times, when selling their goods to their customers. It is very different, Señor Pedro, now-a-days. If Moncada were in a shop in Regent Street, or the Palais Royal, I don’t think he would earn garlic for his soup. Well, in fine, between scolding, and remonstrating, and chaffing, Moncada contrived at last to satisfy the wants of every one, making in most cases each pay what he demanded. By the time he had cleared his shop of all buyers, it was near dinner time. So he closed the door of the *tienda* for the midday meal and the *siesta*, and went upstairs to see his daughter.

“Moncada was a wealthy merchant, and one might perhaps expect that the same magnificence would be displayed in the dress of his daughter as was seen on the counter of his shop. If so, he would be disappointed. Beatriz awaited her father in a homely robe of woollen stuff. In the apartment where she was seated—unlike the *salón* of our modern merchants, there was to be seen neither pianoforte nor harp—there was no elegant table with a mirror upon it—no rich ornaments—

or embroideries, the work of the young lady’s own hand, set in rich frames—nor upon the plain table could you discover more books than an ‘*Ordonario de la Misa*’ (the edition, by the way, of Ambares, with vignettes), a present from her father-confessor, and the ‘*Flos Sanctorum*,’ with its quaint florid initials. There was, nevertheless, a tradition in the household which seemed not to be ill-founded, that the maiden had, concealed in her wardrobe, the novels of Montalvan, and an odd volume of the comedies of Master Tirso de Molina.

“Let us pause a moment, my dear Señor, while the old man is getting upstairs, to take a peep at his daughter. Despite of her modest attire—perhaps I should rather say by reason of it—Beatriz was a girl, to say the least for her, that would interest you at the very first glance. She was occupied at needlework, from which now and then she raised her eyes and looked anxiously towards the door. They were fine black eyes, Señor Pedro, full and soft; and they suited well with the languor of a cheek upon which the roses were somewhat paling, as if some early trouble had come upon her young heart. And yet that pallor would have been less perceptible were it not in contrast with the rich dark complexion of face and brow that told of Moorish blood mingling with that of Spain. So far as you could form a judgment of her figure, as she sat with the folds of the thick stuff robe draping it, you would pronounce it rather plump, and not ungraceful; and the head, with its black hair, was well set on a neck that swelled into a decidedly good bust. On the whole, Señor, don’t you think old Moncada’s daughter, Beatriz, a pretty girl?”

“Decidedly, Don Baltasar,” I answered. “You have sketched her off quite to my satisfaction, and I

am not over easily pleased, I can tell you."

"You ought not to be, Señor, considering all you have seen, especially your own ladies of England."

"Ay, and of Scotland and Ireland too, Don Baltasar," I added.

My friend laid his hand on his heart silently, and made a reverential inclination of the head. The grave and courtly homage of the Spanish gentleman was more eloquent of praise than a thousand complimentary speeches uttered in all the exaggerated phraseology of Spanish gallantry. My national pride was satisfied.

"I pledge you, Don Baltasar, to the lovely daughters of Spain," said I, with enthusiasm, and I filled a glass of Valdepeñas, "rich and sparkling as this ruddy wine."

"I drink to the fair women of the British Isles," responded Don Baltasar, with stately courtesy, as he touched my glass ceremoniously with the edge of his own. "Besó a ellas los pies—I kiss their feet, Señor Slingsby."

This little matter being despatched, my friend resumed his narration.

CHAPTER III.

LOST.

"WELL, then, let us suffer Moncada to open the door and enter. We have kept him waiting a long time.

"Beatriz, as I said, was engaged with her needle—I'm afraid she made but blundering work of it—and the moment her father made his appearance, she fixed her eyes inquiringly upon him, and she divined at the first glance that he had something of interest to tell her. With great anxiety the girl awaited the moment when her father should open his lips, and

though she could not conceal her impatience, she did not dare to put a question to him. Moncada was in no hurry. After a period of silence, which tried the poor girl sorely, he at length broke it by saying,—

"‘I have spoken to Don Guzman, Beatriz.’"

"‘God’s goodness be praised,’ was the reply.

"‘We shall receive him here to-night,’ continued the old man; ‘he said he was thinking of coming to see me.’"

"‘Ah! father, I told you that he would surely come.’"

"‘Ay; he won’t fail, I’ll be sworn. He wants a hundred ducats.’"

"‘Is that what brings him, then?’ said Beatriz, with a sigh.

"‘And pray, girl, what should bring one of those court gallants to the house of a humble and artless trader? What, but to wheedle him out of his money and to insult his daughter?’"

"‘Father, for God’s sake do not say this—do not think it. I do not deserve this—indeed I do not.’"

"‘When will you learn to understand,’ continued the old man, almost sternly, not regarding the girl’s distress, ‘that a maiden’s honour is not untarnished, if she gives occasion to the world to suspect her even of having too little circumspection? I tell thee, girl, people have seen thee conversing with this young man, who, in an evil hour, set his eyes on thee; and thereby thou hast damaged thy reputation, it may be, just as much as if thou hadst committed a graver fault. Thinkest thou that this young gallant, to gratify his vanity, will not have boasted of favours which he never was granted? Beatriz! Beatriz! thou art injured in character and honour in the eyes of the world, and if this Don Guzman do not make thee his wife,

there is nothing for thee, girl, but to take refuge in a convent, and hide thy shame and thy sorrow there.'

"When she heard these cruel words, poor Beatriz burst into tears. Moncada, heedless of her grief, proceeded:—

"Your lover will be here to-night. Well, if I dare to say to him, 'Don Guzman, if you do not marry my daughter you are a perfidious man.' He will reply to me no doubt, 'Moncada, you are a low-born fellow, and I could not think of defiling my pure blood, my *sangre azul*, by mingling it with yours.' Then, if I remind him that I have freed him from his creditors, and that I have suffered him to deceive me intentionally with promises and undertakings that he will never make good, for the purpose of trying if his sense of honour would induce him to repair the injury which his mad love has inflicted on thy reputation, why, he will, belike, tell me that all the gold locked up in my coffers would be but a poor price for so high a connection; that it is surely not his fault if you have been a silly credulous girl to take seriously the trifling attentions which he was so condescending as to pay you; and that I, engrossed in the covetousness of my own thoughts, have made a very inconsiderate calculation quite above the standard of his moral elevation. And so it happens, daughter, that I, who was once a poor man but by force of my own honest industry and perseverance through many long years of privation and toil, am now, *gracias a Dios*, an opulent citizen, yet so far am I from having gained for myself thereby the favour and respect of mankind, that I have, on the contrary, brought on myself only their dislike and envy. While, on the other hand, this wild, thoughtless young gallant—this scamp who

has squandered the patrimony of his ancestors—he, forsooth, is not a whit the less thought of by the world, and his reputation is not sullied by all his dissoluteness and imprudence. Oh! no. The career of honour is open to him. He is a *cabillero muy honrado y sin mancha*, God wot! And nobody will dare to censure him because he may have reduced twenty honest families to wretchedness. While I, who give a comfortable livelihood to I know not how many honest folks in various parts of the kingdom, I, *por Dios!* am despised and looked down upon by those *hidalgos*—I, who could buy and sell a score of them.'

"Old Moncada had gradually worked himself up into a state of excitement quite unusual with him, and had, in the contemplation of his own social grievances, quite forgotten the sorrows of his daughter, and indeed her very presence. Meanwhile the poor girl, as her father was thus dilating upon his wrongs, and stringing together those doleful items of his account with the world, was weeping silently and indulging in her own reflections. She might well have felt—and probably the thought entered into her mind—that if traders like her father were at that period held in such mean estimation, the principal cause of it was perhaps to be found in the unsufferable coarseness of their manners, and their utter neglect of those habits and forms which confer a certain polish and *bonhomie* upon the character—in their sordid avarice, which deprived them of so many rational and civilizing pleasures, and which led them to indulge themselves in filth and slovenliness—in fine, in the absolute want of that true merchant-like spirit which caused a useful and honourable profession to degenerate into an art of gross cozening and extortion.

“ At length the night came, and with it Don Guzman. Thanks to the state of his purse, he was true to his promise on this occasion, and repaired at the appointed time to the abode of Moncada. He found the old man and his daughter awaiting him. When he entered the apartment I have already described, the wily trader bolted the door without being perceived while Don Guzman was making his greetings to Beatriz, and the three were left to themselves without the danger of interruption. What passed precisely during the hours that Don Guzman remained I am not able to detail. I don't think there was much singing: so far as the voice of Beatriz was heard at all, it was in tones of sorrow. Between the men there was a good deal of talking—loud and violent at times, and at others in accents of remonstrance and entreaty. Moncada was on his own ground now, with his debtor facing him. Don Guzman was not now before the façade of San Felipe, surrounded by his gay and insolent companions; but alone—save a poor weeping girl by his side—with a remorseless creditor who threatened him with ruin. What a host of conflicting passions was that night struggling in the breasts of these three persons, each contending for the mastery, and each by turns triumphant! Pride, avarice, ambition, scorn, hope, fear, sorrow, love. And so the night wore on; and when it was past midnight Don Guzman at last left the house, and with hurried steps and moody air, traversed the lonely streets till he reached his home. Two days afterwards, before the first grey light of the morning, a travelling carriage stood before the gate of his *palacio*: Don Guzman stepped hurriedly in, wrapped up in a travelling dress; his faithful *camarero* mounted outside; the postilion cracked his long whip over his

horses' ears, and away they dashed at full speed and soon left the city of Madrid behind them.

“ From that day forth Don Guzman was seen no more in the city of Madrid. The loungers of San Felipe lost one of their sprightliest companions; the Teatro Principe missed its acutest critic; and one young *hidalgo* of the *sangre azul* had disappeared from the aristocratic *réunions*. ‘*Quan lejos de ojo, tan lejos de corazon*,’ as our Spanish proverb has it—‘Out of sight out of mind,’ as you say in England. He was spoken of for a week, remembered for a fortnight, and then forgotten for ever.

“ Don Guzman was gone; but whither, or why, no one seemed to know; but all agreed that his departure was as mysterious as it was sudden. For a week, as I said, he was talked about, and with some curiosity, too, and interest amongst his companions. Those most intimate with him, who knew the state of his exchequer, and his connections, monetary and amatory, with old Moncada and Beatriz, looked knowingly, and intimated their belief that the *hidalgo*, by a masterly movement, had outwitted the merchant and abandoned the daughter, and that the one had lost his money and the other her heart to no purpose. And, indeed, there seemed to be good reason for coming to that conclusion. The old trader was, if possible, more rude and unmannerly than ever. There was evidently something amiss with him. It was observed that he dismissed first one of his apprentices, and then the other; that he lent no more money, and called in all that was due to him, and that by degrees his shelves and table were emptied of goods, and his *tienda* of customers. And Beatriz—no one ever saw her now in *plaza* or *calle*; but sometimes of an evening her fine voice would be

heard at the half-opened casement of her own lonely chamber, singing to the sound of her *rihuela* some melancholy love ditty, that told too plainly that her heart and her thoughts were far away with one who had left her behind him. One day, some months after that memorable night, those who traversed the Calle Mayor observed that the *tienda* of Moncada remained closed. It was soon discovered that the house was vacant. The old man and his daughter had disappeared, but the cause and manner of their disappearance was a mystery to all who took the trouble to think about such people as a tradesman and his daughter. They might have drowned themselves in the river for aught any one knew or cared. Indeed, there was a rumour that somebody had seen them both one evening hurrying down towards the Manzanares. But what matter? *Quien sabe?* So there was an end of them; and they, too, after a little time, were forgotten."

CHAPTER IV.

FOUND.

DON BALTASAR paused, rolled up another *cigarrito* in *papel de hilo*, lit it slowly, and began smoking, musingly. I was unwilling for a moment to interrupt his thoughts.

"A sad sort of business," I said at last. "I suppose the old man and his daughter were really drowned, or perhaps they fled to some distant land to hide their disappointment and shame."

"Perhaps they did," was the curt reply. "*Quien sabe?*"

"And Don Guzman, surely retribution was in store for him?"

"Perhaps it was. *Sabe Dios?*" and again my friend relapsed into silence. After a few minutes, as if awaking from a fit of abstraction, he
ked,—

"Señor Slingsby, were you ever in Sicily?"

"That I was, Don Baltasar," I replied.

"And in Palermo, probably?"

"Of course. Who would go to Sicily without seeing its capital?"

"Ah! that's quite true. Well, all my earliest and happiest memories are connected with that picturesque city and its charming environs. Do you remember the Concha d'Oro?"

"Who could ever forget that rich and most lovely piece of scenery that has once traversed it?" I replied.

"I remember, as it were but yesterday, as I journeyed towards Palermo, and caught the first sight of its spires and domes, how that beautiful region, like a golden shell, sloped down gently from all sides to the water's margin, where the city lay in slumber."

"Ah! Dios. Yes, dear Señor; and the hues of gold and emerald that clothed that valley—the rich orange trees, the green palms, the olives, the acacias, and the fig-trees—never shall I forget them."

"But what brings them to your memory just now, Don Baltasar?"

"You shall know presently. Just give me my own way. Well, in one of those charming country palacios that are scattered through the Concha d'Oro, there sat in the balcony, one evening in September, a young man, and at his side was a lady, dark-eyed and dark-tressed. She touched a guitar with the hand of a proficient, and she sang a Spanish melody with a voice that rang out sweet and clear upon the evening air. The gentleman looked at her with languid admiration as he leaned indolently against the lattice, and smoked his cigar. They were strangers. Nobody knew who they were, or whence they came. The gentleman had arrived some three months previously and had taken the place, then he went away

for his family somewhere, and shortly reappeared with his wife, a very pretty young woman, and an old major domo, with a very round back and high shoulders. He went by the name of Montano. The gentleman was called Don Guzman, and his wife——”

“Beatriz, of course,” said I, interrupting him.

“Of course,” replied Don Baltasar. “Now you have the whole secret. A word or two more will explain all. Upon the night when Don Guzman visited old Moncada, the latter had laid all his plans with great skill. When the young hidalgo asked for the hundred ducats, of which indeed he had very pressing need, the merchant not only declined to advance them, but reminded his guest of certain large sums already due, and the securities for which he produced. He stated, in a very business-like and remorseless manner, his determination to enforce payment the next day. Guzman raved, stormed, vituperated; but to no purpose. Moncada was imperturbable. He then parleyed, entreated, supplicated—in vain. Moncada was hard as a nether millstone. The young man was in despair. He knew his creditor had him in his power, and could ruin him. Was there no mode of averting his fate? Yes, there was; and Moncada now made his proposition—a simple and easy solution of all Don Guzman’s difficulties. He would remit all his debts; he would make him rich—rich beyond his expectations, as the husband of his child. Guzman, of course, avowed his love and admiration for Beatriz—and, to say the truth, he did both love and admire her; but he said something about his *sangre azul*; and then he looked at the weeping girl and forgot all about his blood, and ran to her, and gallantly, like a courteous Spanish hidalgo as he was, kissed her hand; and when he

turned round to speak again to Moncada, the old fellow was gone. Guzman and Beatriz soon settled the love affair between them, and when her father returned he saw all was right, so he shook hands with Don Guzman for the first time in his life, kissed his daughter, and gave them both his blessing. One difficulty, however, remained. Don Guzman was by birth and lineage a ‘Castellano viejo y rancio,’ and to marry in Madrid one who was not his equal was not to be thought of for a moment; to do so would be to lose caste for ever, and be cut by all his old associates. There was only one course left, namely, to be beforehand with his acquaintances and to cut them first. Accordingly, it was arranged that he should leave Madrid as soon as possible, and that Moncada and Beatriz should follow as soon as the merchant could wind up his affairs and convert his goods into ready money. And this, as you have seen, Señor, was accomplished so cleverly that nobody ever knew where any of the parties had gone. Such were the steps that a caballero in those times was forced to take in order to marry the daughter of a trader, who wore nether garments with patches on the knees.”

“But things are different now-a-days,” said I.

“Gracias Dios! they are,” replied my friend. “In our days a noble would have less scruple in allying himself with the daughter of a merchant, because these latter are a very different sort of persons from what they were then. You may set it down, Señor Slingsby, as a general rule, that the prejudices against any particular class in society are the result of some just reason founded upon the vices, or the defects, or the absurdities of the individuals of that class, and therefore it is that these prejudices give way the moment that the class thus despised

are entitled to a more advantageous estimate.'

Sentiments like these coming from a Spaniard of birth struck me with surprise, and I thought them highly commendable. Indeed, I ventured to intimate as much to him. He received the compliment with a smile, and then resumed: "You would, no doubt, wish to hear the fortunes of this new family. It is told in a few words. Don Guzman, as I said, really loved his wife. And so, when he was separated from his gay companions and was beyond the allurements of the dice-box and the theatre, and within the influences of a lovely and a loving woman, he became a domestic man and a pattern husband. The quick intellect and natural gentility of her nature enabled Beatriz so to profit by the intercourse and teaching of her husband, that she soon became a thorough lady, even in the social conventionalities that ever distinguish a lady. While old Moncada, proud of his daughter and of the

alliance which she had made, began to conform himself gradually to his new position. His *brusquerie* and coarseness were wonderfully mitigated. He became actually attentive to matters of dress, and was never seen with soiled hands or patched garments. Before he passed away from the world, he danced grandchildren—real hidalgos, with *sangre azul* in their veins—upon his knee; and the remoter offspring of Don Guzman and Beatriz Moncada became respected merchants both in Sicily and Spain."

Don Baltasar thrust his hand into his breast and drew forth a locket. Opening it with a spring, he showed me a miniature of a lady, dressed in the fashion of the previous century: a graceful, matronly, and beautiful face, with coal-black eyes and raven hair.

"That is the portrait of my great-grandmother. Was I not right, Señor Slingsby, in saying that Beatriz Moncada was a pretty girl?"

THE RETURN.

BEHOLD, with calm and placid brow and gaily waving crest,
The conqueror from the distant East has reached his native West!
Through far-off Ind with gallant men he held his princely way,
And leaves behind him warrior hearts obedient to his sway.
By Kashmir's lakes, by Indus' wave, and Ganges' mighty flood,
O'er plains where valiant chieftains watch, no power his course withstood;
Where Delhi raised her threat'ning front, and Kyber barred the way,
And Gwalior frown'd defiance down, now all is peace to-day.
But where the trophies of the fight? and where the spoils of war?
The vanquish'd foe in fury chain'd to his triumphal car?
Comes he not from ensanguined fields encumber'd with the slain,
Black desolation in his track, and captives in his train?
Did piercing shriek of widowhood smite his departing ear,
Or cry of orphan cling to him to fill his soul with fear?
No! his the nobler mission far, by true goodwill to gain
Dominion o'er those spirits wild and bind them with Love's chain.
As softly as from shore to shore is borne the light canoe,
As swiftly as from Indian bow the hunter's arrow flew,
As brightly as the blazing torch the unarmed peasant bears
In safety through the forest wild where tigers make their lairs,
More potent than the cannon's voice that thunder'd on Lahore,
The gentle tones of love prevail'd as they have done before;
As when on sky-crown'd Himalaya's chill and snowy vest
The melting sun descends and gives fruition to its breast,
So from Ceylon to Afghan's bounds, from Birmah to Bombay,
Right loyally their future King they welcomed on his way,
When forth in all their glittering pomp and pride of ancient race
Each Maharajah greeting gave in glad and solemn grace.
Fierce heirs to thrones oft fiercely held in cruelty and hate,
And gorgeous as the golden East in all their regal state,
Have spread the hospitable board, rejoicing there to see
A monarch who can rule, and still have all his subjects free.
Hence buried be, ten fathoms deep, the tyrant-weapon Fear;
Give Freedom place, roll darkness back, let light o'er all appear!
For where, of old, fell Terror's Code did weak submission gain,
Now Fealty moves in manly guise, and chants its noble strain.
Then let us sing loud pæans to our Prince who thus has won
A hundred million hearts and more—and echo still "well done!"
Loved son of monarch still more loved—more loved than all that reign
In all the kingdoms that exist on this vast world's domain.
Reign on, great Queen, whose gentle sway thy subjects' rights secures;
Thy throne is set on loving hearts, and there thy throne endures.
And Thou, thy country's hope and pride, heir to her diadem,
A generous people claim thy love—O give thy heart to them!

J. J. M.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 29.

HIS EXCELLENCY BARON LYTTON, G.C.S.I.

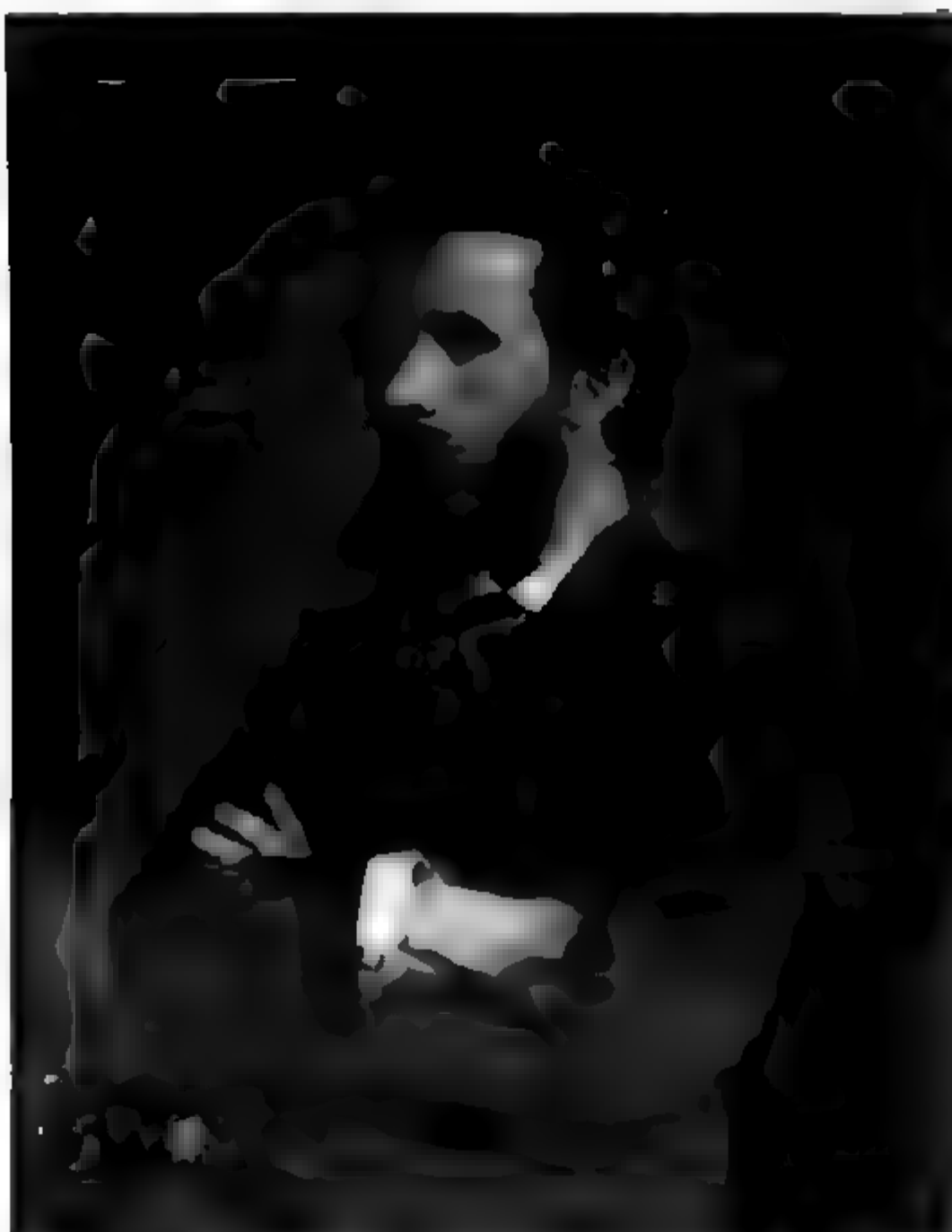
Viceroy and Governor-General of India.

THE appointment, a few months ago, of Edward Robert Bulwer-Lytton to the Governor-Generalship of India, had the rare merit of being received with great satisfaction, not only by the Commonwealth of Letters, but by the public generally.

Recent events have tended to excite a more lively interest than was formerly felt in the many aspects of the Eastern question. It is acknowledged that England wants, and will want, her ablest men and most skilful diplomatists to contend with and guide the conflicting currents setting eastwards; and as Lord Lytton has already achieved a high position in the roll of diplomatic names, the general impression prevails that England's interests could not be entrusted to one in all respects more competent; for he has, besides distinguished ability, the reputation of great tact, together with insight into character and events. He possesses also, in a high degree, the grace and charm of the poet-nature, the cultivated and sympathetic mind, the genial and gracious manner that naturally attracts what is greatest and best, and which made his *salon* the most desirable and enjoyable in Paris, as well as in Vienna; and indeed, we may add, wherever he has been. He is one who can command, by superior intellectual qualities, and also win, by those finer personal influences which are neither to be analyzed nor explained.

The Press was wonderfully unanimous in approving of Lord Lytton's appointment. The *Times* said:—

“The choice of Lord Lytton as successor to Lord Northbrook is bold and striking. Few can have guessed at the appointment before it was made public, but still fewer, probably, will now question its fitness. Lord Lytton has his *talent* by inheritance, but he has had a *training* in public affairs which his



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*James Fairbairn
Layton*



PHOTOGRAPHED BY LOCK & WHITFIELD, LONDON

accomplished father had not, and he is believed to possess administrative abilities in which his father was wanting. He possesses, but is not possessed by, a graceful poetic talent, which secures him the advantages of a cultivated and sympathetic imagination, but does not threaten to dominate his intellectual qualities.

“ In the diplomatic service he has risen fast and far, and both his powers of work and his skill in affairs are recognized on the continent no less than at home. As British Minister at Lisbon he has had little scope for eminent services, and his labours in the subordinate ranks of diplomacy are better known. His reports have always been admirably clear and full, and his Minutes in Council, with which a Governor-General is bound to expound or defend his policy, will be penned by a master of literary style.

“ Lord Lytton goes out to India in the prime of life, and at a period when the interest of Englishmen is deepening rapidly. It is significant that an experienced and able diplomatist should be selected for the Indian Viceroyalty at a time when events seem once more to be connecting the interests of our Indian Empire with the great game of continental policy.”—*Times*, Jan. 5, 1876.

The *Standard*, alluding to the too common but very ignorant notion that men of high literary genius are ill-qualified for practical participation in the ordinary concerns of public life, observed:—

“ Milton was considered so little disqualified, by his sublime connection with the Muses, for the concerns of practical life, that he was chosen to be the secretary of the most hard-headed Ruler of whom English annals tell. Spencer was trusted with public functions of great delicacy and importance; and of the enthusiasts who first drew sword for the independence of Greece, the only person, according to the testimony of all who had, to use a favourite phrase of practical men, ‘a head on his shoulders,’ was the author of ‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage.’

“ It would be easy to multiply instances. The real truth is that a man may be poet and poet only, or both poet and man of action and character; and the fact is, that the greatest poets have been both. Now it so happens that Lord Lytton has given his superiors (in office) and the world very considerable evidence of such capacity. He has served the State not only as a brilliant, but as a ‘plodding’ diplomatist for nearly a quarter of a century, and the reports he has sent home, studded with statistics of the institutions, trades, and commerce of the various countries where he has dwelt, would possibly be found somewhat dry and difficult, but withal very instructive reading by many practical men, who regard poets and poetry with a kindly contempt.

“ If any further justification of the appointment were needed, we should surely find it in Mr. Disraeli’s well-known capacity for estimating character. We believe that in nominating Lord Lytton to the great office of Viceroy, he has taken a step which will be agreeable to every man of letters, and which will prove acceptable to all unbiassed politicians. Diplomats are supposed not to be politicians. But we are betraying no secrets when we say that the new Viceroy, like so many men who began life with Liberal propensities, was deeply wounded and scandalized by the spiritless foreign policy of a certain late administration; and will bring to his great task that Imperial conception of the duties

which it is the function of Conservatism to impress upon the more promising members of a somewhat provincially minded community."

Lord Lytton is of ancient and high lineage. In Clutterbuck's "History of Hertfordshire," is given a very interesting account of the family, also in the several "Herald's visitations" of that county, as well as in "Burke's Peerage," and other sources; from all of which we find that the Lyttons originally came from Derbyshire. Sir Gilbert de Lytton fought at Askalon, under Richard *Cœur de Lion*, and Sir Alexander de Lytton, in the time of Edward the First, possessed considerable estates in the Peak.

In the reign of Henry the Fourth, Robert de Lytton was Governor of Bolsover Castle, Comptroller of the King's Household, and agister of the forests in the Peak to Queen Joan. His grandson, Sir Robert de Lytton, Knight of the Bath, Privy Councillor, Keeper of the Wardrobe to Henry VII., and Under Treasurer of England, purchased Knebworth, which had previously belonged to his maternal family, the Hotofts.

In the reign of Elizabeth, Sir Rowland Lytton was Lieutenant of the counties of Essex and Herts, Commander of the forces of those counties at Tilbury Fort, and Captain of the Band of Pensioners. From the marriage of the said Sir Rowland Lytton with Anne, daughter of Oliver, first Lord St. John of Bletshoe (fourth in descent from Margaret Beauchamp, grandmother of Henry VII., married first to Sir Oliver St. John, secondly to the Duke of Somerset), descended Sir Lytton Strode Lytton, and William Robinson (*temp.* Anne). Lytton Strode Lytton succeeded his maternal uncle, Sir William Lytton, in the estates of Knebworth, and dying without issue, left them to his first cousin William Robinson, of Gwersylt, who took the arms and name of Lytton through this ancient family of Robinson, or more properly Norreys; with intermarriages can be traced the descent of the present Lord Lytton in the house of Tudor, and the royal lines of ancient Britain.

Rhodi Mawr, King of Wales, slain in battle, 873, left three sons:—

1. Anarawd, King of North Wales.
2. Cadel, King of South Wales.
3. Mervyn, King of Powis.

Cadel died in 907, leaving a son, Howell Dda, *the Good*, King of Wales, and celebrated lawgiver of Cambria, who died in 948, whose descendants were the Tudors.

Sir Owen Tudor was beheaded in 1460. By his wife, Catherine of Valois, youngest daughter of Charles VI. of France, and widow of Henry V., King of England, Sir Owen Tudor was grandfather to Henry VII. of England, and so onwards in the pedigree, till we come to the year 1745; when Richard Warburton Lytton, of Knebworth, was born; married, in 1768, Elizabeth, daughter of Paul Jodrell, Esq., of

Lewknor; died in 1810, leaving one daughter and sole heiress, Elizabeth Barbara, born in 1773, who married in 1798, William Earle Bulwer, of Wood-Dalling and Heydon Hall, Norfolk, Brigadier-General. She died in December, 1844, leaving issue three sons:—

1. William Earle Lytton Bulwer, of Wood-Dalling and Heydon Hall.

2. Henry Lytton Earle Bulwer (Sir), G.C.B., Privy Councillor, afterwards Lord Dalling, Ambassador to Turkey. He married, December, 1848, the Honourable Georgiana Charlotte Wellesley, youngest daughter of the late Lord Cowley. Lord Dalling took his title from lands which have been in the possession of the Bulwer family since the Conquest. He died 1872.

3. Baron Lytton (Sir Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer-Lytton, Bart., P.C.), of Knebworth, born May, 1806, died January 18, 1873. Married, August 29, 1827, Rosina, sole surviving daughter of Francis Wheeler, Esq., of Lizzard Connell, County Limerick, and had issue:—

1. Emily Elizabeth, died April, 1848.

2. Edward Robert, present Lord Lytton, born November 8, 1831. Married, October 4, 1864, Edith, second daughter of the Honourable Edward Villiers; has three daughters living.

Edward Robert, Lord Lytton, began his diplomatic career as private Secretary to his uncle, then Sir H. L. Bulwer, our Minister at Washington from 1849 to 1852. We next find him as attaché at Florence, 1852; at Paris, 1854; paid attaché at the Hague, 1856; first paid attaché at St. Petersburg, 1858; and at Constantinople, 1858; after which he was appointed to Vienna in 1859.

While attached to Vienna he was specially employed on a mission of great responsibility and trust to Servia, acting also as Consul-General at Belgrade. The principal object of his mission was to prevent the renewal of hostilities between the Turks and Servians after Belgrade, the capital of Servia, had been bombarded, and in the performance of his delicate duties he was eminently successful.

In reward for his good services on this occasion—services which were recognized both at home and abroad, he was promoted second Secretary in Her Majesty's Diplomatic Service, being employed in that rank at Vienna. Shortly afterwards, in 1863, he was promoted to be first Secretary of Legation at Copenhagen, and was Chargé d'Affaires on two occasions while there. In 1864 he was appointed Secretary of Legation to Athens. In 1865 he was transferred to Lisbon, where he was acting Chargé d'Affaires for a time; and in 1868, he was transferred to Madrid.

In the same year, 1868, he was promoted to the Secretaryship of Embassy at Vienna, where he successfully concluded negotiations for a commercial treaty between Great Britain and Austria, after which, in

1872, he was appointed first Secretary of the Embassy at Paris. On several occasions he acted as *Chargé d'Affaires* and Minister Plenipotentiary, during the absence of Lord Lyons, and in 1874 he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Lisbon. In 1875 he was offered, but declined, the Governorship of Madras, and in January of this year he accepted what may be termed the Vice-Emperorship of India.

Lord Lytton's early education was carefully conducted by excellent private tutors. He was at Harrow School for some years, under Dr. Vaughan, and afterwards at Bonn University. He remarkably distinguished himself in modern languages, as well as in facility for classic verse. He can claim to be the offspring of gifted parents, and from his earliest years has enjoyed the rare advantage of companionship with the greatest intellects of our time. He early attracted the interest of men whom to have known was in itself "a liberal education," and who clearly saw "the promise of his spring," among whom we may mention the Rev. W. Robertson, of Brighton, who we believe alluded to him in the following passage upon poetry and unworldliness:—

"Let us understand the term employed. By worldliness, I mean entanglement in the temporal and visible. In the spirit of worldliness which makes a man love show, splendour, rank, title, and sensual enjoyments; and occupies his attention chiefly or entirely, with conversations respecting merely passing events, and passing acquaintances. I know not that I could give a more distinct idea of what I mean by unworldliness, than by relating an anecdote of a boy of rare genius, who, when he began the study of mathematics, was impressed with so strange and solemn a sense of awe, that never before, he said, had he been able to comprehend the existence of the Eternal. It is not difficult to understand what the boy meant. Mathematics contain truths entirely independent of time and space; they tell of relations which have no connection necessarily with weight or quality; they deal with the eternal principles and laws of the mind; and it is certain that these laws are more real and eternal than anything which can be seen or felt. This is what I mean by unworldliness. I am not speaking of it as a theologian, or as a religionist, but I am speaking of unworldliness in that sense of which it is true of all science and high art, as well as of Nature. For all high art is essentially unworldliness, and the highest artists have been unworldly in aim, and unworldly in life."

Having brought our details of Lord Lytton's diplomatic services and early education down to this point, we may now turn to his literary career. The list of his published works will show very clearly that he has been pre-eminently a thinker and a worker. It would be difficult to say when his literary tastes were first developed. We have heard that he wrote even as a schoolboy; that fragments in prose and verse appeared anonymously in high-class periodicals, but which have hitherto been unacknowledged by him. The promise of early days has since then been well fulfilled.

Assuming the *nom de plume* of "Owen Meredith," Lord Lytton published his first volume, entitled "Clytemnestra and other Poems," in 1855. "The Wanderer" followed in 1859. "Lucile," a novel in verse, in 1860, and in 1861 he published, in collaboration with the Hon. Julian Fane, "Tannhäuser," which came out as the joint work of "Neville Temple and Edward Trevor."

In the same year, as the results of his visit to Belgrade, he brought out "Serbski Pesme; or, National Songs of Servia," with a very interesting introduction relative to Servian history and poetry.

In 1863 a prose romance, "The Ring of Amasis," in two volumes. In 1867 appeared "Chronicles and Characters," with a portrait of the author, and his own name appended thereto. Next came "Orval; or, the Fool of Time." Then the memoir of his friend, Julian Fane.

"Fables in Song" was published in 1874. Since then Lord Lytton has been busily engaged on two volumes of the late Lord Lytton's speeches and political papers, with a short introductory memoir, besides editing his uncle's, the late Lord Dalling's, letters and works, and has now a new poem ready for publication. Lord Lytton's early works possessed varied excellencies, and, as was to be expected, they met with much severe criticism, as well as due appreciation. The poet must ever run the gauntlet between praise and blame, and if he outlives the one there is no fear of the other. "All things come to those who wait," but there must be "go" in the man who dares to wait!

"Clytemnestra," "The Wanderer," and "Lucile," are all in different degrees distinguished by the characteristics of genius. Heart and feeling fused into the intellectual powers, large sympathies, wide experience of life, through great powers of observation, deduction, and thought, with a redundancy of imagination and ideality, producing the overflow of soul and feeling necessary for true poetic power and expression.

It is hard to select passages to quote from "Clytemnestra," full as it is of classic beauty. It moves along with all the stately smoothness of a Greek play. Clytemnestra herself stands out in bold relief, clear and finely cut as a cameo—in fact, quite an antique Lady Macbeth. The chorus exclaims rightly of her:—

"Oh! how she sets Virtue's own crest on crime,
And stands there stern as Fate's wild arbitress
Not any deed could make her less than great."

The opening monologue is very fine. Clytemnestra apostrophizes the morning in language glowing as the dawn:—

"Morning at last! at last the lingering day
Creeps o'er the dewy side of yon dark world.
O dawning light already on the hills!

O universal earth, and air, and thou,
 First freshness of the east, which art a breath
 Breathed from the rapture of the gods, who bless
 Almost all other prayers on earth but mine !
 Wherefore to me is solacing sleep denied ?
 And honourable rest, the right of all ?
 So that no medicine of the slumbrous shell,
 Brimm'd with divinest draughts of melody,
 Nor silence under dreamful canopies,
 Nor purple cushions of the lofty couch,
 May lull this fever for a little while.
 Wherefore to me—to me, of all mankind,
 This retribution for a deed undone ? ”

“ Coming events are casting their shadows before,” but we cannot finish the address, though it is scarcely fair to mar its beauty by partial quotations. We simply desire to indicate it.

Our next quotation from the same volume is quite in a different strain. “ The Good-night in the Porch.”

“ Some happy souls there are that wear their nature lightly ; these rejoice
 The world by living, and receive from all men more than what they give.

“ One handful of their buoyant chaff exceeds our hoards of careful grain ;
 Because their love breaks thro' their laugh, while ours is fraught with tender
 pain ;
 The world, that knows itself too sad, is proud to keep some faces glad.

“ To some men God hath given laughter ; but tears to some men He hath given.
 He bade us sow in tears, hereafter to harvest holier smiles in Heaven.
 And tears and smiles, they are His gift—both good, to smite or to uplift.

“ O yet in scorn of mean relief let sorrow bear her heavenly fruit !
 Better the wildest hour of grief than the low pastime of the brute !
 Better to weep, for He wept too, than laugh as every fool can do.

“ For sure, 'twere best to bear the cross ; nor lightly fling the thorns behind ;
 Lest we grow happy by the loss of what was noblest in the mind.
 Here—in the ruins of my years—Father, I bless Thee thro' those tears !

“ Thou—God ! before whose sleepless eye not even in vain the sparrows fall,
 Receive, sustain me ' sanctify my soul. Thou know'st, Thou lovest all.
 Too weak to walk alone—I see thy hand ; I falter back to Thee.

“ Saved from the curse of time, which throws its baseness on us day by day ;
 Its wretched joys and worthless woes, till all the heart is worn away.
 I feel Thee near. I hold my breath, by the half-open doors of death.

“ And sometimes, glimpses from within of glory (wondrous sight and sound!)
 Float near me—faces pure from sin; strange music; saints with splendour
 crown'd:
 I seem to feel my native air blow down from some high region there.

“ And fan my spirit pure; I rise above the sense of loss and pain;
 Faint forms that lured my childhood's eyes, long lost, I seem to find again;
 I see the end of all: I feel hope, awe, no language can reveal.

“ O to be where the meanest mind is more than Shakespeare! Where one look
 Shows more than here the wise can find, tho' toiling slow from book to book!
 Where life is knowledge: love is sure, and hope's brief promise made secure!

“ And what are words? How little these the silence of the soul express!
 Mere froth—and foam and flower of seas whose hungering waters heave and
 press
 Against the planets and the sides of night mute yearning mystic tides.'

“ Elayne le Blanc ” has some wonderfully musical thoughts; fresh and free as the movement of the ocean; borne like music on the crest of the wave, is the lovely sea song in it, but it is too long to quote. “ The Wanderer,” published four years later, well evidenced that time was ripening and mellowing the poetic faculties of its author. It opens with a very fine prologue, full of originality and feeling. Then we come upon wanderings in many lands—in Italy, France, Holland, Switzerland, and England, with songs and poems, characteristic of each country:—

“ By woodland belt, by ocean bar
 The full south-breeze our foreheads fann'd;
 And under many a yellow star,
 We dropp'd into the magic land.

“ Then morning rose, and smote from far,
 Her Elfin harps o'er land and sea;
 And woodland belt and ocean bar
 To one sweet note, sigh'd—Italy.”

Here we find all the warmth and vivid colouring of nature peculiar to the sunny South. “ The Storm,” a lover's quarrel, is bold and excellent, and the end charming. We may say that to a certain extent, Love is the key note and inspiration of most of the poems, toned down with varied individualities. “ The one touch which makes the whole world kin,” which comes to all—and yet to none alike. An old monk said to a friend of ours, “ There were two things no one escaped—Love and Death!” True; only they come with a difference—Death in Life to some, Life in Death to others!

Still—

“ The wild song will go wandering
Too wantonly down paths a private pain
Hath trodden bare.”

And yet—

“ There is a pleasure which is born of pain,
The grave of all things hath its violet.
Else why, thro' days which never come again
Roams Hope with that strange longing like Regret.”

In France, we have French society, Frenchwomen, café life, boudoir life, described in verse full of witty words and thoughts, and charming metre, expressing so thoroughly the light and brilliant foam, the champagne of “ life,” which, as Byron says, “ but sparkles at the brim.” Au Café “ Aux Italiens,” “ The Portrait,” “ The Chess Board,” “ A Remembrance,” and many another little gem. “ Madame la Marquise ” is a perfect bit of painting:—

“ The folds of her wine-dark violet dress
Glow over the sofa, fall on fall;
As she sits in the air of her loveliness,
With a smile for each and all.

“ Half of her exquisite face in the shade,
Which o'er it the screen in her soft hand flings;
Thro' the gloom glows her hair in its odorous braid,
In the firelight are sparkling her rings.

“ So she sits in the curtain'd luxurious light
Of that room with its porcelain, and pictures, and flowers;
When the dark day's half done and the snow flutters white
Past the window in feathery showers.”

We come next to “ Lucile,” a novel in verse, which must be read, like any novel, as a whole, and judged as a whole, before its full meaning, and aim, and beauty can be comprehended. The form of verse selected gives great freedom and force of language, well adapted to the versatility of life in the story. There is a breath in it that comes from a living heart, you feel its beat; and the vigorous reserve of power, always in hand, no matter how loose the rein, is the most remarkable characteristic of the book. From first to last, there is no gasping effort, no breathlessness of a weak strength. The mind and heart are more than equal to the

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metre." The spirit of poetry, however, lies in the feeling rather than in the words or form; yet when they convey this perfectly, there must be some perfection in them beyond what the critic's ear has caught. Shensstone aptly says, "It is a great advantage when the stress of the thought is expressed by that word which the voice naturally pronounces with the most emphasis." To the musical ear, when read thus, with the emphasis of feeling as well as of sense, beauties and harmonies of rhythm are to be found in the metre of "Lucile," that more than compensate for the novelty at which some critics cavil. The self-reliance of genius often strikes as something strange at first. "Owen Meredith's" excellence in the more conventionally musical versification, had been already attested in his former works, witnessed by the fine classical spirit and treatment of the metre, as well as subject, in "Clytemnestra," and, later on, in the varied metre, style, and subjects of "The Wanderer;" while in each and all was very prominently felt the originality of his own mind, the perception of truths of thought and feeling discovered for himself. These qualities all constitute the elements of original writing. To be original, the poet must be true. "The voice" as well as "the hands"—Esau's.

With a thoroughly original mind, "Owen Meredith" has many of the affinities that constitute what may be termed "the kin" of genius. He has much of the vigorous force of language—the grace of power and expression, with the strength of thought combined, which so characterized the genius of Byron. Yet, notwithstanding its greatness, Byron's was not always true. It was rather great than true, because Byron's nature was not equal to his intellect. Byron's, with its apparent scorn of the world, was a philosophy to suit the world, for the world read truly enough, in his exaggerated scorn of its opinion, his really exaggerated opinion of the world; and though the world snubbed, it admired him for the rare talents which, in point of fact, flattered the world's opinion of itself. He did not sufficiently judge the (*soi-disant*) world as a part of human nature, but he judged humanity itself too much from that false knowledge of the world; *i.e.*, worldliness—a massed individuality which represents but a class of humanity of like passions with other men when under the dominion of self. There are many phases of worldliness in and out of the so-called world. There are poor as well as rich worldlings—unjust stewards as well as unjust masters—the serious and the pious worldling as well as the gay and the frivolous. This worldliness, and the other worldliness, and all of them, with an identity of sentiment which unites them in practice, while their very principle of action separates them in reality, each from each, by the want of those human sympathies which enables true feeling to remember others in forgetting self!

In the more subtle and mysterious ideal feeling, in refined, spiritual,

poetic power, "Owen Meredith" has a true affinity to the spirit of Shelley; but Shelley, with all his aspirations for good, failed in the elevating power which such a nature ought to have had, from having mystified himself between the true creed and its false practice, which he, in his own case, reversed in so strange a way by substituting in his own mind a false creed and a true practice; ever contradicting himself either in theory or in practice, as it was morally impossible that the one could agree with the other; consequently his exquisite genius, which from its natural purity and almost feminine delicacy of feeling could have been so elevating and useful, lost its effect.

Happily for himself, "Owen Meredith," by a very genuine analytical power of mind, can separate the false from the true, in faith and life, and by this is enabled to steer clear of the Scylla and Charybdis of Byron and Shelley. He has the true faith, "the bright-eyed charioteer of the soul," to guide him safely through the oftentimes intricate, perplexing mazes of genius, a truth and tenderness and humility of nature, to recognize, realize, and revere, from innate sympathy and affinity, all that is good, and true, and common-sense—that practical power said to be so uncommon in poets, which he brings to bear upon and elucidate the poetry dormant in all human life; thereby imparting the reality of life to the creations of fancy.

From this rare and well-fused combination of genius and common sense, "Owen Meredith" paints life as it is, and knows that life is its own moral. He knows well, none better, how great the preponderance of the good and beautiful in the world to paint from; but he also comprehends that such one-sided painting would be immoral, in so far as it must, to a certain extent, be untrue, and that it would about as much represent real life as do those shadowless portraits, we have all seen and wondered at. In all he paints it is evident that he has penetrated the neutral tints of nature and life as only the true artist can. He tells us in "The Wanderer:—"

"I sing of life, as life would have me sing,
Of falsehood, and of evil, and of wrong;
For many a false and many an evil thing.
I found in life, and by my life my song
Was shaped within me while I sung: I sung
Of good, for good is life's predestin'd end;
Of sorrow, for I knew her as my friend;
Of love, for by his hand my harp was strung."

He does not represent "all virtues and all excellence save truth," but whatever of falsehood and of wrong he has seen, one feels that the contrast of good with the evil is ever present to his mind; while describing that are true to life's events, he feels that they are untrue to

life's real purpose ; that while painting the reverse, he feels the beauty of holiness—the peace, the joy, the only satisfying nature of good ; and his sympathies are clearly with all that is noble and true.

In “*Lucile*” the moral may be taken as the reverse of “*Faust*.” In the one the future is sacrificed to the present, and others to self ; in the other, the present to the future, and self to others. The moral of “*Faust*” consists in its exposition of an unhappily too common fault in life the truth and moral beauty of “*Lucile*” in the too rare truth of self-sacrifice. The one principle separates and destroys, because against God's laws, the other unites and draws together elements the most discordant by the force of the inner truth of an exalted nature, actuated by the true principle. In the one the end is punishment—in the other purification.

Next in succession to “*Lucile*” came “*Tannhäuser* ; or, the Battle of the Bards,” the joint production of the Hon. Julian Fane and Lord Lytton. We need not enter deeply into the legend upon which it is founded. It is the old story of those who, in the pursuit of pleasure, grasp the shadow and lose the substance ; till a too late repentance awakens to a sense of all they have lost, and to an attempted atonement. Ulysses lingers in Calypso's Isle while Penelope pines at home ! But to the mythical legend is added the Christian moral—the palm-branch of the holier faith held out to the returning prodigal.

The Servian Poems were published the same year as “*Tannhäuser*,” and are very remarkable. They were so *vraisemblable* that they were criticized as translations from the original, which they are not. Lord Lytton has written a preface to the second edition of these poems, which entirely does away with this misapprehension ; and in reply to his critics therein explains “that they are neither translations nor paraphrases, nor properly imitations. In fact, that they represent nothing more than the result of a passing wish to embody, in forms of his own, the personal impressions made upon himself by the popular poetry of a people amongst whom he was living when they were written.”

This only adds to the merits of these bright ballads. There is such a wild grace and freshness about them, that they impress one with a sense of nationality, beyond anything we have read for some time. They are for the most part like the poetry of the Servians, composed of songs of battles and historical events, or domestic and love songs. To illustrate their wild grace and spirit, we quote a few lines from the “*Battle of Kossovo*.”

“ There remaineth to Servia a glory,
A glory that shall not grow old ;
There remaineth to Servia a story,
A tale to be chanted and told !

They are gone to their graves grim and gory,
The beautiful, brave, and bold.
So long as the grass shall grow
On the mighty plain of Kossovo,
So long, so long. Even so
Shall the glory of those remain
Who this day in battle were slain."

In "The Ring of Amasis," we come upon another of Lord Lytton's versatile moods. A prose romance. The prose of poets is proverbially good, and the present instance will justify the saying. It is a poetically conceived and highly imaginative story of a psychological study. Through a most ideal form are given studies of characters, on the one side, charming in their life-like simplicity and freshness, and on the other with a depth of weird sorrow and suffering. The sin, and sorrow for it, are so wondrously mixed up, and foreshadowed by the mysterious, as to border upon what seems, and yet is not, supernatural.

Lord Lytton, in the prefatory dedication of his next work, "Chronicles and Characters," claims a "patient perusal" before final judgment is passed on a work which has occupied seven years of his life. He is justified in what he claims, for it is only by "patient perusal" that such a work as "Chronicles and Characters" can be understood and enjoyed. In them, Lord Lytton has passed out of the earlier phases of the poet mind. The freshness of new experiences and new feelings, the almost florid redundancy of fancy and imagination, peculiar and necessary to what we may term the youth of poetry, have ripened into the full fruit of the manly vigorous style. The bloom is on it, telling of time's mellowing power. There is a beauty belonging to both periods. The flower, lovely and brilliant in the sunshine and spring; and the fruit, a noble compensation for the more sombre, if richer, tints of autumn. The flower brought promise of the fruit, and here we have it. "Chronicles and Characters," as the name would suggest, has a range of historical events, and sketches of representative characters, very charming in their quickly succeeding variety. We cannot do more than indicate the varied beauty and powers condensed into these "Chronicles and Characters," in which we see, as it were, the procession of the ages moving on to solemn music, with Hope for ever in advance. The struggle is through evil to good, in which all that is evil perishes in the using, while all that is of "the immortals" lives and grows, each age borrowing what is not effete from that which preceded, and leaving its legacy of experience to coming ages—to "the parliament of mankind, the federation of the world." The moral of the whole aim of the work, as of all work truly undertaken, is epitomized in the concluding epilogue, from which we take a few lines to sum up the whole:—

"In the battle betwixt Evil and Good,
Heed not what may be gain'd or be lost
In that battle. Whatever the odds,
Fight it out, never counting the cost;
Man's the deed is, the consequence God's.
No man's labour for good is in vain,
Though he win not the crown but the cross.

"God be thank'd that the dead have left still
Good undone, for the living to do;
Still some aim for the heart and the will,
And the soul of a man to pursue.
God be thank'd for the ills that endure,
With the glory that's yet to be won;
From the hurts we may hope yet to cure,
By the deeds yet reserved to be done.
Forth! Rejoice in the good that God gives
By the hand of beneficent Ill;
And be glad that He leaves to our lives
Means to make them heroical still."

"Orval; or, the Fool of Time," is specially remarkable for a very charming preface. It was written before "Chronicles and Characters," but not published till after. "The Fool of Time" is in itself a paraphrase from a work of Count Krasinski, and has deep interest in many ways, and with noble passages of poetry.

In reading the "Fables in Song," the first impression is almost startling; the subjects are so varied, so far away from ordinary thought, that it requires reflection to tell us that this guarantees their spontaneity in the mind of the author. Originality and fancy seem simply to have overflowed into a mental sunshine. There is all the sparkle of sunshine seen through a summer shower, which leaves everything bright and dewy from its revivifying effects; but with all the play and brilliancy of fancy, there is wonderful philosophy on life, and thought on the hidden meaning which underlies so much that seems chaotic in the world. The "Fables in Song" have deep lessons for all. "The Thistle" is a remarkable poem, especially for its exquisite description of spring, and all its flowers, coming upon us with glad surprise:—

"The violets meet, and disport themselves
Under the trees by tens and twelves;
The timorous cowslips, one by one
Trembling, chilly, a tiptoe stand,
On little hillocks and knolls alone;
Watchful pickets, that wave a hand
For signal sure that the snow is gone,
Then around them call their comrades all,
In a multitudinous, mirthful band;

Till the field is so fill'd with grass and flowers,
That whenever, with flashing footsteps, fall
The sweet, fleet, silvery April showers,
They never can touch the earth, which is
Cover'd all over with crocuses,
And the clustering gleam of the buttercup,
And the blithe grass-blades that stand straight up,
And make themselves small, to leave room for all
The nameless blossoms that nestle between
Their sheltering stems in the herbage green :
Sharp little soldiers, trusty and true,
Side by side in good order due ;
Arms straight down, and heads forward set,
And saucily pointed bayonet.
Up the hillocks and down again,
The green grass marches into the plain ;
If only a light wind over the land
Whisper the welcome word of command."

Nothing can more realize nature, or reproduce spring more charmingly, than the whole prelude to "The Thistle" does. The breezes of early dawn, and early sunshine, and flowers, are felt all round us. The tenderness and pathos of the struggle upwards, the patient philosophic spirit, which wins content at last, are very beautifully shadowed forth in this fable ; and philosophy could not be more musically taught. We feel quite certain that Lord Lytton has established his indisputable right to the name of poet. In these "Fables in Song," especially, has he illustrated his insight into the teachings of life ; "years have brought the philosophic mind." There is a calm self-possessed strength in these later poems ; we feel that the music has been caught from life, and that to the sweetness of the lute has been added the deep-toned power of the organ.

But we must bring our cursory observations to a conclusion. Our object has been to indicate the character and merits of Lord Lytton's works rather than to treat them in a critical spirit. It is as a rule much easier to discover blemishes than to appreciate beauties. Minds may, and do, get so warped by perpetual criticizing, that, like Hogarth, "in the search for the ridiculous they have lost the sense of the beautiful." We do not desire this to be the case with ourselves, and therefore we have dwelt on perfections rather than on what may be termed critical imperfections, and have said quite enough, we think, to make lovers of genuine poetry read for themselves.

CLEENA.

A LEGEND OF THE SOUTH.

AND this is Carrig Cleena ; this the place
Where mighty Cleena holds her charmed court—
That awful queen, whose almost boundless power,
Transcendent charms, and majesty of port
Have made her famous ; praised in bardic lay.
Her deeds related by the cottage hearth,
Her godlike loveliness the unending theme
Of poets' warm impassion'd strain ; whose birth
Is superhuman. Yonder, too, the rocks—
A huge grey circle—widely scatter'd lie ;
While, like a stately pine 'mong forest trees,
The central cliff towers upward to the sky,
From base to summit clad in living green,
While, close beside, huge blocks of granite gleam,
In midst of which a yawning opening gapes
Like some vast chasm, seen in an awful dream.
Yes, 'tis the place of which the wizard told,
For all around the spot is fresh and fair,
The grass more green, the trees and flowers more bright,
The crops more bountiful 'neath Cleena's care ;
And yonder, too, the white-flower'd hawthorn grows,
Flinging rich odours out on every breeze,
While round the chasm, rank ferns and flowering shrubs
Entwine their branches with the wild rose trees,
Which, one bright mass of never-fading bloom,
In sweet luxuriance never cease to wave
Around the opening in the rocks, and hides
From curious eyes, the deep and spacious cave,
Which forms the entrance to the stately halls,
The gorgeous palace built beneath the earth,
Where Cleena dwells in more than queenly pomp,
'Mid dance and song and never-ending mirth ;
Where strains of such celestial sweetness swell,
That when to upper air its cadence floats,

The mortal on whose ravish'd ear it falls
Stands helpless, spell-bound by the wondrous notes
Until the magic strains have died away
In melting sweetness on the balmy air,
Then hurries to his home with thankful heart,
Happy to know he dwells 'neath Cleena's care.

Here, for the present, must my wanderings end,
For in her palace, captive by the spells
Her wondrous witcheries have round him cast,
He whom I seek, my long-lost Gerald, dwells ;
For she, the mighty queen of boundless power,
Whose haughty heart kings vainly tried to move
Beheld my Gerald, in an evil hour,
And bowed at last, a slave to earthly love ;
And day by day, in pleasure's maze enchain'd,
Close in her train the captive youth she keeps,
In the fond hope his answering love to win,
Unmindful that an earth-born maiden weeps.
Yet shall I hope to move her by my prayers,
By love, though mortal, mightier than her own ;
Love that shall make my pale lips eloquent,
And cause my voice to echo to her throne.

“Oh, Cleena ! loveliest of all lovely things—
O ! wise as lovely, powerful as wise,
Benign as powerful, hear, oh ! hear my prayers,
Give back my lover to my longing eyes.
Though thou art radiant as a summer's morn,
Dazzling as is the sun at noontide hour,
The sweet embodiment of every grace.
To win his heart is yet beyond thy power.
Men do not climb the tops of lordly trees
To cull the flowers they wear upon their breast,
But rather love to bend them to the sword,
Where not less sweet though humbler blossoms rest.
They gaze with admiration on a star,
Its wondrous radiance and its glory praise ;
Yet never wish to grasp it as their own,
Ne'er seek to light their home fire at its rays.
Though thou with deepest, subtlest spells enhance
A hundredfold thy superhuman charms,
Thy witcheries shall encircle him in vain,
Thou shalt not, canst not, win him to thine arms.
Dazzled and awe-struck by thy beauty's blaze,
Thy majesty of mien, he needs must be ;
But oh ! sweet Cleena, ere he saw thy face,
His heart's unchanging love belong'd to me.

“ Oh ! gentlest queen, fast friend of human kind,
Throughout the land thy bounteous deeds are known ;
Thy generous gifts to favour'd mortals given,
Wilt thou be harsh to one poor maid alone ?
Here, at the portals of thy dwelling bent,
Way-worn and weary, on the damp cold earth,
To crave thy pity for my captive love,
Kneel I, a maid of well-nigh princely birth.
See how the dewdrops in my tresses freeze ;
Mark how my cheek has grown so pale, so worn ;
How, toiling sadly over fen and moor,
Hands, feet, and raiment are by brambles torn.
What ! silent still to all my sad complaints !
Oh cruel queen, so pitiless and cold,
I might have known thy haughty marble breast,
No tender, loving woman's heart could hold.
Nay, then, I'll sing, to win thee to compliance,
My woes in strains so plaintive and so sweet,
That those grim rocks, which bar me from my love,
Shall melt, and so restore him to my feet.
For I have learn'd that in thy charmed dwelling
You hold him captive, great but cruel queen ;
While I, for weary weeks and months in sorrow,
Ranging in fruitless quest of him have been.”

CLEENA.

“ And who art thou, frail child of mortal birth,
Who dares to brave the mighty Cleena's wrath ?
Or knowest thou not one kindling glance of mine
Could sweep thee, like a blossom, from my path,
Blighted and wither'd, by my scathing touch,
Thy short-lived beauty and thy sweetness gone ;
Or freeze thee, all-presumptuous as thou art,
Into a block of grey and senseless stone ?
Not thus, believe me, rash and reckless maid,
Do pleading mortals come at stated hour
To Carrig Cleena, suppliants for my aid ;
Thus brave my wrath and dare my sovereign power.
But thou art young, and grief sits on thy brow,
Blanches the roses on thy fair, pale cheek,
And dims thy tender dark eyes' wonted fire ;
So I will pardon, and will hear thee speak.”

AILEEN.

“ Why should I fear ? what canst thou do but kill ?
And death I dread not, should I plead in vain ;

'Twere more than welcome, soothing every ill,
 Ending my wanderings, healing all my pain.
 Was it not fortune hard enough, that we,
 The son and daughter of two mortal foes,
 Should love each other, meeting but by stealth
 At dewy morning or at evening's close?
 Yet met we oft enough to interchange
 Our mutual vows of changeless deathless love;
 See here, I wear upon my finger still
 His ring, our troth-pledge, and it shall not move
 From thence, one instant, till his own dear hand
 Shall draw it hence, and his own truthful voice
 In alter'd tones the cruel words shall speak,
 'Aileen O'Brien, I rue my hasty choice.'
 Then slain by his unkindness, I shall lay
 My drooping head down by this grim rock's base,
 Where never friendly foot shall come to claim
 The blighted daughter of a ruin'd race—
 Here where the hawthorn flowers drop silently,
 Like perfumed snow-flakes, to the velvet sward,
 Close by the portals of thy palace die,
 Nor ever murmur that my fate is hard.
 But this is idle, in my senseless grief
 I wrong even by the thought the gallant youth;
 There is no honour and no worth on earth,
 If Gerald do not prove the soul of truth;
 Falseness or fickleness have never dwelt
 Within such eyes, nor soiled such noble brow;
 I've trusted him through good report and ill,
 Through force and fraud, and will not doubt him now.

"Yet, gentlest Cleena: peerless, potent queen;
 Poor sorrowing mortals' firm unwearying friend;
 Though half-distraught with grief, my words seem wild,
 Trust me, I meant not, mean not, to offend.
 Oh, what were I, a helpless way-worn maid,
 A homeless wanderer from her father's tower,
 With bleeding feet, and tresses all unbound,
 To brave the mighty Cleena in her power?
 As well compare this faded cheek of mine,
 My pallid brow, and wasted drooping form,
 Those tear-dimmed eyes, now rubb'd of all their fire,
 Those dusky locks, the sport of every storm,
 With thy celestial beauty, queenly grace,
 Those calm, sweet eyes, thy dazzling forehead, crown'd
 By waving tresses of pale, lustrous gold,
 In rich luxuriance rippling to the ground.

Nay, bending lowly to the damp cold earth,
Here, at the portals of thy palace home ;
A tearful suppliant for thy powerful aid,
And tender woman's sympathy, I come.

“ The weary weeks to tedious months have grown,
Since last Fitz-Gerald, eager for the chase.
Quitted his home one summer's morn, and since
No earthly eye has looked upon his face.
His staghounds bay in sullen discontent,
His steed stands idle in the silent stall ;
His jocund horn no more the echoes wake.
His sword hangs rusting in his father's hall.
Eastward and west, for many a weary day,
In quest of him his sorrowing kindred sped ;
Then, as the months pass'd fruitlessly away,
Gave up the search, bewailing him as dead.
But I, his broken-hearted promised bride,
Kept hoping still, though every hope seem'd gone ;
Forth from my father's halls, at dead of night,
With stealthy steps I wander'd, and alone.
What recked I of the perils of the way,
The cruel toil, through hunger, cold, and pain,
Could I succeed where hardier ones had fail'd,
Might I but look on Gerald's face again ?
I may not tell, nor wouldst thou, happy queen,
Who know'st not mortal weakness, understand
The bitter woe and suffering that were mine
While wandering, vainly wandering, through the land,
Until at last, when hope and strength were gone,
And trembling on the confines of the grave
I seem'd to stand ; fate drew my feeble feet
To Kerry's wilds, where yawn'd a wizard's cave ;
And there, by wizard's magic art, I learn'd
That captive by the mighty Cleena's spells,
Amid the splendour of her palace home,
And loved by her, my long-lost Gerald dwells.

“ And so I follow'd, most benignant queen,
In the dear hope that thou wouldst set him free.
Even couldst thou win it for thy very own,
O ! what were mortal's short-lived love to thee ?
One joy but added to a life all joy ;
One bud among a gorgeous wreath of flowers ;
One star among a galaxy of stars ;
One fading bloom 'mid bright and fadeless bowers ;
One gem among a wealth of priceless gems ;

One soft sweet chord, but mingling with the strain,
The glorious harmony which ceaseless rings
Within thy walls, and echoes to the plain.
But oh! to me 'tis life, and light, and joy;
The one sweet strain amid the ceaseless strife;
The only star which shone upon my path;
The flower that sweeten'd all my dreary life;
The precious pearl, deep hidden in my heart;
My soul's one treasure; all my hope; my bliss;
My dearer life. Oh! stony-hearted queen,
Say, what were life itself, bereft of this?
What, silent yet, and must I plead in vain?
Then here, upon this rock, my seat I'll take,
And pour my woes in such enchanting strains.
That spell-bound Gerald from his trance shall wake.
My love shall teach me such impassion'd words,
Such matchless music, that my dying breath
Shall reach his heart, and tell my mournful tale,
His Aileen's constancy in life and death."

CLEENA.

"Forbear, rash girl, thy wild impassion'd strains:
The matchless constancy which thou hast shown,
Join'd to thy pensive beauty, touch my heart,
Have gain'd thy suit; thy lover is thine own.
Come, rest awhile within my palace home
(Fitz-Gerald waits thee in my charmed halls),
Until thy new-found rapture to thy cheek
Its wonted roundness and its bloom recalls;
Then, blest with Cleena's best and choicest gifts,
Together to thy home shalt thou return,
Where, while thy term of life on earth shall last,
The light of happiness shall ceaseless burn:
There shalt thou find, by Cleena's sovereign will,
The deadly feud between thy sires shall cease,
And, all the bitter past forgot, henceforth
Their kinsmen dwell in harmony and peace."

REBECCA SCOTT.

DROPPED IN HASTE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HEDGED WITH THORNS."

I WONDER if any one ever died of joy—I wonder if joy's overflowing torrent ever burst down the feeble sluices of life—sluices that were all too weak and powerless to contain such a mighty current within their grasp. I wonder if life ever gave way to joy, as the fire is put out by the sun. Let me tell now what I have to say.

I was brought up in a lonely country place among the Welsh mountains. I had lived there ever since I was born, with my father and mother. It is strange with what different feelings different people regard their parents. Sons usually give the larger share of their hearts to their mothers, to touch this string rarely fails to bring out a responsive chord. But the feelings with which fathers are regarded are more complex. Sons seldom know their own fathers, and this is still truer with regard to daughters. Many daughters know little more of their own fathers than they do of the merest stranger. They meet usually in the evenings, they take their meals in each other's company, they help one another to fish and meat and pudding; but their minds, their souls, never meet, they are as far apart as the poles; sometimes all the farther apart, because there is a certain similarity between them. So it goes on, and no chance ever offers of their approaching nearer the one to the other.

Such was not the case with me. My father was a keeper at home, a man of books, who lived in his

study, and to whose ears the sweetest of all music was the sound of Latin hexameters or the sonorous rise and fall of a Greek chorus. The earliest object on which my childish eyes rested with any degree of pleasure was on that thin pale statue-like face, leaning back in the study chair, while strange sounds issued in harmonious murmurs from those half-closed lips. That face, with its high forehead, its large pointed cogitative nose, its noble thoughtful brow, seemed ever to rise before me and call me to higher things than I know of elsewhere. My mother was a confirmed invalid, a martyr to sick headaches, and usually kept her room; so the greater part of the day I was left to roam about where I pleased, and I generally came to anchor in my father's study. Occasionally I stopped my play, and gazed at the quiet figure before me with a strange mixture of awe, reverence, wonder, sympathy, and longing. Hush! those mysterious musical murmurs were beginning again, like the rise and fall of the slumbrous sea. I heard them now in the misty twilight:—

"*Otium divos, rogat in patenti,
Prensus Ægæo, simul arta nubes,
Condedit lunam, neque certa fulgent,
Sidera nautis.*"

I listened and gazed, as we gaze at the crimson sunset of summer, which seems so near and is yet so far away.

"Oh! papa," I cried, passion-

ately, "teach me what you know. Make me like yourself."

"I will teach you as much as you like, Lina," he answered, looking up, "when you are ready to learn it. At present you are not ready. You are too young."

Yes! I was young, not more than nine years old, and very, very ignorant. I hardly knew how to read, but I determined to brace myself for the effort, and to master those terrible two and three syllabled words which had been such a stumbling block to me, and which were now the first obstacle which divided me from my scholarly father. With the help of a governess, I slowly mastered the elements of the "three R's" and it was a proud day for me when I was at last handed over to my father for more advanced teaching. I went into the study for my first lesson with a heart trembling from mingled fear and joy. My first lessons were anything but a success. I was not a quick child, far from it. I took in ideas very slowly and with great difficulty. I longed with a desperate longing to be quicker than I was. It gave me the most acute pain to see my father flinging down the book impatiently when I made a wrong answer, or wincing as if he was hurt when I stammered out a false quantity and put a long "e" for a short one.

"I don't know why you are so stupid," he said to me, one morning when I had been more than usually slow. "I don't think you can be a child of mine."

That hurt me more than anything. I would—yes! I would—show that something of his classical spirit kindled within me. After a while, I made a start. I began to improve. I mastered the declensions, the defects. I advanced to exercises. I began to read Cicero's letters to his daughter Tullia. Ah! if I could only be another Tullia,

and if my father would mourn for me when I was dead, as Cicero mourned for her. Things went on pleasantly in the study now. My father's brow relaxed when I remembered some grammatical rule or gave some unexpected answer, and my heart leaped with triumph. I was proving that I was his child. How glorious, how animating the thought! Let him only wait a little, and the time would come when my proudest wish would be gratified, and I would read Plato by his side. It was strange that no one guessed how I loved him. Few caresses, few expressions of endearment, passed between us; when I went to bed every night, I kissed him, and he said, "Good night, dear," and that was all.

The ladies in the neighbourhood gave out "That Mr. Parnell was going to make a blue-stocking of poor little Lina, and they quite pitied the child for having such hard lessons, and such a particular person always driving at her." How little they knew! I was now seventeen and a half. I had lived a strange isolated life. I rarely met girls of my own age, and when I did, I shrank from them. Sometimes a stray school-girl, home for the holidays, was brought up to our secluded laurel-shaded house, with the view of being company to poor Lina, but I hardly knew what to make of her. She was different from me. I wanted no one. My father was enough for me. Spring was just beginning, when my mother's sister, Mrs. Price, took a house about five miles from ours. She was gay and dressy, fond of society, fond of young people, and she often asked me over to Brookfield for a week or fortnight. At first I did not like going, but by degrees I began to like it better. My aunt said that I was growing up a regular guy, a perfect figure of fun. She would not let me

wear my old cashmere frock with its plain untrimmed skirt, but got me a new one made in the best fashion. Then as for gloves, I must get proper kid gloves for Sundays and for visiting, and not those brown cotton things, which I had thought quite good enough. "Gracious heavens!" my aunt exclaimed, in dismay, "was there ever such a girl?"

I began now to think that I was behind the age, till then I had not thought about the age. I had only thought of participles and deponent verbs and ablative absolutes. Had Tullia ever had kid gloves? and had she ever lowered her mind down to the proper fit of her garments round the waist? All this talk of dress and fashion worked a perfect revolution in my mind. I began to be more particular about my clothes, I spent more time at the glass, I tried to make my hair sit smoothly, and to tie my neckerchief in a becoming bow under my chin. All at once, it suddenly dawned upon me that I had a pretty face. My figure was not good; it was short, stout, and ungainly: spoilt, my aunt said, from not being laced properly; but my face certainly was pretty. I held up the hand-glass again and again to the light. Yes! there could be no doubt about it. I was not a beauty, but my brown eyes were soft and lustrous; my cheeks had a clear pink colour; my lips were small, red, and well-formed; my features were good and harmonious. The result was favourable. I could fairly be called a pretty girl. I put down the glass with a new sensation—the sensation of one who has suddenly become conscious of an unexpected treasure. What would my treasure bring me? What, indeed?

Among my aunt's guests at Brookfield was a certain Captain MacNamara. He was a widower,

home on leave from India, a clever rising officer, considered quite an acquisition at the entertainments in the neighbourhood. He was yellow with the sun of India, slight and slim, and had an off-hand, well-assured air, as if he knew he was somebody, and was quite prepared for every one else to recognize the fact. I had met him once or twice, and had surveyed him from a distance with some curiosity. Report said he was wonderfully well acquainted with Indian dialects, but what were they to Greek and Latin, my father's peculiar province? I rather resented any one being considered clever except that wonderful father of mine. But the next time I went to Brookfield, what was my astonishment to see Captain MacNamara leave a couple of town young ladies, who had been expressly invited to entertain him, and seat himself down by me. There he remained for a good hour and a half, talking of nothing in particular—of Welsh scenery, of music, of *bézique*; but now and then a look came, which said as plainly as look could say, "You are a pretty girl, Miss Lina Parnell, therefore I like to talk to you and sit by you. Your eyes, when they glance up suddenly and meet mine, are uncommonly agreeable. Come, let me see them again."

I went home with my head and my heart full of strange thoughts. Triumph, gratified vanity, curiosity, and I know not what besides, were oddly blended together. Only there was no love. I tossed about that night building castles in the air. I had no idea of matrimony; my castles were all erected in the distant future, and had a certain pomp of their own. I saw myself clad in robes of purple and gold, walking down marble staircases, while Captain MacNamara leaned against a pillar and surveyed me with intense admiration. Counts

and earls and dukes passed before me, and one asked me to dance; and, as I whirled away to the gay sounds of music, Captain Mac-Namara gazed after me with envy and longing in his eyes. Well! well! what fools we all are sometimes.

My visions came to an end with the morning light, and at ten o'clock I was busy over my lessons in the study. Wonderful to say, my mind seemed rather sharpened than otherwise. I translated a letter of Cicero's without a mistake, and my father nodded at me approvingly. This approval gave me pleasure, but not so much as usual, for my thought was full of other things. I was wondering whether I would see Captain MacNamara again. I did not mention him to my father; such subjects were all too poor for him; his clear intellect ought not to be ruffled with them. Was not he soaring away in the limpid azure of the "Antigone," and should I bring him back to the common trifles of every-day life? And after all, what had I to say? That Captain MacNamara had vouchsafed to converse with me for an hour and a half the night before. A pretty confession truly!

That afternoon I did see Captain MacNamara again. He met me as I was coming from the village school; he was riding, and when he saw me, he dismounted and led his horse by the reins, and walked along talking to me as I trudged on the foot-path. Here was a triumph! To have a cavalier sought after by so many actually seeking poor little me, and spending his time sauntering through the muddy roads by my side. More castles in the air! more throbs of excitement! more thrills of vanity! After this, I met him constantly—at dinner, at tea, at church. It gave me intense pleasure one day to overhear an old lady saying, "It is not Miss

So-and-so that Captain Mac-Namara admires, it is little Lina Parnell."

Was it, indeed? Ah! it was, it was. Life is sometimes a wild intoxication, a draught of champagne, a glass of elixir; and it seemed to me that I got prettier and prettier every day. I could not help it, but so it was, if that hand-glass of mine told truth. One evening, Captain MacNamara asked me if I ever walked through a certain green lane. I answered that I did; it was the way to the cowslip fields, and just then the cowslips were in full blow, and I intended to get some before they were over.

"Will you go to-morrow?" he asked softly; "to-morrow about eleven o'clock?"

I whispered, "Yes."

What was coming now? I could not rightly tell. If it was a proposal, why then I was all curiosity to know what a proposal would be like. I never thought of the answer I would give. As I said before, I had no love for Rawdon Mac-Namara, only intense pleasure at his attentions, while gratified vanity, eager excitement, victorious youth, all sang a delightful song in my ears, to which my foolish heart beat time.

Next morning came: that morning I was full of nothing but myself. I had even forgotten my father. Forgotten him! Ah! cruel inexorable seventeen, which makes egotists of us all, which swallows up everything in the all-devouring I. Oh! youth, youth, why cannot you make us wise as well as young; why must we be so besotted with self and self-pleasing that we forget our nearest and best in our eager pursuit for baubles, for "sound and fury" that signify nothing, and yet seem so much?

My toilette that morning took a far longer time than usual. Long gold earrings dangled in my ears,

which had been lately pierced by my foolish aunt's advice; the dancing sunlight brought out red and golden glints in the brown curls that fell on my shoulders; the bright pink colour flushed my cheeks. I longed to be out holding up my blue skirt from the dew that I saw shining on the grass. Ah! *le bon temps de la jeunesse*. Just then our servant Maria came in.

"Are you going out, Miss Lina?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered sharply.

"Because you've forgotten to drop the master's mixture. Dr. Banks has ordered him to take it every morning."

It was true. My father had not been well, and the doctor had prescribed a soothing mixture which had to be dropped into a glass of water. I had never failed to remember it till this fatal morning.

"Give me the bottle," I said, eagerly.

Maria brought it and the glass. I took both from her, and turned to the window that the light might fall full on what I was doing. My eyes were dazzled with the sun. My hands were hot and trembling with excitement. I tried to steady them, but in vain. Just then, the clock struck eleven. It was the time that I had told Captain MacNamara I would be waiting for him in the green lane. I hastily uncorked the bottle, and dropped one, two, three, four drops into the glass. Five was the dose, but at the fifth my hand shook so much that two or three additional drops fell, or seemed to fall, from the rim of the bottle into the glass. I stopped hesitatingly. Should I throw this dose away, and drop another? The rapid ticking of the clock decided me; it gave a warning that the minutes were flitting by, and that if I wished to keep my appointment, I must make haste.

"And as for the extra drop or two," I said to myself, "it can't make much difference; and besides, I am not perfectly certain that another drop did really fall. Perhaps it was only my own fancy."

So I handed the glass to Maria.

"Here, give this to your master," I said to her. "I am in a great hurry now, and can't bring it to him myself; but tell him to take it, and that I will certainly be back in an hour's time." She took it from me, and I set off. Truly that last day of April was a day of days for exultant joyful beauty. The sun seemed to bask in his own sunniness; the mountains veiled their rounded tops with a faint delicious mist; the blue heavens were a very ecstasy of colour; the delicate air was as soft as a child's breath; the larks sang soaring up as if they would sing their very hearts out; and every little flower put out a tender sprig of green, as though it, too, must have a share in the universal joy. Some days seem nearer God than others, as some people are nearer heaven than earth. The children hummed tunes as they wandered along the lanes; the waggoners had fastened festoons of laburnum in their horses' heads, and they whistled as they trudged along. It seemed as though no one could be still. Why, ah! why can we not be still, and let the secrets of nature creep into our hearts as they may? That day was like a smile from God. I walked along, feeling the beauty of everything in a sort of far-off way. I was outside it, rather than a part of it; yet as I went on it began to steal into me, and life appeared unusually delicious, soft, and lovely. Ah! life, what possibilities do you not promise to the woman's heart of seventeen?

All this time I had not quite forgotten Captain MacNamara. I had hardly reached the end

of the green lane, when I saw him advancing towards me, twitching the end of a green bough in one hand. I wonder how it is that when we expect to be satisfied we never are satisfied, that something is always wanting to round our circles. The moment I saw Captain MacNamara I felt that I missed—I know not what. His keen satirical face, with its thin sarcastic lips and quizzical eyes, seemed altogether out of place among those lovely aspects of nature. It was like a gas lamp in the daylight. He tried to be agreeable and chatty as usual, but I was not of harmony with him, or he with me; there was a rift in the lute; we could not get on. How much, how very much, that “could not get on” implies! I had an impression on my mind that he intended “saying something” that day. Now I perceived that whatever it was, he could not get it out. It would not come. Was it through any fault of mine? Did I appear ugly or unpleasing in his sight? From my last glance at the glass, it had seemed to me that I had never looked so well. But no! it is no use striving against fate; fate will not, cannot be forced. We must yield to it; it will not yield to us.

So we walked almost silently up the lane, and parted more coldly than we had ever done before. Why, I knew not, except that we did. Can we account for all the mists, the shadows, the nameless little changes which ripple over the surface of our souls?

I turned into our avenue gate with slow, lagging steps, rather crestfallen, if I must confess the truth, at the result of my appointment. I had expected a victory, and I had got—well! if not a defeat, still something very like one. My charms had not been potent enough to bring Captain MacNamara to a declaration. How-

ever, I really cared but little about him. “I have my father still,” I said to myself. “He is always mine.” This thought crept like balm over my spirit, and I was abundantly consoled. I stopped at the door before I went in—it seemed almost wrong to shut out the lovely world—but just then Maria ran down the stairs exclaiming.—

“Miss Lina, Miss Lina, I am so glad you’ve come in. Master——”

“Well, what about your master?” I interrupted sharply.

“I gave him the drops after you went out as you told me, and a few minutes ago I knocked at the study door to know if he wanted anything, and he never answered. It made me all of a tremble.”

“He did not hear you,” I said. “he often does not hear.” And disregarding her indignant answer that she had knocked loud enough to wake the dead, I opened the study-door myself. Was there anything wrong?

My father was in his usual arm-chair, lying back with his face turned upwards, apparently asleep. I could not have told why, but as I looked, a cold shiver ran through my veins.

“Papa!” I cried, bending my face close to his. “Papa! Papa! wake up, wake up.”

He never stirred. I touched his hand. It felt limp and nerveless by his side. Quick as thought it flashed before me that I might have dropped an overdose of the mixture into the glass, and that this had worked a fatal work. Perhaps he was dead, and I—I had killed him!

“Papa papa!” I cried, and this time terror, agony, gripped me so tightly that the words seemed forced from my pale lips. “Papa, Lina is calling you.”

Still no answer. Maria looked at me with terrified eyes. I read

what was written in them. "He is not——." I stopped short; my very lips refused to say the word "dead." It could not be put into plain speech. "He is not ill," I gasped; "but tell James to saddle the horse to get Dr. Banks—to bring him here; quick, quick!" Yet my heart sank within me, as I remembered that Dr. Banks was seven long miles away.

"Have pity on me, oh! my God," I cried, in the bitterness of my horror. "Spare my father. Restore him to me, and let my life go for his life."

I rubbed his hands, I raised him in my arms, still no answer. His heart seemed to me to beat, but perhaps it was my own which throbbed so loudly that it appeared to give movement to his.

Just then Maria's shrill voice grated harshly on my ears.

"It's all that there horrid mixture," she said. "I thought you'd given him too much, miss, but I didn't like to say so. It smelt like anything when I brought it in to master. He said to me, 'Did Miss Lina drop this? It smells rather strong.' And I said, 'Yes, sir,' and then he drank it off; and there you see he is. He thought it was all right when you'd had a hand in it."

"Do you want to drive me mad?" I cried. "Let me have no more of your senseless hateful talk. It stifles—it suffocates me."

Together we lifted the mute, unconscious form on the sofa; we put hot jars to the feet; we bathed the face with cologne water; but still no sign of life, no movement, no sound; the grave pale statue-like face began to look strangely more statue-like; and, horror of horrors! the thin white hands felt as if they were getting cold. I had never seen death, only heard of it second-hand, but now all the symptoms recurred to me; they seemed

as if they were stamped with a hot iron on my soul.

Suddenly, I heard a scream upstairs. I looked at Maria. My eyes made the mute inquiry, "What is that?"

"It's poor mistress," she answered, holding her apron to her eyes. "She's crying for her husband, and what wonder?"

"Let no one cry," I exclaimed, fiercely. "No one has a right to cry but me. He was mine, he was always mine, only mine. He is mine. Oh! papa, papa!"

But neither hot tears nor burning kisses made any impression on that still marble face. Had not Elisha waked the dead, when he stretched himself on the widow's son seven times? so I did now with a sort of passionate faith that something might come of it. Yet no, no propitious sign rewarded me.

A ring tinkled at the door. There at last was the doctor! Again hope awakened, and again to be dashed to the ground.

Maria went out and returned with a card.

"It was only a gentleman left this for you, miss," she said, as she handed it to me. I glanced at it and read,—

"Captain Rawdon MacNamara,
"Madras Native Infantry.
"P. P. C."

I tore the card into a thousand atoms. If Captain Rawdon MacNamara had been standing before me, I think I could have felled him to the earth. Had he not been the cause of all this agony? If it had not been for him, my father would be alive and well this minute. I cursed my own besotted folly a hundred times, while the fatal words rang in my ears, "Too late! too late! too late!"

At last the doctor did really come. How I hated his grave solemn

face. He chafed and stuped, poured brandy into the closed lips. All apparently to no purpose.

Suddenly I remembered, with a flash of inspiration, a certain strong aromatic essence which some one had brought me from abroad.

I rushed upstairs for it. I thrust it into my father's nostrils. I shouted in his ear: "Papa! papa! wake up, it is little Lina that is calling you."

Then all at once he stretched himself; he moved, he spoke.

"Lina," he said, "is that you? I have had a long sleep. Come closer, my child. You have been away a long time."

Stunned, stupefied with the intensity of a great relief, I came closer—always, always closer. It was then I wondered whether any one had ever died of joy.

THE DOLE OF THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

(FOR A PAINTING.)

SEVEN stars in the still water,
And seven in the sky,
Seven sins on the King's daughter
Deep in her soul to lie—

Red roses at her feet
(Roses are red in her yellow hair).
And where her bosom and girdle meet,
Red roses are hidden there.

Fair is the knight that lieth slain
Amid the rush and reed;
See the lean fishes that are slain
Upon dead men to feed.

Sweet is the page that lieth there
(Cloth of gold is goodly prey) :
See the black ravens in the air,
Black, O black, as the night are they.

What do they there so stark and dead ?
(There is blood upon her hand :)
Why are the lilies flecked with red ?
(There is blood on the river sand.)

There are two that ride from the north and east,
And two from the south and west,
For the black ravens a goodly feast,
For the King's daughter rest.:

There is one man that loves her true,
(Red—oh, red is the stain of gore !)
He hath duggen a grave by the darksome yew,
(One grave will do for four).

No moon in the still heaven,
In the black water none,
The sins on her soul are seven,
The sin upon his is one.

OSCAR O'F. WILLS WILDE.

Magdalen College, Oxford.

CHARACTERISTICS OF GOETHE AND SCHILLER.

BEFORE entering upon any description of the characteristics of those great central figures of their age—Goethe and Schiller—it may be well to make some allusion to the remarkable outbreak of genius in 1800, the possible causes of which so many have speculated upon. The growth of so truly national a literature is (according to the late Lord Lytton), in a comparison with our Elizabethan Age, greater in sudden and Titan-like development, and may only with justice be likened to the “flood” of genius which overspread Greece after the third Persian war.

The age was ripe for this literary evolution; the language had become a noble medium for its expression. Since the time of Opitz, who had defined the rules of verse—in fact systematized a school of German poesy—it had been growing into a purer and more refined state, until, after a term of years, it received from Luther's hand its modern definite character.

And here the striking parallel with our own so-called Elizabethan Age is apparent: it also exhibited the same receptive appreciation for the works of the great dramatists. Are not the names of Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Wieland, and Herder worthy of comparison (if at a distance in some cases) to those of Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Marlowe, and Fletcher? The language, too, from Chaucer's time, had been establishing its characteristics, and by degrees

had been freeing itself from the encumbrances of dialectic forms.

Political affairs in Germany, however, did not seem to favour the era which was about to be inaugurated. It was under the quasi-patronage of Frederick the Great, who preferred the neatly-turned sophistries of Voltaire to the firstlings of the literary epoch then commencing, that Goethe and Schiller wrote some of their works.

Notwithstanding such discouragements, the spirit of the nation was not to be extinguished by the frowns of a capricious Franco-German, and the infection—for this is the only word that adequately describes such a literary epidemic—spread over the whole country. A new philosophy, a new poetry, a new school of Romance, perhaps mediæval in type, but into which nevertheless a fiery soul of modern thought was poured, started into being as if by magic. The works produced in this crisis, which united new vigour and daring with the quaint richness of mediæval forms, were destined not only to be the basis of a proud national literature, but subsequently, as if by recoil, to influence both mind and art of Europe.

It is with Goethe and Schiller, as the two representative figures of the new era, that we propose to deal in this short paper, pointing out some of their mental dissimilarities and likenesses, and briefly illustrating these by allusions to their works. Their points of resemblance are indeed many, but those of difference are many more.

Although this is the case, it is hardly possible to consider them apart with respect to German literature, since both together are an individuality, representing a distinct step in advance. "Our whole later school of poesy (writes Karl Barthel) is to be regarded but as an autumn after the summer-lives of Goethe and Schiller." *

As a preliminary to entering upon a nearer examination of the mental characteristics of the two poets, we must look at the conditions which were instrumental in developing these. Mr. Ruskin—an extravagant modern word-painter—writes:—

"The greatness or the smallness of a man is determined for him at his birth as strictly as it is determined for a fruit whether it is to be a currant or an apricot. Education, favourable circumstances, resolute industry, may do much—in a certain sense they do everything; that is to say, they determine whether the apricot shall fall in the form of a bud, blighted by the east wind, or be trodden under foot; or whether it shall expand into the tender pride and sweet brightness of golden velvet."

Now all this, divested of its gaudy phraseology, seems simply to imply that the mind from the instant of its first perceptions is, in great measure, in its development, dependent upon and governed by external circumstances. There need be no hesitation about accepting this axiom as true: we state it as it elucidates the great secret of the divergent natures of Goethe and Schiller. The latter spent the early years of his life surrounded by circumstances which were in the highest degree unfavourable to the development of a poetic mind.

"Pegasus im Joche" was the story of his youth; and poverty has little room for romance. Goethe, on the other hand, was a child of fortune—a Sonntagskind; his first impressions were those of plenty, enjoyment, happy independence. Schiller's whole nature was, therefore, deep, earnest, introspective; to use the Kantian term, of a subjective cast; whilst that of Goethe was expansive, gay, and of an objective tendency. These prime characteristics have, before all others, left an indelible stamp upon their works. "If you heard Goethe and Schiller conversing (remarked the wife of the latter) you would admire in Goethe the wealth, the depth, and the power of his nature; in Schiller the lofty mental capability of casting his deductions from nature into an intellectual form."

But we pass on to consider other points in which they strikingly contrast with each other, taking first their poems to illustrate these points. Here with Schiller all is sorrowful; he rejoices in the terrible. Many of his poems are night thoughts, for he loved to write in the solemn silent hours. Thus were produced such composition as the Odes to Laura, and the philosophic poems "Das Ideal" and "Das Ideal und das Leben." With Goethe all is different; his pictures are more universal, we forget the artist in the masterpiece. He celebrates his triumph over society in the most diverse and charming forms. Beethoven said that he never read a poem of Goethe without feeling a desire to compose—so strong an influence had the poet's musical language upon him. It is a fact worth remarking that Goethe himself had an utter aversion to music. With Goethe joy and

gloom interchange, his presentations are pure and classic; and everywhere the individuality of the author is kept in the background. It is a consciousness of this marvellous versatile power, a conviction that his heart soars far above rules, which causes the poet proudly to exclaim,—

“Ich bin von keiner Schule!”

It is a high position which Goethe can lay claim to as the first lyric poet of Germany; for “Lyric poetry (says Karl Barthel) is the basis of the modern school.” “Heine (remarks Mr. Matthew Arnold) is the continuator of that which in Goethe’s varied activity is the most powerful and vital; on Heine, of all German authors who survived Goethe, incomparably the largest portion of Goethe’s mantle fell.” *

This distinction, which thus briefly we have endeavoured to establish between the poets, leads up to a second consideration, that of their respective positions as tragic writers. And here the subjectivity of Schiller places him in the foreground. He is perhaps the only great tragic poet who has lived in the same century with ourselves. Portentous and idealized as his conceptions of character sometimes are, every one must feel that the strange power by which they hold us is derived from nothing else but the real present life which we live. It is to this peculiarity in Schiller’s mind that Mr. Lewes seems to refer when he accuses him of “portraying demi-gods and angels,” like Posa and Thekla, and not men and women like Igmont and Clärchen. Here, perhaps, Mr. Lewes is a little hyper-critical. The friendship of Posa for Carlos is not violently overdrawn. Surely it is moderately tinted for an age celebrated for its fantastic friendships. These belonged to the

religion of the time, and were due to the spread of Ossian, and the notions of excessive sentimentality which Klopstock had introduced. In Schiller’s last, and perhaps greatest work—“Wilhelm Tell”—he returns to the poetry of history, and here again his intellectual idiosyncrasies meet us in every scene. To sum up with Mr. Carlyle’s dictum: “He is the poet of truth. Our understandings and consciences are satisfied, while our hearts and imaginations are moved.”

In examining the characteristics of Goethe as a tragic poet, we notice a similarity with those of Schiller. Goethe had the singular facility of divesting himself of intellectual identity—of losing himself in his writings. He could become that which he contemplated or described. He could feel the sensations, and think the thoughts of other beings; and his power of identifying himself with every state or mode of human existence was not at all confined to the aspects it had already exhibited. His imagination could present him with new situations, new influences, and new results, with equal truth and vivacity. His faculty of conceiving situations is wonderfully exemplified in “Tasso.” His genius was synthetic rather than analytic. Mr. Lewes, a discriminating analyser of his mind, notes a further characteristic—his “impatient susceptibility,” to which we owe such fragmentary works as his poem on Nature, the epic poem on Tell, and “Prometheus.” “Whatever could be done in a few days (remarks the same critic) while the impulse lasted was done; longer works were spread over a series of years.”

Such a work was “Faust,” upon which, as it will afford illustration of some points already mentioned, a few words may be said. Goethe

has most of all imaged himself in this work—the most characteristic production of German genius. In it he has embodied each phase through which his mind passed during his long career of seventy years. The first part of “Faust” represents the spirit of the Gothic, as the second that of the classic imagination. Scarcely any other poem embraces so many elements. The spirit of philosophy and poetry, of the past and present, the legends of the Middle Ages, intermingled with the experiences of the writer’s existence, human and psychological. In working out his theme Goethe has displayed alike the genius of the poet, philosopher, and phantast. Reflection, imagination, knowledge of life and nature, feeling, thought, grotesqueness, and sublimity are found embodied in its various scenes, many of which, in their wildness, strangeness, and rapidity, resemble the phantom-like pictures shown by a magic lantern. Beside such a work as this the mere fleshly horrors which Marlowe depicts show to very poor advantage.

Another characteristic of the poet which Mr. Lewes insists on may here be noticed: “Schiller (he says) was animated with the idea of freedom; Goethe, on the contrary, was animated with the idea of nature. This distinction may be seen throughout their works. Schiller always pining for something greater than nature, wishing to make men gods; Goethe always striving to let nature have free development, and produce the highest forms of humanity.” This is perhaps an unconscious adaptation of Goethe’s remark to Eckermann, namely, that the idea of the soul’s immortality flowed from that of its activity: “For if I advance (said Goethe) in intellectual activity in the same ratio as my bodily tenement weakens, nature thereby seems to pledge herself to bring me into a state of existence

more suitable to the ripe state of my being.”

But let us see how these great spirits, kindred though so dissimilar, treated nature. Imlac says of the poet: “He must act as the interpreter of nature and the legislator of mankind,” and with this canon it will be found the genius of Goethe and Schiller complies. This trait also in their treatment of nature they possess in common, that with its truth they have closely associated the idea of poetry. In no department of writing is the individuality of genius better seen than in descriptive poetry. It must invariably bear the stamp of the man’s self, and with Goethe and Schiller this is eminently remarkable. The latter, like Wordsworth, looked upon nature as a lofty ideal to be worshipped at an infinite distance; whilst the former treated it as Scott and Burns did, with what has been called “hearty hilarity.”

A very noteworthy evidence of the variance between the mental constitutions of the two poets is to be remarked in the effect which the reading of Shakspeare exercised on both. Goethe was carried away by his feelings; the impression made upon him was sudden as it was strong. At first Schiller seemed hardly to comprehend the genius of the great dramatist, but soon he enthusiastically acknowledged the proportions of Shakspeare’s mind. The influence which the English dramatist exercised on the minds of both poets is clearly traceable in their works. It gave a new characteristic to Schiller’s plays, and through it, by his criticisms in “Wilhelm Meister,” Goethe became the founder of the German school of Shakspeare commentators. At the time of Goethe’s first acquaintance with the works of Shakspeare, he delivered a curious speech, which has a flavour of “Sturm und Drang” about it: “Let me have air (he cried) that I may speak. He

rivalled Prometheus, and moulded his men feature by feature, only of colossal proportions. In this lies the reason that we cannot recognize our brethren. He breathed into them the breath of his mind. He speaks in all of them. Nature prophecies. My men are but soap bubbles blown from romantic fancies."

It has been a subject of warm discussion among literary historians for which of the two poets the palm for excellence ought to be claimed. The question was agitated even during Goethe's lifetime, and formed a pet subject of contention about which minor authors and

critics wrangled to their hearts' content. Even if a satisfactory conclusion could be arrived at, it would be of very little practical value, for both ought rather—as we have stated at the outset—to be regarded as a literary whole, as representing a distinct epoch. Goethe, in his latter days, when the debate was vigorous, expressed his dissatisfaction at it, declaring it to be useless. It was the duty of all honest Germans, he asserted, to rejoice, in that they had been blest with two such pioneers, who had together contributed a share so large to the literature and mind of Germany.

THE BELL.

High up in the steeple I merrily swing,

A thorough old stoic am I,

What matters the reason so long as I ring.

Whether people get married or die?

To welcome the coming and speed the departing,

I merrily, merrily ring.

Should a fire or a flood wake the town in a fright,

Should destruction or riot arise,

Right jovially then I ring out on the night,

And wake with my carol the skies.

To welcome the coming and speed the departing.

In, and in sorrow I ring.

No trouble or sorrow can ever touch me,
For I dance to all tunes fast or slow:
I rang on the day you were born, with glee,
And I'll ring when I see you laid low.
To welcome the coming and speed the departing,
Unflagging as ever I ring.

The grey-haired old sexton's the best of my friends,
And he knows that to please him I'll ring;
His hands grasp the rope, and his old form bends,
And he sways to and fro as I ring.
To welcome the coming and speed the departing,
At his bidding I merrily ring.

With a rush and a bound, and a clash and a clang,
I swing till the old turrets shake,
And the beams leap and throb with each ponderous bang,
And dance to the music I make.
To welcome the coming and speed the departing,
With frantic enjoyment I ring.

T. M.

HISTORY OF THE MUNSTER CIRCUIT.

BY J. RODERICK O'FLANAGAN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

CHAPTER VII.

THE trial of Sir Henry Brown Hayes, for the abduction of Miss Pike, took place at the Cork Spring Assizes, on the 13th April, 1801, before Mr. Justice Day. A very numerous and able bar appeared at both sides.

The counsel for the prosecution were Messrs. Curran, Hoare, Townsend, Gould, Burton, Waggett, and Wilmot; attorney, Mr. Richard Martin.

The counsel for the prisoner were Messrs. Quin, Keller, White, Grady, Fitzgerald, Hitchcock, Franks, and Dobbin; attorney, Mr. Fleming.

Two indictments were found by the grand jury, one for the abduction, another for procuring it; but, on coming into court, the counsel for the Crown quashed the second indictment, and went to trial upon the first. This contained two counts, one for abduction, with intent to marry, the other with intent to defile. The case is fully detailed in Mr. Curran's speech, which was as follows:—

“ My Lord, and gentlemen of the jury. It is my duty, as one of the counsel in this prosecution, to state to you such facts as I am instructed will be established by evidence, in order that you may be informed of the nature of the offence charged by the indictment, and be rendered

capable of understanding that evidence, which, without some previous statement, might appear irrelevant or obscure.

“ This is an indictment against the prisoner for having feloniously carried away Mary Pike, with intent, against her will, to marry her; there is another charge also, that he did, feloniously, carry her away with intent to defile her.”

Having stated the alterations in the law to meet the difficulty of procuring evidence in these cases, and that the offence was capital—for taking away with intent to marry or defile, although in fact no marriage or defilement took place, was punishable with death—and referring to the seriousness of the offence, Mr. Curran continued: “ I will now state to you the facts, as I am instructed they will appear to you in evidence. The prisoner at the bar (and considering his education, his age, rank, and situation in society, I do regret, from my soul, that he is there) married many years ago; his wife died, leaving him the surviving parent of, I believe, many children. Miss Mary Pike is the only child of a person whom, I suppose, you knew as Mr. Samuel Pike, of this city. He had devoted a long life to a very persevering and successful industry, and died, advanced in years, leaving this, his only child, entitled to all the fruits of his laborious and persevering

application. The property she is entitled to, I understand, is very great indeed. At the time of the transaction to which your attention must be called, she was living in the house, and under the protection, of an universally respected member of society, Mr. Cooper Penrose. From the moment her mind was susceptible of it, no expense was spared to give her every accomplishment that she was capable of receiving; and in the house of her own father, while he lived, and in the house of Mr. Penrose, when she came under his protection, her mind was framed to the most correct principles of modesty, and delicacy, and decorum, with these additional characteristics, humility and reserve, that belong to that most respectable sect of which her father was a member. The prisoner at the bar, it seems, had heard of her and had heard of her property; for it is a material circumstance in this case that he never, by any accident, had seen her, even for a moment, until he went to see and identify her person, and mark her out the victim of his projected crime. Some time before the 22nd of July, 1797, he rode down to the residence of Mr. Penrose. Mr. Penrose has a country house, built in a very beautiful situation, and which attracts the curiosity of strangers, who frequently go to see it. The prisoner at the bar went into the grounds, as one of these, and seemed to observe everything with great attention. Mr. Penrose immediately came out to him, and conducted him to whatever objects he supposed might gratify his curiosity. He affected to be much entertained; he lingered about the grounds until the hour of Mr. Penrose's dinner approached. Mr. Penrose, quite a stranger to the prisoner at the bar, was not, I suppose, very anxious to invite a perfect stranger in among his family. However, with that good nature

which any man of his cordial and honest turn of mind will feel it his duty to exercise, he did invite Sir Henry Hayes to dinner. The invitation was accepted of, and thus the first step towards the crime he meditated was an abuse of the sacred duty which the hospitality of his host imposed upon him, as a man, and a gentleman. He made his observations, and took his departure; but it was not a departure for the last time.

“Mrs. Pike, the widow, mother of the prosecutrix, was then in Cork, in a dangerous state of health. In order to get Miss Pike out of the hands of her protector, a stratagem was adopted. Dr. Gibbings was the attending physician upon her mother—it does not appear that the prosecutrix knew the handwriting of Dr. Gibbings—but it was necessary that a letter should be sent, as if from Dr. Gibbings; but to do so with effect, it was necessary that a letter should be written to Mr. Penrose in a handwriting having such a resemblance to the Doctor's as might pass for genuine. To qualify himself for this, the prisoner made some pretext for sending a written message to Dr. Gibbings, which produced a written answer from the Doctor. Thus was he furnished with the form of the Doctor's handwriting, which he intended to counterfeit; and accordingly, there was written, on the 22nd of July, 1797, a letter so like the character of Dr. Gibbings, that he, himself, on a slight glance, would be apt to take it for his own. It was in these words:—

“‘Dear Sir,—Our friend Mrs. Pike is taken suddenly ill; she wishes to see Miss Pike. We would recommend despatch, as we think she has not many hours to live.—Yours, ROBERT GIBBINGS.’

“Addressed to Mr. Cooper Penrose.

“The first step to the crime was a

flagrant breach of hospitality, and the second, towards the completion, was the inhuman fraud of practising upon the piety of the child, to decoy her into the trap of the ravisher, to seduce her to destruction by the angelic impulses of that feeling that attaches her to the parent—that sends her, after the hour of midnight, from the house of her protector, to pay the last duty, and to receive the parting benediction. Such was the intention with which the prosecutrix, of a rainy night, between one and two o'clock in the morning, rose from her bed; such was her intention, it was not her destination; it was not to visit the sick bed of a parent; it was not to carry a daughter's duty of consolation to her dying mother; it was not for that she came abroad; it was, that she might fall into the hands of preconcerted villany, that she should fall into that trap which was laid for her, with the intention to despoil her of everything that makes human existence worth the having, by any female who has any feeling of decency or honour. I should state to you that she left the house of Mr. Penrose in his carriage, attended by two female relatives, one of them his daughter, and when they had advanced half way to Cork, the carriage was suddenly met by four or five men. They ordered the coachman to stop. One of them was dressed in a great coat, and armed with pistols, and had the lower part of his face concealed by tying a handkerchief round it.

"The ladies, as you may suppose, were exceedingly terrified at such a circumstance as this. They asked, as well as their extreme terror would permit, 'what they sought for,' they were answered 'They must be searched.' On looking about, they perceived another chaise stationed near the place where they were detained. It will appear to

you that Miss Pike was taken, forcibly, out of the carriage from her friends; that she was placed in the other chaise I have mentioned, in which she found—shame to tell it—a woman. The traces of Mr. Penrose's chaise were then cut, and the ladies that came in it left, of course, to find their way as well as they could, and return in the dark.

"The carriage into which the prosecutrix was put drove off towards Cork; the female who was with her will appear to you to have been the sister of the prisoner. Happy for her that death has taken her away from being the companion of his trial, and of his punishment, as she was the accomplice of his guilt; but she is dead. The carriage drove on to the seat belonging to the prisoner, called Mount Vernon. At the bottom of the avenue, of considerable length, the horses refused to go on, upon which the prisoner rode up to the chaise, dismounted, opened the door, took the prosecutrix out, and carried her, struggling in his arms, to his house. When he arrived there he carried her upstairs, where she saw a man attired like a priest, and she was then told that she was brought there to marry the prisoner. Then, whatever sort of ceremony they thought right to perform, took place; something was muttered in a language which she partly did not hear, and partly could not understand; she was then his wife, then Lady Hayes. A letter was then to be written to apprise her miserable relatives of their new affinity. A pen was put into her hand, and she consented to write, in hopes it might lead to her deliverance; but when the sad scrawl was finished, and the subscription only remained, neither entreaties nor menaces could prevail upon her to write the odious name of the ravisher. She subscribed herself by the surname of her departed father.

"My Lord, and gentlemen of the

jury, you will soon see the young lady. You will see that, whatever grace of proportion her person possesses, it does not seem formed for much power of resistance or self-defence. But there is a last effort of sinking modesty that can rally more than the powers of nature to the heart, and send them to every fibre of the frame—when they can achieve more than pure vulgar strength can do upon any occasion. That effort she did make, and made it with effect; and, in that instance, innocence was crowned with success.

“Baffled in his purposes of force, he sought to soften, to conciliate. ‘And do you know me?’ said he. ‘Yes,’ answered she, ‘I do know you; I do now remember you did go to my cousin, as you say you did. I remember your mean intrusion. You are Sir Henry Hayes!’”

She remained in this captivity until her friends got intelligence of her situation. Justice was applied to; a party went to the house of the prisoner for the purpose of releasing her. The prisoner had fled. His sister, his accomplice, had fled. They left behind them Miss Pike, who was taken back by her relatives. Information was lodged immediately; the prisoner absconded; Government was apprised, and felt as it ought. By proclamation a reward was offered for the apprehension of the prisoner. The family of Miss Pike also offered a considerable sum in addition. For some time he kept in concealment; the rewards were offered in vain; the prisoner was outlawed; but soon reappeared in Cork.

“While Sir Henry Hayes was appearing at large, Miss Pike fled to England, where she remained for two years.

“A few months ago, previous to the last term, a letter was sent to Miss Pike by the prisoner. The

purport of it was to state that his conduct had been honourable and delicate, and asserting that any lady could not be so sanguinary as to wish for the blood of an individual, however guilty; intimating a threat that her conduct, upon this occasion, would work her fate through life; desiring her to withdraw her advertisement, saying he would abide his trial at the assizes of Cork, boasting his influence in the city in which he lived, thanking God he stands as high as any man in the regards of rich and poor, of which the inefficiency of her present and former rewards must convince her.

“The outlawry was reversed without opposition by the counsel for the prosecution; because their object was to admit him to plead to the charge, and take his trial by a jury. He pleaded to that indictment, and now stands at the bar of this court for the purpose of trial.

“The publicity of his living in this city during two years did so impress the minds of the friends of this unhappy lady with despair of obtaining justice, that they did struggle hard to try the offence at a distant place, in the capital, where the authority of the court might keep public justice in some sort of countenance. That application was refused, and justly did you, my Lord, and the learned judges, your brethren, ground yourselves upon the reason which you gave. ‘We will not,’ said you, ‘give a judicial sanction to a reproach of such a scandalous atrocity upon any county in the land, much less upon the second city in it.’”

Having referred to the abduction of the Misses Kennedy, Mr. Curran continued—

“I am glad that the Court of King’s Bench did not yield to the despair which had taken place in the minds of those who were anxious to bring the prosecution forward. I am glad the prisoner was sent to

the bar, in order that you may decide upon it."

Mr. Curran then applied himself to the evidence necessary to sustain the indictment under the Statute. Having done so he thus concluded his opening statement: "Once more, and for the last time, let me state to you, you have heard the charge. Believe nothing upon my statement. Hear and weigh the evidence. If you doubt its truth, acquit without hesitation. By the laws of any country, because by those of eternal justice, doubt and acquittal are synonymous terms. If, on the other hand, the guilt of the prisoner shall, unhappily, be clearly proved, remember what you owe to your fame, your conscience, and your country. I shall trouble you no further, but shall call evidence in support of the indictment, and I have not a doubt that there will be such a verdict given.—whether conviction or acquittal—as may hereafter be spoken of without kindling any shame in yourselves or your country."

Before the witnesses were examined Mr. Curran requested the judge would not allow any person to stand with the prisoner at the bar.

Mr. Quin, on behalf of the prisoner, had no desire that his friends should stay by him, but mentioned that when Horne Tooke was tried, he was attended by his counsel. Mr. Justice Day said, "The prisoner should have that privilege when he came to make his defence, but for the present, all, save his attorney and one of his counsel, were ordered to withdraw from the bar."

There was great sensation in Court when Miss Pike came upon the table to give evidence. She was, at first, a little agitated, but soon regained her self-possession, and detailed the case as stated by counsel. I give some extracts from her examination on the direct, and when cross-examined. To the ques-

tions of the counsel for the prosecution she detailed as follows:—

"How did you get into his house?"

"He took me in his arms into the parlour."

"What happened after you got into the house—were there lights in the parlour?"

"There was a snuff of a candle, just going out."

"Miss Pike, be so good as to tell what happened after you got into the parlour. Did any other person make their appearance?"

"Yes. Two women."

"Did you see anybody else in the house that night, but Sir Henry Hayes and the two women?"

"I did not, until the next morning."

"Did you see any person in that house at any time after?"

"Yes, a man in priest's habits."

"Was it at night or next morning?"

"It was next morning."

"At break of day?"

"Yes."

"Did anything particular happen then?"

"Before that I was forced upstairs."

"By whom?"

"Sir Henry Hayes and his sister."

"After you were forced upstairs, did anything particular happen?"

"Before that, there was a kind of ceremony read, and they forced a ring upon my finger; before I was taken upstairs there was a kind of ceremony of marriage, and a man appeared, dressed in the habit of a clergyman."

Mr. Justice Day: You said something about a ring?

Miss Pike: A ring was attempted to be forced on my finger which I threw away.

Counsel: After you were forced upstairs, and after this kind of a ceremony of marriage was performed, did anything particular happen upstairs?

"I was locked into a room."

"What sort of a room?"

"A small room with two windows."

"What happened after that? Do you recollect anything more?"

"There was tea brought up, and after that Sir Henry Hayes came up."

"After Sir Henry Hayes came up, did anything happen?"

Judge: It is now about four years ago; and, therefore, mention only what you remember.

Miss Pike: I remember his father coming up.

Judge: Was the room furnished or unfurnished?

Miss Pike: There was a bed and a table in it.

Counsel: Do you recollect anything that passed after Sir Henry's coming up; and if you do, state it to the court?

Miss Pike: I recollect perfectly his coming in and out, and behaving in the rudest manner, and saying I was his wife.

"Were you restored shortly after?"

"About eight o'clock next morning."

"Was or was not any part of that transaction between you and Sir Henry Hayes with your consent or against it?"

"Against it, entirely."

"While at Mount Vernon did you write anything?"

"Yes. I wrote a note to my uncle to let him know where I was."

Miss Pike was cross-examined by Mr. Quin. He asked the following questions:—

"Can you swear that, at the time, you knew any one of the persons who took and carried you away from that part of the Glanmire road, where you were stopped?"

"No. I cannot."

"Your uncle mentioned something as you went along of the necessity of giving immediate information—did he not?"

"He did."

"When did you give the informations?"

"The Monday morning following."

"Do you recollect what day of the week it happened?"

"I believe Saturday."

"And you gave the informations on Monday?"

"I did."

"Where did you swear them?"

"At my aunt's."

"Who drew them out?"

"I do not know who wrote them."

"Do you recollect whether you swore in the informations, that Sir Henry took you away on the Glanmire road?"

"I believe I did not."

"Was there any interposition used with you to induce you to come into court this morning?"

"No, there was not."

"Did any person describe the dress or person of Sir Henry Hayes to you before you came into court?"

"No, sir."

"Will you now say, upon your oath, that if at the time you came into court and sat upon the table, you were asked the question, that you could have said, positively, you knew Sir Henry Hayes?"

"No, I could not; because he might have been very much disguised."

The witnesses to other facts for the prosecution were Mr. and Miss Penrose, Dr. Gibbings, and Mr. Richard Pike. When the case for the prosecution closed, Mr. Quin very ably addressed the jury on behalf of the prisoner. He laboured strongly to prove the insufficiency of the evidence under the Statute of abduction, and commented upon the quashing of the second indictment, showing the counsel for the prosecution were unable to sustain it. There were no witnesses produced for the defence, but Mr. Curran replied. He said, "It is the undoubted privilege of the Crown to

reply in all criminal cases; not only to a point of law, but if the prisoner's counsel speak to evidence, the Crown is warranted to reply. I might, by law, have prevented such speaking altogether, but I will never oppose such indulgence to a prisoner. I feel myself bound to answer objections in point of law, as the evidence for the prosecution has not been controverted. Much has been said about that indictment which has been quashed; the observations on that, as far as they go, are a complete answer to themselves. It is undoubted law, that if a man be indicted as a principal, and acquitted, and afterwards indicted as an accessory before the fact, that the former acquittal is a conclusive plea in bar. The law is clearly settled in that case, and an acquittal upon the present indictment would be a complete bar to any prosecution upon the second; therefore it was that the second indictment was quashed. We sent up that indictment in fact, because we did not, with precise exactness, know how the evidence would turn out upon this trial. The second indictment was a mere charge of accessorial offence; but feeling that to bring forward the real merits of the case, we should go upon the first indictment, we thought it would be an act of unwarrantable vexation, not to apprise the prisoner, the court, and the jury, that that was the only charge against him." He then argued as to the sufficiency of the evidence to sustain the charge of abduction. "What is a taking and carrying away?" He showed how the prisoner visited at Mr. Penrose's house in order to be able to identify the prosecutrix, and the prisoner taking her in his arms from the foot of the hill at Mount Vernon. He distinguished the cases cited by Mr. Quin as having no bearing on this case. One was a burglary, the other murder. He distinguished

the case of the King and Lipyard, in which a lady's earring, though forced from her ear, was found in her curls, and there was held not a sufficient carrying away. But, when a man in an inn stole the sheets off his bed and took them to a stable, where they were removed by an accomplice, the taking and carrying away was held complete. Miss Pike was taken by force out of the chaise; she was taken by force up the avenue; she was taken by force into a room. Every fact, if the jury believed the evidence, was by force, and against her consent. "Let me remind the jury that such an idea as this ought not to go abroad—that a gang may be hired by a man to force away a woman, and that that man, meeting her in the last stage of the transaction, shall completely commit a felony, against the Statute, with impunity."

Judge Day then charged the jury very clearly. They retired to their room, and after an hour's deliberation returned into court with a verdict of Guilty, but with a recommendation for mercy. The law points, taken by the prisoner's counsel to the insufficiency of the evidence to sustain the indictment, were referred to the twelve Judges, who decided against the prisoner. The recommendation to mercy was attended to, in procuring a commutation of sentence from death to exile, and the prisoner was transported.

About the commencement of the present century a terrible murder took place in the neighbourhood of Macroom, in the county of Cork. A house, built on a rising ground, with a well-wooded lawn in front, dotted by clumps of wide-spreading trees, was called Codrum House. It was then occupied by Colonel Hutchenson and his maiden sister. The gentleman, then advanced in years, had commanded a corps of volunteers in the patriot army of

1782, and retained his military rank long after the corps he commanded had ceased to bear arms. He was much liked in the country, as a just and upright magistrate, a kind and considerate master, a fair and liberal employer. In the month of May, in the year 1800, Miss Hutchinson was aroused from sleep by hearing a smashing of glass, as if a window was broken in; she then heard a noise, as of several men rushing into the house. Quite terrified, she remained in a state of alarm, until the sound of departing footsteps informed her the intruders had departed. She then ventured forth; there was the light of the summer morning illuminating the hall and stairs. At the foot of the stairs lay the body of a man. There was blood flowing from the side of the prostrate form; sick at heart she descended the stairs and beheld the bloody corpse of her beloved brother, Colonel Hutchinson.

Her shrieks brought up a servant man, named Reen, who declared he had not heard any noise, as he was very deaf, and went at once to give the alarm. The place was soon filled with the neighbours, who were loud in the denunciations of this murderous deed. They found a large kitchen window broken open, and quite shattered.

There was no more damage done to the house; no articles were taken; the locks were uninjured; chests of drawers, desks, writing cases—all were untouched. Neither money or goods were taken.

An inquest was held on the body of Colonel Hutchinson. A small hole was found near the heart, from which the life blood oozed away. The blood saturated the clothes. There was no evidence to throw suspicion on any one in particular, so "Wilful murder by some person or persons unknown," was the verdict of the coroner's jury. Who

had done the bloody deed? The gentry of Muskerey were resolved never to rest until the question was fully and satisfactorily answered. An active corps of yeomanry, which comprised men of all ranks and creeds, left no stone unturned to hunt out the perpetrators of this deed. Among them a Mr. McCarthy, who held the rank of sergeant in the corps, was one of the most active.

Suspicion of knowing much of the melancholy fate of the murdered Colonel attached to a man named Malachy Duggan, who resided in the neighbourhood of Macroom. He was a man of dissolute habits, fond of drink, quarrelsome, and noted for a turbulent, riotous disposition. He was of more than ordinary strength and ferocity. His influence with the country people was very great, he was considered the head of the Whiteboys of the district, and Mr. McCarthy was positive Duggan planned the attack on Codrum House, which led to the death of Colonel Hutchinson. Actuated by this belief, Mr. McCarthy proceeded to Duggan's farm, and then and there arrested him for the murder.

Duggan treated the charge as ridiculous, and made light of it. "It is no light matter," said Mr. McCarthy; "and as you may have to remain in gaol for some time, better give some directions about your farm." This made Duggan alter his tone. "Do you think there is anything agin me, Mr. McCarthy?" inquired Duggan eagerly.

"Plenty," said McCarthy, gaining confidence from the change in Duggan's manner. He then prepared to accompany the patrol of yeomanry, and as there was some distance to Macroom from his farm, he mounted his horse to ride. Mr. McCarthy noticed he cut a willow rod as a riding switch when leaving

his house, and, while brooding over what he had to undergo, he commenced unconsciously biting the wand. Some idea of the fretful mood of the man may be imagined from the fact that before Macroom boomed in sight Duggan had nibbled the wand into bits.

The magistrate to whom Duggan was brought informed him that a sum of three hundred pounds was to reward any one who informed upon the murderers, and contributed to prosecute them to conviction. This induced Duggan to offer such information as would convict the gang, of which, as Mr. McCarthy surmised, he was the leader.

There were no less than fourteen engaged to rob Codrum House. They were brought to the place by Duggan. They broke in the kitchen window and got into the hall. It appeared that Colonel Hutchinson had not retired to rest, and, to the surprise of the gang, came down stairs on hearing the noise of their entrance. Unluckily one of the gang was his gamekeeper, another McCarthy. "What!" cried the Colonel, "are you here, McCarthy?" This sealed his fate. The gang saw they were recognized; Duggan gave the order: "McCarthy, do your duty." The fowling-piece, the property of Colonel Hutchinson, in the hands of his servant, was the weapon which caused that gentleman's death. When the Colonel lay dead at the stair foot fear fell upon the gang. They had not courage to proceed further, and they fled. No arrests were made until after Malachy Duggan was taken before the justice of the peace in Macroom, and gave his information. Then the gang dispersed. Some fled to the mountains of Kerry and to the rocks and precipices of Bere and Bantry; but six of the four-

teen were captured and tried in Cork for the murder. Among those arrested were a brother of McCarthy, the gamekeeper, and a cousin of Malachy Duggan.

During the trial the evidence of Malachy was corroborated in several particulars. An ingenious effort to discredit him was made by John Duggan, one of the prisoners. As Malachy swore that the killing was effected by the contents of the gun fired by the gamekeeper, McCarthy, John Duggan said that was untrue; that the Colonel was killed by a blow from his hammer—he was a mason; and that it was with this same hammer the kitchen window was broken. The marks in the shutters of the window corresponded with the sharp end of John Duggan's hammer, and for the purpose of further testing his confession the body of Colonel Hutchinson was dis-interred. The hole, near the heart, might have been made by the sharp end of the stone hammer, but it was clear that he had been shot. The surgeon found several slugs lodged in the region of the heart. This bore out Malachy's evidence; the prisoners were all found guilty, sentenced to be hung in the square of Macroom, and their heads placed on spikes on the roof of the gaol, as a terror to evil-doers. The fate of one of the condemned men created much sympathy, that of Callaghan McCarthy, the gamekeeper's brother. He vehemently denied having had hand, act, or part in the murder, or the attack on Codrum House, and the peasantry believed his statement. It was supposed that Duggan swore against him, fearing that he would seek revenge for his informing against the gamekeeper.

A singular event is related* as having taken place on the day of the execution. Mr. Madden says: "They

* *Fade "Madden's Revelations of Ireland," p. 250.*

(the condemned men) were placed on horseback, their persons being fastened. Riding up through the streets of Macroom, an old woman threw herself in the way of the cavalcade, before John Duggan's horse, and cried out in Irish, 'John Duggan, John Duggan, you owe me sixpence.' The culprit, who looked more dead than alive, contrived, though his arms were pinioned, with his fingers to jerk out of his pocket a sixpenny-piece to the old woman. When she was asked 'why she tormented Duggan at that time?' she replied, "Troth, then, shure I wouldn't be afther letting it rest upon his sowl.'"

One circumstance was regarded as enhancing the terrible severity of the sentence upon the six men hanged in the square of Macroom. No minister of religion accompanied them to the gallows. This was done on purpose; they had, indeed, received the ministrations of the priests while in Cork gaol, and they accompanied them part of their sad journey, but when about half way were required to return to Cork.

The execution was largely attended, and when all were dead the hangman severed the heads from the bodies, and put them on the spikes, where they remained for many years.

It might be supposed that the execution of these six men would have been deemed sufficient vindication of the outraged law on account of this crime, but it was not so. The rest of the gang were eagerly sought for, McCarthy, the gamekeeper, especially; and at length he and some others were taken. They were tried, convicted, and executed. Mr. Madden says:*

"Their heads were also set on spikes, and in order to mark the gamekeeper McCarthy with signal

posthumous infamy, it was resolved to affix his right hand with his skull, in order that all men might know, even after death, the head of the gamekeeper who shot his master."

Reen, the servant who affected to be deaf, was transported, on the ground of his having a guilty knowledge of the meditated attack. The evidence against him was not very strong, but his deafness was thought a mere pretence.

Another of the gang was captured near Blarney. He too was tried at the Cork assizes, found guilty, and suffered death. Thus of the fourteen engaged in the attack on Codrum House, nine suffered death, two, Malachy Duggan and his son, turned informers, and the rest escaped to America.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF the great cases which occupied public attention upon the Munster circuit, and which enlisted the greatest interest from the rank and position of the litigating parties, and produced the greatest displays of forensic eloquence, none exceeds, and few equal, that of the Reverend Charles Massey against the Marquis of Headfort. This case was brought for criminal conversation by the defendant with the plaintiff's wife, and was tried at the Ennis Summer Assizes held on the 27th of July, 1804, before Baron Sir William Smith. The plaintiff was the second son of Sir Hugh Massey, Bart. He was a clergyman, and held several benefices. In 1797 he married, contrary to the wishes of his father, a lady of great personal beauty, named Roslewin. By this union the plaintiff became the father of an only child, a son. While residing in 1803 at Donass, on the Clare side of the

* *Vide* "Madden's Revelations of Ireland," p. 260.

majestic Shannon, a few miles from the city of Limerick, the Marquis of Headfort was then quartered in Limerick with his regiment. The Marquis occupied the town mansion of the Earl of Limerick. When the Rev. Mr. Massey had been doing clerical duty as rector in the county of Meath, where the Marquis held large estates, the plaintiff became acquainted with the Headfort family. So when Mrs. Massey made the acquaintance of the Marquis in Limerick, her husband naturally invited him to visit at Donass. Mrs. Massey was a very young lady, fond of gaiety, while Lord Headfort was half a century old. The consequence of their intimacy was, that on a Sabbath-day after the Christmas of 1803, while the Rev. Mr. Massey was officiating in the church, his wife eloped with the Marquis. This was the cause of action. The damages were laid at the high figure of £40,000.

The trial, of course, created great local, and indeed general, interest. It was rumoured the most eminent counsel in Ireland were engaged on both sides, and this was fully borne out when there appeared for the plaintiff the Right Hon. J. P. Curran, Bartholomew Hoare, Harry Deane Grady, Thomas Carey, John White, Amory Hawesworth, William O'Regan, Thomas Lloyd, William McMahon, and George Bennett, instructed by Mr. Anthony Hogan; and for the noble defendant the Right Hon. George Ponsonby, Thomas Quin, Thomas Goold, John Franks, Charles Burton, and Richard Pennefather, instructed by Mr. Sumner. I have already given my reader sketches of many of these eminent members of the Irish bar, who were also members

of the Munster circuit; but as the leading counsel for the defendant, Mr. George Ponsonby, was brought down special, it requires that some short sketch should be given of him, in order that our readers should know what his claim was to entitle him to that distinction, especially when such men as Quin, Goold, Burton, and Pennefather were serving under him. He was son of the Right Hon. John Ponsonby, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. George Ponsonby was called to the bar in 1780, but preferred the life of a country gentleman and member of Parliament to the drudgery of the Courts, until his marriage with Lady Mary Butler, eldest daughter of the Earl of Lanesborough. He was appointed commissioner of revenue, with a salary of £1,200 a year, but changes of Government having caused the loss of his office, he applied himself to his profession, and became a very eminent Chancery lawyer. When Fitzgibbon, in 1789, was elevated to the woolsack, he presented his bag to Mr. Ponsonby, thereby giving an intimation to the solicitors who were in the habit of sending him briefs, he wished them in future to be sent to Mr. Ponsonby. He did not practise very much in nisi prius cases, and it was probably owing to his aristocratic connections that induced the agent for the Marquis of Headfort to bring him down as special counsel to the Munster circuit.*

Mr. Bennett having opened the pleadings, Mr. Hoare stated the case. This, of course, was in order that Curran might reply to the speech of Mr. George Ponsonby. In opening the case Mr. Hoare described the defendant as "a hoary veteran, in whom, like Etna, the snows above did not quench the

* His subsequent career was very distinguished. In the Ministry of Fox and Grenville he became Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and after the death of Fox became leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons. He died in London, in 1817.

flames below." His address was strong, vigorous, and impressive. I cannot venture to transcribe it at great length, but one passage must not be omitted:—

"The noble lord proceeded to the completion of his diabolical project, not with the precipitancy of youth, but with the most cool and deliberate consideration. The Cornish plunderer, intent on spoil, callous to every touch of humanity, shrouded in darkness, holds out false lights to the tempest-tossed vessel, and lures her and pilot to that shore upon which she must be lost for ever. The rock unseen, the ruffian invisible, and nothing apparent but the treacherous signal of security and repose; so this prop of the Crown, this pillar of the State, this stay of religion, this ornament of the peerage, this common protector of the people's privileges and of the Crown's prerogatives, descends from these high grounds of character to muffle himself in the gloom of his own base and dark designs, to play before the eyes of the deluded wife and the deceived husband the falsest lights of love to the one and of friendly and hospitable regards to the other, until she is at length dashed upon that hard bosom where her honour and happiness are lost for ever. The agonized husband beholds the ruin with those sensations of misery and of horror which you can better feel than I describe. She upon whom he had embarked all his hope and all his happiness in this life, the treasure of all his earthly felicities, the rich fund of all his hoarded joys, sunk before his eyes into an abyss of infamy, or if any fragment escape, escaping to solace, to gratify, to enrich her vile destroyer."

His speech, which occupied some time in delivery, was much admired. The usual proofs were then given

—the fact of marriage, the happy union in which both husband and wife lived, her elopement, and her living with the Marquis of Headfort, and the amount of his fortune—estimated at £30,000 a-year.

The plaintiff's case having closed with those proofs, Mr. Quin addressed the jury on the part of the defendant. He did not attempt to deny the fact of the elopement, but insisted strongly upon the levity and giddiness of Mrs. Massey, and stated her character was so light that it was gross folly, or worse, in the plaintiff to throw her in the way of the noble defendant. In sustenance of his description of the wife of the plaintiff, the defendant called as witnesses Colonel Pepper, Captain Charleton, and Mr. George Evans Bruce.*

Various acts of levity were deposed to by those witnesses, which caused them to be roughly handled in cross-examination. The defendant's special counsel, Mr. Ponsonby, then proceeded to address the jury. He took very much the same course as Mr. Quin, pressing strongly upon the jury the worthlessness of the wretched woman, for whose loss the plaintiff demanded the preposterous sum of £40,000, and insisted that the conduct of the plaintiff in inviting the marquis to his house disentitled him to compensation, having connived at what occurred. Mr. Ponsonby's speech was more characterized by his skill as an advocate than his power as an orator; but Curran, who felt this a case demanding his best efforts, delivered the following magnificent speech:—

"Gentlemen of the jury—Never so clearly as in the present instance have I observed that safeguard of justice which Providence has placed in the nature of man. Such is the imperious dominion with which

* This is the individual who, in 1816, brought an action for libel against Mr. Thomas Grady, which shall appear in due time.

truth and reason wave their sceptres over the human intellect that no solicitation however artful, no talent however commanding, can reduce it from its allegiance. In proportion to the humility of our submission to its rule do we rise with some faint emulation of that ineffable and presiding divinity, whose characteristic attribute it is to be coerced and bound by the inexorable laws of its own nature, so as to be all-wise and all-just from necessity rather than election. You have seen it in the learned advocate (Mr. Ponsonby) who has preceded me most peculiarly and strikingly illustrated. You have seen even his great talents, perhaps the first in any country, languishing under a cause too weak to carry him, and too heavy to be carried by him. He was forced to dismiss his natural candour and sincerity, and, having no merits in his case, to substitute the dignity of his own manner, the resources of his own ingenuity, against the overwhelming difficulties by which he was surrounded. Wretched client—unhappy advocate! what a combination do you form! But such is the condition of guilt—its commission mean and tremulous, its defence artificial and insincere, its prosecution candid and simple, its condemnation dignified and austere. Such has been the defendant's guilt, such his defence, such shall be my address, and such, I trust, your verdict.

"The learned counsel has told you that this unfortunate woman is not to be estimated at £10,000. Fatal and unquestionable is the truth of this assertion. Alas! gentlemen, she is no longer worth anything—faded, degraded, and disgraced, she is worth less than nothing! But it is for the honour, the hope, the expectation, the tenderness, and the comforts that have been blasted by the defendant, and have died for that you are to remunerate

the plaintiff by the punishment of the defendant. It is not her present value which you are to weigh, but it is her value at that time when she sat basking in a husband's love, with the blessing of Heaven on her head and its purity in her heart—when she sat amongst her family and administered the morality of the parental board. Estimate that past value, compare it with its present deplorable diminution, and it may lead you to form some judgment of the severity of the injury, and the requisite extent of the compensation. The learned counsel has told you you ought to be cautious, because your verdict cannot be set aside for excess. The assertion is just; but has he treated you fairly by its application? His cause would not allow him to be fair: for why is the rule adopted in this single action? Because this being peculiarly an injury to the most susceptible of all human feelings, it leaves the injury of the husband to be ascertained by the sensibility of the jury, and does not presume to measure the justice of their determination by the cold and chill exercise of his own discretion. In any other action it is easy to calculate. If a tradesman's arm is cut off, you can measure the loss which he has sustained; but the wound of feeling, and the agony of the heart cannot be judged by any standard with which I am acquainted. And you are unfairly dealt with when you are called on to appreciate the present suffering of the husband by the present guilt, delinquency, and degradation of the wife. As well might you, if called upon to give a compensation to a man for the murder of his dearest friend, find the measure of his injury by weighing the ashes of the dead. But it is not, gentlemen of the jury, by weighing the ashes of the dead that you would estimate the loss of the survivor.

"The learned counsel has referred you to other cases and other countries for instances of moderate verdicts; I can refer you to some authentic instances of just ones. In the next county, £15,000 against a subaltern officer. In *Travers v. McCarthy*, £5,000 against a servant. In *Tighe v. Jones*, £10,000 against a man not worth a shilling. What, then, ought to be the rule where rank and wealth and station have combined to render the example of his crime more dangerous, to make his guilt more odious, to make the injury to the plaintiff more grievous, because more conspicuous? I affect no levelling familiarity when I speak of persons of higher ranks of society. Distinctions of orders are necessary, and I always feel disposed to treat them with respect; but when it is my duty to speak of the crimes by which they are degraded, I am not so fastidious as to shrink from their contact when to touch them is essential to their dissection. In this action, the condition, the conduct, and the circumstances of the parties are justly and particularly the object of your consideration.

"Who are the parties? The plaintiff, young, amiable, of family and education. Of the generous disinterestedness of his heart you can form an opinion even from the evidence of the defendant, that he declined an alliance which would have added to his fortune and consideration, and which he rejected for an unportioned union with his present wife. She, too, at that time was young, beautiful, and accomplished; and felt her affection for her husband increase in proportion as she remembered the ardour of his love, and the sincerity of his sacrifice. Look now at the defendant! I blush to name him! I blush to name a rank which he has tarnished, and a patent which he has worse than cancelled. High in

the army—high in the State—the hereditary counsellor of the King—of wealth incalculable; and to this last I advert with an indignant and contemptuous satisfaction, because as the only instrument of his guilt and shame, it will be the means of his punishment, and the source of compensation for his guilt.

"But let me call your attention distinctly to the questions you have to consider. The first is the fact of guilt. Is this noble lord guilty? His counsel knew too well how they would have mortified his vanity had they given the smallest reason to doubt the splendour of his achievement. Against any such humiliating suspicion he had taken the most studious precaution by the publicity of the exploit. And here, in this court, and before you, and in the face of the country, he has the unparalleled effrontery of disdaining to resort to even a profession of innocence. His guilt established, the next question is the damages you should give. You have been told that the amount of damages should depend on circumstances. You will consider these circumstances, whether of aggravation or mitigation. His learned counsel contend that the plaintiff has been the author of his own suffering, and ought to receive no compensation for the ill in consequence of his own conduct. In what part of the evidence do you find any foundation for that assertion? He indulged her, it seems, in dress; generous and attached, he probably indulged her in that point beyond his means; and the defendant now impudently calls on you to find one excuse for the adulterer in the fondness and liberality of the husband.

"But you have been told that the husband connived. Odious and impudent aggravation of injury, to add calumny to insult, and outrage to dishonour. From whom, but from a man hackneyed in the ways

of shame and vice—from whom, but from a man having no compunction in his own breast to restrain him, could you expect such brutal disregard for the feelings of others?—from whom, but from the cold-blooded veteran seducer?—from what, but the exhausted mind, the habitual community with shame?—from what, but the habitual contempt of virtue and of man, could you have expected the arrogance, the barbarity, the folly, or so foul, because so false, an imputation? He should have reflected, and have blushed, before he suffered so vile a topic of defence to have passed his lips. But ere you condemn him let him have the benefit of the excuse, if the excuse be true.

“You must have observed how his counsel fluttered and vibrated between what they call connivance and judicious confidence, and how in affecting to distinguish they have confounded them both together. If the plaintiff has connived, I freely say to you, do not reward the wretch who has prostituted his wife, and surrendered his own honour—do not compensate the pander of his own shame, and the willing instrument of his own infamy. But as there is no sum so low to which that defence, if true, ought not to reduce your verdict, so neither is there any so high to which such a charge ought not to influence it if the charge be false. Where is the single fact in this case on which the remotest suspicion of connivance can be brought? Obviously has the defendant endeavoured to make the softest and most amiable feelings of the heart the pretext of his slanderous imputations. An ancient and respectable prelate, the husband of his wife's sister, is chained to the bed of sickness, perhaps the bed of death. In that distressing situation my client suffered his wife to be the bearer of consolation to the bosom of her sister. He had not the heart

to refuse her, and the softness of his nature is now charged on him as a crime. He is now insolently told that he connived at his dishonour, and that he ought to have foreseen that the mansion of sickness and sorrow would have been made the scene of assignation and of guilt. On this charge of connivance I will not further weary you or exhaust myself. I will add nothing more than that it is as false as it is impudent, that in the evidence it has not a colour of support, and that by your verdict you should mark it with reprobation. The other subject, namely, that he was indiscreet in his confidence, does, I think, call for some discussion: for I trust you see that I affect not any address to your passions, by which you may be led away from the subject. I presume merely to separate the parts of this affecting case, and to lay them item by item before you, with coldness of detail, and not with any colouring or display of fiction or of fancy. Honourable to himself was his unsuspecting confidence, but fatal must we admit it to have been when we look to the abuse committed upon it. But where is the guilt of this indiscretion? He did admit this noble lord to pass his threshold as his guest. Now, the charge which this noble lord builds on this indiscretion is: ‘Thou fool! thou hadst confidence in my honour, and that was a guilty indiscretion. Thou simpleton! thou thoughtest that an admitted and cherished guest would have respected the laws of honour and hospitality, and thy indiscretion was guilt.’

“Gentlemen, what horrid alternative in the treatment of wives would such reasoning recommend? Are they to be immured by worse than Eastern barbarity? Are their principles to be depraved, their passions sublimated, every finer motive of action extinguished, by

the inevitable consequences of thus treating them like slaves? Or is a liberal and generous confidence in them to be the passport of the adulterer, and the justification of his crimes? Honourably, but fatally for his own repose, he was neither jealous, suspicious, nor cruel. He treated the defendant with the confidence of a friend, and his wife with the tenderness of a husband. He did leave to the noble marquis the physical possibility of committing against him the greatest crime that can be perpetrated against a being of an amiable heart and refined education. In the middle of the day, at the moment of divine worship, when the miserable husband was on his knees, directing the prayers and thanksgiving of his congregation to their God, that moment did the remorseless adulterer choose to carry off the deluded victim from her husband, from her child, from her character, from her happiness, as if not content to have his crime confined to its miserable aggravation, unless he gave it a cast and colour of fictitious sacrilege and impiety. Oh! how happy had it been, when he arrived at the bank of the river with the ill-fated fugitive, ere yet he had committed her to that boat, of which, like the fabled bark of Styx, the exile was eternal—how happy at that moment, so teeming with misery and shame, if you, my lord, had met him, and could have accosted him in the character of that good genius which had abandoned him, how impressively might you have pleaded the cause of the father, of the child, of the mother, and even of the worthless defendant himself. You would have said, ‘Is this the requital you are about to make for respect and kindness and confidence in your honour? Can you deliberately expose this young man, in the bloom of life, with all his hopes

before him—can you expose him, a wretched outcast from society, to the scorn of a merciless world? Can you set him adrift upon the tempestuous ocean of his own passions at this early season, when they are most headstrong? and can you cut him out from the moorings of these domestic obligations by whose cable he might ride at safety from their turbulence? Think of, if you can conceive it, what a powerful influence arises from the sense of home, from the sacred religion of the heart in quelling the passions, in reclaiming the wanderings, in correcting the discords of the human heart. Do not cruelly take from him the protection of these attachments. But if you have no pity for the father, have mercy at least upon his innocent and helpless child. Do not condemn him to an education scandalous or neglected. Do not strike him with that most dreadful of all human conditions, the orphanage that springs not from the grave, that falls not from the hand of Providence, or from the stroke of death; but comes before its time, anticipated and inflicted by the remorseless cruelty of parental guilt.’

“For the poor victim herself, not yet immolated, while yet balancing upon the pivot of her destiny, your heart could not be cold, nor your tongue be wordless. You would have said to him, ‘Pause, my lord, while there is yet a moment of reflection. What are your motives, what your views, what your prospects from what you are about to do? You are a married man, the husband of the most amiable and respectable of women; you cannot look to the chance of marrying this wretched fugitive—between you and that event there are two sepulchres to pass. What are your inducements? Is it love, think you? No, do not give that name to any attraction you can find in the faded

refuse of a violated bed. Love is a noble and generous passion. It can be founded only on a pure and ardent friendship, on an exalted respect, on an implicit confidence in its object. Search your heart, examine your judgment. Do you find the semblance of any one of these sentiments to bind you to her? What could degrade a mind to which nature or education had given post, or stature, or character into a friendship for her? Could you repose upon her faith? Look in her face, my lord. She is at this moment giving you the violation of the most sacred of human obligations as the pledge of her fidelity. She is giving you the most irrefragable proof that she is deserting her husband for you: so she would, without a scruple, abandon you for another. Do you anticipate any pleasure you might feel in the possible event of your becoming the parents of a common child? She is at this moment proving to you that she is dead to the sense of parental, as of conjugal obligation, and that she would abandon your off-spring to-morrow with the same facility with which she now deserted her own. Look, then, at her conduct, as it is, as the world must behold it, blackened by every aggravation that can make it either odious or contemptible, and unrelieved by a single circumstance of mitigation that could palliate its guilt, or retrieve it from abhorrence.

“ Mean, however, and degraded as this woman must be, she will still (if you take her with you) have strong and heavy claims upon you. The force of these claims does, certainly, depend upon circumstances: before, therefore, you expose her fate to the dreadful risk of your caprice or ingratitude, in mercy to her, weigh well the confidence she can place in your future justice and honour at that future time, much nearer than you think: by what topics can her cause be pleaded

to a sated appetite, to a heart that repels her, to a just judgment in which she never could have been valued or respected? Here is not the case of an unmarried woman, with whom a pure and generous friendship may insensibly have ripened into a more serious attachment, until at last her heart became too deeply pledged to be re-assumed. If so circumstanced, without any husband to betray, or child to desert, or motive to restrain, except what related solely to herself, her anxiety for your happiness made her overlook every other consideration and commit her history to your honour. ‘In such a case, the strongest and the highest that man’s imagination can suggest, in which you at least could see nothing but the most noble and disinterested sacrifice, in which you could find nothing but what claimed from you the most kind and exalted sentiment of tenderness, and devotion, and respect, and in which the most fastidious rigour would find so much more subject for sympathy than blame, let me ask you, could you, even in that case, answer for your justice and gratitude? I do not allude to the long and pitiful catalogue of paltry adventures in which it seems your time has been employed—the coarse and vulgar succession of casual connection, joyless, loveless, and unendeared; but do you not find upon your memory some traces of an engagement of the character I have sketched? Has not your sense of what you would owe in such a case, and to such a woman, been at least once put to the test of experiment? Has it not once at least happened that such a woman, with all the resolution of strong faith, flung her youth, her hope, her beauty, her talent, upon your bosom, weighed you against the world, which she found but a feather in the scale, and took you as an equivalent?

How did you then acquit yourself? Did you prove yourself worthy of the sacred trust reposed in you? Did your spirit so associate with hers as to leave her no room to regret the splendid and disinterested sacrifice she had made? Did her soul find a pillow in the tenderness of yours, and support in its firmness? Did you preserve her high in her own consciousness, proud in your admiration and friendship, and happy in your affection? You might have so acted; and the man that was worthy of her would have perished rather than not so act as to make her delighted with having confided so sacred a trust to his honour. Did you so act? Did she feel that, however precious to your heart, she was still more exalted and honoured in your reverence and respect? Or did she find you coarse and paltry, fluttering and unpurposed, unfeeling and ungrateful? You found her a fair and blushing flower, its beauty and its fragrance bathed in the dew of heaven—did you so tenderly transplant it as to preserve that beauty and that fragrance unimpaired? Or did you so rudely cut it as to intercept its nutriment, to waste its sweetness, to blast its beauty, to bow its faded and sickly head? And did you at last fling it, like a loathsome weed, away? If, then, to such a woman, so clothed with every title that could ennoble and exalt, and endear her to the heart of man, you would be cruelly and capriciously deficient, how can a wretched fugitive like this, in every point her contrast, hope to find you just? Send her, then, away—send her back to her home, to her child, to her husband, to herself.

“Alas! there was no one to hold such language to the noble defendant. He did not hold it to himself; but he paraded his despicable prize in his own carriage, with his own retinue, his own servants—

this veteran Paris hawked his enamoured Helen from the western quarter of the island to a seaport in the eastern, crowned with the acclamations of a senseless and grinning rabble, glorying and delighted, no doubt, in the leering and scoffing admiration of grooms, and ostlers, and waiters, as he passed.

“In this odious contempt of every personal feeling, of public opinion, of common humanity, did he parade this woman to the seaport, whence he transported his precious cargo to a country where her example may be less mischievous than in her own, where I agree with my learned colleague in heartily wishing he may remain with her for ever. We are too poor, too simple, too unadvanced a country for the example of such achievements. Where the relaxation of morals is the natural growth and consequence of the great progress of arts and wealth, it is accompanied by a refinement that makes it less gross than shocking; but for such palliations we are a century too young. I advise you, therefore, most earnestly to rebuke this budding mischief, by letting the wholesome vigour and chastisement of a liberal verdict speak what you think of its enormity. In every point of view in which I can look at the subject, I see you are called upon to give a bold, and just, and indignant, and exemplary compensation. The injury of the plaintiff demands it from your justice, the delinquency of the defendant provokes it by its enormity. The rank on which he has relied for impunity calls upon you to tell him that crime does not ascend to the rank of the perpetrator, but the perpetrator sinks from his rank and descends to the level of his delinquency. The style and mode of the defence is a gross aggravation of his conduct, and a gross insult upon you.

“Look upon the different subjects

of his defence as you ought, and let him profit by them as he deserves. Vainly presumptuous upon his rank, he wishes to overawe you by that despicable consideration. He next resorts to a cruel aspersion upon the character of the unhappy plaintiff, whom he had already wounded beyond the possibility of reparation. He has ventured to charge him with connivance. As to that I will only say, gentlemen of the jury, do not give this vain boaster a pretext for saying, that if the husband connived in the offence, the jury also connived in the reparation.

“ But he has pressed another curious topic upon you. After the plaintiff had cause to suspect his designs, and the likelihood of their being fatally successful, he did not then act precisely as he ought. Gracious God! what an argument for him to dare to advance. It is saying this to him: ‘ I abused your confidence, your hospitality— I laid a base plan for the seduction of your wife—I succeeded at last so as to throw in upon you that most dreadful of all suspicions to a man fondly attached, proud of his wife’s honour, and tremblingly alive to his own, that you were possibly a dupe to the confidence in the wife as much as in the guest. In this so pitiable distress, which I myself had studiously and deliberately contrived for you, between hope and fear, and doubt and love, and jealousy and shame—one moment shrinking from the cruelty of your suspicion, the next fired with indignation at the facility and credulity of your acquittal—in this labyrinth of doubt, in this frenzy of suffering, you were not collected and composed; you did not act as you might have done, if I had not worked you to madness, and upon that very madness which I have inflicted upon you, upon the very completion of my guilt and of your misery, I will build my defence. You will not

act critically right, and therefore are unworthy of compensation.’ ”

Having dwelt somewhat more on this topic, and showed how little there was in the evidence to sustain the allegation of connivance, Mr Curran continued:—

“ There is another ground on which you are called on to give most liberal damages, and that has been laid by the unfeeling vanity of the defendant. This business has been marked by the most elaborate publicity. It is very clear he has been allured by the glory of the chase, and not the value of the game. The poor object of his pursuit could be of no value to him, or he could not have so wantonly and cruelly and unnecessarily abused her. He might have kept this unhappy intercourse an unsuspected secret. Even if he wished for elopement he might easily have so contrived it that the place of her retreat would be profoundly undiscoverable.

“ Yet though even the expense, a point so tender to his delicate sensibility, of concealing could not be one-fortieth of the cost of publishing her, his vanity decided him in favour of glory and publicity. By that election he has, in fact, put forward the Irish nation, and its character, so often and so variously calumniated, upon its trial before the tribunal of the empire, and your verdict will this day decide whether an Irish jury can feel with justice and spirit upon a subject that involves conjugal affection and comfort, domestic honour and repose, the certainty of issue, the weight of public opinion, the gilded and presumptuous criminality of overweening rank and station. I doubt not but he is at this moment reclining on a silken sofa anticipating that submissive and modest verdict by which you will lean gently on his errors, and expecting from your patriotism, no doubt, that

you will think again and again, before you condemn any great portion of the immense revenue of a great absentee to be retained in the nation that produced it, instead of being transmitted, as it ought, to be expended in the splendour of another country. He is now, probably, waiting for the arrival of the report of this day, which, I understand, a famous note-taker has been sent hither to collect. Let not the gentleman be disturbed.

“Gentlemen, let me assure you it is more, much more, the trial of you than of the noble Marquis, of which this important recorder is at this moment collecting materials. His noble employer is now expecting a report to the following effect: ‘Such a day came on to be tried at Ennis, by a special jury, the cause of Charles Massey against the Most Noble the Marquis of Headfort. It appeared that the plaintiff’s wife was young, beautiful, and captivating: the plaintiff himself a person fond of this beautiful creature to distraction, and both doting on their child. But the noble Marquis approached her, the plume of glory nodded on his head. Not the goddess Minerva, but the goddess Venus, had lighted up his casque with “the fire that never tires, such as many a lady gay had been dazzled with before.” At the first advance she trembled; at the second she struck to the redoubted son of Mars and pupil of Venus. The jury saw it was not his fault (it was an Irish jury); they felt compassion for the tenderness of the mother’s heart, and for the warmth of the lover’s passion. The jury saw on one side a young entertaining gallant; on the other, a beauteous creature, of charms irresistible. They recollected that Jupiter had been always successful in his amours, although Vulcan had not always escaped some awkward accidents. The jury was composed of fathers, brothers,

husbands, but they had not the vulgar jealousy that views little things of that sort with rigour, and wishing to assimilate their country in every respect to England, now that they are united to it, they, like English gentlemen, returned to their box with a verdict of 6*d.* damages, and 6*d.* costs.’

“Let this be sent to England. I promise you your odious secret will not be kept better than that of the wretched Mrs. Massey. There is not a bawdy chronicle in London in which the epitaph which you would have written on yourselves will not be published, and our enemies will delight in the spectacle of our precocious guilt, in seeing that we can be rotten before we are ripe. I do not suppose it. I do not, can not, will not believe it. I will not harrow up myself with the anticipated apprehension. There is another consideration, gentlemen, which I think most imperiously demands even a vindictive reward of exemplary damages. and that is, the breach of hospitality.

“To us peculiarly does it belong to avenge the violation of its altar. The hospitality of other countries is a matter of necessity or convention. In savage nations, of the first; in polished, of the latter. But the hospitality of an Irishman is not the running account of listed and legered courtesies, as in other countries; it springs, like all his qualities—his faults, his virtues—directly from his heart. The heart of an Irishman is by nature bold, and he confides; it is tender, and he loves; it is generous, and he gives; it is social, and he is hospitable. This sacrilegious intruder has profaned the religion of that sacred altar, so elevated in our worship, so precious to our devotion, and it is our privilege to avenge the crime. You must either pull down the altar and abolish the worship, or you must preserve its sanctity un-

debased. There is no alternative between the complete exclusion of all mankind from your threshold, and the most rigorous punishment of him who is admitted and betrays. This defendant has been so trusted, has so betrayed, and you ought to make him a most signal example. Gentlemen, I am the more disposed to feel the strongest indignation and abhorrence at this odious conduct of the defendant when I consider the deplorable condition to which he has reduced the plaintiff, and perhaps the still more deplorable one that the plaintiff has in prospect before him. What a progress has he to travel through before he can attain the peace and tranquillity which he has lost! How like the wounds of the body are those of the mind! How burning the fever! How painful the suppuration! How slow, how hesitating, how relapsing the progress to convalescence! Through what a variety of suffering, what new scenes and changes must my unhappy client pass ere he can re-attain, should he ever re-attain, that health of soul of which he has been despoiled by the cold and deliberate machinations of this practised and gilded seducer. If, instead of drawing upon his incalculable wealth for a scanty retribution, you were to stop the progress of his despicable achievements by reducing him to actual poverty, you could not even so punish him beyond the scope of his offence, nor reprise the plaintiff beyond the measure of his suffering. Let me remind you that in this action the law not only empowers you, but that its policy commands you, to consider the public example as well as the individual injury when you adjust the amount of your verdict. I confess I am most anxious that you should acquit yourselves worthily upon this important occasion. I am addressing you as fathers, hus-

bands, brothers. I am anxious that a feeling of these high relations should enter into, and give dignity to your verdict.

"But I confess I feel a tenfold solicitude when I remember that I am addressing you as my countrymen, as Irishmen, whose characters as jurors, as gentlemen, must find either honour or degradation in the result of your decision. Since so vast be the distributive share of that national estimation that can belong to so unimportant an individual as myself, yet I do own I am tremblingly solicitous for its fate. Perhaps it appears of more value to me, because it is embarked in the same bottom with yours. Perhaps the community of peril, of common safety, of common wreck, gives a consequence to my share of the risk, which I could not be vain enough to give it, if it were not raised to it by that mutuality. But why stoop to think at all of myself, when I know that you, gentlemen of the jury—when I know that our country itself—are my clients on this day, and must abide the alternative of honour or of infamy, as you shall decide. But I will not despond; I will not dare to despond. I have every trust, and hope, and confidence in you, and to that hope I will add my most fervent prayer to the God of all truth and justice so to raise, and enlighten, and fortify your minds, that you may so decide as to preserve to yourselves while you live the most delightful of all recollections—that of acting justly; and to transmit to your children the most precious of all inheritances—the memory of your virtue."

The learned Baron then charged the jury. As there were not many witnesses, and as the question resolved itself into one of damages, which was entirely the province of the jury to measure, his lordship was brief. The jury, after some

consultation, brought in their verdict. They found for the plaintiff, £10,000 damages and costs.

Thus ended this case, in which

Curran made his last, and probably best, speech upon the Munster Circuit. The trial lasted twelve hours.

AN EMENDATION OF SHAKSPEARE.

The following comes to us from the antipodes. It is dated "Circular Quay, Sydney, N. S. Wales, 4th March, 1876," and suggests a reading of a difficult passage of Shakspeare, different from any hitherto proposed, and we must admit with much reason:—

"Sir,—In your number of December last among the Literary Notices, at page 764, on Dr. Ingleby's Shakspeare, the lines following are sought to be amended by substituting *bed* for *bone*.

" 'Now the gods keepe you old enough,
That you may live
Onely in *bone*, that none may looke on you.'

Timon of Athens, act iii. sc. 5.

"I would beg to suggest the following as an improvement:—

" 'Now the gods keep you old enough,
That you may live
Only in *home* that none may look on you.'

"Such must, I think, have been the word in the original manuscript, easily misread by the printer—more euphonious than *bed*—and conveying all the idea of intended seclusion without the uncomfortable sensation of detaining the unhappy creature in bed.

"Thanking you for the monthly pleasure afforded by your Magazine,

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"JOHN BELL."

KATEY PRODGERS.

CHAPTER I.

KATEY PRODGERS was as pretty a woman as you could desire to see; so pretty that before she was seventeen her mother had no less than four offers of marriage for her. One from the doctor and one from the curate of the parish, and two from a couple of beery young men who had come down to the quiet village of Smeaton to read for their examinations.

They lodged with the widow (Katey's mother), and read with their rival, the curate, and both fell desperately in love with pretty, smiling Katey. So desperately that they gave up beer for the time being, and swore to make fortunes with the celerity of "Dick Whittington;" but the widow knew the value of the wares she had in hand, and held her daughter over for a higher bid. She showed her wisdom. About six months after the departure of the last of the beery young men, chance brought a certain naval officer, Commander Prodgers by name, on the scene. He passed the widow's cottage, saw Katey at the window, blooming like a rose, and was conquered. He was high in the service, well off, large, heavy, and pretty well on in years—at least so he appeared to poor Katey, for unless you have had a Belgravian education, forty-five will seem odd to seventeen, and a red face and sparsely covered head cannot be condoned by a comfortable balance at your banker's. Katey's

mamma, however, was equal to any well-trained chaperone. Some people have such fine natural instincts. She put the matter before her daughter in its true light, and the maternal voice was listened to.

"Happy is the wooing not long a doing."

Before many weeks had passed, Commander Prodgers had done two things—he had settled a snug little annuity on the widow, and he had carried off Katey with him to his home in Plymouth. To do him justice, he made her a most excellent husband, and, barring an occasional outburst of jealousy, to which he was a little subject, the young beauty had nothing to complain of in her matrimonial venture. The Commander was intensely fond and intensely proud of his young wife, and allowed her every liberty short of flirting. Now Katey had the usual amount of feminine little failings, and when she saw how much her beauty was appreciated, particularly by the impecunious members of the aristocracy, who sometimes honoured her husband's table, she would give a regretful little sigh at the thought that her mother had let her go too cheap, and she would "take it out," as she phrased it, of the Commander by teasing him; but, on the whole, she was a good little soul, and never went beyond the limits of a very mild flirtation.

Time went by until the summer of 1870, when a rumour which had been floating in nautical circles all

through the winter became a definite fact. An expedition was to be sent to the west coast of Africa, and Commander Prodgers was appointed to command it. Under other circumstances he would have been highly pleased, for he loved his profession and liked distinction; but at this time he had been married about five years, Katey was prettier than ever, and the one pledge (as the saying is) which had blessed their union was quite as pretty as her mother in her own infantine way. So that the Prodgers' *ménage* was a very complete and a very happy one. The poor Commander was, therefore, exceedingly loth to listen to the call of duty; he could not, however, evade an official summons, unless he was prepared to quit the service, and so, with much more tearing of his inner heart-strings than he would have cared to own, the Commander began his preparations.

There are some people who protest there can be no real love without a spice of jealousy; there are others who aver that no real love can exist where there is not the most perfect confidence. I am not prepared to argue the question, but I am certain old Prod, as he was called in the service, loved his pretty, dainty wife with all his heart and soul. At the same time, jealousy was with him a strong passion, and either from a naturally bad *morale*, or from an unfortunate experience amongst the fair sex, he had little or no confidence in any woman, his dear Katey not excepted.

"Hold the rudder well in hand," he would say, "and they'll sail fair to windward. Slack it, and by Jove the best of them will tack at once, and run foul of the first lee-scupper they meet."

With these principles it will be understood that poor old Prod was very direfully exercised in his mind

at leaving his Katey so completely to her own devices during an absence of three years, for the expedition would be away that time. He did the best he could according to his lights; he removed her from Plymouth to a strange place away from all his own gay profession, whom he regarded with suspicion. He took for her the prettiest of cottage-villas at Muswell Hill—none of your semi-detached, where danger might lurk behind the separating hedge, and intimacies be formed through the medium of stray cats or the water-pipe. The Commander was too wide-awake for that. Edenville—for so the cottage was called—was a little paradise of flowers and shrubs, but quite by itself, securely guarded from the prying eyes of any wandering serpent by a high wall—so thickly covered with ivy that the little green door by which you gained admission would easily escape notice; but to make security more secure, the Commander, when he brought his treasure there, also brought a Cerberus to guard it in the shape of a sister of his own, a female tar, a naval commander in petticoats, who would make short work of any number of serpents, but who, at the same time, was as tender and loving as old Prod himself, and devoted to Katey and the child.

At the first rumour of the expedition, the widow (Katey's mother) had offered herself for domestic service. She was ready for all contingencies; she would take a larger house, her own not being a sufficiently dignified residence for the Commander's wife; or if that did not meet his views, she would sacrifice herself more entirely still, she would sell off all her belongings, and with her remaining children quarter herself wherever the Commander listed. And why not? who should make sacrifices if she did

not. Wasn't Katey her own child? who so well fitted as her mother to watch over her in her husband's absence, even if the inconvenience was tenfold greater?

I am afraid, perfect as he was in other relations of life, dear old Prod was not an amiable son-in-law; he declined to put his wife's mother to any inconvenience; after the refusal of her kind offers that lady always spoke of him as "a detestable savage," and of Katey as an "ungrateful little viper," adding some well-known allusions to a serpent's tooth; but I fancy she kept down her indignation in presence of the Commander, as he was substantially kind to her, and it did not suit her to quarrel with either him or her dear child.

As the time drew near for his voyage, the poor Commander's heart sank lower and lower; the only pleasure he had was accumulating in the little cottage everything that could please or amuse Katey. She was fond of driving, so she had her pony-carriage and gentlest of ponies; she liked dogs, and Judy, a great Newfoundland, and Rough, a tiny, sharp-eared terrier, were added to the establishment. She loved flowers of all things, and at once the services of a very excellent gardener were secured to look after the already very brilliant parterre of many-coloured flower-beds. Katey was very well pleased with her new home, and very much touched at all the care and love of her husband for her. She was not ill pleased either—for what woman is?—at his ill-concealed jealous fears. She was not sufficiently advanced to understand the want-of-confidence doctrine, but she felt a little like one of the beautiful princesses immured in the "Castle of Delights," and was rather flattered than otherwise at the dignity of the position.

She was really sorry, too, to lose her kind old Commander, and was

eager in her promises to take care of herself, and to write constantly. The poor Commander would have wished to impose another promise on his young wife, and that was that she should receive no male visitors and make no new friends; but he was ashamed to do it, and was obliged to content himself with her assurance that she would in all things be guided by the female tar. She was to go nowhere without her, and she was to receive no one alone. Of course, by no one "no man" was *sous entendus*; but the Commander would not hurt his wife's delicacy by using the objectionable word. Katey, however, perfectly understood him, and laughingly remarked that "Aunt Julia," for so the Commander's sister was called, "would have a sinecure, as they did not know a soul in the neighbourhood"—a remark which seemed to please the Commander amazingly. He was very well content, however, with all his precautions, and, at the last, met the inevitable like a man—sailing from Portsmouth, standing on the poop of the *Bellerophon*, and looking, as the spectators remarked, every inch an admiral.

CHAPTER II.

It is the summer of 1873—the summer made famous by the visit of the Sultan to our shores. More than the allotted three years have passed since the Commander sailed from Portsmouth, and he may be expected at any moment. His expedition has been a most successful one, bringing in money and reward; if rumour speak true, Katey may fairly count upon being shortly "Lady Prodgers." The Commander has written regularly from every port, and has duly sent home by every available opportunity grey parrots, green monkeys, and African curiosities, until Edenville swarms

with them; and Aunt Julia is at her wits' end to keep order amongst them. On her side, Katey has transmitted weekly accounts of herself and child, which Aunt Julia has supplemented by long encomiums on the treasure he has secured in a wife, and the remarkable precociousness of baby Trot. Latterly, however, there had been a cessation of letters from Edenville, and the poor Commander has been in a state of feverish anxiety, as he fancies all sorts of things; but he is on his home journey now.

A glorious July day is drawing to its close—one of those days which belong by right to “the season,” when everything and everybody look their brightest; when every one that is dull or sickly, and everything that is ugly or dingy, is very properly thrust into a corner, or a cellar, or a somewhere, put out of sight for fear of spoiling the general effect. At such times one feels there should be no such thing as sorrow in the world, no such nasty visitors as duns, no such annoyances as unpaid bills, but that life should flow on in one easy stream of enjoyment, made up of carriagefuls of hours in clouds of white muslin.

Seven o'clock is the time, and the sun is still strong. The block of carriages at the park gate is wonderful to see; even the imperturbable policeman is a little exercised in his mind; it is enough to make any quietly-disposed individual who wishes to reach his home in time for dinner swear; it does make one individual swear pretty strongly whose hansom has been kept in the block for the last twenty minutes. He is evidently a traveller. He is sunburnt, elderly, large, and—why affect mystery?—he is Commander Prodgers, arrived at last, and hurrying to Edenville as fast as the block at the corner will let him. His ship not yet paid off, but has

been left at Portsmouth, in command of the first officer, and old Prod himself is rushing on the wings of love to surprise his Katey. Now surprises, unless in fairy tales and the last chapter of a novel, never succeed as a rule; and the poor Commander was no exception. When he got into the train at King's Cross he was an exultant, happy man, and a confiding husband; when he got out of it—but I won't anticipate.

Commander Prodgers liked his smoke, and generally travelled in the smoking compartment. As luck would have it, however, on the present occasion he diverged from his ordinary custom. He thought it would be desecration to his Katey to receive her first loving embrace with even a whiff of tobacco clinging to him, and accordingly he elected to travel in an ordinary carriage. He had some little difficulty in getting one, as there seemed a rush for places, as if something unusual had brought out the denizens of Finsbury, Hornsey, and Muswell Hill; but that was a matter of indifference to our Commander, who, comfortably ensconced in his corner, gave himself up to happy anticipations of his expected meeting. Half the little enjoyments we have in this life are in anticipation, for the realization comes to only a few of us. The poor, tired, home-sick Commander was very happy that summer's evening in his corner by the window, and the babel of voices round him affected him nowise; neither was he conscious of the train stopping at the various stations, nor of the exit of the different passengers until only a few remained, three of whom were engaged in animated conversation. Suddenly a familiar name smote upon his ear, and startled him out of his quiet. He listened, bending forward beyond his next neighbour to better hear. Yes; there it was

again. "Katey Prodgers, sir, is the greatest beauty we have had these years. A 1—a fine form, such a bloom, such a shape." The speaker spoke in the determined, self-assertive air of a judge; and the Commander, in spite of this flattering allusion to his wife, felt aggrieved, for he had the true John Bull instinct, and he did not like to have his Katey's charms discussed in a railway carriage. He took a good look at the criticizing speaker: nothing dangerous or Don Juan-like about him—a short, thick-set, common-looking man, with spectacles on his nose, now leaning on his umbrella, as he continued to address the others with a great deal of vehemence.

"Talk to me of Mrs. Bosanquet, or Isabella Grey, they can't hold a candle to Katey Prodgers, who is all the fashion, I can tell you. I'll let you into a secret; there will be a run upon Katey—that there will."

And the short man winked his eye in a way that made the Commander's blood boil; he longed to have his fingers at the creature's throat.

"Oh, that's just like you, Nicholls," remarked a much more flashy-looking individual in the opposite corner of the carriage, "always after the newest thing. In my opinion Katey is not a patch upon Isabella. Isabella always was a favourite of mine—such a sweet, creamy blush, such an exquisite tint of colour."

"Isabella is a nasty yellow thing, quite *passé*," rejoined the first man, excitedly.

"Isabella is a prime favourite with the Prince, I can tell you," returned the second.

"And what do you say to the Sultan buttonholing Katey? The Sultan, do you hear? After that you had better shut up." And the short man looked round and laughed triumphantly.

The Commander literally bounded in his seat. What horrors were these? Men calling the wife of his bosom by her name, and coupling her with that Eastern savage, the Sultan. Why she was lost—utterly lost. True, he did not understand the word "buttonholing," but he knew it to be some vile slang. The veins on his temples stood out like cords, and the blood coursed and surged wildly through his veins, and still he leant forward and listened; he should hear more.

"Where was Katey raised?" inquired a third speaker, an American slangy-looking man.

"Oh, I know all about it," answered the first man; "at Edenville, Muswell Hill. A pretty little place it is; and my lord drives down there pretty often. He took down General Simpson."

"It was the General did for Isabella Grey," remarked the flashy man; "and the General will do Katey's business, if I don't mistake. The General is deep—too deep for most of them. The only one is Mrs. Bosanquet. Nothing damages Mrs. B——. I back Mrs. B——."

"I back Katey," said the short man.

"And I Isabella," echoed the American.

"Done—done!" cried all three, while the train drew up at the Wood Green station.

"Gentlemen!—scoundrels! I should rather say"—screamed the infuriated Commander, "I am Commander Prodgers."

They were getting out of the carriage as he made this important announcement; indeed, two had already alighted. The third—the short man—turned at this rather peculiar address.

He had one foot on the step, but he leant forward, dropping his voice to a mysterious whisper:—

"I say sir, have an eye to

General Simpson, or Katey will be ruined, to a dead certainty; mind, I tell you."

"My God, what can I do?" screamed the unfortunate Commander; "let me at him, and I'll blow him to pieces—crush him—scatter him, only tell me where to find him."

The man stared at him.

"You are a tiger," he said, "and no mistake. But violence would do no good; if you did even blow away the General, another would be in the place before morning. Don't take on so, governor," he added, with a broad grin, as the Commander wrung his hands and groaned in his agony. "Take my advice, and try this," and he made an imaginary clink of money in the palm of his hand.

Poor old Prodgers! this last degradation was too much for him—to be recommended by a low fellow like this, actually grinning in his face, to buy off the destroyer of his Katey. "Never!" he cried. "Never! and take that, you base hound!" He seized the man by the throat, but the train moved on. A stout porter came to the rescue, hurling with his strong arm the Commander back into his compartment, and as he whizzed out of the station the last sight he saw was the three friends laughing loudly, and, as he thought, pointing the fingers of scorn at him.

CHAPTER III.

To describe the state of mind in which the Commander reached Edenville would be impossible; in truth, it was more like the frenzy of madness.

To have heard such words applied to his Katey; to have lived to have his beautiful, pure-minded wife, the mother of his darling, compared to such creatures as Isabella Grey,

about whose status in the social scale there could be no doubt, and, worst of all, the last insinuation that "if the General were blown to atoms another would take his place."

"My disgrace is patent to all the world," groaned the unfortunate man. "Where was Julia, where were my friends, that no one warned me? I would have given up ship, preferment, everything, to save her. I have been betrayed on all sides."

A strange servant-girl answered his excited pull at the bell; he was striding past her, when she stopped him with the information that if he wanted the missis she had left early that morning. Miss Trot, Nurse, and the old lady had been away more than a week, she believed; that was before she had come to the situation, she was only in two days.

Eagerly questioned and cross-questioned by the Commander, she could or would tell nothing more. "Bribed to silence," muttered the Commander, and put a sovereign in her hand as he implored her to tell him where his wife was. The girl stared at his wild haggard face, and repeated the formula. "Missis had left early that morning, not saying where she was going, and cook and Jim the gardener had taken a holiday." The Commander cursed her fiercely for her stupidity, and the girl ran frightened to her kitchen. Poor Prodgers saw in all this confirmation of his worst fears. There seemed no further business for him in his desolate home; so, with a vague idea of doing something, he got into his cab, and had himself driven back to the station. How he got to London he never knew; the first fury was now exhausted, and he only felt stunned and stupefied. He wandered about the streets for hours, not caring what became of him, until at last there

came alonging for human sympathy and advice. He had a hope that others perhaps would see it in a different light. He had one very old friend, a sailor like himself, and to him he went. It was late when he got there, but he found him up, and into his sympathizing ear he poured his miserable story. He could not have selected a worse adviser. Admiral Heaviside was a very martinet as to women, and had driven his own wife to leave him. He had never liked Katey, and had always thought his old friend had been made a fool of by a pretty face. So that, in place of throwing oil on the troubled waters, he inflamed the Commander to the highest pitch. They sat up till near morning talking it over, and the Admiral's opinion was dead against Katey.

"Gone away! she has run away, my poor friend," he said; "not a shadow of doubt it has been settled some time, and only wanted the impetus of your return to shove her off. Got the child and Julia out of the way, don't you see the cunning of it, and then levanted. It is more than probable she has gone with this General Simpson, some Indian cavalryman no doubt --- they are the Devil with the woman---and then there's the Prince and that blackguard Sultan, buttonholing the unfortunate girl. But I am afraid she was always bad, radically bad, bad to the core; I do, indeed. There, my poor fellow, don't give way; no woman is worth a thought. Look at me---gone through it, and I am as hearty as if nothing had happened---glad to be rid of a bad lot. I'll tell you what we'll do; we will step round in the morning to Pericles Green, he is a clever little fellow, a *niai prius* fellow, and we will see what he will say."

To Pericles Green accordingly they went, and to him they told all they had to say.

The evidence (he remarked) was "not very much, it was nearly all presumption."

The Commander felt as if he could have hugged him on the spot. "At present," he went on, "the first thing to ascertain is the name of the seducer."

"The what?" thundered the Commander, advancing on Pericles Green, who retreated rapidly.

"There must be a co-respondent in such cases," he pleaded, appealing in a helpless manner to Admiral Heaviside; "and we must find out whether it is with General Simpson or this nobleman the lady has gone; else we can lay no damages."

"I want no damages," cried the Commander, "but I want to lay my hands upon the man who has stolen my treasure and broken my heart." And he let his head fall forward on his folded arms, and sobbed in his agony.

Out to Edenville travelled the Commander and Admiral Heaviside, to search through Katey's papers, and see could any light be thrown on the transaction. At the Muswell Hill station they ran against the clergyman of the parish, the Rev. Bromley Way, who was an acquaintance of the Admiral's, who whispered to the Commander that he would ask the clergyman a few questions. "Of course I will not commit you or the unfortunate woman," he said; "but he is a likely man to know the gossip of the place."

Accordingly he drew him aside, and in a confidential manner began:—

"Has anything been going on about Muswell Hill this week? Any little excitement for the ladies?"

"Well—no," answered the Rev. Bromley Way. "We are always quiet—you may fancy how much so, when I assure you that this little affair of Mrs. Prodgers has made a stir in this retired spot. To you in

the metropolis it would seem nothing, but here we are quite wild about it."

The Admiral stared at him in amazement. "I should suppose," he said stiffly, "that we think all alike on such a subject. Such things are in my sight an abomination."

"Oh, you take it much too seriously," interrupted the divine. "I suppose you will be quite shocked to hear I am going up on this little business; I consider it quite in my way. However, we will not discuss it now, I haven't time. Here comes my train."

"One moment, one moment, my dear sir; just tell me who Katey's companion is supposed to be?"

"Well, I shall know that in town," returned Bromley Way; "that is what I want to find out. I am very much afraid it is General Simpson."

"So I thought, so I thought," ejaculated the Admiral, not a little pleased at his own perspicuity. "And now, what do you think of him? Eh, what is he like?"

"Who," asked the clergyman looking a little puzzled.

"Why, the General, of course."

"Oh, yes, to be sure. Well, I think the General will ruin Katey, that's my opinion," said the other, very seriously; "deep, too deep altogether."

"Curious, that's the very thing the man in the train said."

"Did he, now, really? That corroborates me. But the General has a fine form—a very fine form—S. H., you know. But," added the clergyman, with an air of confidence, "the carmine is laid on too strong, it looks as if it was done with a brush."

"Disgusting," ejaculated the Admiral; "a painted popinjay, just what I'd expect from her!"

Then lowering his voice, he added—

"There's the poor Commander over there."

"Ah, indeed," remarked the Rev. Bromley Way, indifferently, "so he has come back, has he? Then that will be another little excitement for Muswell Hill; I haven't time to go over and congratulate him."

"Congratulate him," echoed the Admiral; "Good God, on what!"

"Well, do you know I think it's a very fair subject of congratulation," replied the Rev. Bromley, smiling. "Good-bye."

"God bless my soul," exclaimed the Admiral, standing open mouthed where the Rev. Bromley Way had left them, "the man is either mad, or a disgrace to his cloth. My poor friend," he said, as he rejoined the Commander, "it is quite true, my poor fellow. Bromley Way tells me the elopement is the excitement of the neighbourhood."

"And who?" stammered the unfortunate husband, in a stifled voice of agony.

"Oh, just as we supposed; General Simpson, a horrid fellow, who paints and makes up like a popinjay."

When they got to Edenville, the search began. At Admiral Heavysides instigation they ransacked Katey's wardrobes, and broke open her davenport and most private keeping places—it was evident she had taken nothing of the Commander's giving with her, for her desk, dressing-case, and jewel-box were all in perfect order. Poor old Prodgers pointed this out to the Admiral, who only shook his head, and seemed to think it a convincing proof, if such was wanting, of her guilt.

"You don't know the depth of their wickedness," he said, "with a compassionating smile, 'this only shows the General to be richer than you are. Where you gave pearls, he can afford to give dia-

monds." And he went on turning over Katey's goods and chattels. The search was a painful one to the Commander, who wept like a child when he came across some little proof of his wife having once cared for him. "She must have loved me a little," he moaned, as he stumbled across some trifle he had given her in the brief days of their happy married life. "Poor girl, I ought never to have left her," but these kindly thoughts were dispelled by the entrance of the Admiral holding with triumphant satisfaction a slip of paper in his hand.

"Here we have him," he cried, "and in my lady's own handwriting, stowed away in the secret drawer of her writing affair. I just knocked its head off, and punched all the secrets out of it." As he spoke, he held before the Commander's eyes the paper upon which was written in Katey's rather scrawly writing—

"General Simpson, S.H., to be
heard of at Lord De Rothes,
" Virginia Lodge,
" Richmond."

"What the deuce does 'S. H.' mean; that's what puzzles me. Society of Hang-dogs, I should think; but no matter, that's no affair of ours; we'll spit the fellow. Now," continued the Admiral, buttoning his coat and taking up his hat, "I'm off to Virginia Lodge, Richmond, there I'll hear of the fellow, and all about it; but the question is, what will you do, my poor friend," added the Admiral with the only touch of feeling he had shown yet. "Believe me I am truly sorry for you, but by-and-bye you will feel much better when you have blown the dirty fellow to pieces. You may depend on me. I'll see you through it—I'll settle it all. You just come back with me and wait till I return from Richmond.

We'll see our way clearer then—perhaps we'll have to follow; but anyway we'll have our dinner and a snug jorum of punch to clear our brains before starting."

The poor Commander shook his head. He was past all consolations; even the thoughts of blowing his rival to pieces brought no comfort.

"Heavenside," he said, wearily, "I shall stay here to-night—my last night in the home that I had longed for night and day during these three weary years. Find out all for me, good old friend, and before day-break to-morrow I will be with you; but to-night I must be alone."

The Admiral hesitated. Poor Prodgers did not look like a man who ought to be left alone with his own thoughts. "Curse these women," he muttered to himself, and lingered near the door; the Commander raised his head and made an imperative gesture—time, too, was going, and he should catch the next train, so he left him.

Hours passed, and the Commander sat in the same spot thinking. The summer day waned slowly, and the evening's shadows fell on the lawn outside, and still he never stirred. Sad and bitter were the thoughts that came thronging through his mind. Pictures of winter evenings, with Katey smiling beside the fire-side; happy summer evenings like this, when they had driven or walked together, and Katey's bright looks and pretty ways had attracted all passers by.

"She was too good for me," groaned the unhappy man. "I never ought to have darkened her path: pretty sunny creature, my darling, my Katey."

And then a great idea came to him. He would give himself out to be dead. Hide himself somewhere like Bnoch Arden, and then she would be free to marry this man—the one she loved, and there would

be no shame, no disgrace. If he could only fill the longing of his heart, look upon her bright happy face again, hear her soft voice, listen to her low rippling laugh—once, only once!

There was a loud ring at the garden gate, and a bustle and a stir at the door, and the sound of a soft voice, and the ripple of a low, musical laugh; and Katey—yes, it was Katey herself, said—

“Carry in the General carefully, Jim, although it did spoil my poor pet, it is a dear.”

The Commander—bewildered, enchanted, puzzled, uncertain—stood up, his breath coming shorter and shorter as the steps came nearer, then stopped; there was a sound of voices whispering. A scream, a rush, and a “Oh, John, darling John,” and Katey, smiling, beautiful and innocent, was in the Commander’s arms.

Suspicion, distrust, jealousy, all vanquished by one look at her sweet face, only, for the sake of his dignity, after a few minutes, the Commander said, in a hesitating manner—

“But tell me, my darling, who is General Simpson?”

Katey’s bright face was a little overcast.

“How did you come to know about it, dear?” she said. “Well, it was a disappointment, certainly. I had set my heart on being first prize, but the General was first, and Katey is only second; but for all that she is a beauty—only look!”

Before the Commander could answer she ran into the hall and returned with two lovely roses—one a deep carmine, the other a soft creamy blush.

“Since you went,” she said, “I have become quite a florist, and Jim and I have taken lots of prizes, and this one, ‘Katey Prodgers,’ is quite celebrated. The Sultan himself took quite a fancy to it at the Crystal Palace show, and sent for one to wear at the state ball in his buttonhole; but, unfortunately, to-day, at the Kensington Horticultural, General Simpson, which you see is a dark rose——”

“With a fine form and colour,” struck in the Commander. “Never mind me, my dear,” as Katey stared at him in utter amazement, while he alternately laughed and sobbed, “It is as good as a play, and I am the happiest man in the world, but I only wish Heaviside, Pericles Green, Bromley Way, and Isabella Grey, and all of them were here. But when I think of Heaviside and his journey to Richmond,” and the Commander laughed so wildly that Katey began to fancy joy had turned his brain; but she was a wise little woman, and on that occasion asked no questions; but you may be sure, like a true woman, she made it all out, and whenever the Commander, or, as I should call him, Sir John Prodgers, C.B., showed any signs of jealousy, Lady Prodgers would hold up her finger and just whisper, “Remember General Simpson.”

LAYS OF THE SAINTLY.

BY THE LONDON HERMIT.

AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF SINGULARITY," "PEKPS AT LIFE," &c.

No. 4.—ST. CRISPIN AND ST. CRISPINIAN.

THE "Snobs," whom Thackeray so finely drew,
 Have brought that name to well-deserved contempt;
 From which the honest maker of a shoe,
 Slipper, or boot, should always be exempt;
 The latter kind alone the blessing share
 Of being under sainted patrons' care.

Saints Crispin and Crispinian—for saints,
 Tho' single men, in fame are sometimes double—
 Were born in Rome: and no plebeian taints
 Dimm'd the "blue blood" that in their veins did bubble.
 Yet took they to a course which shocks gentility—
 Street preaching, sandal-making, and humility.

Like certain modern teachers near at hand,
 These worthy brothers noted less the crimes
 That stalk'd so rampant thro' their native land
 Than others prevalent in farther climes;
 Perchance they deem'd the Romans past all saving,
 And long'd more hopeful regions to explore,
 Perhaps to see the world they felt a craving;
 At least they bade adieu to Tiber's shore,
 Roam'd past the Alps, and lastly settled down
 'Mid Celtic warriors and Teutonic carles,
 At Soissons, afterwards the regal town
 Of Pepin, Clovis, Chilperic, and Charles,
 There set to work to civilize the Frank,
 To win men's souls, and break the devil's bank.

All day St. Crispin and his brother wrought
 At missionary work, and when the night
 To other men repose from labour brought,
 They set to shoemaking with all their might;
 For saints can't live, chameleon-like, on air
 (Tho' some, we've seen, have tried it now and then).

And so they labour'd with a duplex care,
 Both day and night, upon the *soles* of men.
 A mystic silence doth the legend keep
 On how they managed to dispense with sleep.

Some pagans were converted by the aid
 Of soundly evangelic eloquence ;
 But more by reason that their saintships' trade
 Touch'd them thro' interest and outward sense —
 Their worldly souls thus indirectly reaching.
 (Mere argument to such will bear no fruits)
 And Crispin, in addition to his teaching,
 Gave each fresh convert a new pair of boots ;
 To be a sign that, by his Christian vow,
 He stood upon *another footing* now.

'Tis thus that, 'neath the burning sun of Ind,
 Where sober Mussulman and Hindoo bask,
 Our zealous missionaries often find
 Their pious labours but a barren task.
 So little can their rhetoric prevail
 With men in error's ways so deeply sunk ;
 Except a few who, having tasted ale,
 Embrace the Cross in order to—get drunk
 How many " natives " to the fold have come
 Lured less by Christianity than rum ?

So throve our saints amazingly, and drew
 The heathen Franks in thousands to their tether
 Up to their time no mortal ever knew
 Such proselyting virtue dwelt in leather.
 But native cobblers of the older creed,
 With indignation view'd the rival stall ;
 And making piety a cloak for greed,
 Denounced them to the Cæsar, then in Gaul,
 Maximian Herculus, who referr'd
 The case to Rictius Varus to be heard.

A man whose hate of Christians never slept,
 Who fain would have " improved away " the race,
 Rictius most gladly did the task accept.
 Soon stood the saints before his awful face ;
 Such tyrants were not wont to spend much time
 Upon the mere formalities of trial,
 Their sentence was enough to prove the crime,
 Vain was extenuation or denial ;
 Varus resolved to stay the spread of error,
 By measures that should strike the world with terror.

Such tortures then the Crispins underwent,
 My pen would hardly venture to reveal them ;
 But that, as Heaven its kind assistance sent,
 The persons most affected *did not feel them !*
 At first the holy men were scourged with flails,
 Yet were they neither injured nor a'raid,
 Boot-brads were driven 'neath their finger nails,
 When lo ! an angel hasten'd to their aid ;
 The brads flew out, " return'd to plague the inventors,"
 And punish'd, not the victims, but tormentors.

But Varus' heart was harden'd, so he gave
 The dreadful order, " millstones, there, for two !
 Tie to their necks and fling them in the wave,
 And then see what their saintly powers can do !"
 To hear was to obey, the hallow'd twain,
 Like kittens doom'd to drowning from their birth,
 Souse in the Aiane were flung, but rose again,
 And, while the millstones sunk in bed of earth,
 Clomb up the other bank, and reached the path,
 Far more refresh'd than damaged by their bath.

Seeing that water but improved the saints
 (Saints as a rule did not affect the fluid),
 Rictius, who knew compassion's soft restraints
 No more than arch-Inquisitor or Druid,
 Order'd a vessel fill'd with molten lead,
 And into this the blessed ones were thrust.
 Still, Salamander-like, they show'd no dread
 (How strong the will is when the faith's robust !)
 And while the holy cobblers fail'd to die,
 A splash of metal blinded Varus' eye.

In fiery furnace sed and fill'd with oil,
 And pitch—the " boiling pitch " of Fahrenheit—
 The saints were cast, to " shuffle off life's coil,"
 And thereto be annihilated quite.
 An angel saved them ere they could consume,
 Whereat the blood of Rictius boil'd with ire,
 And dizzy with his anger and the fume,
 He lost his hold and tumbled in the fire;
 Where, being made of common sinful clay,
 Not fortified with sanctity at all,
 He quickly perish'd, to the deep dismay
 Of those who saw, but could not stop his fall.
 Fierce at his fate, they turn'd their vengeful claws
 Upon the Christians, whom they deem'd its cause.

"Off with their heads;" the savage cry arose,
The saints were seized, and—climax unexpected!—
The power that hitherto had baulk'd their foes
No more their lives from martyrdom protected;
The axe was raised, they died like you or I.
But marvels at their death commenced afresh,
For tho' allow'd on open plain to lie,
Vulture nor wolf would touch their sacred flesh;
Which, on that eve, two pious pilgrims found,
And forthwith bore to consecrated ground.

These monks were old and feeble, and the weight
Of slaughter'd saints is of decided gravity,
And how to bear them caused some slight debate;
When Providence, with most unlook'd-for suavity,
Suspended gravitation's tyrant force,
"Till," says the legend, "free in frame and limb,
Each bearer felt not that he bore a corse,
But just as if *the corse were bearing him.*"
No skiff had they, but on the river's verge
The same mysterious hand had moor'd a boat,
Without an oar, or helm, or sail to urge
Its burden'd way, yet did it swiftly float
Along the waves as smoothly as a dream,
Although their course was dead against the stream.

Here ends our strictly true, yet wond'rous tale,
St. Crispin, as the elder of the firm,
Became, and will remain, till time doth fail,
The patron saint of all to whom the term
Of "Snob"—respectfully pronounced—applies.
Some able preachers have been men of leather,
And, after Crispin, need we feel surprise
Boots and religion often go together?
Reader, invoke his name whene'er a pair
You wear for the first time, and if they *hurt* you,
Think on the martyrdom our saints went through,
All for the good of trade, and truth, and virtue.
Our moral is, "We all have some weak part;"
With some it is the body, some the head,
Others the will, and some, alas! the heart,
With our good patrons 'twas the *neck* instead.
And thus, tho' fire and water fail'd to end them,
Beheading could at once to heaven send them.

THE BURNS FAMILY.

It is hardly possible to find a smaller village than that of Bolton, in East Lothian. It consists entirely of the neat parish church, "a world too wide" for the parishioners, the manse, with a plot of ground covered with flowers and trees in front, the school-house, with its small window-panes and select number of scholars, the large farm-house, with a sandy carriage-drive up to the somewhat assuming front, the village smithy, and the farm steading, or as it is called "the mains," with the plain unadorned dwelling-houses for the farm-servants.

The village cannot boast of a street, a shop, or even a police-station. It is exactly like an overgrown farm steading, but a most pleasant place withal. Standing in a fine high situation, it commands a view of some of the beautiful fields and wooded dales of East Lothian. When the sun sparkles on the fields no more pleasant view can be found than that from Bolton. All around is beautiful scenery, and what is rarer seen, well-cultivated fields. Every way we look we see fine Lothian scenery. It is a land of pleasantness, with rich, delicious pastoral views; with open clean fields; with clusters of modern farm steadings, from the midst of which there appear tall chimneys skirted and fringed with large, well-built stacks of grain; with fields dotted and spotted with comfortable-looking sheep and oxen; with strips of trees and clusters of plan-

tations toning the landscape into a delicious shade; and with the river Tyne, now creeping across a field, and now stealing quietly between two rows of large trees. The scenery is neither wild nor grand, but eminently and purely pastoral and rich in its plainness. It pleases the eye, and is a soft enjoyment to the mind, to look on it. A striking and most enjoyable contrast it forms to the wild, romantic scenery of rugged hills, and pensive glens of the Highlands, or the soft sweetness and delicate beauty of the lakes, to both of which holiday-seekers flock.

All around is quietness; the week is like one continuous Sabbath. Here and there on the highway we see a team of stout, big-boned, stout-legged, Clydesdale horses engaged on farm work. The men who drive them, whistling as they walk, are fine specimens of real Scottish ploughmen, well made, if anything heavy about the waist, open-featured, open-hearted, and honest in speech. They dress like their work, in a suit of homely stuff, coarse but good. The younger of them wear a brighter-coloured and larger waistcoat, covered with sparkling white buttons. And their horses and harness come in for a share of kind attention; many a ploughman's daughter gives pieces of ribbon to the young ploughman that he may "spruce" up his horses' manes and tails. The young women, bright-faced, bright-eyed, tall of stature, and many even

handsome in appearance, live in sweet content, looking forward only to their greatest happiness of being the beloved wives of Scottish ploughmen. So the world wags in this secluded spot as it does in the squares and terraces of our thronged cities, the romance of love possessing them all.

The only sounds that break in our ear in the height of summer or the dead of winter in the village, are the clear anvil rings, echoing from the smithy, the crowing of chanticleer to a distant brother, the rattle of farmers' carts, the romping noise of school-girls, or the quarrellings, disputes, and ringing voices of the school-boys at the playground.

This is one of those delicious spots where nature has room and peace enough to work in the heart of man in its own mysterious manner. Here impressions are formed and thoughts are born which last for life; in this quiet spot they gain full-swayed possession of our souls. As season succeeds season, and month succeeds month, new graces of the earth are seen. The rivulet that bubbles and gurgles over a stony bed beneath the boughs and twigs of the trees of the churchyard, displays to our eyes new beauties every week and day. Indeed, the river is a perpetual gala. The thoughts which we experience when we contrast this cultivated scene with the rugged grandeur of mountain and glen, are like those which arise in our mind on contrasting the wild, original, and unrestrained picture of nature's painting, with one laboriously well executed. We occasionally love to look on a pleasant landscape, with reapers in the background and the glorious sky overhead. To rest in quietness is not always sluggishness. All men cannot work like actors in the din and uproar of the stage, with wide

human faces gazing at, and foot-lights blinding them. "Silence," says Emerson, "seclusion, austerity, may pierce deep into the grandeur and secret of our being, and so diving, bring up out of secular darkness the sublimities of the moral constitution."

The village is distant about two miles south from the fine burgh of Haddington. Although the road is uphill it can be walked in three-quarters of an hour, and leisurely. Diverging from the roadway before we approach Grant's Braes House, where Gilbert Burns lived and died, we enter the parks of Lennoxlove estate; passing the old castle on our left, clustered in a group of tall trees, we reach, through a paradise of trees and flowers, the Gifford water. Pausing on the white painted bridge, as we always do, and looking for a while at the beautiful water-course, and trees, and shrubs, we may mention that Lennoxlove at one time belonged to the rather celebrated Scotch family of the name of Maitland. The father, Sir Richard, was a poet, but only in his declining years, when he dabbled in verse to relieve the monotony of his old age; he was a Scottish judge and statesman. His two sons were more eminent than he; Secretary Maitland, Queen Mary's Secretary, and the "bloody" Duke of Lauderdale, were born in the castle there. Down in the old burgh, near the banks of the Tyne, was born John Knox. Is it not strange that the two most able Scotchmen of their time, Knox and Maitland, the champions of their respective causes, should have been born in the same parish? It is worth while thinking over these things as we wend our way over this smiling landscape; not a black spot is seen, but clumps of trees and dots of farm steadings.

Our great master-minds not only cast a lustre over everything they touch, but drag into the light of the world many unimportant personages. As everything they wrote, every scrap of paper on which they signed their names, even letters, are preserved as relics and furnish part of their careers, so also all blood relations are hunted out as worthy of interest by the lovers of the genius-gifted son or brother. This is not an idle curiosity; it arises from our love for the great and the good and the beautiful. Of recent years this has been most pointedly the case. In our literature what is wanting just now in profound critics is amply made up by our workers in dungeons of old manuscripts, our searchers after facts, diggers after buried materials, which our forefathers allowed to lie stowed away in dusty nooks and recesses; the materials, yet extremely valuable, may have been of little value to our forefathers who lived in those times, but to us they are precious, above money or price. We think we speak within the bounds of truth in saying that the enthusiastic interest taken in everything concerning Shakspeare in England is equalled in Scotland by the deep loving interest the Scotch take in their dearest son and singer, Robert Burns.

In the month of January every year, the whole of Scotland rings with the praise and hero-worship of Burns; and in nearly every town there is a Burns Club, composed of all classes and conditions. It is a characteristic feature of the Scottish character to be shy in expressing their love towards the living, but to be bold and enthusiastic in their love for the dead. They revere and admire the old reformers; of John Knox they are proud; of Wallace and Bruce they are fond as children are of stories of romance and adventure; but on Robert Burns they

lavish all their native deep and strong love. He possesses all Scotchmen's hearts, jealous of any compeers; and no man's words reach the Scotchman's heart, or touch it so keenly as his. He is undoubtedly the most representative Scotchman. On the continent and in all foreign lands, the name of Burns is the rallying cry for all Scotchmen; wherever two or three are, they meet together in his name. This national feeling, unique for its strength, is ever increasing.

The characteristic features of the churchyard of Bolton are the high graves, tall and uncut grass, and the high surrounding stone wall. There being no foot-roads, we are compelled to walk over the graves. There are a number of tombstones, varying from the very old to the most modern; from the stone half buried in the earth, with defaced inscription, the one emblazoned with worn skull, cross-bones, and broken sand-glass, the heavy recumbent stone, with inscription obliterated by time's hand and the mischievous mortal ones, down to the polished granite obelisk and marble pillars of recent years. And within the narrow compass all grades lie—the pauper, the ploughman, the farmer, the minister, the schoolmaster, the rich and titled lady, the celebrated military commander, the lord of the manor, and peer of the realm. But in the centre of the churchyard stands a tombstone prominent from the others by reason of its neatness and the modern iron railing. The face of the stone is covered with inscriptions, which run as follows:—

“ERECTED

By Gilbert Burns, Factor, at Grant's Brae,
In Memory of his Children,
Isabella, who died 3rd July, 1815, in the
7th year of her age;
Agnes, who died 14th September, 1815, in
the 15th year of her age;
Janet, who died 30th October, 1816, in the
16th year of her age.

And of his Mother,
Agnes Brown, who died 14th January, 1820,
in the 88th year of her age; whose
mortal remains lie all buried here.

Also of other two of his Children, viz.,
Jean, who died on the 4th of January, 1827,
in the 20th year of her age; and
John, who died on the 26th February, 1827,
in the 25th year of his age.

Gilbert Burns, their father, died on the 8th
April, 1827, in the 67th year of his
age.

Also buried here, Annabella, sister of Gil-
bert Burns, who died March 2nd, 1832,
aged 67."

The world knows a great deal about the father of the poet, but exceedingly little of the mother. They seem to have been of entirely different natures—the husband strong-headed, even passionate, and "dour;" the wife quiet, affectionate, fond of telling and hearing old stories and romances. The mother was about ten years younger than the father. Her maiden name was Agnes Brown, and she was the daughter of a farmer in Carrick. A farmer in Carrick was, and is, very different from one in the Lothians. In Carrick the farms are small, and are wrought by the farmer with the aid of his son and one or two assistants. In the Lothians the farmers are a wealthy, well-educated class of men; some of them are even members of the bar and learned professions, who take to cultivating the soil after having cultivated themselves. There the farms are large; the rents vary from £100 to £2,000; the land is generally arable, and there are employed on the farm from six to eight married ploughmen, and about double the number of women workers on the field. Agnes's mother died when she was about nine years of age, and the care of four younger children was thrust upon her young shoulders. Her education then terminated, and that she had received enabled her to read but not to write.

This is an oft-told tale in the

byways of the world. One often finds that school education is of little or no value compared with the education received in the struggles and battles of life; 'tis then we get closer to our brothers' and sisters' hearts, and ours begin to develop. There were servants on the farm, but they could not be spared for house-work; so the little girl had to do her best with her brothers and sisters during the day until she received help at night-fall from the outdoor servants. One can easily fancy the picture they would often present—the eldest girl oftentimes worn out and in great distress at the troubles she had with the little children, oftentimes laughing at them, and perhaps as often crying with intense girlish despair. It was a school for a good wife to be educated in. She had been taught by a weaver, who instructed children beside his loom as he worked, to read the Bible and commit the Psalms to memory—that was the extent of her education.

She had not a long time to spend at her father's, for he having again married, she went to live with her maternal grandmother. That the food was coarse though good, we observe from her receiving from her grandmother, when particularly pleased with her work at the wheel, pieces of white bread and pieces of brown. We understand she lived there until William Burns took her unto wife. They met each other for the first time at a local fair, and both were so well met, and so much in earnest, that they were married in about twelve months from their first introduction. At that time she was twenty-five years old, and possessed of a small neat figure; her hair was auburn, her complexion, though much exposed to the suns and frosts, fine and clear, her eyes were dark and animated. Her dowry was exceedingly

small, but she possessed, in a cheerful disposition, a budget of old songs and ballads, a well-tuned voice, and a finely-strung heart, a dowry beyond the value of money. "Mrs. Burns," says the schoolmaster, Mr. Murdoch, who taught their children, referring to the family. "Mrs. Burns, too, was of the party as much as possible.

"But still the house affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and, with a greedy ear,
Devour up their discourse——

and particularly that of her husband. At all times, and in all companies, she listened to him with a more marked attention than to anybody else. When under the necessity of being absent while he was speaking, she seemed to regret, as a real loss, that she had missed what the good man had said. This worthy woman, Agnes Brown, had the most thorough esteem for her husband of any woman I ever knew. I can by no means wonder that she highly esteemed him."

It is, however, noticeable that, so far as I have been able to observe, the poet makes no reference to his mother in his letters or verses. This is perhaps the more remarkable because it is said that in features and in general address he resembled her more than his father, to whom he often alluded. And if it be the fact, as all evidence points towards, that he also resembled, though he rose far above her, in his mental gifts, we may fairly say that she was a remarkable woman, possessed of a very great fund of hearty sociability and pleasantry, of womanly grace and sympathy. In a letter from a Mr. MacKenzie, surgeon, Irvine, she is described as "a very sagacious

woman, without any appearance of forwardness or awkwardness of manners." To the minister of the parish of Bolton, the Rev. Thomas Drummond, I am indebted for the following additional information. She did not leave her husband's farm at his death, but resided there for a considerable time thereafter. Afterwards she resided at Grant's Braes, near Haddington, with her son, till the day of her death. By people who knew her there she is said to be possessed of poetic talents; how far that is trustworthy I do not pretend to say. I merely content myself in reporting the tradition and information of the district, which would lead me to believe that the poet was in some respects under obligation to her for many hints, ideas, and fancies. "She thought in rhyme," says Mr. Drummond, "and she spoke it too." One of the sisters of his informants, an old woman, gate-keeper on Lord Blantyre's estate of Lennoxlove, was long a servant in the family of Gilbert Burns, at Grant's Braes. "Had she been alive," Mr. Drummond wrote me, "scraps of the grandmother's poetry might have been obtained. The sister is certain that one of the songs was more the mother's than the poet's. Sure it is that Agnes Brown was a very superior woman, and that she no doubt tanned and cherished the flame which Nature had given to her son." She was married in December, 1757; her husband died of consumption on the 13th of February 1784, after a weary struggle with poverty and ungential soils; and she died on the 14th of January, 1820, at the good old age of eighty-eight.

Gilbert was a good brother and a good son. The poet and he were ever ready to assist each other with brotherly advice and affection, though the younger had

little need of the elder's. The world is indebted to Gilbert for many particulars of his brother's life. It is trying for one to give particulars of a gifted brother; he is apt to magnify trifles into world-wonders—from his close connection with the singer, he is inclined to magnify snatches into epics, and not unfrequently he loses sight of important phases of character through his common familiarity. Gilbert possessed sound common-sense, and wrote with a far-seeing, critical pen. He was younger in years, but older in prudence, than Robert. Although he did not possess the gift divine, he had a warm sympathy. His ears were generally the first that heard the bard's music. And at strange times did he rehearse his poems, not at the family gathering, but often in the open air when they were alone. It was in a cold winter day, when going together with carts for coal, that he repeated the "Address to the Deil;" it was one evening after returning from the plough he read "The Death and Dying Words of Poor Mailie, the Author's only Pet Yowe," which circumstances had only occurred at mid-day; it was on a fine summer day, when the two were resting a little from the weeding of the garden, that he repeated part of the "Epistle to Davie, a Brother Poet," and when the brother started the idea of his becoming an author; and it was on one Sunday afternoon, when they were walking together over the farm, that Gilbert says he "first had the pleasure of hearing the author repeat the "Cotter's Saturday Night." His feelings on hearing that glorious national ode are worth repeating. "I do not recollect to have read or heard anything by which I was more highly electrified. The fifth and sixth stanzas, and the eighteenth, thrilled with a

peculiar ecstasy through my soul." Thus often he whispered sweet applause to the then Great Unknown, as the brilliant coins came fresh from the burning mint. In great brotherly love the brothers lived.

It would appear that Gilbert was the only member of the family to whom he read any of his effusions, and from this alone we can deduce a most rare character. In manhood and old age he was sober in thoughts and appearance, even grave in expression. It was otherwise with him in youth and childhood, so great changes do a few years make on one's face and in one's thoughts. A thunder cloud in the afternoon hastens on the evening. "Gilbert," says Mr. Murdoch, "always appeared to me to possess a more lively imagination, and to be more of the wit than Robert. I attempted to teach them a little church music. Here they were left far behind by all the rest of the school. Robert's ear, in particular, was remarkably dull, and his voice untunable. It was long before I could get them to distinguish one tune from another. Robert's countenance was generally grave, and expressive of a serious, contemplative, and thoughtful mind. Gilbert's face said, 'Mirth, with thee I mean to live;' and certainly if any person who knew the two boys had been asked which of them was the most likely to court the muses, he would surely never have guessed that Robert had a propensity of that kind."

Schoolmasters' observations on their pupils are no longer of any value when the boy has reached manhood. One would never think of asking a nurseryman's opinion of a full-grown tree, which many years ago was transplanted from his garden grounds. A schoolmaster cannot get at many sides of a lad's disposition; unless his character be so prominent that the

teacher cannot help rubbing up against it, the boy will often pass unnoticed. Like a sergeant who drills the raw recruits, school-masters generally can only tell you which was the smartest in picking up the prescribed tasks. A brother's opinion, or that of a fellow-pupil, is worth infinitely more; they knew him when he was beyond the reach of the school windows, and when he could talk without fear of his words or sentences being severely criticized. Let us, then, see what the poet thought of him. In his biographical letter to Dr. Moore, written on the 2nd of August, 1787, he said of Gilbert, "My brother wanted my hair-brained imagination, as well as my social and amorous madness; but in good sense, and every sober qualification, he was far my superior."

But let us gather up a few details of his life. Along with his brother he received a very elementary education, partly from his father, and partly from Mr. Murdoch. When they reached their "teens," and were beginning to be of some service to their struggling father, they were taken from the school. "Week about, during a summer quarter," they were sent to a parish school, distant a few miles from Mount Oliphant, to improve their handwriting. A few years later he was regularly employed on his father's farm, for which he received an annual wage of £7. It was a hard battle. Robert was a good ploughman for his age. Gilbert was able to plough, though young, and assisted in thrashing the corn. The two sons, in 1784, took their father's affairs into their own hands, and rented another farm, Mossgiel—Gilbert being then about twenty-four. He was master. Robert loved his own thoughts and the company of others too well to take general charge, and when spoken to

about any business he threw it on his younger brother, "Oh, talk to my younger brother about that." He married in March, 1788, settled for instructions as an excise officer, and left Gilbert struggling with the unprofitable soil of Mossgiel, sinking into debt. Out of the proceeds of his poems he gave Gilbert £150 on loan to redeem some debts and keep the family together. The mother then and thereafter lived with the younger brother, who had—not the burden, I would hope, but the pleasure, of keeping her. Robert Chambers remarks, in, if anything, a highfalutin sentence, that the loan brought "out some traits of self-sacrificing feeling and righteousness in the Burns family, such as, I am fain to think, are characteristic of homely society in Scotland, and constitute one of the chief glories of the Scottish name."

Gilbert's life is only interesting to the most of us so long as Robert lived; when he died his life becomes commonplace: the brilliant sun has set, and a starless sky heralds the approach of night. He lived to do many a good day's work after his brother. Wherever he went he was a *rara avis*; he was Robert Burns's brother. The fame which he acquired sat lightly on him; at kirk or market he always presented the same douce, sober exterior. He fought away with the farm of Mossgiel until about 1797, when he left it for the farm of Dunning, in Nithsdale. People unacquainted with farming cannot realize the continual torture which bad soil gives a farmer. He can only turn over his capital once a year, and woe betide if it be a failure; then a long, dreary year looks him in the face, like a far-stretching road in a strange country, its terminus being unknown. A few years afterwards he was induced to leave the place of his nativity for East Lothian.

A son of Mrs. Dunlop, the great friend of the poet, had a farm at Morham Mains, a pretty spot, distant three miles from Haddington, of which farm he took charge. Gilbert's connection was shortly afterwards severed, Mr. Dunlop having sold the farm.

The next change was his last and best one; the crowning situation he filled was that of factor to Lord Blantyre on his East Lothian estate at Lennoxlove. His residence was an old thatched house at Grant's Braes. Nearly encircled with trees, in winter it is a dreary place, the road from the burgh being entirely overhung with large trees, which make it intensely dark and eerie; and there is also an old ivy-grown ruin, associated with "warlocks" and ghosts. But in summer, with the leafy woods, grassy slopes, the quiet river in the hollow flowing between banks of rich old meadows, and the western expanse of broad, well-tilled lands, it presents a cheery, pretty appearance. In this haven he spent the remaining years of his life in comparative comfort; but his house was often visited by death, his family being consumptive. At kirk and market he was always received by many friends; the people of East Lothian admired and respected him; and in the parish church of Haddington he was an elder, or an office-bearer. He has been described to me, by some persons who knew him as having presented a thoughtful appearance; in all transactions he was most upright. His forehead was large, square, and open, and in features bearing a great resemblance to his brother. He died seven years after his mother, at the age of sixty-seven. To me it seems a little strange that while he lived in the parish of Haddington he buried his family and mother in the churchyard of the neighbour-

ing parish of Bolton. Perhaps it was that he preferred the rural, high-grassed churchyard near the sloping fields and the gurgling burn, to the crowded one of the town, where one's bones are shovelled about by whistling, careless gravediggers.

An old shepherd who knew him well has described him to me as having a fair, full face, and of ordinary stature, and was generally seen walking with his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest in a meditative manner. A broad-brimmed Quaker's hat gave his thoughtful countenance a dull and stupid expression. There fell to his lot more than the ordinary amount of human sorrows and shadows in the visitations of great family afflictions, the depressing effects of hard continuous toil, and the everlasting struggle for maintenance of self and family. His industry and strong sense in a measure conquered; and we are most happy to notice that he with his widowed mother and unmarried sister, besides his family, shared not only the honour and respect which he won from all, but the happiness of a comfortable common home.

The life of sensible Gilbert is a more happy one to look back upon, and more healthy in its moral teaching, than the impulsive, feverish, sad career of his poetic brother. "At his death," the Rev. Thomas Drummond writes me, "Dr. Lorimer, the minister of the first charge of Haddington, preached his funeral sermon, which I am told was well received. Gilbert was much respected in the parish." Dr. Currie, in his letter to Captain Graham Moore, referred to him as one "closely allied to Burns, in talents as in blood, in whose future fortunes the friends of virtue will not, I trust, be uninterested."

It is worthy of remark that he

edited an edition of his brother's works in 1820, published by Cadell and Davies, and for which he received £250. This sum enabled him to discharge to the widow of his brother his old-standing debt. "He was a man of sterling sense and sagacity, pious without asceticism or bigotry, and entertaining liberal and enlightened views, without being the least of an enthusiast. His letter to Dr. Currie, dated from Dinning, October 24, 1800, shows no mean power of composition, and embodies nearly all the philanthropic views of human improvement which have been so broadly realized in our own day. We are scarcely more affected by the consideration of the penury under which some of his brother's noblest compositions were penned, than by the reflection, that this beautiful letter was the effusion of a man who, with his family, daily wrought long and laboriously under all those circumstances of parsimony which characterize Scottish rural life."

A good deal has been said about the brothers of Burns, but exceedingly little about the sisters. One's sisters do not deserve to be left outside in that manner; they have an unseen influence in moulding a brother's character, like a covered up watercourse which flows unseen beneath fertile fields, yielding a rich fragrance on the otherwise dry soil as it seeks its way to the river. He had three sisters, Agnes, Annabella, and Isabella, the second of whom lies also in the churchyard of Bolton,—where the other two sleep we cannot find. Annabella was at first interesting to the East Lothian people because of her relationship to the poet, but they became to like her for her own qualities. She was, according to all accounts that have reached me, a most likeable woman; there was a good deal of Nature's own peculiar gifts

about her in the shape of strong sense, strong imagination, and strong love for children. Though unmarried, she had always a great work with children, and children had a great liking for her.

An old shrewd shepherd, who yet distinctly remembers and speaks about her with a light in his dimmed eyes and a flush in his cheeks, has given me a few particulars regarding her through the medium of a local poet friend, Mr. Joseph Teenan. He was a boy when she was a middle-aged woman, and lived with his family in the neighbourhood of Grant's Braes. She was exceedingly kind to the boys who ran about the place. One day, on going for the family milk, the boy was sorely troubled with a severe hiccup. Miss Burns, noticing that, told him a most horrible tale about him having stolen a sheep, which so strongly affected the lad, he now says, that it made his hiccups stand on end; the result was the hiccup vanished—the effect desired by the kind-hearted observant woman. He also remembers with pleasure how she, on these occasions, when he used to get milk, was in the habit of making rhymes on the ordinary topics of the day to the gaping-mouthed rustic lads. It is perhaps unfortunate that I cannot get copies of any of her rhymes, nor can the old people remember them; the wear and tear of time has knocked them out of the place of remembrance. The minister of Bolton also inquired of some old people in his parish, who confirm the foregoing testimony, but they are likewise unable to remember any of her rhymes; they never having been printed or committed to writing so far as known, but only passed by "word o' mouth." "She did talk in rhyme," says Mr. Drummond, "sometimes on the weather and on nature, but the rhymes have

never been preserved." Tradition rumours that she gave her brother assistance in the composition of the "Twa Dogs."

She was very kind to the poor, and an old man now, but a mere boy then, remembers with gratitude her coming to his mother's house with some choice bits for him when he was laid up unwell. This generous feeling was native to all the Burns family, and was doubtless fostered by the recitation of the old ballads among the sisters at Lochlea. That was a period in all their lives when good solid foundations were formed; neighbours were often surprised when they entered the kitchen at dinner-time to find the father, brothers, and sisters sitting reading a book while at their humble meals. And it is related, when they removed to Mossgiel, that the sisters often used to steal up to the room where the poet and his brother slept, and take his manuscripts out of the drawer in the small table wherein he kept them, and read them after he had gone to his work on the farm. And so well were his poems received that the family did not obtain a copy until the second edition appeared. The sisters often gratified their mother by reading some of the brother's choice poems as they sat around the fire in the evenings; nor were they astonished at his popularity, as they had always deemed him endowed with extraordinary talent. What a happy family picture they then presented, as they gathered round the ingle-nook, enraptured with the nervous, charming lines of their passionate, handsome brother! Methinks I can see Annabella, tall and slender in person, dark complexion, sitting, radiant in the bloom of youth, while her face, which was wont to be firm and serious, lighted up with extraordinary mirth at many passages, with a heart most kind and tender.

I can never visit the rural churchyard, or wander about the wimpling burns and the cultivated hills of the district, without the pictures of these three flashing upon my imagination. Long and fondly do I look back upon the loving active mother; my heart heaves with admiration as I meditate upon the hard-wrought, sterling brother, but when I think of the kind, pleasant sister, I cannot help thinking that some of my sex had lost a splendid wife.

About a year ago, in summer, when I visited Bolton churchyard along with a friend, and he having a great admiration for all that is related to Burns, being unwilling to leave the spot without taking a memento along with him to the sister kingdom from the grave, stretched forth his hand as far as he could between the iron railings, plucked what he could only get within his reach, a blade of grass. He valued that blade of grass as much as if it had been the daintiest flower. Lives of common people often possess a poetic interest when once we have looked with a sympathetic or imaginative eye on salient events of their lives. And a countryman may be excused, nay, he may be praised, as he points with feelings of pride to people such as these—when he declares that of such is the Scottish peasantry made. To one who loves unobtrusive worth, sterling, hard, continuous work without vain grumblings and any fallings behind, quiet, resolute wills, and a simple faith guiding a genuine heart, such lives as theirs inspire him with untranslatable feelings of admiration.

And when last I returned from visiting their resting-place, as I walked across old lawns, skirted by old oak trees, and leisurely enjoyed the soft luxurious feelings which spring from the sights and sounds of country life in the genial summer-time, the shades of even-

ing were falling, the woods were well nigh hushed from the piping songs of birds, a comely milkmaid was slowly retracing her steps beneath the weight of two pitchers full of warm frothy milk, but of which she was very soon relieved by the strapping, frank-faced game-keeper who had quickly appeared from the leafy wood beyond. It was a scene I can well remember as I stood by the wooden gate; the sun was setting, attended with all its September glory, the kine and the sheep were nestling in bebies far down the old lawn near the river slopes, and a few grave voices were now and then heard from the rookery close by. The fall of the evening, as it suggested to me with strange newness the departure of

another day, quickly shaped in my mind the preservation of these incidents before the fall of darkness inevitable takes from us many of our eye-witnesses. Unless stray facts are speedily picked up by the rambler, there is every likelihood of their being lost for ever.

The quiet annals and struggling lives of the peasantry are interesting to all students of human nature. The three, mother, brother, and sister, who for long together lived, and now sleep in the same resting-place, represent in my mind a trio knitted together by the pure strength of their affections and the hard toils of life, which is uncommon either for its strength or beauty. In death as in life they are not separated.

MADAME DE SEVIGNÉ.

TRANSLATED FROM SAINT BEUVE'S "PORTRAITS DE FEMMES."

BY LOUISA CORKRAN.

CRITICS, and especially foreigners, who lately have judged with most severity our two literary ages, agree in recognizing that what predominated in them, what was reflected in them in a thousand ways, what gave them their chief brilliancy and ornament, was the *esprit de conversation et de société*, a knowledge of the world and of men, a quick shrewd preception of what was proper and what was ridiculous, a subtle delicacy of sentiment, with grace, piquancy, and the most exquisite politeness of language. And in effect this was, with certain reserves we all make, till about 1789, the distinguishing characteristic, the striking feature, of French literature among the literatures of Europe. This glory, which has been made almost a reproach to our nation, is in its way fruitful and honourable to such of us who are able to enter into it and interpret it.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century our civilization, and consequently our language and literature, had nothing in them ripe or fixed. Europe, on emerging from her religious conflicts and all through the phases of the Thirty Years War, was laboriously elaborating a new political order; and France at home was draining the last dregs of her civil discords. At court, certain salons of wits were the fashion, but as yet they had produced nothing great or original; they lived and fed on Spanish

romances and Italian pastorals and sonnets. It was not till after Richelieu's time, after the Fronde, that, under the Queen-mother and Mazarin, there suddenly appeared, as if by miracle, in the midst of the fêtes of Saint-Maude and Vaux, and in the salon of the Hotel de Rambouillet and the ante-chambers of the young King, three first class minds, three geniuses differently endowed; but all three possessing pure natural taste, perfect simplicity, great fertility, with innate grace and delicacy, and destined to inaugurate a brilliant era of glory, in which none surpassed them. Molière, La Fontaine, and Madame de Sevigné belong to a literary generation that preceded that of which Racine and Boileau were the leaders, and are distinguished from these latter by various traits which result both from the nature of their genius and the date of their advent. We feel that, by their turn of mind as by position, they are nearer the France preceding Louis XIV.—nearer the old language, the old French *esprit*—that they were more conversant with it from their education and reading, and that if they are less appreciated by foreigners than certain subsequent writers, they owe it precisely to that in them which comes more home to us, is more indefinable, more charming to us in their accent and manner. If, therefore, there is now—and it is most proper that there should be—

an endeavour to revise and question many of the judgments enounced twenty years ago by certain professors; if relentless war be declared against many exaggerated reputations, we cannot, on the other hand, too much respect, or too persistently uphold, those immortal writers who first gave to French literature its character of originality, and stamped upon it a physiognomy that makes it unique among literatures. Molière drew from the spectacle of life, from the living play of human whims, vices, and absurdities, the most powerful and loftiest elements of poetry. La Fontaine and Madame de Sevigné, upon a more limited stage, had a perception so delicate and true of the things and life of their time, each in his and her respective manner—La Fontaine nearer nature, Madame de Sevigné more in the life of society; and this exquisitely felt perception they have so rendered to the very quick in their writings that they naturally take their place beside and not much below their illustrious contemporary. For the present Madame de Sevigné is our subject; it seems as if all that can be said of her has been already said; and, indeed, details are well nigh exhausted; but we think that, hitherto, she has been considered too much apart from her surroundings, as was long the case in respect to La Fontaine, with whom she has much in common. Now that the society of which she represents the most brilliant side in receding from us becomes, as a whole, more clearly defined to our view, it is easier, and at the same time more necessary, to assign to Madame de Sevigné her place, her importance, and her relations to it. Doubtless it is from having failed to keep this in view and to take into account the difference of the times, that several distinguished hands of our day seem disposed to

judge with as much levity as harshness one of the most delicious natures that ever existed. We shall be glad if this article should help to dispel some of those unjust prejudices.

The excesses of the Regency have been much branded; but before the Regency of Philippe of Orleans there was another Regency, not less dissolute, not less licentious, and still more atrocious from the cruelty that formed part of it; a kind of hideous transition between the debaucheries of Henri III. and those of Louis XV. The immoralities of the Ligue, that had smouldered under Henri IV. and Richelieu, burst out when the hand that had repressed them was withdrawn. Debauchery was as monstrous as it had been at the time of the *mignons*, or as it became later on at the time of the *roués*; but it was, above all, the assassinations, the poisonings—those Italian practices introduced by the Medicis, and the mad fury for duelling bequeathed by our civil wars, that made this epoch resemble the sixteenth century and distinguished it from the eighteenth. Such does the regency of Anne of Austria appear to the impartial reader; such was the dark sanguinary background on which, one fine morning, the Fronde took shape—the Fronde which it is agreed to call *an armed joke*. The conduct of the women of that time, the most distinguished by their birth, beauty, and intellect, seems fabulous, one almost wishes to believe they were calumniated by historians. But as one excess always leads to its opposite, the small group of women who escaped this corruption threw themselves into sentimental metaphysics, and became the *preieuses*; hence the origin of the Hotel de Rambouillet. It became the refuge of good morals in high society. As for good taste, it too at last found its account

there, for Madame de Sevigné came out of it.

Mademoiselle Marie de Rabutin-Chantal was the daughter of the Baron de Chantal, a fire-eating duellist, who, one Easter Sunday, left the communion table in order to go act as second to the famous Count de Bouteville. Brought up by her uncle, the excellent Abbé de Coulanges, she at an early age received solid instruction, learning Latin, Italian, and Spanish from Chapelain and Ménage. At eighteen she married the Marquis de Sevigné, a man unworthy of her, who, after having treated her with neglect, was killed in a duel in 1651. Madame de Sevigné, left free at this early age with a son and daughter, never married again. She adored her children, especially her daughter; this was her only passion. She was a laughing blonde, sprightly and playful, with nothing sensual about her; the flashes of her wit lit up and sparkled in her ever-changing eyes—as she herself says, her *paupières bigarrées*. She became one of the *précieuses*; and went into society, was loved, sought for and courted, scattering around her *des passions malheureuses*, which she paid little attention to, generously retaining, however, as friends, those whom she rejected as lovers. Her cousin Bussy, her master Ménage, the Prince de Conti the great Condé's brother, the surintendant Fouquet, wasted their sighs upon her; to the latter in his disgrace she remained unflinchingly faithful. When she describes to M. de Pomponne the surintendant's trial, with what emotion she speaks of *notre cher malheureux*! Still young and beautiful, without affectation she took her place in society on the footing of her love for her daughter, and asked no other happiness than that of bringing her out and seeing her shine. From 1663 Mademoiselle de Sevigné figured in the brilliant

ballets at Versailles, and the official poet, Benzerade, who then held at court the post that Racine and Boileau filled after 1672, composed more than one madrigal in honour of this *bergère* and this *nymph* whom an idolizing mother called *the prettiest girl in France*. In 1669 M. de Grignan obtained her in marriage, and sixteen months after he took her off to Provence, where he commanded as lieutenant-general during the absence of M. de Vendôme. Separated henceforth from her daughter, whom she saw again only for short periods after long intervals, Madame de Sevigné found solace for her *ennuis* in an almost daily correspondence with her, which was continued up to the year of her death in 1696—a period of twenty-five years, excepting the gaps due to the occasional reunion of the mother and daughter. Previous to this separation in 1671, we have but a few letters from Madame de Sevigné addressed to her cousin Bussy, and a few others to M. de Pomponne upon the subject of Fouquet's trial. Accordingly it is dating only from this period that we become acquainted with her private life, her habits, the books she read, and the minutest particulars of the society in which she lived and of which she was the soul.

First of all, at the very outset of these letters, we find ourselves in an altogether different world from that of the Froude or the Regency. We see that what is called French society is at last constituted. No doubt (and in default of the numerous memoirs of the time the anecdotes related by Madame de Sevigny would prove it) horrible disorders, gross orgies, were still current among the young nobility, upon whom Louis XIV. imposed, as the condition of his favour, the observance of dignity, politeness, and elegance; no doubt, underlying this brilliant surface, this tourna-

ment gilding, there was vice enough to burst out anew under another Regency, more especially when the bigotry of the closing years of a reign had set it fermenting. But at least decorum is observed, public opinion begins to denounce what is ignoble and gross. Furthermore, as licentiousness and brutality were kept more out of view, morality and intelligence became more simple. The title of *précieuse* went out of fashion. Women remembered with a smile to have been a *précieuse*, but that time was past. There was an end to interminable dissertations on the sonnet of Job or Urania, on the *carte de Tendre*, or upon the character of the Romain; but people talk of the court news, recollections of the siege of Paris, or the war of Guyenne; Monsieur le cardinal de Retz relates his travels, Monsieur de la Rochefoucauld moralizes, Madame de la Fayette makes reflections on feeling, and Madame de Sevigné interrupts them all to quote some witty expression of her daughter's, or some prank of her son's, or a *distracted* of d'Hacqueville, or of Monsieur de Brancas. It is difficult for us in these days, with our habits of practical positive occupation, to realize this life of leisure and talk. Now-a-days the world moves so fast, and so many things in rapid succession present themselves to view, that every instant we have is not too much to look at and grasp them. For as the days pass in study, the evenings in serious discussion, de-

lightful talks, *causeries*, there is little or none.

The class that in our day has best preserved the habits of leisure of the last two centuries seems to have done so at the cost of remaining strangers to the manners and ideas of the present.* At the period of which we are speaking, far from being a hindrance to following the literary, religious, or political movement, this kind of life was precisely the fittest for observing it. A glance now and then sufficed a man, without stirring from his chair, and the rest of his time was his to indulge his tastes and attend to his friends. Besides, conversation was not yet what it became in the eighteenth century in the salons opened under the presidency of Fontenelle—an occupation, a business, a pretension; people did not necessarily aim at being witty, a geometrical, philosophical, or sentimental display was not indispensable, but men talked of themselves, of others, of little or nothing. It was, as Madame de Sevigné says, endless conversation. "After dinner," she writes somewhere to her daughter, "we went into the most delightful wood in the world to talk;† there we stayed till six o'clock in all sorts of conversation, so good, so tender, so kind, so courteous as regards you and me, that I am still quite penetrated by it." In this simple, easy, gracefully animated movement of society, a visit, a letter received, insignificant in itself, was an event that gave

* Since these pages were written I have often had occasion to remark to myself with infinite pleasure that there has been much exaggeration respecting the decay of the *esprit de conversation* in France; no doubt so, as a whole, has lost it, but there are remains, marks of the aftermath. This is all the more exquisite to enjoy as a thing come back, almost a mystery.

† Madame de la Montpensier, of the same age as Madame de Sevigné, but who had less vivacity than she had, writing in 1664 to Madame de Motteville upon an ideal of a retreat, that she was composing, wishes to have in it herons and heronnes of different kinds. "We must have all sorts of persons to be able to talk of all sorts of things in conversation, which to your taste and to mine is the greatest pleasure there is in life, and almost the only one to my mind."

pleasure, and was eagerly passed from hand to hand. The least things derived a value from the manner and form they were presented in; it was art which unconsciously they carried into their very life. For example, the visit of Madame de Chaulnes to the *Rochers*. It has been said that Madame de Sevigné elaborated her letters, that while writing them she was thinking, if not of posterity, at least of the society of her own time, whose approbation she desired to obtain. This is untrue, the time of Voiture and Balzac was gone by. She lets her pen run on telling everything she can think of, and when time presses she scarcely reads over. "Indeed," she says, "with friends one has to let one's pen trot on as it pleases, mine has always the reins on its neck." But there are days when she has more time, when she feels herself more in the vein; then, naturally enough, she is careful. She arranges, she composes nearly as much as La Fontaine does for one of his fables; for example, the letter to M. de Coulanges upon the marriage of Mademoiselle, also that upon poor Picard, who is sent off for not wishing to *fade*. Letters of this kind, brilliant for their form and art, in which there were not too many secrets nor scandals, were talked of in society, and every one was eager to read them. "I must not forget what happened to me this morning," writes Madame Coulanges to her friend, "some one said to me, 'Madame, here is one of Madame de Thianges' valets.' I ordered him to be admitted. Here is what he had to say: 'Madame, I come from Madame de Thianges, who begs you will send her Madame de Sevigné's letter about the *horse* and the one about the *prairie*.' I told the laquais I would bring them myself to his mistress, and in this way got rid of him; so you see your letters are as much talked of as

they deserve; it is certain they are delicious, and you are like your letters." Letters, then, like conversation, were a subject of great importance, but neither were composed—only people threw themselves into them with all their minds and all their souls. Madame de Sevigné is continually praising her daughter on this chapter of letters: "You have incomparable thoughts and tirades." She says she reads here and there certain choice parts for persons worthy to hear them: "Sometimes I read a little bit to Madame de Villers, but she fixes on the tender passages and tears come to her eyes."

The naïveté of Madame de Sevigné's letters has been contested, and no less contested has been the sincerity of her love for her daughter; and here again the time she lived in has been lost sight of, and how in that life of luxury and leisure, passions may appear to have been fancies in the same way that in such conditions manias often become passions. She idolized her daughter, and had, while still young, taken her place in society on that footing. It was with reference to this that Arnauld d'Andilly called her the *pretty pagan*; and separation only intensified her passion. She had little else to think of, and the questions and compliments of those she saw invariably turned upon it. This precious and almost sole affection of her heart ended in being at last a kind of defence to her, which she used as a sort of fan. Nevertheless, Madame de Sevigné was perfectly sincere, frank, without any false pretences. She was one of the first who described some one as *genuine*. She would have invented this expression (*vraie*) for her daughter if M. de la Rochefoucauld had not already found it for Madame de la Fayette. She at all events delights in applying it to the person she loves. When

we have analyzed this inexhaustible maternal love, and turned it about a hundred ways, we agree with the opinion and explanation of M. de Pomponne: "It appears that Madame de Sevigny loves Madame de Grignan passionately. Do you know the secret? Would you like me to tell you? *It is that she loves her passionately.*" It would be most ungrateful to cavil with Madame de Sevigné on this most innocent and legitimate passion, to which we are indebted, that we are able to follow, step by step during twenty-six years, the wittiest woman of the most delightful period of the most delightful French society.*

La Fontaine, the painter of fields and animals, was by no means ignorant of society, which he has often delineated with exquisite irony. Madame de Sevigné, on her side, loved the country. She made long sojourns at Livry, where the Abbé Coulanges lived, and at her own estate, the *Rochers*, in Brittany. It is amusing to see under what aspect she saw and depicted nature. First of all, we perceive that, like our excellent fabulist, she had read "Astrée" in her young days, and had had her reveries under the mythological shades of Vaux and Saint Mandé. She loves to walk *by the rays of Endymion's beautiful mistress*, to pass a couple of hours alone with the *hamadryades*. Her trees are decorated with inscriptions and ingenious devices, after the fashion of the landscapes in the *Pastor fido* and *Aminta*. "*Bella così fac niente*," says one of my trees. The other answers: *Amor o lit inertes*. One does not know which to listen to." And elsewhere: "As to our

sentences, they are not disfigured. I often visit them. They are even added to, and two neighbour trees sometimes affirm two opposites: *La lontananza ogni gran piaga silda*, and *Piaga d'amor non si sana mai*. There are five or six in this way at variance." These rather insipid reminiscences of pastorals and romances come naturally from her pen, and delightfully set off many fresh original descriptions which she alone could write. "I have come here (to Livry) to see the last of the beautiful weather, and to say farewell to the leaves. They are still on the trees, and have only changed colour - instead of green, they are all the colours of aurora, and so many auroras that it makes a rich, magnificent gold brocade, which one is inclined to say is more beautiful than green, were it only for the change." And when she is at the *Rochers*: "I should be quite happy in these woods if I had one leaf that could sing. Ah! the delight of a leaf that sings!" And how she paints for us *the triumph of the month of May*, when *the nightingale, the cuckoo, the linnet, open the spring in our forests!* How she makes us feel, and almost touch, *those beautiful crystal days of autumn that are no longer hot, that are not cold!* When her son, to meet the expenses of his extravagant life, has the old wood of Buron cut down, she is moved, and laments with all the banished dryads and wood-gods. Ronsard never mourned more touchingly the fall of the forest of Gastine, nor M. de Chateaubriand that of his paternal woods.

Seeing her so often bright and playful, it would be an error to

* M. Walkebar in his memoirs of Madame de Sevigné remarks shrewdly that she who had the maternal feeling so strongly developed had not time to have the filial feeling, having been left an orphan at so early an age. All the passion of her heart was, as it were, held in reserve, to be expended, later on, on her daughter. Early left a widow, during the best years of her youth, she appears never to have loved a lover. What a saving, what treasures! Her daughter inherited all, with compound interest.

suppose that Madame de Sevigné was frivolous or unfeeling. She was serious, even melancholy, especially during her visits to the country, and the habit of reverie occupies a large space in her life. Only we must be clear upon the subject. Her dreams under her long, thick, sombre avenues were not after the manner of Delphine, or of Corinne. This style of reverie was not yet invented. It took '93 in order that Madame de Staël could write her admirable book of "*L'Influence des Passions sur le Bonheur*." Up to that time to dream was a simpler, easier, more individual thing, and yet less note was taken of it. It was to think of her absent daughter in Provence, of her son, who was in Candia or at the army; of her friends at a distance or dead; it was saying, "As to my life, you know it; it is passed with five or six friends whose society pleases, and in a thousand duties one is obliged to fulfil, and this is not a trifle; but what vexes me is, that the days pass in doing nothing, and that our poor life is made up of these days, and we grow old, and we die. I think it all very sad." The formal and regular religion that then governed life greatly contributed to temper that extravagance of sensibility and imagination which has since been left unrestrained. Madame de Sevigné carefully avoided those ideas, over which we must *glide*; and more than once rallies her daughter for her leaning to Cartesianism.* As to herself, amid the vicissitudes of this world, she bows her head and takes refuge in a kind of providential fatalism, with which

her relations with Porte Royal and her readings of Nicole and Saint Augustin had inspired her. This religious and resigned character increased in her with age, without in the least changing the serenity of her temper; it frequently communicates to her language a profound thoughtfulness and grave tenderness. There is, especially, a letter to M. de Coulanges upon the death of Louvois, the Minister, in which she rises to the sublimity of Bossuet, as at other times, and in other places, she reaches the comic power of Molière. M. de Saint-Surin, in his estimable work on Madame de Sevigné, loses no opportunity of contrasting her with Madame de Staël, and giving her the advantage over this celebrated woman. We also think that the comparison is interesting and useful, but that it should not be to the detriment of either. Madame de Staël represents quite a new state of society, Madame de Sevigné one that is passed away—hence, a prodigious difference, which one might be tempted to explain exclusively by the difference in their turn of minds and natures. Yet, without pretending to deny the profound original dissimilarity between these two characters—one of whom knew only maternal love, while the other felt all the passions, including the most generous and virile—we find in them, on looking closely, many weaknesses, many qualities, in common, the different development of which depended on the diversity of the times they lived in. What naturalness, full of graceful light-

* Madame de Grignan's merits have often been the subject of discussion, and her mother has rather damaged her in our eyes by her over-praise; to be so much loved as she was is an embarrassing rôle to sustain in the eyes of indifferent people. The son, who was a rake, appears to us far more lovable. I can imagine Madame de Sevigné's reason and gaiety, which were so charmingly blended in her, being divided, cut in two parts, and given to her children; the son had her charm, but was not steady or solid, the daughter had her reason, but was a little hard, it seems to me, and had none of her mother's enchantment and piquancy.

now with dancing rats of pure wit. . . Madame de Sévigné, when sentiments come out once in the way, and when she knows position and propriety is wanted. And does it never happen to Madame de Sévigné to paraphrase or disguise? What was to her advantage was it to make the *Épître de morale*, the *Discours* of the *Saint Augustin*, or any such? This woman, who has been treated as free, has read everything, and read it all right. It gives, she says, an idea to the mind not to be without. She read *Katelin* and the *History of France*, *Montaigne* and *Pascal*, *Chaplain* and *Quintana*, *Saint John*, *Cyprien*, *La Rochefoucauld*, and *La Bruyère*, and *Virgil*, not translated, but in all the majesty of *Latin* and *Italian*. When it rained she read *l'Épître de morale* in twelve days. Her conduct towards *Forquet* in the *disgrace* of a what devotion were we have been capable of in times of revolution. If she was a little vain and proud the evening of the King's death with her, or the day he passed in a compartment at *Saint-Jean*, after *Exeter*, what other woman would have been more philosophical in her place? Is not Madame de Sévigné herself said to have done a little more to exert a word of advice from the conqueror of *Egypt* and *Italy*? Most assuredly, a woman who having retired from her youth with the *Marquis*, the *Comtesse*, the *Bonservants*, yet was able, by what I should call common sense, to keep clear of their conceits and the follies, who was able to battle by treating it as a jest, the more subtle and dangerous seduction of the *Saint Barthelemy* and the *Blasphemy*—a woman who, the friend and admirer of *Madame de Sévigné*, and *Madame de Montesquieu*, kept herself at an equal distance from the romantic sentimentalities of the one, and the somewhat morose reserve of the

other, who in close relations with *Pierre de la*, and married to the niece of the *Marquis*, not the less admired *Madame*, and quotes *Rabelais*, and will have no other inscription on what she calls her cabinet than *Sans Liberté, or Do as you please*, as at the *Abbey of Tournay*—a woman such as this may be full of fun and frolic, may give over things as she takes things by their familiar and amusing side, yet give proof of a profound energy of character and a very rare originality of mind.

In the circumstance alone we cannot help regretting that Madame de Sévigné yielded to her light jesting nature—the in which we absolutely refuse to share her making room a circumstance for which, after having searched for all the extenuating reasons, we still find it difficult to excuse her. It is when she relates in a tone of levity to her daughter the revolt of the Breton peasants, and the horrible severities enacted in its repression. So long as she confines herself to laughing at the *States*, at the country gentlemen and their coarseness, at the festivities, and their enthusiasm in doing everything between *twelve and one o'clock*, and all the other follies of the Breton neighbour after dinner: this is fair, this is true legitimate fun, and in certain parts remains in use of *Molière's* touch. But from the moment when there are little *Zemlétes* in Brittany and a bloody police at *Kennes*, that is to say, when *M. de Chauvigny*, the Governor, wishing to disperse the people by his presence, is driven back by a shower of stones; from the moment when *M. de Forbin* arrives with *6000* soldiers to put down the rioters, and that these poor wretches, at the first glimpse of the royal troops, scatter themselves over the fields, throw themselves on their knees, shouting, "*Monsieur le Duc*," when, in order to punish

Rennes, its Parliament is transferred to Vannes, that twenty-five or thirty men are taken *at random* to be hanged; that a whole street is driven away and banished, women in childbirth, old men and children, with orders to give them no shelter under pain of death; when they put to the rack and quarter, and from racking and quartering, to gain breathing time, they begin hanging; amid such horrors, exercised on innocent persons, or upon poor misled wretches, one shudders to see Madame de Sevigné writing in almost her usual light strain. One longs to see a burning, bitter, generous indignation in her; above all, one wishes to blot from her letters lines like the following: "The insurgents of Rennes have escaped long ago, and so the good suffer for the wicked; but I think all's right provided the 4,000 soldiers at Rennes, under Messieurs de Forbin and de Vins, don't prevent me walking in my woods, which are now of marvellous height and beauty;" and farther on, "They have seized sixty townsmen, and to-morrow the hanging commences. This province is a good example for the others, and, above all, will teach them to respect their governors and governesses, and not to insult them, or throw stones into their gardens." And lastly, "You speak very pleasantly of our troubles. We are no longer so much racked; just one every eight days to keep up justice. *Hanging* seems to me now quite a refreshment."

The Duke de Chaulnes, who instigated all this vengeance because stones had been thrown into his garden, and insulting language—the mildest form of which was *great pig*—had been used to him, did not on account of it lose one jot of Madame de Sevigné's friendship. He continues to be for her and Madame de Grignan, *our good Duke*. Even more than this. When

he is appointed Ambassador to Rome and leaves the country, he leaves all Brittany *in sadness*. No doubt, in all this there is material for reflections upon the manners and civilization of the *grand siècle*. Our readers can easily supply these for themselves. We only regret that on this occasion Madame de Sevigné's heart did not rise above the prejudices of her time. She was worthy that it should have done so, for her goodness equalled her beauty and grace. We find her sometimes pleading for convicts to M. de Vivonne or M. de Grignan. The most interesting of her protégés was a gentleman of Provence, whose name has not come down to us. "This poor fellow," she says, "was attached to M. de Fouquet. He was convicted of having helped to convey a letter to Madame Fouquet from her husband. For this he was condemned to the galleys for five years. It is rather an extraordinary thing. You know he is one of the best fellows in the world, and as fit for the galleys as he is fit to take the moon with his teeth."

Madame de Sevigné's style has been so often and so subtly judged, analyzed, and admired, that it would be difficult now to find a eulogium at once new and suitable to apply to it; and on the other hand, we feel no way disposed to revive commonplaces by cavilling or criticisms. One single general observation will suffice us: it is, that the grand and beautiful styles of Louis XIV.'s age may be connected with two different modes of proceeding, with two opposite manners. Malherbe and Balzac founded the learned, chastened, polished, laboured style in our literature, in producing which you arrive from thought to expression, slowly, by degrees, by dint of selection and erasures. It is this style that Boileau recommends on all occa-

sions. He would have a work put back twenty times upon the stocks, have it polished and re-polished without end. He boasts of having taught Racine to write easy verses with difficulty. Racine, indeed, is the most perfect model of this style in poetry; Flechier was less happy in his prose. But by the side of this style of writing, which is always somewhat uniform and academical, there is another, free, flexible, capricious, without any traditional method, and adjusting itself to the diversity of talents and genius. Montaigne and Regnier had already given admirable examples of this style, and Queen Margaret a charming one in her familiar memoirs, a work of a few *after dinners*. It is the large, free, copious style that follows the flow of the ideas—the style that comes at once, *prime-sautier*, as Montaigne himself says; “this is the style of La Fontaine and Molière, of Fénelon, of Bossuet, of the Duke de Saint-Simon, and of Madame de Sevigné. The latter excels in it. She lets her pen *trot on, the reins on its neck*, and as it goes, it scatters colours, comparisons, images, in profusion, and wit and feeling flow from it on all sides. Thus, she has placed herself, without intending it or suspecting it, in the foremost rank of the writers of our language.

“The only art of which I should dare suspect Madame de Sevigné,” says Madame Necker, “is of frequently employing general terms,

and, consequently, somewhat vague, which she, by the way in which she places them, makes to resemble those flowing robes whose shape a skilful hand can change as it likes.” The comparison is ingenious; but we must not see an author’s artifice in a manner common to the period. Before adjusting itself exactly to the different kinds of ideas, language is lavished with an ampleness that gives it singular ease and grace. Once the age of analysis has passed over language, and worked it and shaped it to its own use, the indefinable charm is lost; to endeavour to return to it would really be an artifice.

And now, if in all that precedes we appear to certain minds to carry our admiration for Madame de Sevigné very far, will they allow us to address them one question: Have you read her? And we mean by reading, not running over at random a selection of her letters, fixing on two or three that enjoy a classical reputation—the marriage of Mademoiselle, the death of Vatel, of M. de Turenne, of M. de Longueville—but setting out and travelling through, step by step, the ten volumes of letters, following all, *winding off* all, as she herself says—in short, doing for her as for *Clarissa Harlow*, when we have a fortnight’s leisure and rain in the country. After this not very terrible ordeal, let them find fault with our admiration, if they have the courage, and if they still remember it.

AN AGE OF MEETINGS.

THIS is an age of meetings. The age in which we live has been described by a considerable variety of epithets; it has been called, for instance, a sceptical age, a materialistic age, a scientific age, an age of progress. Of its various aspects we propose now to consider still another. We affirm this to be—an age of meetings; an age in which we live and move, and have our being in masses; an age in which Individual life is subordinated and lost in the life of the Crowd. The assembly, indeed, is claimed to be a criterion of civilization. We read in a late number of a leading Transatlantic journal that the possibility of the civilization of the American Indian was no longer a doubtful question, inasmuch as they had just held “their first Convention.” In an analogous strain we have heard a certain Scotch village called “a place forsaken of God” because there were never any religious meetings held in it. A few hundred years ago the custom of those specially inclined for religion was to withdraw themselves from society altogether, and live alone, or lead a *monastic* life. In the nineteenth century the same cast of people adopt very different habits. Instead of living apart as individuals they meet together in crowds. The cloister has its counterpart in the meeting-house. To deepen the inner life, Thomas A’Kempis preached *solitude*; in the present age there is advertised in the newspapers “a convention

for the promotion of personal holiness.” It has, in fact, become “the thing” to go to as many meetings as possible. And the general state of matters might be described in the words of Mrs. Poyser, in “Adam Bede”: “Everybody ‘ud be runnin’ after everybody else to preach to them.” The demand made upon us by meetings is by no means confined to those of a religious kind. We educate children in crowds; in this way we also try to educate ourselves; masters and workmen deal with each other in crowds; and we meet in crowds for social enjoyment. Our leisure is devoured systematically by such more or less public engagements. It is a rarity to spend an evening at home. How many of us can say we give one out of the seven each week brings us to those nearest us or to serious study? The *theory* is that we go to meetings to make ourselves—our home life—better; in actual fact, a great part of our home life is made a preparation for meetings.

This life in the crowd smothers the life of the individual; or, to put it broadly in another way, so much time is consumed in learning one’s duty that no time is left in which to perform that duty. A state of matters this in which zeal has got beyond discretion; it is surely a blind belief this new faith, this added article of our creed—“I believe in meetings.” The age in which we live has never been denominated a superstitious one; but

here we touch such an aspect of it. Belief in meetings is one of the superstitions of the age.

The true purpose of life is allowed in simple language to be—the making men better; it is to elevate ourselves and to elevate others; it is to enter into sympathy with our neighbours, to tighten the cords of love between us (all members of one body), to come nearer each other in mutual thought, love, and aspiration. It behoves men with this as their purpose to avoid isolation, and to bring down to a minimum that loneliness of soul to which these words of Keble give expression:—

“ Each in his hidden sphere of joy or
 woe
 Our hermit spirits dwell, and range
 apart;
 Our eyes see all around in gloom or
 glow—
 Hues of their own, fresh borrow'd from
 the heart.”

This *spirit-isolation* is what we aim to soften and subdue: it is depression, while our purpose, in a word, is elevation. And where does this loneliness in a man grow? In solitude? No, not necessarily. Solitude has been called “the temple of God.” Nor does it exist in small circles, where the individuals really share each other's joys and sorrows, and are united in a common and living aspiration. This *spirit-loneliness* is the loneliness of the crowd. It has its growth amid the multitude: it finds a favourable soil among large numbers. This age is one of large numbers, and in it this barren fruit is well known. We deceive ourselves by thinking that large communion in the body necessarily brings with it deep communion in the spirit. And so we meet in crowds, and live mostly beyond the bounds of those modest circles in which Nature primarily places each

of us. We cultivate the habit of trying to make the public meeting warm, careless whether our own fire-side be cold. The tendency of the age is to absorb its energies in the interests of what the Scotch call the *fremd*, and to subordinate the claims on our sympathy and attention of our friends and those nearest us. It would be superfluous to address to this generation the words—“If ye love them that love you, what thank have ye;” for, unhappy paradox, the age has o'erleapt that sentiment, and fallen on the other side. We are training ourselves to love those mostly who are, so to speak, indifferent to us, and to remain indifferent to those who mutely appeal day and night for our love. The distant and the public assume great importance, the near and the private are treated as unworthy of serious attention. There is creeping in upon us a subtle antinomianism which is of an influence at once insidious and deadly. It occurs to us, as giving a slight illustration of this style of things, to quote the words in which a Scotchwoman described a young man of her acquaintance, namely, “a fine lad, a fine religious lad, but awfu' greedy and worldly.” In the enthusiasm of the religious meeting we by no means possess the thermometer which measures the height of the “enthusiasm of humanity” in the individual. While the life of the crowd may be emotional and warm, it is more or less unreal; for in it all the inner life of the individual is not drawn out, not *educated*, and may remain hard and cold.

In a constant round of engagements in large numbers the individual life is choked—has no room to grow, no time to live. The soul becomes eaten up of outward things. By its personal activity and exercise alone can the *spirit* live and grow, and, therefore, no

growth can be expected by contact, however frequent, with mere crowds, when persons for the most part are passive, and may be said to exist rather as things. Nevertheless it is in the individual life, to which this undermining tendency of the age is so hurtful, that we have the foundation of all true life and progress. The individual gives character to the nation, the mass, the crowd, or what you will; and not the nation to the individual. England is sometimes called a Christian nation. But this loose style of talking often brings shame upon us. "What do you think of the English?" asked a minister, travelling in India, of a native in one of the northern inland towns. The answer was, "They seem to me a people who eat beef, drink brandy, and have no religion." About gigantic things there usually looks a good deal of unreality. It is when we narrow our inspection to individuals that we are able to see character as it really is. In the crowd we may be deceived, but seldom so in the individual. It is clear this man is ignorant of his Shakspeare, although he has just been boasting that he has all the editions of the poet in his library. No one would dream of styling that bookseller religious because he keeps his shop-window filled with Bibles.

To put the aspect of human life with which we are dealing—the Crowd *versus* the Individual—in another way, we may take a scientific analogy. The natural philosopher tells us that throughout the universe there are constantly in operation two forces of an opposite nature, viz., the centripetal, or centre-seeking force, and the centrifugal, or centre-flying force; he further tells us that we are kept secure only when these two forces are nicely and evenly adjusted, so as to balance each other. In our

life there may also be said to operate two forces—a centripetal and a centrifugal; the one draws us towards our best selves and those nearest us; the other force draws us away from these, and towards outside and distant objects. If these two forces balance each other, all is right. But what if they do not? We are not in equilibrium—we are insecure.

Now do we not have the most ample evidence that in the present age the centrifugal is the stronger of the two forces? Let us consider once more. The tendency of the age is to preserve the life of the Crowd, and stifle that of the Individual; to over-encourage the religion of meetings, and so to discourage the religion of home; to deaden the emotions of the soul towards the forms immediately around, and to draw them out to be expended on those more distant; to make us forget that the closer the bonds of nature the deeper is the debt of love we owe.

Attention has now and again been drawn to phases of this—not long ago, for instance, by the late Viscountess Amberley, on the subject of nursing institutions, or crèches; and only the other day by Sir Charles Trevelyan, anent the ragged schools of London. Both authorities exposed the blemishes in such institutions so far as that tendency of them was concerned which weakened the parental obligations. A similar kind of blemish as regards Germany was lately pointed out with great seriousness in the course of some articles in *Fraser's Magazine*, under the title "German Home Life." And in this connection, listen to the note of warning uttered by the adorable late Count A. de Gasparin, in his book "The Family":—"Schools providing everything, and families concerning themselves about nothing; the

crime and peril of the present day ; and it will not end here you may be sure." These words were written of the French, but they might well be extended also to the English—extended to the tendency of the age which puts children from their earliest years to be brought up in institutions with codes of tabulated rules of an iron type, making them strangers to the natural family contact and influence which constitute the one only atmosphere for the right education of a human being—to the tendency which "substitutes an empty love of mankind in general for deep sympathy with particular individual men"—to the tendency which is hit off by the author of "The Woman of Mind," when he makes the husband say:—

"My wife can't attend to the units.
The millions are wanting her aid."

—to the tendency which, as it has been said, "animates a man to become a philanthropist, and sincere in his philanthropy, while he remains a bad husband, a bad father, a bad brother, and a bad friend."

In other words, we are now-a-days straining out the injunction "love your neighbour as yourself," and making it equivalent to "love all the world a little." These two principles are, however, entirely different from each other. We are substituting the (so called) direct teaching for the (so-called) indirect—the method of precept for the method of example—a distant and impersonal influence for a close and personal one. Yet we are reminded by the author of "Eccle Homo" "that family (or personal) affection, in some form, is the almost indispensable root of Christianity."

Now this personal influence is, in its thinnest and shallowest stage, in what we have called the Crowd. There we can't get sufficiently near
ence each other. We are

in bodily combination, but not in the combination of the spirit—like what chemists call the mechanical (or formal) as distinguished from the chemical (or real) combination. In crowds we do not "find" each other, to use Coleridge's phrase. Among individuals only has the personal influence its most telling power. The individual alone can "find" the individual.

To repeat the premise from which we started. The elevation of ourselves and others springs from the individual sympathy of soul with soul. By individual contact it is that the depth and elevation of character are brought about. In twos and threes we can touch each other—hold a sympathetic personal intercourse each with each—experience the glow which comes in the contact of thought with thought, being with being, with its outcome of natural words and artless acts; and thus hold high converse in a deep and reverend familiarity. Then along with this true soul-knowledge there follow naturally and spontaneously a love and sympathy for one another of no shallow kind. This communion of being it is which is elevating. It is also restful, welcome as the shade, and refreshing as the breeze. In this kind of communion is there food for the soul.

But in the Crowd it does not come. The Crowd life is dead to it all. There the intercourse at the best is but a superficial kind of intercourse—unsatisfactory, shallow, and tasteless. The communion of the Crowd, however frequent, does not satisfy. The hunger of the soul is still unappeased.

It may be said, "But you have forgotten our social life: may it not be affirmed that in it we emerge from the cold and impersonal atmosphere of the Crowd, and enter the warm human air of the Individual?" Let us see. Suppose

we turn for an answer to the late Sir Arthur Helps. Here we have it. "The consequence is that in our large towns society is for the most part a crowd: and it is impossible to be social in a crowd. Late hours, &c., form a great drawback upon social life: the tendency of that life is to knock the brains out of society." We dare say Sir Arthur had here in his eye a royal reception, where we witness, it is natural to suppose, what high life and good society have to show us as the ultimate development of modern sociality. If it be so held, the unsophisticated man may well declare, "Verily, how large a vein of barbarism lurks in the highest civilization." The serious and unconventional laugh this style of sociality to scorn. Towards making it better and more sensible, high society might take a hint from the ancient Greeks. The weakness of the reception lies in its barbarous crowdedness. This excess the Greeks put down with a high hand; let us read from Mr. Mahaffy's "Social Life of Greece":—"The *gunai konomoi* (γυναῖκεςνομοί) were officers in the Attic period who went round to private houses and punished people who had too large a number of guests. According to the highest Attic taste, the number should not exceed the limits which render *general conversation* possible."

On the whole, our sociality lies between the two extremes now referred to. In the modern social meeting we do not, as a rule, assemble in crowds, though we meet in pretty large numbers. It is a necessity so to meet occasionally, and the result is fair. We gather together, have bits of talk, snatches of music, make a number of jokes, indulge in much staring, and the thing is over. If on reflection it occurs to you that in the remarks you have made here and there throughout the evening "your tongue has been true to your heart,"

you feel a superficial effervescence; but if a similar reflection tells you that the few remarks you have made have after all been for the most part unfortunate ones, you are haunted by the impression that you have hurt some one's feelings by word, look, neglect, or mistaken bow, and you feel much more the child of misery than when you entered.

Yes, "it is impossible to be *really* social in crowds," and each of us feels this verdict of Sir Arthur Helps to be a true one. In the company of a few there can be actual sociality, but in the company of the many, solitude may be said to come back to the separate individuals composing the company. One evening or so of the true sociality had among a few people who know each other, is more satisfying and more relaxing than an infinity of such bits of the superficial communion just described. The sociality of the Crowd is titillating, and at the same time full of restraint; that of the individual kind is soothing, and of a refreshing naturalness. In the one case there exists the usual stern conditions which control the speaker and the audience; in the other, there comes in *conversation* in its fullest meaning the *twining with* each other in mutual thought, language, and meditation. Relief has been substituted for restraint.

In the sociality of large numbers we are, as it were, pacing through the rooms of an extensive art collection where the walls are crowded with pictures; we can have but a glance at them, and when we leave we come away with some impression, indeed, of one or two of the largest or most prominent—it may not be the best of them—while as to the rest they might, for all we have seen of them, as well have been turned with their faces to the wall.

In the sociality of individuals, on

the other hand, it is like being in one moderately sized room, where are a few good paintings hung with due regard to light and shade, whose individual characteristics and half-hidden beauties fall upon the eye quietly and without a straining for them, while they leave on the mind a faithful, pleasurable, and lasting impression.

And now what of the home life of the age? Here, at last, is there scope truly to know and get near each other, and so bring about mutual elevation of character—that purpose of life with which we set out as a premise. Yes, there is scope here, if we would remain any time at home. But this is an age in which the deeper kind of home life is almost non-existent. With every class the tendency is growing on us to be strangers in our family circles. The extreme case is exposed in the story of the little orphan who had to be told that the gentleman who came to dinner on Sundays was “papa.” But besides the demand made on our time by business of whatever kind, there come in also a thousand distractions to tear home life to shreds. Nature would dictate the broad current of our energies to be spent there, but home is too often encircled only by its edges. The New Testament strongly marks the man who “provides not for his own house;” and unless we make the Scripture treat us as animals and no more, this cannot mean provision only for the body, but an equally regular feast for the mind, and enlightenment and sympathy for the soul. Yet how nearly has the age succeeded in making everything interesting—except home. The age would attend with unremitting and scrupulous care to the outside and the less near—to Industrial Schools, to District Missions, to Institutions of any and every kind, and leave the home to take care of itself.

Yet when carried to such an extent then is begun a certain hypocritical or self-deceptive style of action, analogous to that which expends its time and money on foreign missions, and is comparatively heedless of the heathenism near its doors. You recollect the late Lord Lytton in “My Novel” draws a contrast between the homely man and the man of the State. The men of home affections, he says, “rivet the links of social order,” and he adds, “I think there is no being so dangerous as he who, because he drills his cold nature into serving mechanically some conventional abstraction, whether he calls it the Constitution or the Public, holds himself dispensed from whatever in the warm blood of private life wins attachment to goodness and confidence to truth.”

The distractions assume many forms—few of these of so systematic a nature as the one referred to. Intellectual dissipation, the dissipations of “society,” religious dissipation, till, by very reaction, one would think we would be driven back upon home life. But no; home sickness now is not sickness *for* home, but sickness *of* home. “With some people,” it has been lately said, “home has become a place in which simply to eat and sleep. With some, the first thought in the morning is, ‘Where shall we spend the evening?’ The greatest curse being to spend it at home.”

We English, if any people do, know the value of home training. We are praised by all nations for the steadiness and depth of the national character, and we are told that the root of that character lies in our home life. And speaking more generally, just as between those nearest each other arise the great tragedies which cast the darkest shadow across this “vale of tears,” when the wind down there is reaped the whirlwind, so only

between individuals, and those the nearest each other, are experienced the deepest and most abidingly real of the joys of existence. Then joys do not come just at once, even to him who spends large spaces of time with those nearest. To quote from George Eliot, there must, in the first place, enter the soul an abhorrence of "that entire freedom from the necessity of behaving agreeably, by some people supposed to be included in the Almighty's intention about families," as well as of "that disinclination to confidence which is seen between near kindred." But thereafter there comes something which makes home an "everywhere," and some marks of its possession are "those moments of quiet outpouring which come to people who live together in perfect love." It is difficult to attain this ideal state of matters; but we have in this, one of the few aims worth striving for.

Think you we have been here indulging in an excess of sentiment? Let us remember in this hard-headed age, that the heart is father to the intellect, that sympathy is a higher thing than thought. What says Mrs. Browning in "Aurora Leigh"?—

"I've known the pregnant thinkers of
this time,
And stood by breathless, hanging on
their lips,
When some chromatic sequence of fine
thought
In learned modulation phrased itself
To an un conjectured harmony of truth,
And yet I've been more moved, more
raised. I say,
By a simple word — a broken easy
thing * * *
A look, a sigh, a touch upon the
palm,
Which meant less than 'I love you,'—
than by all
The full-voiced rhetoric of those master
months."

Thus far have we got then. The

elevation of each other, which is our life's aim, cannot be effected in what we have called the Crowd. The moral or corollary is, therefore: Be less in the Crowd, or rather put more of the Individual life into that of the Crowd, strengthen home life, and so qualify sociality that it will be a *real* sociality. Let us now strike, as it were, a profit and loss account, and try to ascertain what we would gain by following out the corollary, and what we are losing by letting ourselves be carried away by the tendency of the age in point. To put the matter in a sentence. The tendency of the fellowship of the Crowd is to make character shallow and superficial, whereas the tendency of Individual fellowship is to make character deep and real. The Crowd weakens the soil in which character grows, till the soil becomes one in which there is "no deepness of earth." It gives us such characters as we have in novels, like those by Rhoda Broughton, men and women who are not men and women, but simply puppets, below whose dress there is "nothing," who at the very best distil with their tongues an unconventional flippancy, characters wholly uninteresting; for we can't talk or think about puppets, and while we may pity them, to love them is as nearly impossible as it is to love immaterial things. This exclusive life among the crowd brings with it the "smattering smartness," of which Professor Josiah P. Cooke, junr., of New England, lately said, "This smattering smartness is already the curse of our country." This kind of life makes butterflies of women, and of men also. It exalts forms and the *ephemera* of life to have all the supreme importance only attachable to the things which endure in human existence. Witness the extraordinary and absorbing attention bestowed in all cases of nuptials on the elaborations

concerned with the marriage ceremony which is over in a day; and then, when how fertile, as a rule, how spontaneous, how unscientific, how impulsive is the drill for the brief discipline of life which is the name of this ceremony.

The life of the Crowd is full of aspects emotional, and superficially emotional aspects in which form tends to usurp spirit. To use a commercial analogy, its circulation, instead of being specie, is paper currency, and currency of a very depreciated kind; or to put it in another way, we are told truth lies at the bottom of a well, and in order to find it, we pass our days skipping like swallows over the surface. There are a hundred distractions among which we lay waste large spaces of our life, and it comes to this in the end, unless we give them up, we, it may be unconsciously, give ourselves up. Our inner and truer life becomes buried under a mass of trivialities. In this connection we may quote the following part of a poem, "The Buried Life," by Dr. Matthew Arnold, well known as lately Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford:—

"But often in the world's most crowded streets,
But often in the din of strife
There rises an unspeakable desire
After the knowledge of our buried life:
A thirst to quench our fire and restless force,
In tracking out our true, original course.
A longing to inquire
Into the mystery of this heart which beats
So wild, so deep in us,—to know
Whence our thoughts come and where they go.
And many a man in his own breast
then delves,
But deep enough, alas, none ever mines'
And we have been on many thousand lines,
We have shown on each, spirit and

But hardly have we, for one little hour.
Been on our own line, have we been ourselves.
Hardly had still to rest one of all
The nameless feelings that course thro' our breast.
But they course on for ever unexpressed!
And long we try in vain to speak and act
Our hidden self, and what we say and do.
Is eloquent, is well—but 'tis not true'
And then we will no more be racked
With inward striving and demand
Of all the thousand nothings of the hour.
Their satisfying power.
Ah yes, and they benumb us at our will.
Yet still, from time to time, vague and forlorn
From the soul's subterranean depth upborne
As from an infinitely distant land
Come airs, and floating echoes, and convey
A melancholy into all our day
Only, but this is rare! * * *
When, jaded with the rush and glare
Of the interminable hours,
Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,
When our world-drawn'd ear
Is by the tones of a loved voice caress'd—
A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast,
And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again,
The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,
And what we mean, we say, and what we would, we know—
A man becomes aware of his life's flow
And hears its winding murmur, and he sees
The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze.
And then arrives a lull in the hot race,
Wherein he doth for ever chase
That flying and elusive shadow, rests
An air of coolness plays upon his face,
And an unwonted calm prevades his breast."

And now let us look more on the

opposite side of the picture. What is the gain of leading by preference the Individual life, of living more in Individual fellowship? We "find" each other is the answer: we pass beyond lip communion, and enter on the inner and real communion. We here possess the *faculty* for the exercise of that sympathy which is the lever that lifts the world; here have we the primary source of that elevation of each other, which is the purpose of life.

The real progress of the world is quietly made by this Individual Life. Just as in the case of the physical world, the modern geologists emphatically tell us that to all the changes that have been, or are being wrought on the earth, we have the clue in the doctrine of conformity, the doctrine that the elevations and depressions all over the earth have been brought about, not by a sudden and great power working at intervals, but by the quiet and seemingly small powers constantly at work.

In the communion of the Individual kind, then it is that there exists the *faculty* of mutual elevation. The most proverbial and powerful instance of this is the influence of the mother over the character of her children. We have it again in the frank intercourse held with "the friends we have, and their affection tried," where a certain warmth of life is set aglow in our souls. It comes to us in the family, when we have learned to employ language not to conceal, but to reveal, our thoughts; when we have ceased to make "our daily familiar life but a hiding of ourselves from each other behind a screen of trivial words and deeds," then there comes the heart communion of deep feeling, the nearness of the spirit, and not merely the nearness of the body.

Thus far we have spoken of the life a man has in communion with

others. What of the single individual life itself? Character, literally, means something engraved; and if we may believe George Herbert, that man has no character who will not submit to this engraving process. Herbert's words are,—

"Who can not rest till he good fellows
finde
He breaks up house, turns out of doors
his minde."

"Commune with your own heart and be still" says the Psalmist, himself the representative type of this *engraved* character. We have also in this connection the saying of Francis Quarles, "Meditation is the life of the soul." And Quarles is right. We may have every day "Conventions for the promotion of personal holiness," we may have New Testaments scattered among us at the easy rate of twopence each, yet the effect will only be weakness and not strength, and the result *nil*, if there be not in us, as a "sweet habit of the blood," this up-ending meditation.

The more real life, again, is not outraged in the natural communion of Individuals. But in the Crowd it is by no means stimulated; there indeed, it is *simulated*, and simulated by a very much shallower life. It remains, therefore, for us to put into the life of the Crowd the deeper life of the Individual. And this is the final important point. Since the life of the Crowd is now-a-days a necessity—for we cannot forsake it entirely even if we would—the practical thing is to make its life less shallow, less unreal. The poets and great writers are constantly teaching us this.

We need hardly say it is no picture of a quasi-ideal kind we have just been drawing. We have all known in our time persons whose lives might be described as poems, who are "the sweet presence of a good diffused," who exert on us

that elevating, that *heaving* force (the same as in the word heaven), which makes them "a joy for ever."

We claim that there would be

many more of that type, if only there were in the present age more of the Individual and less of the Crowd life.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Argo; or, the Quest of the Golden Fleece: A metrical tale in ten books. By Alexander, Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, Lord Lindsay, &c., London, John Murray, 1876.—The wealthy nobleman, whose name appears on the title-page before us, is no novice in authorship any more than in age. "Years, long years ago," according to his introductory lines, he commenced his career as a poet, and meditated a great poem on the destruction of Jerusalem. Then he thought of producing a history on a large scale, showing how Providence "works out the mighty epos of mankind," but reflecting on the difficulties of the task and the knowledge and thought requisite for its proper performance, he postponed the attempt, and devoted himself to travel and study, the first-fruits of which he gave to the world in his letters on Egypt and the Holy Land thirty-eight years ago. Three years afterwards he published "A Letter to a friend on the Evidence and Theory of Christianity." After an interval of five years another work of his appeared, bearing the title "Progression by Antagonism, a Theory involving considerations touching the present position, duties, and destiny of Great Britain." The year

after he published "Sketches of the History of Christian Art," and in two years more, "The Line of Lindsays," a complete history of his family. There was now an interval of twelve years before he again appeared as an author in 1861, when he published "Scepticism: A Retrospective Movement in Theology," which was followed next year by a work "On the Theory of the English Hexameter," by "Œcumenicity in relation to the Church of England" in 1870, and "Etruscan Inscriptions analyzed and commented upon" in 1872.

After having spent some forty years in travelling, investigating remains of antiquity, and discussing theology, politics, and genealogy, he now returns to his first love, and fulfils his youthful intention of presenting the public with an epic poem, though not upon the same subject as he originally proposed. His change of subject is a wise one. The legend of the *Argo* is much better fitted to serve as the basis of an epic poem than the destruction of Jerusalem. It contains the elements of adventure and romance essential to such a composition. But to work them up into a great poem of considerable length and well-sustained interest, requires no

small amount of time and thought, even from a poet of creative power and practised skill.

Lord Crawford seems to have been scarcely alive to the necessity of long study to produce an epic that will live. Yet, after having devoted his attention to such different pursuits for so long a period, it would seem inevitable that he should need time to recover even the skill in versification he formerly possessed, to say nothing of the higher poetical qualifications which, however great by nature, require continued cultivation to ensure success. He seems to have thought that, if an epic poem was to be written, " 'twere well it were done quickly," as Macbeth says of Duncan's murder. Horace bids the poet keep his work nine years in preparation, but Lord Crawford appears to have been satisfied with about as many months.

The natural result is, that marks of haste and insufficient elaboration are discernible on every page of his work, and must greatly militate against its success beyond the circle of his immediate friends. This is the more to be regretted, because in other respects it has claims to consideration. The noble author tells the old mythical tale with all the evident relish which might be expected from a devoted lover of classic lore, and with a degree of animation and imaginative power rarely to be found in one at his mature age. He has caught something of the spirit of Homer and Virgil, as well as followed them in the structure of his poem. He goes beyond them, however, in the amount of dialogue and reflection introduced apparently to supply the want of material for narrative. Hence the interest sometimes flags. Still, on the whole, it is fairly sustained.

If the manner of the poem had been on a par with the matter, it

would have been a real success. The author has chosen the right metre, the heroic couplet, but spoils the effect by the slovenly way in which he writes. Twice within a very few lines he uses the elision "th' idea." Elsewhere we repeatedly find such awkward elisions as "t' invite," "t' evade." Far too many verses cannot be scanned without putting the accent on the wrong syllable or an insignificant word, as in the line,

"But the king frown'd, hearing that
Argus spoke,"

which reads more like prose than verse. Not a few of the phrases, also, are too prosaic, belonging rather to familiar conversation than poetry of any kind, and quite beneath the dignity of epic.

Other faults are the excessive frequency with which adjectives are used as adverbs, and awkward inversions such as "Who, glancing but, to call her sister ran." Sometimes the words are so misplaced as to cause obscurity, *e. g.*—

" 'Welcome!' the old man cried, in-
form'd who knew
Their story by Athena,"

The description of Jason's encounter with the fire-breathing bulls may be taken as a favourable specimen of the work:—

"Now Jason, naked, took his spear and
shield,
His sword back-slung and forward on
the field
Went, seeking the wild bulls,—he bore
the teeth
In a bronze helm. the harvest doom'd
of death.
The fallow space he found, lists for the
fight;
The teeth laid down; he fix'd his spear
upright
Beside, that ready lay, the brazen yoke
And iron plough compact; then, to pro-
voke
The bulls, fierce shouted; they from
their dark caves

Came rushing, bounding like the ocean
 waves,
 But fire for foam forth-breathing. Like
 a rock
 Breasting the torrent, he withstood the
 shock,
 His shield opposing, back repuls'd in
 scorn
 Their jaws' red terror and their iron
 horn.
 As when Hephestus wakes Mosyclos'
 fires,
 And, lab'ring strong, the bellows' life
 inspires,
 The dormant embers red rekindle first;
 Then plied more urgent, fierce and
 fiercer burst
 Of flame forth belches, and the furnace
 roars,
 And Athos hears it and the Mysian
 shores;
 So fierce the flames belch'd from those
 bulls' red maw,
 Roaring, that all men held their breath
 with awe;
 Swallowing up Jason seem'd they, every
 limb,
 Like lightnings' blaze, yet could not
 injure him.
 Then by the nearer horn each bull to
 seize.
 Drag to the plough, and force him to
 his knees.
 A moment serves—resisting, but com-
 pell'd
 Breathless, by such assault confounded,
 quell'd.
 Then the Tyndaridæ, come close be-
 hind,
 Fit the strong yoke and to each strong
 neck bind,
 Attach the iron plough, and thence with
 fleet
 Steps, the flame searing, to the rock re-
 treat.
 O'er his broad shoulders flinging now
 the shield,
 The twin bulls harness'd, Jason
 plough'd the field.
 With his spear goading, — snorting,
 they puff'd flame.
 Indignant, but soon yielded, going tame;
 And following, as the furrows clean the
 clift,
 The dragon seed he threw to right and
 left;
 And the strong bulls, their brass hoofs
 planting deep.
 Lab'ring, did steady pace and equal
 keep.

Till, three parts of the day the sun's
 course run,
 The ploughing of the acres four was
 done.
 Then glad he loos'd the bulls, and with
 a shout
 Terrified; and, like birds escaping out
 A shaken bush, they fled, in utter
 fright,
 Home in their caves, and shrouded them
 in night.
 Then Jason, seeing as yet the fur-
 rows bare
 Of harvest, slow retrac'd his steps to
 where
 His comrades sat, and with his helm
 cool drew
 Water to drink,—then on the green
 bank threw
 His limbs in lazy ease: but his soul
 long'd
 For battle, as a boar, by hunters
 throng'd.
 Whets his tusks, foams, and glares
 with blood-red eyes,
 Impatient of the covert where he lies.
 But, horrent, soon above the fresh-
 sown plain
 Began to bud and shoot the dragon
 grain,
 Shot up in blade and ear, as giants
 grim,
 With helm, greaves, breast-plate ar-
 mour'd every limb,
 And sword and spear; full-grown they
 were, and fierce;
 Their bright arms' flashing coruscations
 pierce
 The golden skies. Ev'n as at night,
 when snow
 Has whiten'd the broad waste of earth
 below,
 And winds have clear'd the heav'n,
 spark after spark,
 Star after star bursts brilliant through
 the dark;
 So these sprang up from earth,—and,
 minding well
 Medea's word, throughout his oracle,
 A vast round stone Jason upheaving
 flung
 The gath'ring host of grisly monsters
 'mong.
 Then crouch'd behind his shield; and
 they the war,
 Blinded, infatuate, as all giants are,
 Address'd each 'gainst the other, and
 sword plied
 And spear relentless, each a patricide.

They fell like oaks by storms upturn
and riv'n,
Then, as a meteor darts athwart the
heav'n,
Furrowing th' expanse, a portent dire
to men,
So Jason rush'd, like panther from his
den,
On that vile crew, and slew them as
they fought;
Others by earth as yet but half out-
brought.
Or shoulder-high, mow'd he like poppies
down;
Till, like a field of grain, Demeter's
crown,
Laid, broken, by fierce hail—peasant
and lord,
Beholding, in one common grief ac-
cord—
So lay that giant harvest, reap'd in
death,
Not one surviving to draw sentient
breath,—
So griev'd Æëtes; but the Greeks with
pride
Shouted and joy, till Caucasus replied
In echoes, which the winds far-wafting
bore
To distant Halys and the Pontic shore.
All home return'd now, with the setting
sun,—
The day was ended, and the fight was
won."

Lord Crawford does not act upon Horace's precept, "*Sit Medea ferox invictaque*," but represents her as a most modest, tender-hearted, weak-willed maiden, forced by fate to do violence to her nature, and far more deserving of pity than abhorrence. She is the victim of a conspiracy among the goddesses, at whose instigation the god of love wounds her with a deadly arrow:—

"Argus thus speaking, lightly, on tip-
toe,
Glancing round merrily, with his
bended bow
Came Eros ent'ring—a sweet breeze of
spring
Wafted, advancing, from each folding
wing—
Unmark'd, like ray that woos the morn-
ing dew.
From his stor'd quiver forth a shaft he
drew,

Slight, glossy-feather'd, barb'd, with
poison-groove;
'Twas wing'd by pity, sharpen'd 'twas
by love,
With juice of fond Narcissus deadly
tipp'd,—
Withal had been in Lethé's waters
dipp'd,
That strong affection, sleep-bound,
former ties
Forgetting, should make perfect sacri-
fice.
This, by the notch adjusting to the
string,
He loos'd at that bright maid who by
the King
Sat, doom'd, Medea. She perceiv'd the
smart,
But knew not what the sting, nor
whence the dart.
Then, softly laughing, turn'd upon his
heel,
And sought Olympus. But the subtle
steel
Burnt in her heart, unconscious; her
cheek burn'd,
From red to pale, from pale to red
returned;
Her heart beat quicker as she look'd
upon
Jason, but save of pity thought was
none—
Fear for her father's anger, known so
fell;
But pity leads to love, as all know
well.
She drew her veil around her face, to
hide,
Instinctive, her emotion's swelling tide.
Henceforth the light effulgent of her
eyes
Was soft-subdued by human sympa-
thies,
Unless when mov'd to scorn, and then
her ire
Wak'd in those sunny orbs the slum-
b'ring fire."

It is impossible to read this with-
out recalling Virgil's description of
Dido in similar circumstances, or
to look upon this picture and on
that without being struck with the
contrast in point of execution.
Lord Crawford might, perhaps,
deprecate comparison on the ground
that his work is put forth, not as an
epic poem, but simply as "a metri-

cal tale." Such a plea cannot, however, be admitted; for a metrical tale of high adventure extending to ten books is to all intents and purposes an epic poem, and must stand or fall by comparison with such standards as Homer's "Iliad," Virgil's "Æneid," and Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata." Had Lord Crawford recognized and remembered this, he would probably have delayed the publication of his work, which might have been greatly improved by a free use of the file. He would, on careful revision, have been hardly satisfied with such a line as

"'Twas wing'd by pity, sharpen'd 'twas
by love."

nor would he have allowed the words—

"Then, softly laughing, turn'd upon
his heel, and sought Olympus,"

—which refer to Eros—to stand, without any mention of a new subject, in the midst of lines relating to Medea.

We cannot refrain from remarking upon another point. In his "Propylæum" or introduction, Lord Crawford draws a melancholy picture of the spread of revolutionary principles, both on the Continent and in this country, where he finds:

"Dignities evil spok'n of,—all that
most
Our sires rever'd—all holiest, noblest,
best,
In Church and State, that stamp'd our
England great,
Presum'd base metal, current only al-
low'd
By use and custom till new dies be
struck
For cents and dollars, pounds to super-
sede.—
'What is' in all things held to need
excuse:—
Vile teaching, viler credence, vilest
most

The cow'dice of the few that, wiser,
know
Such teaching folly, but withhold their
blame."

A little further on he says,—

"Have we not bound our hearts, our
wills, with chains
Of adamant, of wealth—unduly priz'd,
The curse of nations, nurse of low
desire?"

Now it appears to us that this sort of preaching does not come with a good grace from a noble lord whose voice is never heard in Parliament, who, speaking of his early days, says,—

"I lov'd not whom I mingled with,
Kept my own lonely path."

and who now passes most of his time comfortably ensconced in his—

"Southern home,
The villa-palace and the garden fair
Where those bright youths and maidens
whil'd the hours,
The Black Death raging, and Boccaccio
told
Th' immortal tale of the Decameron."

Lord Crawford, with all his reverence for antiquity, appears to forget the old adage, that example is better than precept. It is all very well for him to declaim against wealth, while he is in the enjoyment of every luxury; but it would be far better to take an active part in the varied and numerous movements carried on for the purpose of improving the character and ameliorating the condition of suffering humanity. If revolutionary opinions are gaining ground among us, the fault is far more with the noble and wealthy who neglect the duties imposed upon them by their position, than with any others. The advance of democracy is not to be checked by mere words.

Myths and Songs from the South Pacific. By Rev. W. W. Gill, B.A., with a Preface by F. Max Müller, M.A. H. S. King and Co.—Mr. Gill, during a residence of twenty-two years in the Hervey Group of islands in the South Pacific, wisely turned to account the opportunities afforded him for learning something of the traditions, mythology, and folk-lore of the people among whom he laboured as a missionary. By this means he was enabled to get a better insight into their history, manners, and character; to enter more fully into their feelings; and adapt his teaching and mode of dealing with them more perfectly to their requirements. He seems to have had excellent sources of information at his command, and to have made the best use of them. From the last priest of the shark-god, Tiaio, he learnt much that is here communicated, and that could never have been acquired if the priest had not become a convert to Christianity, and thus freed himself from the sacred obligation to secrecy usually observed with the greatest strictness. He has also received valuable aid from the poet Koroa's grandson, who enjoys the reputation of being the best living critic of the language and literature, if it may be so called. His work may therefore be considered as faithful and complete a picture of the intellectual condition of these islanders in their social infancy as can be ever obtained. Mr. Max Müller, in his Preface, observes with regard to its value:—

"I confess it seemed strange to me that its importance should be questioned. If new minerals, plants, or animals are discovered, if strange petrifications are brought to light, if flints or other stone weapons are dredged up, or works of art disinterred, even if a hitherto unknown language is rendered accessible for the first time, no one, I think, who is acquainted with

the scientific problems of our age, would ask what their importance consists in, or what they are good for. Whether they are products of nature or works of man, if only there is no doubt as to their genuineness, they claim and most readily receive the attention, not only of the learned, but also of the intelligent public at large.

"Now, what are these Myths and Songs which Mr. W. W. Gill has brought home from Mangaia, but antiquities, preserved for hundreds, it may be for thousands of years, showing us, far better than any stone weapons or stone idols, the growth of the human mind during a period which, as yet, is full of the most perplexing problems to the psychologist, the historian, and the theologian? The only hope of our ever unravelling the perplexities of that mythological period, or that mythopœic phase of the human intellect, lies in our gaining access to every kind of collateral evidence. We know that mythopœic period among the Aryan and Semitic races, but we know it from a distance only, and where are we to look now for living myths and legends, except among those who still think and speak mythologically, who are in fact, at the present moment what the Hindus were before the collection of their sacred hymns, and the Greeks long before the days of Homer? To find ourselves among a people who really believe in gods and heroes and ancestral spirits, who still offer human sacrifices, who in some cases devour their human victims, or, at all events, burn the flesh of animals on their altars, trusting that the scent will be sweet to the nostrils of their gods, is as if the zoologist could spend a few days among the megatheria, or the botanist among the waving ferns of the forests, buried beneath our feet. So much is written just now, and has been during the last fifty years, on human archæology, on the growth and progress of the intellect, on the origin of religion, on the first beginnings of social institutions: so many theories have been started, so many generalizations put forward with perfect confidence, that one might almost imagine that all the evidence was before us, and no more new light could be expected from anywhere. But the very contrary is the case. There are many regions still

